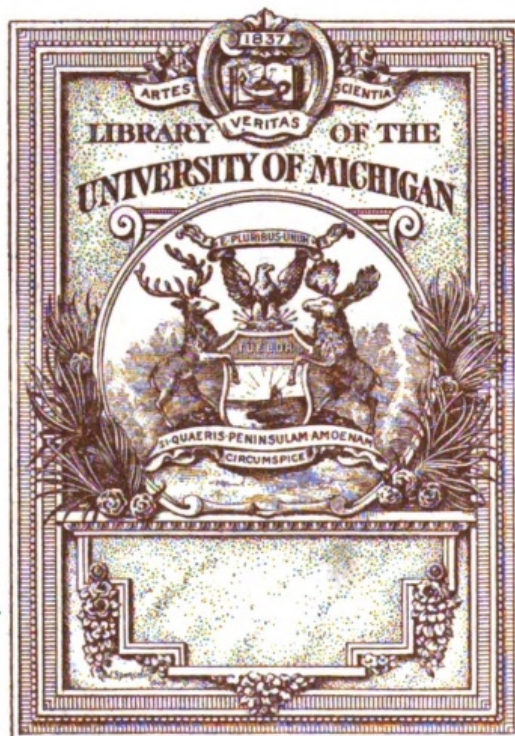




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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1899, TO JUNE, 1899

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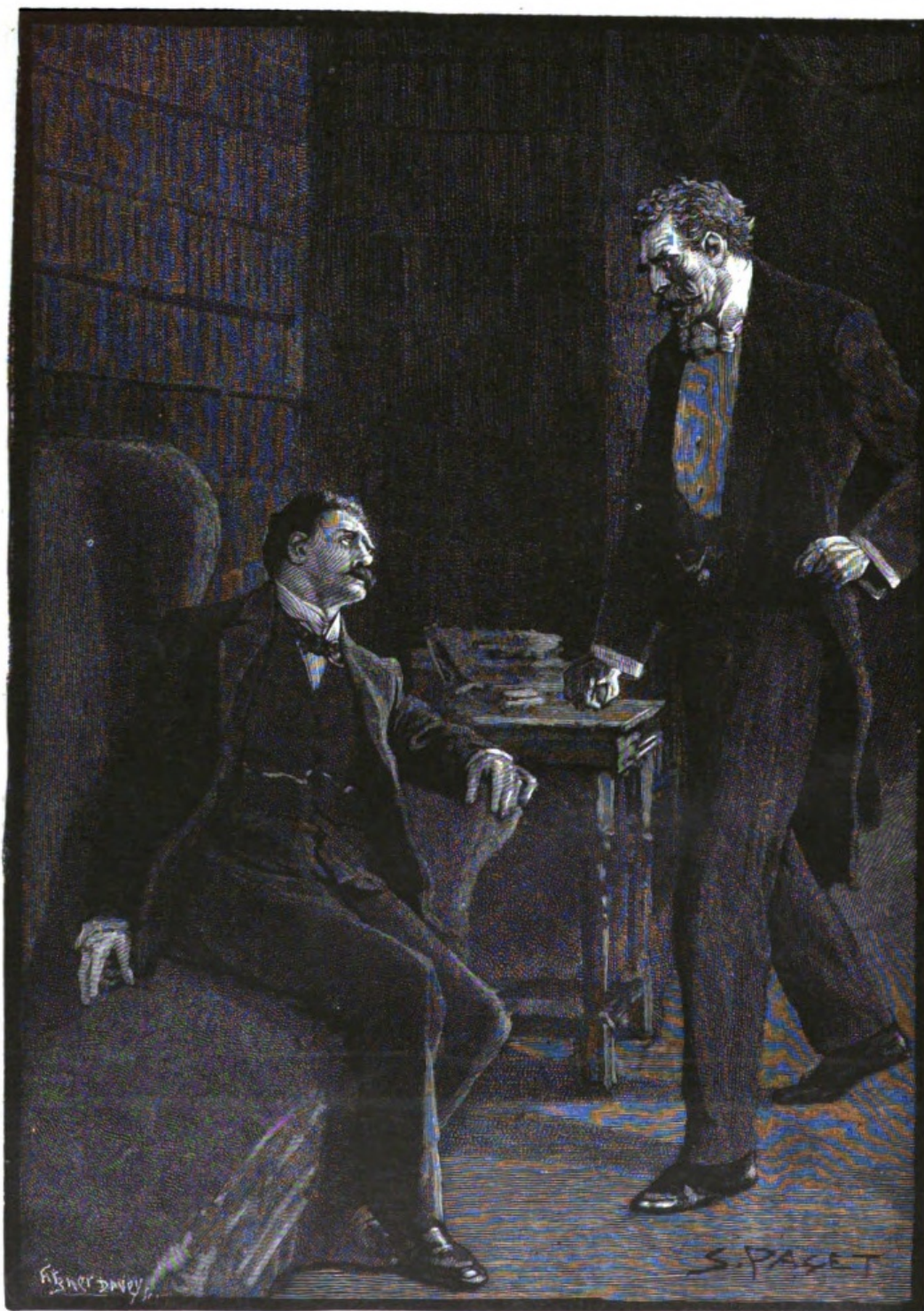
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EDITED BY
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"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS, SIR?"

(See page 10.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xvii.

JANUARY, 1899.

No. 97.

Round the Fire.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

VIII.—THE STORY OF THE JAPANNED BOX.



I*t was* a curious thing, said the private tutor; one of those grotesque and whimsical incidents which occur to one as one goes through life. I lost the best situation which I am ever likely to have through it. But I am glad that I went to Thorpe Place, for I gained—well, as I tell you the story you will learn what I gained.

I don't know whether you are familiar with that part of the Midlands which is drained by the Avon. It is the most English part of England. Shakespeare, the flower of the whole race, was born right in the middle of it. It is a land of rolling pastures, rising in higher folds to the westward, until they swell into the Malvern Hills. There are no towns, but numerous villages, each with its grey Norman church. You have left the brick of the southern and eastern counties behind you, and everything is stone—stone for the walls, and lichened slabs of stone for the roofs. It is all grim and solid and massive, as befits the heart of a great nation.

It was in the middle of this country, not very far from Evesham, that Sir John Bollamore lived in the old ancestral home of Thorpe Place, and thither it was that I came to teach his two little sons. Sir John was a widower—his wife had died three years before—and he had been left with these two lads aged eight and ten, and one dear little girl of seven. Miss Witherton, who is now my wife, was governess to this little girl. I was tutor to the two boys. Could there be

a more obvious prelude to an engagement? She governs me now, and I tutor two little boys of our own. But, there—I have already revealed what it was which I gained in Thorpe Place!

It was a very, very old house, incredibly old—pre-Norman, some of it—and the Bollamores claimed to have lived in that situation since long before the Conquest. It struck a chill to my heart when first I came there, those enormously thick grey walls, the rude crumbling stones, the smell as from a sick animal which exhaled from the rotting plaster of the aged building. But the modern wing was bright and the garden was well kept. No house could be dismal which had a pretty girl inside it and such a show of roses in front.

Apart from a very complete staff of servants there were only four of us in the household. These were Miss Witherton, who was at that time four-and-twenty and as pretty—well, as pretty as Mrs. Colmore is now—myself, Frank Colmore, aged thirty, Mrs. Stevens, the housekeeper, a dry, silent woman, and Mr. Richards, a tall, military-looking man, who acted as steward to the Bollamore estates. We four always had our meals together, but Sir John had his usually alone in the library. Sometimes he joined us at dinner, but on the whole we were just as glad when he did not.

For he was a very formidable person. Imagine a man six foot three inches in height, majestically built, with a high-nosed, aristocratic face, brindled hair, shaggy eyebrows, a small, pointed Mephistophelian beard, and

lines upon his brow and round his eyes as deep as if they had been carved with a pen-knife. He had grey eyes, weary, hopeless-looking eyes, proud and yet pathetic, eyes which claimed your pity and yet dared you to show it. His back was rounded with study, but otherwise he was as fine a looking man of his age—five-and-fifty perhaps—as any woman would wish to look upon.

But his presence was not a cheerful one. He was always courteous, always refined, but singularly silent and retiring. I have never lived so long with any man and known so little of him. If he were indoors he spent his time either in his own small study in the Eastern Tower, or in the library in the modern wing. So regular was his routine that one could always say at any hour exactly where he would be. Twice in the day he would visit his study, once after breakfast, and once about ten at night. You might set your watch by the slam of the heavy door. For the rest of the day he would be in his library—save that for an hour or two in the afternoon he would take a walk or a ride, which was solitary like the rest of his existence. He loved his children, and was keenly interested in the progress of their studies, but they were a little awed by the silent, shaggy-browed figure, and they avoided him as much as they could. Indeed, we all did that.

It was some time before I came to know anything about the circumstances of Sir John Bollamore's life, for Mrs. Stevens, the house-keeper, and Mr. Richards, the land-steward, were too loyal to talk easily of their employer's affairs. As to the governess, she knew no more than I did, and our common interest

was one of the causes which drew us together. At last, however, an incident occurred which led to a closer acquaintance with Mr. Richards and a fuller knowledge of the life of the man whom I served.

The immediate cause of this was no less than the falling of Master Percy, the youngest of my pupils, into the mill-race, with imminent danger both to his life and to mine, since I had to risk myself in order to save him.

Dripping and exhausted—for I was far more spent than the child—I was making for my room when Sir John, who had heard the hubbub, opened the door of his little study and asked me what was the matter. I told him of the accident, but assured him that his child was in no danger, while he listened with a rugged, immobile face, which expressed in its intense eyes and tightened lips all the emotion which he tried to conceal.

"One moment! Step in here! Let me have the details!" said he, turning back through the open door.

And so I found myself within that little sanctum, inside which, as I afterwards learned, no other foot had for three years been set save that of the old servant who cleaned



SIR JOHN BOLLAMORE.

it out. It was a round room, conforming to the shape of the tower in which it was situated, with a low ceiling, a single narrow, ivy-wreathed window, and the simplest of furniture. An old carpet, a single chair, a deal table, and a small shelf of books made up the whole contents. On the table stood a full-length photograph of a woman—I took no particular notice of the features, but I remember that a certain gracious gentleness was the prevailing impression. Beside it were

a large black japanned box and one or two bundles of letters or papers fastened together with elastic bands.

Our interview was a short one, for Sir John Bollamore perceived that I was soaked, and that I should change without delay. The incident led, however, to an instructive

superstitious feeling has arisen about it in the household. I assure you that if I were to repeat to you the tales which are flying about, tales of mysterious visitors there, and of voices overheard by the servants, you might suspect that Sir John had relapsed into his old ways."

"Why do you say relapsed?" I asked.

He looked at me in surprise.

"Is it possible," said he, "that Sir John Bollamore's previous history is unknown to you?"

"Absolutely."

"You astound me. I thought that every man in England knew something of his antecedents. I should not mention the matter if it were not that you are now one of ourselves, and that the facts might come to your ears in some harsher form if I were silent upon them. I always took it for granted that you knew that you were in the service of 'Devil' Bollamore."

"But why 'Devil'?" I asked.

"Ah, you are young and the world moves fast, but twenty years ago the name of 'Devil' Bollamore was one of the best known in London. He was the leader of the fastest set, bruiser, driver, gambler, drunkard—a survival of the old type, and as bad as the worst of them."

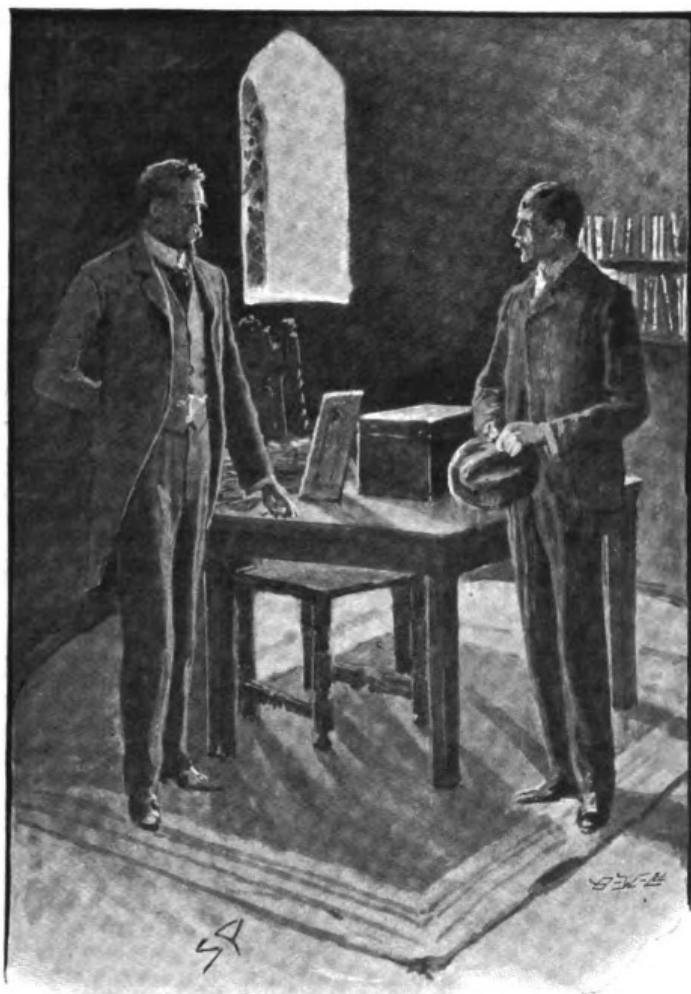
I stared at him in amazement.

"What!" I cried, "that quiet, studious, sad-faced man?"

"The greatest rip and debauchee in England! All between ourselves, Colmore. But you understand now what I mean when I say that a woman's voice in his room might even now give rise to suspicions."

"But what can have changed him so?"

"Little Beryl Clare, when she took the risk of becoming his wife. That was the turning point. He had got so far that his own fast set had thrown him over. There is a world of difference, you know, between a man who drinks and a drunkard. They all



"OUR INTERVIEW WAS A SHORT ONE."

talk with Richards, the agent, who had never penetrated into the chamber which chance had opened to me. That very afternoon he came to me, all curiosity, and walked up and down the garden path with me, while my two charges played tennis upon the lawn beside us.

"You hardly realize the exception which has been made in your favour," said he. "That room has been kept such a mystery, and Sir John's visits to it have been so regular and consistent, that an almost

drink, but they taboo a drunkard. He had become a slave to it—hopeless and helpless. Then she stepped in, saw the possibilities of a fine man in the wreck, took her chance in marrying him, though she might have had the pick of a dozen, and, by devoting her life to it, brought him back to manhood and decency. You have observed that no liquor is ever kept in the house. There never has been any since her foot crossed its threshold. A drop of it would be like blood to a tiger even now.”

“Then her influence still holds him?”

“That is the wonder of it. When she died three years ago, we all expected and feared that he would fall back into his old ways. She feared it herself, and the thought gave a terror to death, for she was like a guardian angel to that man, and lived only for the one purpose. By the way, did you see a black japanned box in his room?”

“Yes.”

“I fancy it contains her letters. If ever he has occasion to be away, if only for a single night, he invariably takes his black japanned box with him. Well, well, Colmore, perhaps I have told you rather more than I should, but I shall expect you to reciprocate if anything of interest should come to your knowledge.” I could see that the worthy man was consumed with curiosity and just a little piqued that I, the new-comer, should have been the first to penetrate into the untrodden chamber. But the fact raised me in his esteem, and from that time onwards I found myself upon more confidential terms with him.

And now the silent and majestic figure of my employer became an object of greater interest to me. I began to understand that strangely human look in his eyes, those deep lines upon his careworn face. He was a man who was fighting a ceaseless battle, holding at arm's length, from morning till night, a horrible adversary, who was for ever trying to close with him—an adversary which would destroy him body and soul could it but fix its claws once more upon him. As I watched the grim, round-backed figure pacing the corridor or walking in the garden, this imminent danger seemed to take bodily shape, and I could almost fancy that I saw this most loathsome and dangerous of all the fiends crouching closely in his very shadow, like a half-cowed beast which slinks beside its keeper, ready at any unguarded moment to spring at his throat. And the dead woman, the woman who had spent her life in warding off this danger, took shape

also to my imagination, and I saw her as a shadowy but beautiful presence which intervened for ever with arms uplifted to screen the man whom she loved.

In some subtle way he divined the sympathy which I had for him, and he showed in his own silent fashion that he appreciated it. He even invited me once to share his afternoon walk, and although no word passed between us on this occasion, it was a mark of confidence which he had never shown to anyone before. He asked me also to index his library (it was one of the best private libraries in England), and I spent many hours in the evening in his presence, if not in his society, he reading at his desk and I sitting in a recess by the window reducing to order the chaos which existed among his books. In spite of these closer relations I was never again asked to enter the chamber in the turret.

And then came my revulsion of feeling. A single incident changed all my sympathy to loathing, and made me realize that my employer still remained all that he had ever been, with the additional vice of hypocrisy. What happened was as follows.

One evening Miss Witherton had gone down to Broadway, the neighbouring village, to sing at a concert for some charity, and I, according to my promise, had walked over to escort her back. The drive sweeps round under the eastern turret, and I observed as I passed that the light was lit in the circular room. It was a summer evening, and the window, which was a little higher than our heads, was open. We were, as it happened, engrossed in our own conversation at the moment, and we had paused upon the lawn which skirts the old turret, when suddenly something broke in upon our talk and turned our thoughts away from our own affairs.

It was a voice—the voice undoubtedly of a woman. It was low—so low that it was only in that still night air that we could have heard it, but, hushed as it was, there was no mistaking its feminine timbre. It spoke hurriedly, gaspingly for a few sentences, and then was silent—a piteous, breathless, imploring sort of voice. Miss Witherton and I stood for an instant staring at each other. Then we walked quickly in the direction of the hall-door.

“It came through the window,” I said.

“We must not play the part of eavesdroppers,” she answered. “We must forget that we have ever heard it.”

There was an absence of surprise in her manner which suggested a new idea to me,

"You have heard it before," I cried.

"I could not help it. My own room is higher up on the same turret. It has happened frequently."

"Who can the woman be?"

"I have no idea. I had rather not discuss it."

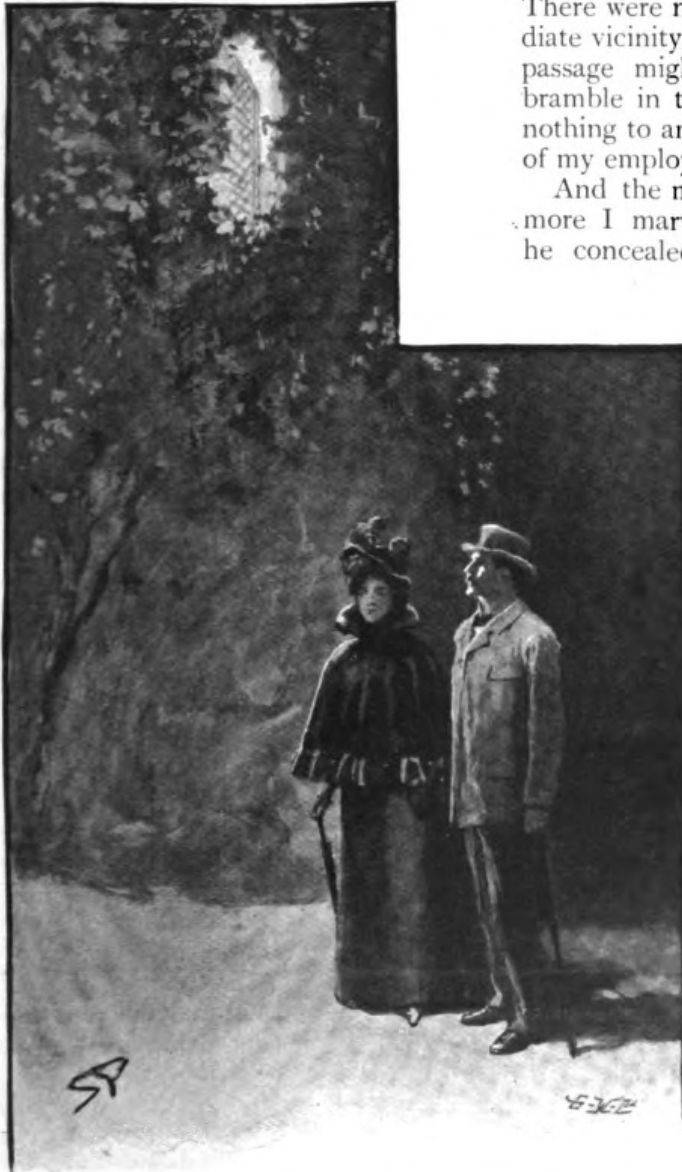
Her voice was enough to show me what she thought. But granting that our employer

from? It could not be any one of the household. They were all under the vigilant eyes of Mrs. Stevens. The visitor must come from without. But how?

And then suddenly I remembered how ancient this building was, and how probable that some mediæval passage existed in it. There is hardly an old castle without one. The mysterious room was the basement of the turret, so that if there were anything of the sort it would open through the floor. There were numerous cottages in the immediate vicinity. The other end of the secret passage might lie among some tangle of bramble in the neighbouring copse. I said nothing to anyone, but I felt that the secret of my employer lay within my power.

And the more convinced I was of this the more I marvelled at the manner in which he concealed his true nature. Often as I watched his austere figure, I asked myself if it were indeed possible that such a man should be living this double life, and I tried to persuade myself that my suspicions might after all prove to be ill-founded. But there was the female voice, there was the secret nightly rendezvous in the turret chamber — how could such facts admit of an innocent interpretation? I conceived a horror of the man. I was filled with loathing at his deep, consistent hypocrisy.

Only once during all those months did I ever see him without that sad but impassive mask which he usually presented towards his fellow-man. For an instant I caught a glimpse of those volcanic fires which he had damped down so long. The occasion was an unworthy one, for the object of his wrath was



"IT WAS THE VOICE UNDOUBTEDLY OF A WOMAN."

led a double and dubious life, who could she be, this mysterious woman who kept him company in the old tower? I knew from my own inspection how bleak and bare a room it was. She certainly did not live there. But in that case where did she come

none other than the aged charwoman whom I have already mentioned as being the one person who was allowed within his mysterious chamber. I was passing the corridor which led to the turret—for my own room lay in that direction—when I heard a

sudden, startled scream, and merged in it the husky, growling note of a man who is inarticulate with passion. It was the snarl of a furious wild beast. Then I heard his voice thrilling with anger. "You would dare!" he cried. "You would dare to disobey my directions!" An instant later the charwoman passed me, flying down the passage, white faced and tremulous, while the terrible voice thundered behind her. "Go to Mrs. Stevens for your money! Never set foot in Thorpe Place again!"



"NEVER SET FOOT IN THORPE PLACE AGAIN!"

Consumed with curiosity, I could not help following the woman, and found her round the corner leaning against the wall and palpitating like a frightened rabbit.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Brown?" I asked.

"It's master!" she gasped. "Oh 'ow 'e frightened me! If you 'ad seen 'is eyes, Mr. Colmore, sir. I thought 'e would 'ave been the death of me."

"But what had you done?"

"Done, sir! Nothing. At least nothing to make so much of. Just laid my 'and on that black box of 'is - 'adn't even opened it, when in 'e came and you 'eard the way 'e went on. I've lost my place, and glad I am of it, for I would never trust myself within reach of 'im again."

So it was the jappaned box which was the cause of this outburst—the box from which he would never permit himself to be separated. What was the connection, or was there any connection between this and the secret visits of the lady whose voice I had overheard? Sir John Bollamore's wrath was enduring as well as fiery, for from that day Mrs. Brown, the charwoman, vanished from our ken, and Thorpe Place knew her no more.

And now I wish to tell you the singular chance which solved all these strange questions and put my employer's secret in my possession. The story may leave you with some lingering doubt as to whether my curiosity did not get the better of my honour, and whether I did not condescend to play the spy. If you choose to think so I cannot help it, but can only assure you that, improbable as it may appear, the matter came about exactly as I describe it.

The first stage in this *dénouement* was that the small room on the turret became uninhabitable. This occurred through the fall of the worm-eaten oaken beam

which supported the ceiling. Rotten with age, it snapped in the middle one morning, and brought down a quantity of the plaster with it. Fortunately Sir John was not in the room at the time. His precious box was rescued from amongst the *débris*

and brought into the library, where, henceforward, it was locked within his bureau. Sir John took no steps to repair the damage, and I never had an opportunity of searching for that secret passage, the existence of which I had surmised. As to the lady, I had thought that this would have brought her visits to an end, had I not one evening heard Mr. Richards asking Mrs. Stevens who the woman was whom he had overheard talking to Sir John in the library. I could not catch her reply, but I saw from her manner that it was not the first time that she had had to answer or avoid the same question.

"You've heard the voice, Colmore?" said the agent.

I confessed that I had.

"And what do *you* think of it?"

I shrugged my shoulders, and remarked that it was no business of mine.

"Come, come, you are just as curious as any of us. Is it a woman or not?"

"It is certainly a woman."

"Which room did you hear it from?"

"From the turret-room, before the ceiling fell."

"But I heard it from the library only last night. I passed the door as I was going to bed, and I heard something wailing and praying just as plainly as I hear you. It may be a woman——"

"Why, what else *could* it be?"

He looked at me hard.

"There are more things in heaven and earth," said he. "If it is a woman, how does she get there?"

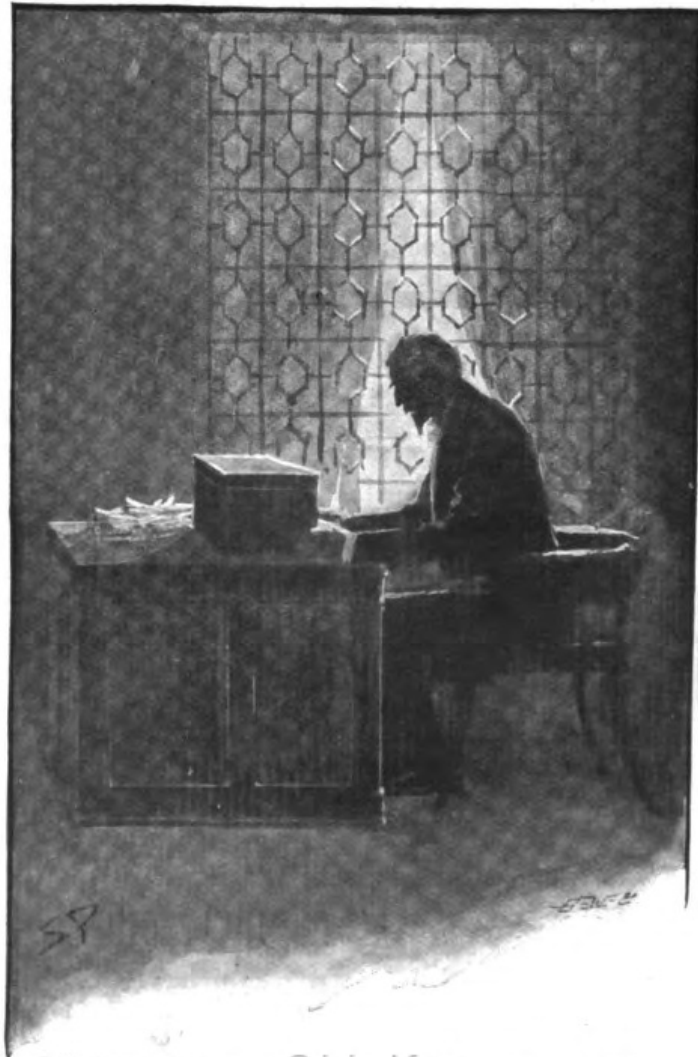
"I don't know."

"No, nor I. But if it is the other thing—but there, for a practical business man at the end of the nineteenth century this is rather a ridiculous line of conversation." He turned away, but I saw that he felt even more than he had said. To all the old ghost stories of Thorpe Place a new one was being added before our very eyes. It may by this time have taken its permanent place, for though an explanation came to me, it never reached the others.

And my explanation came in this way. I had suffered a sleepless night from neuralgia, and about mid-day I had taken

a heavy dose of chlorodyne to alleviate the pain. At that time I was finishing the indexing of Sir John Bollamore's library, and it was my custom to work there from five till seven. On this particular day I struggled against the double effect of my bad night and the narcotic. I have already mentioned that there was a recess in the library, and in this it was my habit to work. I settled down steadily to my task, but my weariness overcame me and, falling back upon the settee, I dropped into a heavy sleep.

How long I slept I do not know, but it was quite dark when I awoke. Confused by the chlorodyne which I had taken, I lay motionless in a semi-conscious state. The great room with its high walls covered with books loomed darkly all round me. A dim radiance from the moonlight came through the farther window, and against this lighter background I saw that Sir John Bollamore was sitting at his study table. His well-set



"SIR JOHN BOLLAMORE WAS SITTING AT HIS STUDY TABLE."

head and clearly cut profile were sharply outlined against the glimmering square behind him. He bent as I watched him, and I heard the sharp turning of a key and the rasping of metal upon metal. As if in a dream I was vaguely conscious that this was the japanned box which stood in front of him, and that he had drawn something out of it, something squat and uncouth, which now lay before him upon the table. I never realized—it never occurred to my bemuddled and torpid brain that I was intruding upon his privacy, that he imagined himself to be alone in the room. And then, just as it rushed upon my horrified perceptions, and I had half risen to announce my presence, I heard a strange, crisp, metallic clicking, and then the voice.

Yes, it was a woman's voice; there could not be a doubt of it. But a voice so charged with entreaty and with yearning love, that it will ring for ever in my ears. It came with a curious far-away tinkle, but every word was clear, though faint—very faint, for they were the last words of a dying woman.

"I am not really gone, John," said the thin, gasping voice. "I am here at your very elbow, and shall be until we meet once more. I die happy to think that morning and night you will hear my voice. Oh, John, be strong, be strong, until we meet again."

I say that I had risen in order to announce my presence, but I could not do so while the voice was sounding. I could only remain half lying, half sitting, paralyzed, astounded, listening to those yearning distant musical words. And he—he was so absorbed that even if I had spoken he might not have heard me. But with the silence of the voice came my half articulated apologies and explanations. He sprang across the room, switched on the electric light, and in its white glare I saw him, his eyes gleaming with anger, his face twisted with passion, as the hapless charwoman may have seen him weeks before.

"Mr. Colmore!" he cried. "You here! What is the meaning of this, sir?"

With halting words I explained it all, my neuralgia, the narcotic, my luckless sleep and singular awakening. As he listened the glow of anger faded from his face, and the sad, impassive mask closed once more over his features.

"My secret is yours, Mr. Colmore," said he. "I have only myself to blame for relaxing my precautions. Half confidences are worse than no confidences, and so you may know all since you know so much. The story may go where you will when I have

passed away, but until then I rely upon your sense of honour that no human soul shall hear it from your lips. I am proud still—God help me!—or, at least, I am proud enough to resent that pity which this story would draw upon me. I have smiled at envy, and disregarded hatred, but pity is more than I can tolerate.

"You have heard the source from which the voice comes—that voice which has, as I understand, excited so much curiosity in my household. I am aware of the rumours to which it has given rise. These speculations, whether scandalous or superstitious, are such as I can disregard and forgive. What I should never forgive would be a disloyal spying and eavesdropping in order to satisfy an illicit curiosity. But of that, Mr. Colmore, I acquit you.

"When I was a young man, sir, many years younger than you are now, I was launched upon town without a friend or adviser, and with a purse which brought only too many false friends and false advisers to my side. I drank deeply of the wine of life—if there is a man living who has drunk more deeply he is not a man whom I envy. My purse suffered, my character suffered, my constitution suffered, stimulants became a necessity to me, I was a creature from whom my memory recoils. And it was at that time, the time of my blackest degradation, that God sent into my life the gentlest, sweetest spirit that ever descended as a ministering angel from above. She loved me, broken as I was, loved me, and spent her life in making a man once more of that which had degraded itself to the level of the beasts.

"But a fell disease struck her, and she withered away before my eyes. In the hour of her agony it was never of herself, of her own sufferings and her own death, that she thought. It was all of me. The one pang which her fate brought to her was the fear that when her influence was removed I should revert to that which I had been. It was in vain that I made oath to her that no drop of wine would ever cross my lips. She knew only too well the hold that the devil had upon me—she who had striven so to loosen it—and it haunted her night and day the thought that my soul might again be within his grip.

"It was from some friend's gossip of the sick room that she heard of this invention—this phonograph—and with the quick insight of a loving woman she saw how she might use it for her ends. She sent me to London to procure the best which money could buy.

When I returned she lay actually in the throes of death. And with her last breath—the very last that she breathed upon earth—she whispered this message into it, a message to strengthen my resolves and to retain her influence upon my actions. Into her ear I whispered that twice a day for ever afterwards I should listen to her dear voice, and so, smiling at the success of her plan, she passed gently away.

“So now you have my secret, Mr. Colmore, and you understand why this japanned box and that which it contains is more to me than all my ancestral home. I trust you, and I believe you to be worthy of my trust.

But after this the sight of you would be painful to me, and so good-bye! You will find no cause to regret having left my service, but you will understand that we must never meet again.”

So this was the last time that I was ever destined to see Sir John Bollamore, and I left him standing in his library, with his hand upon the instrument which brought him that ever-recurring, intangible, and yet intimate reminder from the woman whom he loved. You may have read about his death in a carriage accident last Midsummer. I do not fancy that it was a very unwelcome event to him.



Illustrated Interviews.

LXII.—MADAME MELBA. BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.



MADAME MELBA AS SHE FIRST APPEARED IN GRAND OPERA.—GILDA IN "RIGOLETTO,"
From a Photo. by] BRUSSELS, OCTOBER 15, 1887. [J. Ganz, Brussels.



O an observant student of the world's genius it is a reflection, not without a peculiar interest of its own, that the Australian Continent has so far produced but one woman-singer of the first rank. Of poets whose genius is as undoubted as their place in the world's literature is certain Australia has given us at least two, in Henry Kendall and the gifted but ill-fated Adam Lindsay Gordon. To the drama this, the "least contiguous" of the four continents, has contributed Haddon Chambers—though the creator of "Captain Swift" and "The Idler" has now dwelt among us so long as to be regarded as a fully naturalized "Englander." The department of imagin-

ative literature is already represented by quite a little army from "down under," as the eminent names of Mrs. Campbell Praed, "Tasma," Mr. Rolf Boldrewood, Miss Ada Cambridge, Miss Ethel Turner, Mr. Guy Boothby, and the late Marcus Clarke bear eloquent testimony; whilst the field of critical and biographical writing finds a worthy representative in Mr. Patchett Martin.

But Melba stands alone. Towering head and shoulders over every other aspirant to the highest honours of grand opera, the retirement of Madame Patti from the operatic field has left "the Australian Nightingale" undisputed ruler of an empire probably the proudest in the sum of this planet's most desirable possessions. Yet these are honours

becomingly and graciously worn by one who, scarcely a decade ago, was little more than a name to the patrons and supporters of the opera.

As I sit in her *salon* to-day, and chat with this queenly woman, whose greatest charm assuredly lies in her consideration for others, I wonder whether she ever recalls that little white-robed girl (herself) who, in far-off Melbourne, in the dead of night, startled her parents and brought them downstairs by her playing of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." It is a pretty story, with a prettier sequel. For the parents of that little girl had not the heart to chide their offspring for her "precocity" (that unmeaning word in which the beginnings of genius are so often concealed), but rather did they coax her back to bed as they marvelled over what they had heard. Surely they must, even at that early day, have had some faint glimmering of the future in store for the coming *prima donna*!

"Perhaps they did—I do not know," says Madame Melba, dreamily. "But one thing I know for certain—that their daughter did not cherish any such aspirations for a long time to come. I went quietly on with my education—no, not my musical education, that came later—until my marriage, which took place at the early age of seventeen. Stop, though! I was entirely forgetting to tell you the story of what I call 'my first appearance on any stage.' It took place at the Town Hall, Richmond, which is a suburb of Melbourne, and I was aged six at the time! What did I sing? Let me see, now! Yes, I sang 'Shells of the Ocean' first, followed by 'Comin' thro' the Rye.' It

was a great occasion, as you may imagine, and I am by no means certain that I am not prouder of it than of anything I have done since."

On the question as to whence—if traceable at all—Madame Melba derives her voice and natural musical gifts, she told me that her mother was an accomplished musician. In addition to being a beautiful pianist, she played also the organ and the harp. Thus it was that the future *prima donna* was reared so to speak in the lap of Music. Her mother was her first teacher of the piano, and afterwards her studies were aided by the exertions of her aunts Alice and Lizzie.

"Even as a child of three or four," she continued, "I was so passionately devoted to music that I remember frequently crawling under the piano and remaining quiet there for hours while listening to my mother's playing. Yes, my mother sang also, though she had not a particularly notable voice. But her sister, my 'Aunt Lizzie,' as I called her, possessed a soprano voice of extraordinary beauty and quality. To this day I can remember my aunt's absolute control of her voice, and the beauty and ease

of her execution even in the highest *pianissimo* passages. Indeed, I feel sure my Aunt Lizzie would have enjoyed a brilliant career as a public singer, had she adopted it."

It should be mentioned that the *diva's* father, Mr. David Mitchell, is a squatter resident in the Colony of Victoria, and that his several stations are far removed from important townships. The family now reside at Colbin Abbina Estate; but in the days when Melba was a child they lived at "Steel's



MADAME MELBA BEFORE HER DÉBUT, 1887.
From a Photo. by Chalot, Paris.

Flat," another of her father's estates, where she was born and brought up, with intermittent visits to Melbourne.

I was interested to find that the subject of this interview can also trace the gift of music on the paternal side of the house. To this day her father sings in the local choir, and his daughter told me she well remembered his voice as a deep basso of beautiful *timbre*. He has always been passionately fond of music, and is, in addition to his vocal talent (to quote his daughter's own expression), "a fiddler of no mean ability." Madame Melba speaks in the most affectionate terms of both her parents. Her mother died while the great singer was in her teens, but Melba cherishes many sweet recollections of her.

"She was a natural artist—not as regards music only, for one remembers it in the general expression of her life. She was, among other things, a charming painter on china, and the dessert-service still in use at home was decorated by her brush.

"Did my father also foster my love of music? Yes, indeed he did, to the utmost of his power. When I was quite a baby it was my great joy, on Sunday afternoons, to sit on my father's knee at the harmonium. He would blow the bellows with his feet, while singing a bass accompaniment to the hymn which I would pick out on the keyboard with one finger."

Thus, finding that the Australian singer inherits the gift of song from either side of her family, I inquired whether this passion for music did not begin to take shape at a very tender age.

"In illustration that that was so," she answered, "I remember once our family moving into 'winter quarters' at one of my father's outlying stations. I was ten years old at the time, but I know I felt furious, on arrival, to find that there was no piano in the house. My gentle mother consoled me with the gift of a *concertina*, which I taught myself to play during the three months that we remained there! In those sequestered places, in the case of country houses very far removed from a church or chapel, it is customary for a clergyman or lay preacher to come along on Sundays and preach to the family, the servants, and station hands—often quite a large congregation, particularly at shearing-time.

"One Sunday—I was then, perhaps, thirteen years old—we were visited by a worthy man, who chanced to be a par-

ticularly poor preacher. At the conclusion of his very long and (as we children thought) somewhat wearisome discourse, he suggested that we should sing a hymn. There was a harmonium in the room, and my mother asked me to play a familiar hymn. I accordingly seated myself, but, in revenge for having been so bored, I played—to the horror of some and the secret delight of others—a music-hall ditty which had succeeded in penetrating our wilderness! It was called, 'You Should See Me Dance the Polka.' In the sequel, I received the well-merited punishment of being sent to bed for the remainder of the day.

"It must have been about the end of the same year that I had, what I thought at the time, a very fearsome adventure indeed! It happened at Melbourne. I was learning to play the organ, and I had permission occasionally to practise on the great organ in the Scots Church. Late one afternoon I ceased playing, and fell into a reverie. When, at last, I proceeded to leave the church, I found, to my horror, I was locked in! My playing having ceased for some time, the sexton had concluded I was gone, and had locked up the church and left. You cannot conceive the agony of mind I endured. The church was very dark, and the pulpit and altar in their grey dust-cloths looked, to my frightened imagination, like monstrous ghosts. What should I do? . . . At last the sexton returned—by the merest chance he had forgotten something, which he came back to fetch, and so I obtained my release."

About two years after her marriage, namely, at the age of nineteen, Melba began concert singing. At first she sang as an amateur; but so rapidly did she betray talents of an extraordinarily high order, that she was strongly recommended to adopt the vocal art as a profession. Upon this advice she acted, and came to England to study. The rest is history.

It is, however, history of an exceedingly interesting character. It will be seen that, in shaping her public career, Madame Melba unconsciously moved in cycles of two years. Thus, she was married at seventeen. At nineteen she commenced to sing publicly. At twenty-one she came to Europe in order to study the art she had elected to follow. At twenty-three occurred her *début* on the operatic stage.

So far as operatic England is concerned, the distinction of introducing Melba to the Covent Garden public belongs to the late Sir Augustus Harris, who subsequently wrote

a rather remarkable letter on the subject of the Australian *débutante's* quickly won popularity. Madame Melba's initial appearance on the Covent Garden stage took place in May, 1888, as the ill-fated heroine of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Her success, both with the critics and with the public, was so spontaneous and overwhelming, that her engagement for the next (1889) London season was rendered inevitable. The new *prima donna's* principal appearance of 1889 was in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," while her performance in Verdi's "Rigoletto" exhibited how rapidly, to quote Mr. Parker's "Opera Under Augustus Harris," "Madame Melba's popularity was increasing in this country." In 1890 she created at Covent Garden the character of *Ophelia* in Dr. Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet," which she had the advantage of rehearsing with the composer himself.

In 1893 Melba went to America, to meet with a wholly unprecedented success; but in '94 she was back at Covent Garden, to charm huge audiences with her *Nedda* in Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," and her *Marguerite* in "Faust." Since then the cantatrice has appeared with regularity during the London opera season. Two of her most interesting appearances have been in "Carmen" three years ago, when that opera was performed with the extraordinarily strong cast of Madame Calvé as *Carmen*, Madame Melba as *Michaela*, and M. Alvarez as *Don José*; and in "Les Huguenots" in 1896, when Albani was the *Valentina* and Melba the *Margherita de Valois*. In that season, by the way, a gloom was cast over English musical life by the deaths of



MADAME MELBA IN "LAKMÉ," 1890.
From a Photo. by Dupont, Brussels.

Sir Joseph Barnby and Sir Augustus Harris, the latter being a personal friend of Madame Melba, and of whom she cherishes many pleasant recollections.

But then, as I told the Australian *prima donna*, in her case "pleasant recollections" must of necessity multiply themselves, by virtue of the numbers of the world's great ones with whom her art and her remarkable gifts have brought her in contact. And yet she remains so wholly and entirely a "womanly woman," that I verily believe she values the esteem and admiration of the lowliest peasant as highly as that of the great ones of the earth.



MADAME MELBA AS LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, 1891.
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

In respect of the personal friendships to which I have just made reference, the *diva* has delightful remembrances of masters like the veteran Verdi, Charles Gounod (with whom she had the privilege of rehearsing his "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette"), poor Goring Thomas, the creator of "Esmeralda," Tosti, and Puccini. In the case of the latter composer, she studied her part in his "La Bohème" (a new assumption) with him in Southern Italy last summer; and, if all that we hear be true, she is destined to win fresh laurels in the same composer's newest work, "La Tosca," in which Puccini does for Sardou's tragic story what Verdi has done for Shakespeare's "Othello."

Nellie Melba is a woman of rare enthusiasms. In conversation with me, she could not say too much in praise of Madame Matilde Marchesi—the only singing-teacher she has ever had—and whom she speaks of in terms of warmest affection and sympathy.

I asked the *prima donna* whether she has ever experienced the excitement and danger of a theatre fire. "Yes, on two occasions," she told me; "in San Francisco and in London. In both cases the danger was happily averted. At Covent Garden the outbreak happened actually on the stage during a performance of 'Faust,' and the curtain had to be rung down. I chanced to be in the 'wings' at the time, and while they were battling with the flames behind the curtain, I came in front and begged the people to remain seated. Fortunately that most terrible of calamities, a theatre panic, was averted. As soon as I found myself behind the scenes once more I committed the weakness of fainting."

There have been, not unnaturally, some striking incidents connected with Melba's enormous popularity at the Paris Opera House. There is one of them, however, to which a pathetic interest attaches by reason of the comparatively recent death of Madame Carnot, who figured in it in very sympathetic fashion. The opera was "Lucia di Lammermoor"—one of Melba's greatest, if not her very greatest assumption. It happened that the tenor, Monsieur Cossira, arrived at the Opera House feeling very unwell, but apparently recovering before the opera began he decided to go on. Early in the first act, however, he almost completely lost his voice! When it came to the duet with *Lucia* in the first act, it utterly failed him. The *prima donna*, full of sympathy for his difficulty, for a time sang his music as well as her own; but ultimately the curtain had to be rung down,

and for a few moments it appeared as though the performance could not proceed, since—surely a thing unprecedented at the Paris Opera House—Monsieur Cossira was not provided with an understudy! As luck would have it, though, among the audience was M. Engel, who had sung the part with Melba, not long before, in Brussels. Grasping the situation, he went behind the scenes and proffered his services, which were gladly and gratefully accepted. The performance proceeded, and for several nights thereafter M. Engel sang the part.

"At the close of the evening," added Madame Melba, in telling me of the incident, "Madame Carnot sent for me. It was during Monsieur Carnot's reign at the Elysée, and so his wife was occupying the Presidential box at the Opera. Being a woman of very quick perception, Madame Carnot had observed my efforts at covering the confusion of my poor colleague. I can never forget her kind words to me then, nor shall I readily forget the sorrow I felt afterwards on hearing the news of President Carnot's terrible end, and of her own death subsequently."

By the time this interview appears in print, Madame Melba will be in the thick of her fifth visit to the United States. Her previous operatic tours of the American Continent have been full of varied and interesting experiences. One of the most characteristic "Melba stories" that I know dates from her last tour but one. It was at St. Louis, where, thanks to a late train, the *diva* and her company arrived only a very little time before the hour fixed for the commencement. There was, in fact, only just time for the artists to make for their respective dressing-rooms. But Melba, looking down from a coign of vantage into the orchestra, observed, to her dismay and annoyance, that her musicians were in morning dress. She promptly sent for the *chef d'orchestre*. The poor man expostulated, remonstrated; they had but a few minutes before come off the cars; there was no time, etc. But Melba was firm. "If the gentlemen of my orchestra do not choose to appear in evening dress, I shall refuse to go on the stage. I owe a duty to the public as well as to myself."

This inexorable mandate had its effect, and the musicians were soon seen filing out of the orchestra, to return a few minutes later, suitably clad in the evening garb of comparative civilization. Then the curtain rose and the opera commenced only a very little behind time. The incident did not, however, pass unrecognised. The critics of

the Press had seen the musicians disappear and re-appear, and correctly surmising the cause of their "quick change," the result was a series of graceful little articles in the St. Louis papers complimenting the popular favourite upon her sense of the fitness of things.

An incident without precedent on the concert stage marked the great concert which Melba gave

Kruse, the solo violinist—all were not only Australians, but Victorians by birth.

Immediately after her few but brilliant



MADAME MELBA AS JULIETTE,
1892.
From a Photo. by Dupont, Brussels.



MADAME MELBA AS OPHÉLIE, 1895.

From a Photo. by Reutlinger, Paris.



MADAME MELBA, 1892.

From a Photo. by Renque et Cie, Paris.

at the Albert Hall, on November 2nd, to signalize her departure for her present trans-Atlantic tour. Of the three principal performers—i.e., Madame Melba herself, Miss Ada Crossley, the contralto, and Mr. Johann

appearances at Covent Garden last season, Madame Melba rented a charmingly-situated house, called "Fernley," near the river at



MADAME MELBA, MR. HADDON CHAMBERS, AND MR. BERTRAM MACKENNAL.
 From a Photo. by H. Gude, Maidenhead.

Maidenhead. Here she entertained many friends during the month of August. A very interesting "group" photograph of three distinguished Australians—Melba, Mr. Haddon Chambers, and Mr. Bertram MacKenna—taken at that time on the lawn at Fernley, is shown at the top of this page. It will be interesting to your readers that the last-named distinguished compatriot of Madame Melba's is executing a bust of the *diva*, which she has decided to present to the Public Library of Melbourne. A bust of the Melbourne Melba, by the Melbourne MacKenna, is obviously an artistic event of peculiar interest.

By the way, the popular morning "daily" that unwittingly represented Melba as an

athletic kind of lady, skilled in the gentle art of rowing, was sadly in error! Far and away the most interesting episode of the stay at Fernley was a visit which the *prima donna* and some members of her house-party paid to the grave of the poet Gray in Stoke Poges churchyard. Here, it will be remembered, Gray wrote his beautiful "Elegy"; and here, too, Melba (who, I omitted to say, is an accomplished organist, and often used to play that instrument in the Scots Church at Melbourne) expressed a desire to try the organ in the charming old church of Stoke Poges.

Thereby hangs this tale: The rector, on it being represented to him that "Madame Melba would like to play the organ," court-

ously handed over the necessary keys, and Melba gave great pleasure to her audience of half-a-dozen friends by playing and singing for them a selection of pieces, which included the Gounod "Ave Maria," and ended with the National Anthem. Asked by one of the party how she had enjoyed the impromptu sacred concert, the old lady who was in charge of the church, and whose services had been requisitioned to blow the organ, enthusiastically rejoined, "Oh, it were all beautiful, m'm, but 'God Save the Queen' were best of all!"

Madame Melba is fortunate in having some one member of her family—a brother or sister, generally speaking—to accompany her on her travels. During her last American tour she had for companions both a sister and a brother—Miss Dora and Mr. Ernest Mitchell—and she still speaks of the regret with which she parted from them when they were obliged to return to their Antipodean home about the end of the last London season. She says she is not less fortunate in having a man like Mr. Charles A. Ellis (originally the business manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra) to personally conduct her trans-Atlantic tours. The present one will be very much extended, and will involve the traversing of many thousands of miles by the *diva* and her company. The principal members of that company are Ternina, Zélie de Lussan, and Galski, Alvarez, Bonnard, Pandolfini, Kraus, and Bonderesque, and the orchestra is controlled by Signor Seppilli and Mr. Walter Damrosch. As for Melba's repertoire, it comprises not only two rôles quite new to her—"Martha" and "La Bohème"—but also "Lucia," "Hamlet," "Manon," "Les Huguenots," "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Faust," "Roméo et Juliette," and "Il Barbière di Siviglia"—in the last-named of which she scored such a shining success at Covent Garden last season. While on the subject of America, I may mention that Madame Melba seriously meditates refusing an offer for a season in South America, which I take to be the most dazzling and tempting ever made to a *prima donna*. She whimsically says that she thinks she would rather spend the greater part of 1899 in Europe, although she looks forward with pleasure to a visit to South America later on.

I am reminded of one more "Melba anecdote." Two or three years ago she took a party of friends to see the interior of La Scala, the noble opera-house where many of her triumphs have been won. Throwing open the door of a dressing-

room, their cicerone exclaimed, "This is where the celebrated Melba used to dress!" The great singer's friends began to laugh, but she, looking hard at the man, quietly asked him, "What! don't you know me?" And then this son of Italy perceived that, *sans* voice and *sans* diamonds though she might be, she still was "Melba."

It is, I think, illustrative of Madame Melba's large humanity that the simpler and more sympathetic the anecdote, the better is she pleased to tell it. For example, "one touch of nature" is to her much more than to tell of her many meetings with Royalty—of her brilliant career as queen of opera—of her impressions of the many great ones of the world into whose society she has been thrown. Of her *début* in opera she readily speaks, for must it not always rank as one of her pleasantest memories? It occurred at the Brussels Opera House, and at the age of twenty-two. Not at that time knowing French, Melba was permitted to sing in Italian, while the other artists sang French—an unprecedented concession to a *débutante* on the part of the local opera authorities. On that memorable evening, the next box to the one occupied by some friends and relatives of Madame Melba contained a lady and gentleman. At the close of the first act, the latter asked his companion as to her opinion of the *débutante*, when the lady was heard to reply, "*Débutante!* Nonsense! I heard her in Madrid ten years ago. She was an awful failure, and *she's forty if she's a day!*"

"Did you feel any resentment when you heard the story?" I asked.

"Not in the least," replied Madame Melba, laughing merrily, "albeit in those early days I had not grown accustomed, as, alas! I have since, to hearing strangely false reports about myself—reports sometimes amazing, sometimes absurd, and sometimes, I fear, malicious. Besides, I was in far too good a humour with the public success I had achieved to feel angry; and if the story appears in your article, and the lady sees it, I shall feel amply avenged."

Two incidents in connection with her first American tour were related to me so feelingly by the *prima donna*, that I must do my best to reproduce them. The first occurred in New York. Melba had been practising her part at her hotel one afternoon. Just as she had finished, and was coming out of her rooms, she encountered a strange lady, whose rooms opened into the same corridor. The unknown approached her,

and said, "Madame, I think you would be touched to hear what my little boy said just now. He is lying in bed getting over an illness; and when you began to sing he lifted his tiny forefinger and whispered, 'Hist, mummy! Birdie!'"

The second incident referred to occurred one snowy night as the *diva* was leaving the stage-door of the Opera House at Philadelphia. An old lady, very neatly attired, but evidently not in affluent circumstances, was waiting for her as she crossed the footway to her carriage. When Madame Melba

says she will never forget, "God bless your beautiful heart, my dear!"

My interesting visit to Madame Melba terminated with, on my part, a very natural regret. I carried away with me an indelible impression—the impression of a queenly woman, an incomparable artist, bearing her unrivalled gifts and her regal position in the world of music with a simplicity and a womanly modesty which, while unable to enhance their value, add a singular grace and charm to their possession. And I found it a pleasing reflection that I had been accorded an



MADAME MELBA (PRESENT DAY).
From a Photo. by Reutlinger, Paris.

appeared the old lady remarked, "Madame, I have just heard you sing, and I've waited here in the hope that you will let me take your hand." Melba, deeply touched, impulsively kissed the old lady on either cheek. This salutation won from its recipient these simple words, which Melba

audience of a queen who is delightfully unconscious of her sovereignty, and who, even if robbed of the gifts which now enchant the world, would still retain those qualities which enchant her friends—her bright intelligence, her ever-ready sympathies, and her true womanliness.



“**A**NOTHER present, Honor? I thought you had really received the last.”

“So did I,” replied Honor, sitting up in her low chair, and beginning to untie the string that was round the small parcel. “People are very kind; wonderfully kind.”

Mrs. Latimer looked up quickly at the sound of the dejected voice. She was a slight, sweet-looking woman, in widow’s dress, whose face, despite its never-varying sadness, bore traces of great beauty. The present proved to be a very beautiful pendant of emeralds and diamonds. Mrs. Latimer, having admired it as it lay on its satin bed, handed it back to her daughter.

“So kind of your Uncle James,” she said, as she did so, watching meantime, with puzzled uneasiness, Honor’s listless fingering of the jewel-case.

“Very kind!” remarked the girl, tilting her chin somewhat superciliously. “Am I not marrying a rich man? If Ronald had been poor, how would Uncle James have treated me?”

“Honor, Honor,” said her mother, a pained look crossing her face, “how very unlike you to be so bitter.”

Honor crossed over to where her mother sat and dropped down on the rug beside her, and taking one of her mother’s hands pressed it to her cheek.

“He thinks it really, little mother, only you

are too good to see it, and know too that I love Ronald so dearly that I’d marry him if he hadn’t a second coat to put on. Uncle James, of all people!”—she threw the case into the chair she had just vacated, her blue eyes shining and hard—“Uncle James, who might have done so much, who might have saved his nephew from destruction by holding out a helping hand. Poor Jim!”

Her clear voice broke for a moment, then she pointed to a table in the corner that was covered with wedding presents.

“I’d give them all for one little note from Jim saying he was sorry and was coming to us. Just imagine if he came home and sat with us here in this very room! I cannot get him out of my thoughts to-night. Perhaps, somewhere, he is thinking of us.”

Mrs. Latimer sank back in her chair, the tears coursing down her face.

“I pray night and morning that he may come back to us, and it seems as though God turned a deaf ear to all my pleadings. I dream of him, Honor, so often, our handsome boy, as he was before he went astray, and the awakening seems more than I can bear.”

A pang shot through Honor’s heart as she looked up into the fragile face, and she regretted having been carried away to speak of the prodigal.

“He will come back to us sooner or later,” she said, hastily; “I am certain of it. He is too fond of us to go far astray. The threats Uncle James used terrified him.”

"I am almost sorry we left the other house," Mrs. Latimer said, presently. "Suppose he came and found strangers occupying our place?"

"He has only to ask in the neighbourhood to find us no farther than the next road," said Honor. "Don't let that worry you. He will come home to us some day."

She spoke with a cheerfulness she was far from experiencing; the thought had often occurred to her that Jim, her only brother, must be dead. Heedless and headstrong he might be, but he had always possessed a warm heart, and would not have left them to anxiety for so long. Twice her wedding had been postponed, but the prodigal still delayed, and in a few days her marriage would be an accomplished fact.

Presently Mrs. Latimer said "good-night" and went to bed. After lighting her candle and watching her up the staircase, Honor returned to the room in which they had spent the evening. An unbearable restlessness was upon her, and she could settle to nothing, though there were notes to be written and a host of other things to be done.

She heard the servants troop up to bed, and then a silence fell upon the house, only broken by the melancholy sighing of the wind among the trees in the garden. The loneliness and silence told after a time, and she rose to follow her mother's example, though sleep was the farthest thing from her thoughts. She examined the window fastenings, and picking up the case containing the pendant, placed it among the presents on the table. The thought occurred to her that there ought to be a place in which to lock up the valuables, but in her preoccupation the fact troubled her little. Jim was the one absorbing thought, ousting even Ronald

from her mind. A mental picture of Jim, destitute and starving, rose before her continually, embittering her life, and she could look forward to nothing until she was at rest about him.

She looked in at her mother on the way to her own room, and found her sleeping tranquilly. At the sight of the thin cheek on the pillow, Honor's heart contracted painfully; her mother grew paler and more fragile day by day, and the doctors had said that in the weak state of her heart a sudden shock might prove fatal. A tear dropped on the thin hand lying outside the counterpane, and Honor crept away to her own room. When ready for bed she lay in the darkness, feeling every nerve acutely on the alert.

The clock in the hall below ticked solemnly and struck the hour from time to time, and Honor could hear the faint sound of the cuckoo. She remembered the little bird as long as she could remember anything; from babyhood it had been the delight of herself and Jim, with its perky, impertinent manner, and the brisk way in which it bounced out and in again. Hot tears blinded Honor's eyes and soaked into her pillow.

There came a faint sound from below, so faint as only to make the stillness more noticeable. The wind moaned round the house, but fitfully, as if a storm were gathering at a distance. Honor half sat up in bed, straining her ear to listen. There was not a stir in the house, yet she felt convinced that someone shared her vigil. Fearing her mother might be ill, and yet not wishing to

disturb her if she slept, she drew herself noiselessly out of bed, and groped for her dressing-gown without striking a light. On her way she looked into the wide hall below.



"SHE LOOKED INTO THE WIDE HALL BELOW."

A faint glimmer illumined it, and her eyes soon became accustomed to the dim light. Someone stood facing the clock. Click! the doors flew open, and out sprang the cuckoo.

One, two, three. The doors closed again. There was a faint sound, which might have been a box of matches falling on the tiled floor. It was followed by a smothered exclamation. The figure stole away in the direction of the morning-room, where she and her mother had lately been sitting. Honor remained in the dark motionless, wondering what she had better do. All the servants were women, and to awaken them meant rousing her mother, and that she dare not do.

She gathered her dressing-gown closely round her and crept noiselessly from stair



"THE LIGHT FELL FULL UPON HER."

to stair, quivering all over as they creaked under her bare feet, but never pausing until she stood at the half-open door of the morning-room and looked in. What she saw froze her into immovability. A film swam before her eyes. It was Jim! The

prodigal had returned, but why in this way? What could it mean? She rubbed her eyes incredulously. There was another man standing near the window, but it was upon Jim her glance was fixed with reluctant, fascinated horror.

Jim leaned against the mantelpiece, his face was white and drawn, and in his eyes was reproduced some of the incredulity of Honor's.

"I can't, I tell you," he spoke in a low voice, that yet came clearly to the listener. "I promised, as it was to be the last time, but I break my word—I must get out of this, I tell you. That clock! My God! what I'd give not to feel such a scoundrel!"

"Clock? What are you raving about?" said the other. "What's wrong with the clock? They must strike, I suppose!

Come on, let's get out of this. What's given you such a scare? You might have seen a ghost."

"So I have, the place is full of them. I must go; the very air stifles me." He stood upright and moved towards the door.

"Not a foot until you've done your share," replied the other, advancing, and Honor could see his evil, dissipated face; "don't desert an old chum."

"I wish to Heaven I had years ago, Hammersley. You've been my curse ever since I've known you. Let's clear out."

Honor started at the name, that of an old school-fellow. She pushed the door open farther, and the light fell full upon her, disclosing her white face with its glittering aureole of hair, and the blue eyes wide with pain.

Hammersley dropped the trinket he held with a little sharp tinkle, and drew back into the shade shamefacedly. But Honor never noticed him, all her glance was for Jim, who stood rigidly upright, staring at her as if she were a visitant from the grave.

"Honor!" the words came with difficulty from his parched throat. "You! What does it mean?"

Honor advanced a step nearer.

"Mean?" She spoke in a clear, relentless voice, half mad with the disgrace of it all. "Mean? It means that you have sunk so low as to rob your mother and sister of a few valuables. It means that you have broken

into your mother's house like a common thief. No, no——" Her voice vibrated with a sharp throb of pain—"even the lowest, the most degraded, would think twice before robbing his own."

The light showed clearly all the misery of Jim's handsome, haggard young face.

"I swear to you——" he began, but Honor went on speaking, her voice low with concentrated scorn, and he drew back under the lash of her glance.

"Why did you not die years ago? Only to-night we were talking of you, praying that you might return, and *this* is how God answers our prayers!"

She pointed to the table, and Jim's head sank lower.

"Take them all if you want them, but go."

He moved blindly towards the door, and as he reached it, a foot-step sounded along the passage, and Mrs. Latimer appeared. Before Honor could stir she had caught sight of Jim, and putting down the light she carried, she made a little run forward, and put her arms round his neck.

"God bless you, my own boy. I knew you would come," she said, and fell inertly with her cheek against his.

Above his mother's head, Jim's eyes met

those of Honor, in anguished appeal. As he stood holding his mother in his arms his punishment seemed greater than he could bear.

A fresh fear took possession of Honor, and for a moment she dared not ascertain the worst. Had not the doctors talked of a sudden shock?

"Bring her here," she said, indicating a couch close by; "she must never know, poor, poor mother!"

In the bustle that ensued Hammersley made good his escape, unnoticed by anyone. Honor applied restoratives, and after a long time Mrs. Latimer came back to consciousness. Her glance sought for Jim; Honor motioned him over.

"My own darling boy, why did you come back so late? How thin and white you are! We must feed him well, must we not, Honor?"

She stroked his face as he bent over her, and under her loving trust and entire unconsciousness of the true facts of the case Jim suddenly broke down, and, like a penitent child, buried his face in a fold of her dressing-gown. And she never knew the truth. But even Honor, who knows, has perfect faith now in Jim.



"SHE PUT HER ARMS ROUND HIS NECK."

In Nature's Workshop.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

I.—SEXTONS AND SCAVENGERS.



IN a certain sense, all animated nature is but a single vast co-operative society. I am no foolish optimist: I will admit, indeed, that the members of the society so composed often display to one another the most unfriendly and unfraternal spirit. The hawks, for instance, show a distinct want of true brotherly love towards the larks or the tom-tits: and the mice and lizards find the owls and the cats by no means clubbable. The co-operative society is hardly what one could call a happy family. Still, in spite of the fact insisted upon by the poet that "Nature is one with rapine—a harm no preacher can heal," it is none the less true that a certain rough balance, an accommodation or adjustment of part to part, occurs in every department of animal and vegetable life. When we come to think, it could hardly be otherwise. Things can only exist if they contain in themselves the conditions necessary to existence. An unadapted animal or plant perishes instantly. Spiders could not live in an island which contained no flies; kingfishers necessarily presuppose fish; and silkworms imply the presence of mulberry leaves. You cannot have vultures wild in a country where there are no dead animals lying about loose; nor can you keep bees except where there are honey-bearing flowers. Dutch clover depends for its very existence upon a few insects which fertilize it and set its seeds. The draining of the fens killed out a dozen species of English plants and animals; the inclosure of the prairies deprived the buffaloes of their chance of pasture. In this sense, all nature hangs together as it were; each species fills some place in the great mosaic which cannot be altered without considerable disturbance of adjacent pieces. Destroy the rabbits in a given area, and you have nothing left for the weasels to feed upon.

Sometimes, too, apparently unimportant or unnoticed creatures perform in the aggregate some valuable work for the rest of the plant and animal community, which little suspects its real indebtedness to them. Darwin showed long ago that the humble and de-

spised earthworm was really answerable for the greater part of that rich layer of vegetable mould or soil which covers the bare rocks; it deposits the material in which all our plants root and from which they derive a large element of their sustenance. Kill out the earthworms over the whole of our earth, and you would reduce a vast proportion of it to the condition of a desert. For the worms pull down green leaves into their neat little burrows; and the refuse of these leaves, continually renewed from season to season by the industrious small workmen, forms by far the greater share of that dark layer of vegetable mould which is the chief source of the fertility in plains and lowlands. Sandy upland spots, where worms are few, form little or no soil, and will only support a poor moorland growth of gorse and heather. You must have plenty of worms if you want to grow corn or turnips.

But there are other unconsidered creatures besides these, creatures which perform for us functions almost as useful and important as those of the earthworms; and I propose to devote a few pages here to one such group, the sanitary commissioners of the insect world, as I will venture to call them—the vast body of minor sextons and six-legged scavengers. Has it ever struck you that as you walk abroad through the rich green meadows and pastures of England, you almost never come across a dead and decaying animal? I do not mean large animals like horses and donkeys: those do sometimes occur unburied, giving us bold and unpleasant advertisement of their near presence. But just consider that the fields through which you stroll are a perfect warren of moles and shrews and field-mice and water-voles and frogs and lizards and rabbits and weasels, to say nothing of smaller fry; and then think how seldom on your morning rounds in the country you come across a single dead bird or rat or adder, a departed toad, or a late lamented leveret. The ground about you teems with life: but where are its cemeteries? Squirrels and dormice are dying in every copse: but what becomes of their bodies? Who ever saw a dead bat? Who knows the tomb of the deceased hedgehogs?

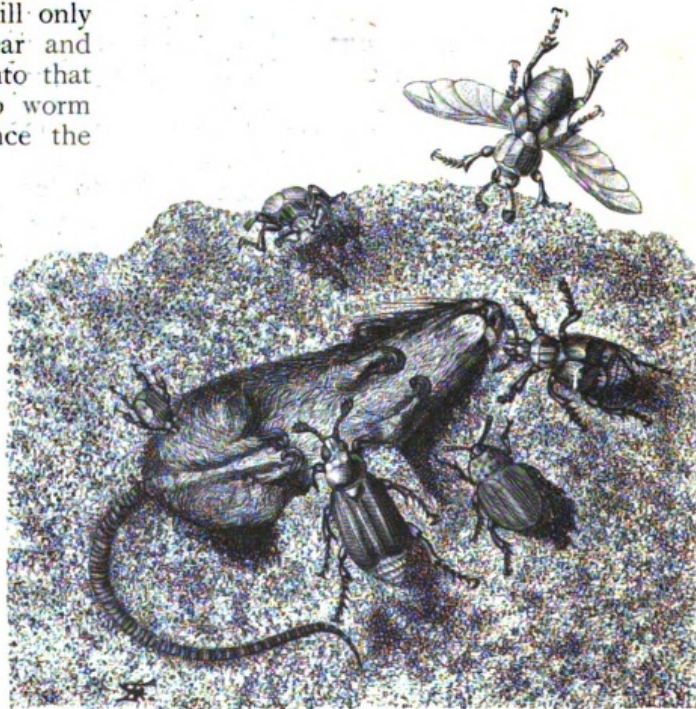
Of course a great many of the smaller animals die a violent death, and find their living grave in the maw of their devourers—one must admit that explanation as covering a very large number of cases. Thirty field-mice have been disinterred from the stomach of a single buzzard when it was shot in the act of digesting after a good dinner; and owls and snakes are answerable for the fate of no small proportion of our minuter wild animals. In other countries, too, vultures and jackals devour most of the carrion as it lies; while even in England we have a few dead-meat-eaters, such as the carrion-crow, the rat, and the shrike. But for the most part our rural English public scavengers are smaller and less conspicuous creatures. Foremost among them in number and utility we may reckon the various kinds of burying beetle.

If you *do* find the body of a mouse or shrew lying unburied in England, it occurs almost always on a path or high-road. Now this fact is in itself significant; for the high-road is practically a man-made desert, so hardened and steam-rollered, so pounded and wheel-ridden, that no plant can grow on it; so exposed that small animals will only scurry across it for dear life in fear and trembling; and so difficult to dig into that no burrowing creature can hope to worm his toilsome way through it. Hence the animals that die on the road are almost never buried; while those that die in the field or copse are either eaten at once by larger beasts, or else decently interred within a few hours by the sexton beetles and other established scavengers. Indeed, a common superstition exists among country folk that one of the small long-nosed, insect-eating animals known as shrews cannot so much as cross a road without being killed instantly. A human track is supposed to be fatal to them. The superstition has arisen in this way: shrews die of cold and hunger in great numbers at the approach of winter. A certain proportion of them perish thus in the open fields; these, however, are immediately buried by the proper authorities, the sexton beetles. But a few happen to die as they are crossing a road or path; these lie where they fell, because the sextons cannot there pierce the hard ground, and seldom even dare venture

on the road to carry them off to softer spots for burial. The rustic sees dead shrews in the road, and none on the open ground: so he hastily concludes in his easy-going way that to cross a human path is sudden death to shrews, who are always supposed for other reasons to be witch-like and uncanny animals. If the road leads to a church, a fatal stroke is specially certain: for the shrews, like all witch-creatures, hate Christianity.

I need hardly say, however, that the burying beetles do not perform their strange funeral office out of pure benevolence, without hope of reward. Like human sextons and undertakers, they adopt their lugubrious calling for the sake of gain: they expect to be paid for their sanitary services. The payment is taken in two forms: one, immediate, as food for themselves: the other, deferred, as board and lodging for their children.

Our illustration No. 1 introduces us to a typical miscellaneous group of these insect scavengers, occupied in appropriating a very fine and desirable carcass on which they



1.—GROUPS OF MISCELLANEOUS SEXTON BEETLES, DISCOVERING A DEAD FIELD-MOUSE.

have just lighted. A field-mouse, vanquished by fate in the struggle for existence, has lately "turned up his toes" in the most literal sense, and lies unburied, like Archytas, on the loose sand of a bare patch in a meadow. All carrion-eating creatures are

remarkable for their powerful sense of smell : and the sexton beetles, like the vultures and condors, are no exception to the rule. They sniff their prey from afar : for where the carcass is, there shall the carrion beetles be gathered together. All are eager to take their share of the feast, and still more to lay their eggs in the dead body. Some of them may crawl up from the immediate neighbourhood : others, summoned from afar, come flying on their gauze-like wings from considerable distances. They are, as a rule, nocturnal creatures, and they come out on their burying expeditions by night alone.

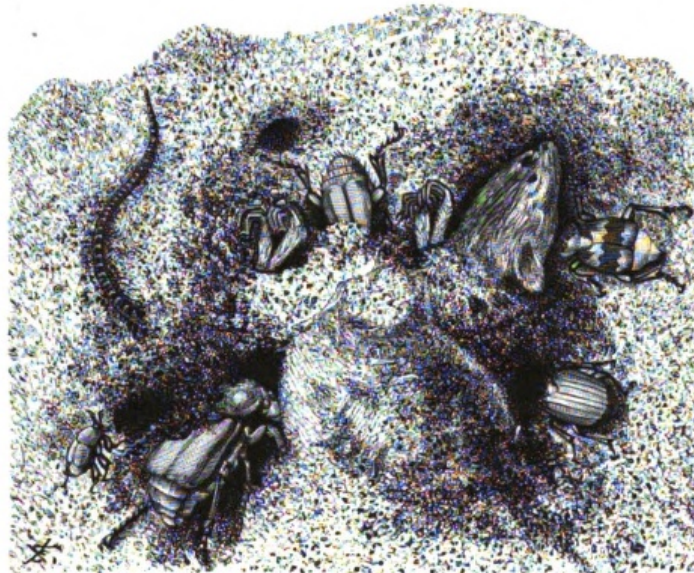
The insect just alighting from his flight, in the upper part of the illustration, is the burying beetle *par excellence* among our British kinds ; he rejoices (we are always supposed to rejoice foolishly in our personal designations) in the dignified title of *Necrophorus vespillo*. In stature he measures

about an inch long, and he is a handsome beast, with two bright orange bands on his hard wing-covers. The illustration shows these wing-covers raised, as is the habit of beetles when they fly, while the thin but powerful wings beneath them are expanded as true pinions. When the insect alights, he folds

the wings up carefully and replaces them under the hard protective wing-covers : he is then securely armour-plated from head to foot, and need fear no foe, save birds which swallow him whole—a very tough morsel—and hedgehogs which crunch him in their strong jaws before eating him. However, he is well prepared for all such enemies, for he can exude when attacked a very nasty fluid with a disgusting smell : and this mode of defence, which resembles that of the skunk and the polecat, usually protects him from obtrusive inquirers. He must be handled with caution, as the perfume he diffuses spoils woollen clothes and clings to the fingers after two or three washings.

As a rule, when a carcass appears, a pair of burying beetles of the same species—a husband and wife—fly up to the scene of operations together and take possession of the prey ; though in the illustration Mr. Enock has represented several kinds engaged at once in staking out claims, which indeed happens often enough in nature. But if you count the number on any one dead bird or animal, you will almost always find they are even in number—in other words, so many pairs, male and female. No. 2 shows us the next act in the funeral drama. The male beetles, after satisfying their own immediate hunger, proceed to bury the carcass in a very curious and laborious manner. You would wonder how so small a creature could produce so great a result : the fact is, the beetles attain their end by continuous under-cutting. The female hides herself in the body : the male buries her alive and the dead creature

with her. He first drags the mouse, frog, or bird to a suitable spot where the soil is soft enough to admit of excavation ; and sometimes three or four males have to combine for this purpose. They then proceed to dig with their heads, which are tools specialized for the purpose, and provided with strong and



2.—THE SEXTONS AT WORK : BURYING THE BODY.

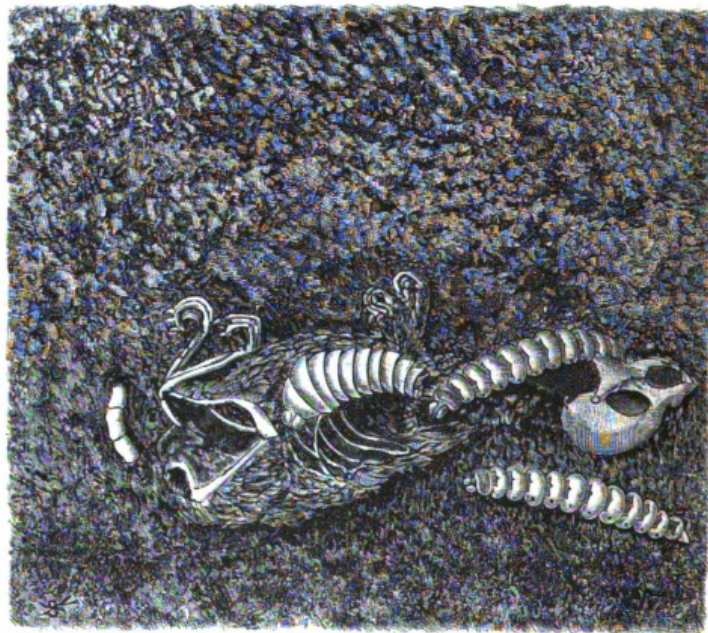
powerful muscles. The antennæ have also assumed for this object a short club-shaped type, very suitable for a navvy's mattock. The little engineers begin by excavating a furrow all round the body, and then a second inside that again, throwing the earth out of each into the previous one ; and so on till the carcass begins to sink into the hollow. They then dig and tunnel beneath it, carrying out loads of earth, one after another, till bit by bit the carcass collapses into the hole, first in front, then behind, and has reached a level considerably below the surface. Then they throw in the earth they have excavated, and cover up the body with the females inside it ; after which, I regret to say, they

proceed to hold a very cannibalistic funeral service above it. The funeral service consists in eating as much of the body as they desire for their own purposes: when they have satisfied their appetite, they begin to think of the interests of posterity. The mother beetle proceeds to lay her tale of eggs in the decently-buried body, for every animal knows by instinct the precise place in which to deposit its young and the precise food which happens to suit them.

After the eggs are laid, the two parent beetles crawl out of the hole and cover it carefully up so as to conceal the hiding-place. So far as they themselves are concerned, their only object in all this is to procure food for themselves and their infant young. But the wider effects of such scavenger insects go very far. For we now know that there is no disinfectant so good as the top layer of the soil, which is not really mere dead earth (as most people imagine), but a mingled mass of ramifying life—a little foundation of clay and sand intermixed with endless minute organisms, both animal and vegetable—fungi, bacteria, mites, weevils, and all sorts of petty creatures, which eat up and destroy harmlessly all dead matter subjected to their influence. The earth is thus a most admirable deodorizer and purifier: and burial in its top layers, the body being freely exposed to the rapid action of the devouring microbes, is a most sanitary mode of disposing of refuse. Thus the part that is played in the East by vultures and jackals, or by the wild dogs of Constantinople, is far more effectually and unobtrusively played in our fields and meadows by the many kinds of burying beetles and other insect scavengers. If we remember how great a nuisance a single dead rat becomes in a house, we can faintly picture to ourselves the debt we owe to these excellent and unnoticed little sanitary commissioners. Without them, our fields would not smell so fresh, nor would our flowers bloom so bright; for we must remember that by burying the dead beasts they are not only preventing disease but also manuring the pastures in the best possible fashion. The bones of small animals decay rapidly and make excellent material for the growth of vegetation. The beetles as a rule hunt by night

only, and find their prey, as vultures do, by the sense of smell. When they first find it, the male hovers above it like an eagle, circling round and round, so as to point it out to his mate; the female flies straight to it, and buries herself without delay in the rich banquet.

But what becomes at last of the buried bodies? No. 3 will show you. The female beetle lays in each body about as many eggs as she thinks it will support. In a very short time the eggs hatch out, and the grubs begin to devour the abundant feast provided for them. The two grubs to the right in the illustration are the young of



3.—THE GRUBS UNDERGROUND: FEEDING UPON THE BODY.

our friend the orange-banded burying beetle: the one to the left is a larva of an allied form known by the poetical name of *Silpha*. They set to work at once on the remains of the mouse, and thoroughly strip the bones of every fibre of flesh. As soon as the skeleton is bare, they consider it time to leave off feeding, and pass on to the second stage of their existence—the pupa, or mummy-case.

As larvæ, the young burying beetles look like worms, and have six short legs. No. 4 shows them in the intermediate stage, when they have retired into a clay cell, or cocoon, and are undergoing their transformation into the perfect insect. We are here supposed to have removed the soil on one side so as to give a view into the concreted earthen chambers where the pupæ are changing into full-grown beetles. You can see the much

longer legs of the adult insect beginning to develop, while the head assumes slowly its later form. The grubs remain in the cocoon through the winter, and emerge in spring as winged beetles, when they fly away with their brilliant wing-cases raised, in search of congenial mates and more dead field-mice. The best places to look for all these beetles are the "keeper's trees," on which game-keepers hang up the jays and weasels they shoot, to encourage the others. If you tap one such dead weasel you will generally find it is simply swarming with insect life.

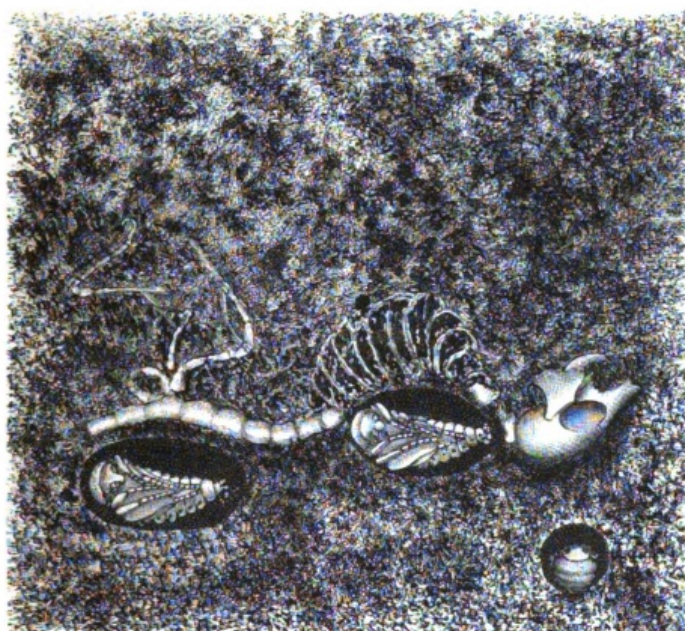
Yet, strange to say, even the insect undertakers themselves are not without their ideas of beauty and their musical perceptions. The

forms where our human eyes would be more inclined to look for the presence of these higher endowments.

I may add that if the beetles left the bodies in which they laid their eggs to lie above ground, the bodies would dry up, and the eggs would run much greater risks. By burying the dead animal, they provide their young with food and shelter together, and so display considerable intelligence.

Another very distinct group of insects which act as scavengers in a different way in hotter climates than ours are the famous scarabs or sacred beetles, worshipped almost like gods by the ancient Egyptians. English people know the scarabs best, I think, in the

neighbourhood of Naples, or on the Lido at Venice—that great bank of sand and shingle which separates the lagoons from the open Adriatic. When wearied with sight-seeing at St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace, we have, most of us, taken the little steamer that runs across to the baths on the Lido, and spent a pleasant hour or two in picking up shells and dried sea-horses on the firm belt of beach that stretches away to Malamocco. A little inland, the beach gives way to dry sand-hills, blown about by the wind, and over-grown by patches of blue-green maram-grass and other sandy seaside weeds. If you lie down on one of these sand-hills, choosing a spot not quite so dirty as its neighbours, you will soon be amused by seeing a curious little comedy going on perpetually around you in every direction. A number of odd-



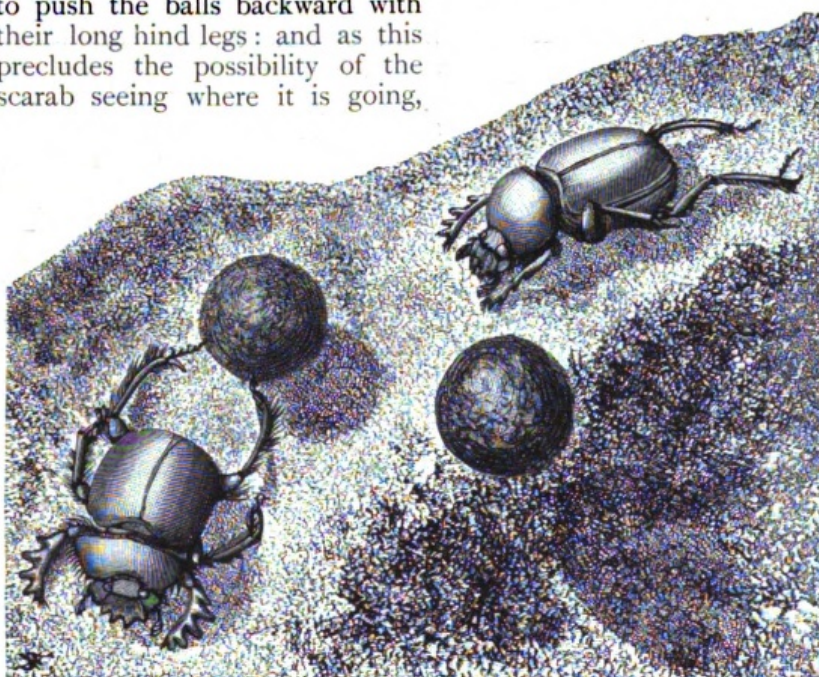
4.—NO MORE LEFT! THE GRUBS IN THEIR COCOONS TURNING INTO BEETLES.

orange bands of our commonest English kind have been developed as attractions for their admiring mates; and the male beetles have also a musical instrument of their own in the shape of a peculiar rasp-like ring on the body, which they can rub against the wing-cases, and so produce a much-appreciated chirping. Such instrumental music is always employed, like the song of birds, as a charm to heighten the attractiveness of the suitor: and male burying beetles may be heard on the evenings of sunny days competing with one another in musical contests. Indeed, it often happens that animals which seem to us disgusting or unclean display among themselves much æsthetic taste, and are gifted with more sense of beauty or love of music than many other

looking beetles, with long hind legs and very quaint heads, are occupied with ceaseless industry in rolling a lot of dark, round balls almost as big as themselves along the slopes of the sand-hills. In many places, the whole ground is alive with the tugging and pushing little beasts: indeed, when you come to look close you will find that every half acre of sand on the Venetian shore or the lower edge of the Egyptian desert is a perfect city of these busy wee creatures. Earth is honey-combed with their holes, towards which innumerable beetles are continually rolling their mysterious balls at every possible angle.

Now, what are the balls composed of? There comes the oddest part of the whole odd proceeding. The plain truth of it is that the sacred beetles are assistant scavengers

—imperfect Southern and Oriental substitutes for a main drainage system. The balls consist of dung, dirt, and refuse, and the beetles collect them on the open, dry them hard in the sun, roll them to the mouths of their burrows, and then live on them till the ball has all been eaten. It is the funniest thing in the world to watch them. They tumble about in the loose sand and stumble over little eminences in the most comical fashion. No. 5 shows a pair of scarabs engaged in this habitual and quaint amusement. They have each collected a round mass of manure, and rolled and dried it nicely into shape; they are now engaged in trundling their booty off at their leisure to a place of safety. But they are obliged to push the balls backward with their long hind legs: and as this precludes the possibility of the scarab seeing where it is going,



5.—SACRED SCARABS ROLLING THEIR FOOD-BALLS BACKWARD (THE INSECT TO THE RIGHT HAS LOST HIS DINNER).

each beetle pauses every now and again and turns round, like a man sculling in a boat alone, to look what is ahead of him. Sometimes in doing so he loses his ball, a misfortune which has just happened to the beetle on the right in No. 5. The precious pellet goes bounding off down hill as fast as gravitation will take it. In this case, the disappointed little workman faces round and darts after it at full speed, going forward now instead of backward, and trying to head the ball as it rolls down the uncertain slope of the sand-hills. If he succeeds, he puts himself in front of the ball as it falls, catches it with his hind legs, and begins once more laboriously to push it backward up hill again, towards the mouth of his hole.

But as the pellets roll quickly, and the beetles are by no means rapid runners, he seldom succeeds in recovering his own property, unless the ball happens to catch for a moment on some projecting little hillock of sand, or be checked on its downward course by a weed, a stick, or a dead shell or starfish.

On the other hand, the scarabs, I fear I must admit, are terrible thieves; and if one scarab has lost his own ball, and sees some companion's pellet come rolling down hill towards him, he will often give up the pursuit of his lost property, and quietly and barefacedly appropriate his neighbour's. I have seen great fights take place at times over a disputed ball; though sometimes the combatants agree amicably to

roll it along in common, and probably share it when they have reached their hole. Sometimes, again, three or four will unite to roll a ball: and then, when one loses it, the others combine to hold it up or catch it. I have spent hours together both in Egypt and on the Mediterranean or the Adriatic in watching the queer antics of these comic little commissioners of drainage: and I never tire of observing their odd and unexpected combinations of interest. I have sometimes known the real owner abandon a ball in despair, from the unevenness of the ground, and then seen

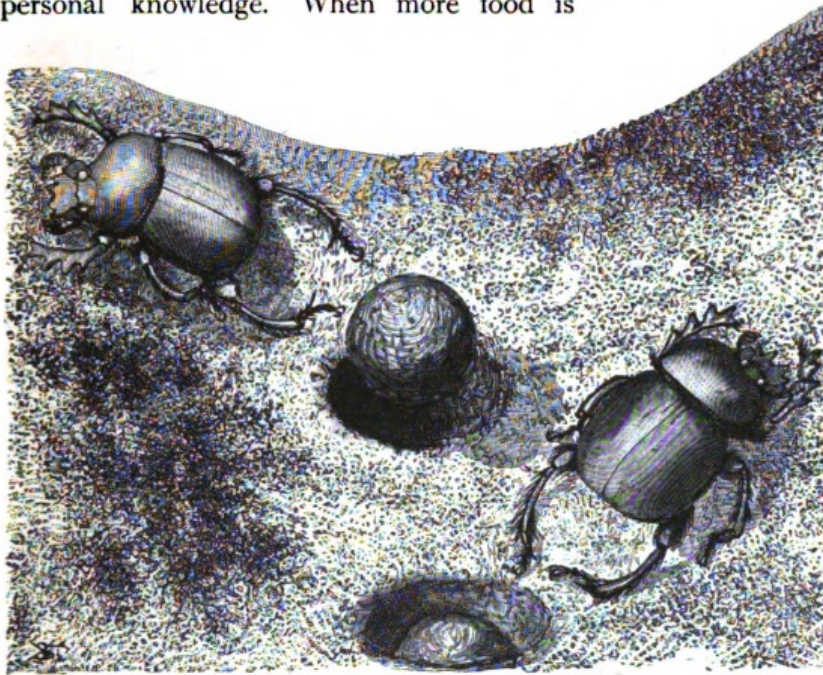
a couple of outsiders come up and succeed in doing what the true owner had been unable to accomplish.

In No. 6 you see two such scarabs whose toil has at last been crowned by success, and who are delivering their balls with joy into the holes in the sand which form their residences. As far as I can make out, a pair of beetles, male and female, seem usually to share a hole in common, and to roll balls of food to it either alone or in concert. I cannot say I have ever seen much co-operation except between such partners. Once a ball is secured and safely landed—for here, as elsewhere, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip—the happy couple proceed to eat it up, and apparently do not emerge

again from their burrow till the supply is exhausted. Patient naturalists say that one ball has been known to last a scarab as long as a fortnight, but this I do not vouch for of personal knowledge. When more food is

one of the most marked features in their monstrous religion. Hence grew a strange and widespread superstition. A race which

deified the hawk, the cat, the ibis, and the jackal was not likely to overlook the marvellous proceedings of the pious and dutiful scarab. So the very early Egyptians, we may conjecture, began by thinking there must be something divine in the nature of an insect which worked so ceaselessly on behalf of its young, and rolled such big round balls behind it up such relatively large hillocks. Watching a little closer, as time went on, the Egyptian discovered, no doubt, that sacred beetles did not proceed directly from sacred beetles, like lambs from ewes, but grew, as it were, out of the dirt and corruption



6.—PRIMITIVE GOLF—END OF A ROUND: THE SCARABS HOLING THEIR BALLS.

wanted, the couple emerge once more on the open sand and begin to collect fresh dung and refuse, which they roll into a new food-ball and then dry and harden.

Till very lately, it was universally believed that the female scarab laid an egg in some of the balls, and that the young grubs hatched within such food-stocks and began at once to devour them. This belief has recently been contradicted with great emphasis by a good French observer, who opened many balls and found no eggs; but I cannot accept his conclusion. I opened numbers of balls myself near Venice this year, and saw in several one or two eggs, while in one case (unearthed from a hole) I discovered a half-grown larva. I venture therefore in this matter to believe my own eyes as against those of even the most celebrated and authoritative entomologists.

In Egypt, it has been universally believed from all antiquity—and I think quite rightly—that after the scarab has laid an egg in the ball, the parents unite in rolling it to a place of safety, above the level of the annual inundation due to the rise of the Nile. At any rate, scarabs abound in Egypt. At a very early date, it would seem, the curious action of these beetles attracted the attention of the ancient Egyptians, whose worship of animals was

of the mysterious pellets. A modern observer would, of course, at once suspect that the scarab laid an egg inside the ball, and would promptly proceed to pull one open and look for it. But that cold scientific method was not likely to commend itself to the mystic and deeply religious Egyptian mind. The priests by the Nile jumped rather to the conclusion that the scarab collected dirt in order to make a future scarab out of clay, and that from this dirt the young beetle grew, self-existent, self-developed, self-created. Considering the absence of scientific knowledge and comparative groups of scientific facts at the time, such a conclusion was by no means unnatural.

Once started on so strange a set of ideas, the Egyptians proceeded to evolve a worship of the scarab which grew ever and developed, as they thought the scarab itself did, practically out of nothing. The immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body were the central ideas of Egyptian religion; the thinkers of Thebes and Memphis instantly perceived a fanciful analogy between the scarab rising from its bed of dirt and the mummy reviving when the expected day of resurrection should at last arrive. As a consequence of this analogy, the scarab was made sacred: it was revered during its life and

often preserved after its death, like the mummied cats and hawks and sacred Apis bulls which formed such special objects of veneration to the devout of Egypt. All sorts of mystic relations were also discovered before long in the scarab: its "toes" were counted as thirty, and held to symbolize the days of the month: it was said to be male only, without a female, and so to typify the creative power and the paternal or masculine principle in nature. Sun-worship, as we know, formed a large part of the later (though not of the most primitive) Egyptian religion: and the ball rolled by the scarab was therefore supposed to personify Ra, the great sun-god. In one way or another, the sanctity and the mystic implications of the scarab grew and grew, age after age, until at last scarab-worship became one of the chief practical elements in the religion of Egypt.

There was a scarab-headed god, and scarab hieroglyphs appear on the face of all the monuments.

It is as a charm or amulet, however, that the ancient Egyptian imitation scarab is best known. From a very early period in the history of the Nile valley it became usual for luck's sake to bury some of these sacred beetles with the mummy, perhaps alive (in which case most of them would no doubt creep out again) and perhaps also dead. A few real scarabs have thus been found here and there in tombs. But for the most part, just as the Egyptians buried little porcelain images to accompany the mummy, so they buried porcelain or stone scarabs; and these were rather closely imitated from the living insect, but made still more sacred by being enamelled or engraved with the holy name of some king or god. Scarabs of this kind, inscribed with sacred words, and regarded as talismans, form some of the commonest objects disinterred in all the Egyptian excavations: one of them, from a specimen in the British Museum, is illustrated in No. 7. Comparison with the live beetles in the other engravings will show how well the Egyptians copied nature in this instance.

These beautiful and often costly Egyptian scarabs have been made the subject of very exhaustive study by various writers, more

particularly by Mr. Loftie and Mr. Flinders Petrie. The Egyptians did not coin money, so that scarabs bearing the names of kings came to have somewhat the same importance for Egyptian history as coins have for the history of later civilized nations. Mr. Loftie traces the origin of the inscribed scarabs to a very early epoch in the Egyptian annals. "From the earliest times until the end of the native monarchy," he says, "certain usages continued unchanged. Among them was the inscription of names and texts on scarabs. The beetle which rolls before it"—he ought rather to have said behind it—"a ball of mud in which its egg is concealed was, at some period so remote that we cannot even approximately date it, seized upon as the embodiment of the idea of futurity. . . . The scarab, burying his egg, became the symbol of the resurrection, of the

happy time to come, of a re-creation of all things; and with every corpse scarabs were buried, and scarabs were sewed upon the shroud, and strung into "a network to cover the body, and suspended round the neck, and clasped in the dead hands. As many as three thousand scarabs have been found in one tomb, and the number in existence in museums and private collections is past count." Some of these imitation beetles are of blue pottery, enamelled outside; but others are of lapis-lazuli, jade, carnelian, and many other precious

stones. Sacred in themselves by their very form, that of the revered insect god, they are rendered still more sacred by their mystic inscriptions, which consist of appropriate religious phrases in hieroglyphic writing.

From Egypt, the belief in the luck and value of engraved scarabs as charms or amulets passed on to the Greeks, and also to the Etruscans. Many Greek scarabs have been found; and in the old Etruscan tombs such lucky beasts are comparatively common. They are mostly made more or less in imitation of the Egyptian originals. Oddly enough, even the early Christians themselves did not at once get over the belief in the sanctity and talismanic character of the sacred beetle, for the Rev. W. J. Loftie has pointed out examples of late



7.—AN EGYPTIAN SACRED SCARAB, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

scarabs engraved with undoubted Christian symbols—not only crosses but even crucifixes. In our own days, a slight revival of the antique superstition has once more taken place, and some ladies of my acquaintance wear specimens of the old sacred beetles as charms in brooches or suspended on their watch-chains.

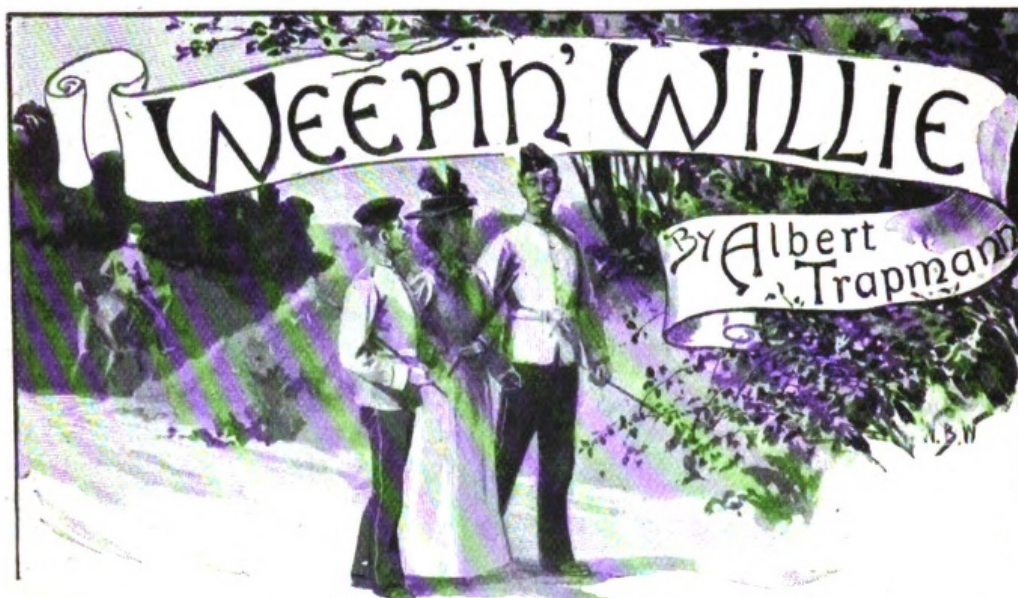
Though such numbers of true ancient scarabs have been unearthed in Egypt, still the supply of the genuine article does not quite keep pace with the increasing demands of the modern tourist: and there is now a flourishing manufactory of sham antiques at Luxor, where hundreds of false scarabs with nice imitation hieroglyphic inscriptions are neatly turned out for the market every season.

About sixty different kinds of live scarabs are known to inhabit the Mediterranean district in Europe, Asia, or Africa: and four of these kinds can be easily distinguished as being individually represented in the old Egyptian gems. We have no true scarab of this class living in Britain: but there are other scavenger beetles which take their place, the best known being the common dor-beetle. One of the same family, but with a quaintly horned head, exists in vast numbers on the Surrey hills where I have pitched my tent. This English dung-beetle burrows in the soft sandstone, and throws up neat little heaps of clean sand at the mouth of its hole, like miniature mole-hills. Still, our English scavenger beetles—known to science as *Geotrupes*—are not nearly so clever or so interesting as the southern type, for the female in our sort merely grubs a straight tunnel in the ground, and lays her egg in a loose mass of dung, which she drags to the bottom in a shapeless condition. This beetle utters a plaintive buzzing cry when it is chasing its mate—a sort of “last appeal” which seems calculated to soften the heart of the hardest lady beetle. It is as cunning in its way as most others of its race, for if you catch it in your hand, it at once draws in its legs to its side and “shams dead.” All the English and foreign scavenger beetles perform a useful task by following up animals and clearing away their refuse; indeed, a special kind of beetle lays itself out as scavenger for each species of large animal, one kind being attached to the cow, one to the donkey, one to the camel, and

so on through a long list of patrons and satellites.

You will thus see that in this wider sense all creation moves together like a vast joint-stock co-operative society, each kind working consciously for its own good alone, but each also in a certain deeper and unconscious way contributing to the general well-being of all, by its exercise of some special function. Nevertheless, the function is always performed by each plant or animal itself for its own purposes; it only incidentally serves to benefit the others. Thus the burying beetles and the scavenger beetles work first of all and ostensibly for their own food and the food of their offspring: it is merely as an incidental result, undesigned by themselves, that they assist in purifying the air and the soil for all other species. Or, to put it still more simply, while these industrious little creatures are working individually for their own ends, they are also in the wider scheme of nature working unconsciously and almost unwillingly in the service of others. Nature bribes each kind, as it were, by some personal advantage to perform good work for the benefit of the totality.

The good work performed by the scavengers may be thus summed up. If dead bodies and the refuse of food were left about everywhere freely on the open, germs of disease and putrefaction would fly about much more commonly than even at present. But a large number of scavenger animals, scavenger birds, and scavenger insects—hyenas, vultures, burying beetles, and so forth—act as public servants to prevent this calamity. Again, the earth needs the bodies and the refuse as fertilizers: and many of the scavengers carry down such materials into the first layer of the soil, where they become of enormous use in promoting the freer growth of vegetation. Thus, long before men learnt to bury their dead or to manure their fields, nature had invented both these processes, and registered them, so to speak, in the instincts and habits of a special class of insect sextons and sanitary inspectors. It is always so in life. There is hardly a human trade or a human activity which does not find its counterpart somewhere in animal or vegetable life: and it will be my object, in future numbers of these papers, to set before you in other directions some such natural anticipations or foreshadowings of man's inventions.



I.
PRIVATE WILLIAM FOX was swaggering down the road to Shorncliffe Camp; that is to say, he was trying to swagger as much as his 5ft. 2in. of stature would allow. For the prettiest girl in Folkestone was holding on affectionately to his left arm, and in his right hand he displayed to full advantage his new silver-topped cane, the result of several weeks' savings.

"Little Willie," as his comrades of the 210th line called him, was the most "special" of "special enlistments." He had enlisted at a time when a war scare was running riot throughout the country, and the inspector-surgeon had passed him, saying that he was sure to grow to standard height as he was only just eighteen, although it was evident to anyone who glanced at the set look of his shoulders that he would never be a hair's-breadth taller than he was. It was certainly rather trying to his three-month-old martial dignity to have the street urchins asking him as he strutted through the town whether "his ma knew he was out"—but that was nothing to the jeers of the men of his company, and Little Willie had not found the life of a soldier of the Queen as alluring as the recruiting sergeant had painted it.

But on this particular summer afternoon he had forgotten all that, for was not Nellie, his own little Nellie, tripping along by his side?—and he never thought of his grievances when she smiled those sunny smiles of hers. He had known her for years; as children they had made mud-pies in the gutter together, and when he was a little older he used to spend the pence he got for holding horses and running errands in sweets for Nellie; and now that they were grown up, and that she was in service and he was wearing a red coat, they "walked out" together, and talked of getting married.

"When I get my stripes, Nell, we'll get spliced, that's what we'll do."

Nell nodded her assent.

"'Ow long 'll thet be, Will?"

"Not so very long, neither," he said, his boyish face lighting up with the ambition of a future field-marshal—"a year or two, maybe, maybe less—they're a-wanting good, steady men loike me."

Here a loud voice behind them put an end to further confidences. "Ullo, little 'un, where are yer a-going, so 'aughty-like? Yer won't as much as look at a pal!"

The two stopped and looked round as Big Bob finished his sentence, Willie with disgust written on every feature, Nellie with unqualified admiration in her brown eyes. Big Bob was accustomed to that sort of thing

from the girls he condescended to talk to ; he was certainly a very handsome man—fair, curly hair, a fierce moustache, and light-blue eyes that looked down protectingly on womankind in general. So without further ado he ranged up on the other side of Nellie with a "Pleased to meet yer, miss."

For the rest of that walk poor Little Willie was decidedly "out of it." He had to dodge lamp-posts and walk on the curb, so that his six-foot rival should not be forced into the hedge on the other side ; however, there was one consolatory thought in his mind, namely, that if Nellie managed to impress Big Bob favourably—as he had little doubt she would—the latter perhaps would give up making Willie's barrack-room life a burden to him.

Nellie *did* make a good impression on Big Bob ; but, alas, for poor little Willie, it was not a one-sided affair. Next time the two lovers went for a stroll, Nell was distinctly patronizing.

"Why don't yer grow, Will ? Yer ain't as tall as me by a inch, and yer does look small in a red coat !"

This was an awful blow ; up till now, Nellie had been the only one person who told him he looked well in his uniform, and now that she should turn on him like this !

"Garn !" he answered, "where's the use in bein' a lamp-post ?"

"But Big Bob—I mean Mr. Jones—'e ain't no lamp-post. 'E's a good sight broader in the shoulders than ever you'll be. Why, 'e'd make two of yer, 'e would !"

"Well, 'e don't draw no double pay, no 'ow, and don't yer forget it, neither !"

After half an hour's walk these amenities produced a decided coolness, and when Big Bob strolled up and offered them the pleasure of his company, it was a great relief to both. But Little Willie felt very miserable indeed when he thought over the day's events, as he lay on his hard barrack bed that night and courted sleep in vain.

"I'll make it up with her on Sunday," he kept on saying to himself by way of consolation. But when Sunday came round again, after a long, weary week of bullying, Nellie was absent from the rendezvous, and he wandered disconsolately all over Folkestone in the hope of meeting her. He did meet her—but hanging proudly on the stalwart arm of Bob Jones ! Poor Willie did not even reply to her "Good afternoon," but went straight back to his cheerless barrack-room and spent the remainder of the day in putting a vicious polish on his captain's sword and buttons, by way of relieving his feelings.

Captain Archie Trevor was Little Willie's

hero—he worshipped him at a distance, and proved his devotion by the care he took of that officer's effects. Captain Trevor's boots were the admiration of the parade, and even the colonel wondered how they always looked so bright and spotless. Willie was an ideal soldier's servant, and was quite happy if he won an occasional word of approbation from his hero ; for Willie had never forgotten how, during his first march-out with the battalion, when he was staggering along under his heavy rifle, with blistered feet and aching legs, wondering how long it would be before his knees gave way altogether, his stalwart captain had come up and cheered him with a few words, and had carried his rifle for him all the rest of the long, weary day. "I'd give a month's pay, thet I would, to shake 'ands with the captain," he had afterwards said to a comrade, in a burst of confidence ; and so it came about that there was never such an ideal soldier's servant as Little Willie.

That evening A Company had a "smoker" in one of the disused huts of Shorncliffe Camp. The hut was packed with unbelted warriors, who joined noisily in the choruses of the popular songs, and passed round buckets of beer to wet their throats between whiles. Little groups of men were sitting smoking all over the room, some on biscuit-tins, some on benches and tables, all chatting and laughing amongst themselves, and occasionally shouting spicy and personal remarks to the performers, who used a table as a stage, and were not loth to pause in the middle of a song and accept a drink from a proffered mug or pail.

One occupant of the room, however, took little interest in the proceedings. Willie had perched himself in a corner, where he sat unnoticed ; why he had come at all he did not know. Perhaps it was that anything was preferable to the deserted barrack-room in his present state of mind. There he sat on an upturned pail, with an untouched mug of beer beside him, giving no heed to what went on around, dismally busy with his own thoughts.

"What-ho, Willie," cried Big Bob, as he espied him for the first time. "What yer so quiet about ?"

Willie gave an imperceptible shudder as the bully shouldered his way through the intervening groups. "'Ere, boys, Little Willie's goin' to give us a cormic song !"

A roar of applause greeted this announcement, and several of Willie's particular tormentors closed up around him.

"I can't sing to-night," protested the victim, feebly.

"More yer can any other time!"

Another round of applause followed this sally.

"Ain't yer going to offer us a tip at yer mug?" Big Bob said, as he caught up the tankard from the floor.

"In course, if yer ain't wet enough already," answered Willie.

"Mates," said the offended one, pointing dramatically at the youth on the bucket—"Mates, the nipper's 'inted as 'ow I'm squiffy! Then take yer bloomin' tippie; Oi'll 'ave none of it!" and he poured the whole contents of the pot over the luckless young soldier.

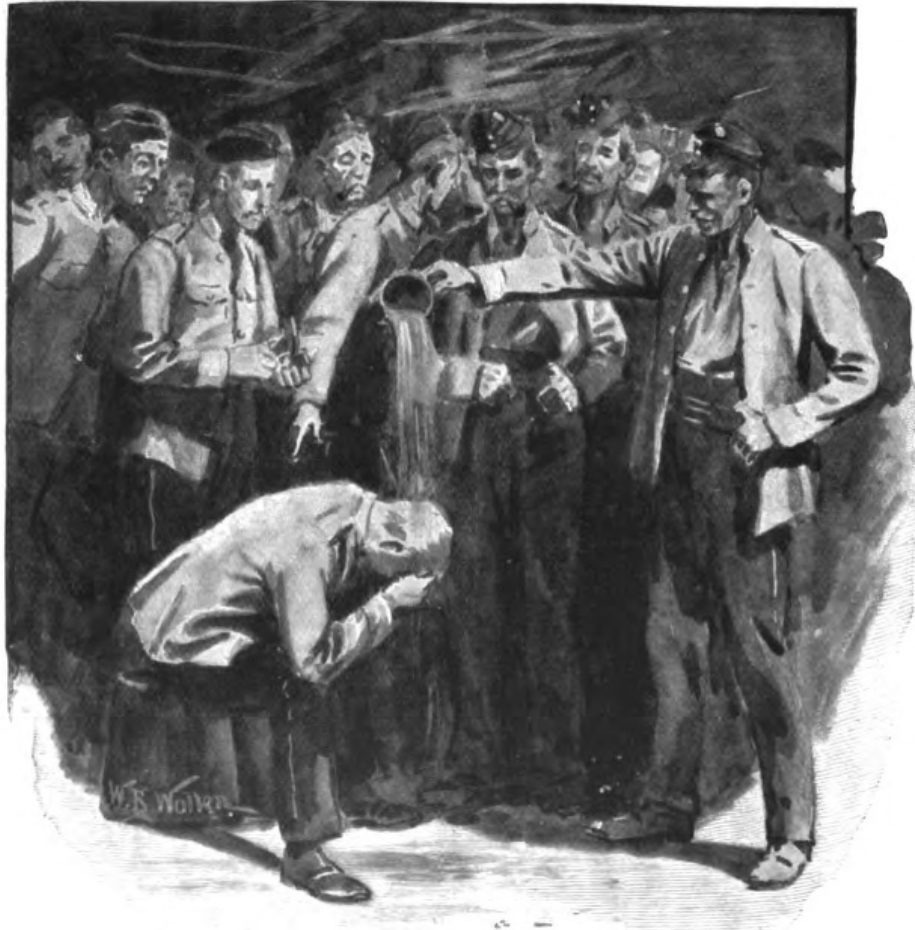
Willie rose with an angry flush, but someone from behind caught him by the ankle and sent him rolling to the floor.

the first time that Willie had "gone through the mill," but he was getting rather sick of the process, and resolved to show fight.

"Yer bloomin' set of bullies!" he blurted out. But just then a leg from the encircling crowd neatly tripped up our young gallant and deposited him on the floor again. Once more he struggled to his feet, but as he looked round the circle of grinning faces, all many inches above him, and as he thought of his own dear little Nellie "walking out" with the fellow who was making his life unbearable, he felt a lump rise in his throat; his fists unclenched, and in another second he had sunk down on the upturned bucket, sobbing as if his heart would break, and his hot tears mingled with the beer that was trickling from his hair.

"Law lumme, he's acshally *weepin'*!"

A roar of derision and disgust rose from



"WEEPIN' WILLIE, TAKE THET."

"So-o-o, yer wants to fight, does yer?" cried Big Bob, as he jerked the lad to his feet again. "What proice thet, Sandow!" and he administered a terrific box on the ear to the half-dazed Willie. It was by no means

the astonished soldiers. Then every man solemnly fetched his drink, and poured it over the prostrate lad. "Weepin' Willie, take thet" was the formula, as each man upset the contents of his can.

At that moment the door opened, and those who stood nearest it drew themselves up to "attention" as Captain Trevor, who had heard the noise as he was passing by, strode into the room.

"What's this?" he said, addressing the crestfallen gang of tormentors. "Off you all go to your barrack-rooms at once, and don't let this ever happen again in A Company."

They were only too glad to get off so easily, and in less than a minute Captain Trevor and Private Fox were alone.

"What does this mean, Fox? Why, surely, man, you've not been *crying*!"

"Please, sir, I couldn't 'elp it, I did feel so wretched like."

"You've left school now, remember that—we don't have men who *cry* in the army. Get back to your room at once, and don't let me ever see you in this state again. I am disappointed in you, Fox."

Poor Willie, sick at heart and sore in limb, crept back to his barrack-room, where he was greeted with jeers and hoots, but, mindful of Captain Trevor's warning, his comrades abstained from stronger measures that night.

The months that followed made his life a perfect pandemonium. All his room-mates taxed their ingenuity to the utmost in order to devise new tortures and humiliations for "Weepin' Willie."

His bed was always soaking wet, his kit and accoutrements hidden away. They painted his buttons, they whitewashed his boots, they borrowed his blankets. When a man could not sleep, he whiled away the hours of the night by throwing the heaviest missiles he could lay his hands on at the luckless youth. On wet afternoons Willie was "crucified" for the public amusement, a process which consisted in tying up the patient's wrists just above the door, so that whenever it was opened he got a severe jerking. And yet through it all he never showed fight and never complained, but bore blows and jibes alike with stolid indifference. Although Captain Trevor never alluded to that awful night, Willie instinctively felt that his hero despised him, and that hurt him more than all the ill-usage of

his room-mates. Nellie he had not seen since, but she had scribbled him a line in pencil.

"MR. 'WEEPIN' WILLIE,'—You're a disgrace to the army. I hope never to see you again till you've got given up crying.—NELLIE LINDON."

This masterpiece of sarcasm Willie kept in the lining of his tunic, and it made him mad every time he thought of it. And so the weary weeks passed by until the trooping season came, and then, much to the delight of all the men, A Company was ordered out to the North-West frontier to join the first battalion as a draft to make good the ravages caused by sickness and the enemy. As the train steamed out of the station, Willie saw Nelly Lindon waving her handkerchief to Big Bob, and as his carriage moved slowly past, she applied a corner to her eyes as if wiping away an imaginary tear, but there was a mischievous smile on her lips.



II.

"THEM's the beggars we've got to smash ; look at 'em a-wasting of their ammunition, as if hevery round on it wasn't stolen from the Government."

"That'll make some of the boys perspire, I'm thinking," Sergeant Thomson replied, as his eyes followed the direction of Big Bob's finger.

Half a mile or so from where the company was halted to refresh itself after its tedious semi-circular march in the early dawn, a long sloping hill, covered with stunted growth and unsteady boulders, rose gradually up to the sky-line ; some little way below the summit, a ledge of rock ran parallel with the top, and it was at this ledge that Captain Trevor directed his field-glasses.

"I'll send the men up to that ledge in skirmishing order," he said to one of his lieutenants. "They'll be protected from the enemy's fire once they get there, then we can re-form and do the rest with a rush ; I don't suppose it's more than a hundred and fifty yards to the summit from there. What do you think, Mason?"

"I shouldn't think so ; anyway I hope not, as we've got to do it, and the general will be coming along on the far side in another couple of hours. By Jove, Trevor, we'd better hurry up," he added, as he looked at his watch. "We must clear those fellows off the summit by six o'clock, and it's nearly half-past four now. How many of them are there, do you think?"

"Only a couple of hundred, I suppose, but if we don't clear them out of that they could play the very devil with the brigade ; it's a sheer drop of 200ft. into the road from where they are, and they'd be rolling those great boulders on to the fellows' heads. Company, fall in. 'Tention ! You will advance in skirmishing order up to that ledge of rock. Section commanders to keep their men well in hand and to make the best use of every bit of cover. Now, remember, no target-shooting at those niggers on the sky-line ! What I want you to do is to get to that ledge as quickly and with as little loss as possible. The men will widen out as far as they can, so as to offer no mark for the enemy's sharp-shooters. Section commanders, tell off your men !"

Five minutes later the company was straggling along over the broken ground in one long line, with wide gaps between the men, who were left more or less each to take care of himself and choose his own way.

"Blow me if we ain't a-going to 'ave a

treat now !" Big Bob shouted to Little Willie, who was staggering along under the weight of his rifle half-a-dozen yards to Bob's left, as a bullet went whistling in between them. As the big man spoke his foot caught in a trailing creeper, and he measured his length on the ground, his rifle going off as he fell.

Immediately a young recruit on the right, hearing the report, and longing to have a shot at the enemy, brought his rifle up to the "ready," took careful aim, and fired. Nothing is so contagious as contagion. In five minutes the whole line were taking pot-shots at the black figures on the sky-line. In vain did the captain and his two lieutenants curse and threaten the men nearest them ; in vain did the non-commissioned officers urge their men forward—it was impossible to do anything. The men were all over the place, some of them a hundred or more yards apart, some lying down behind boulders taking aim, others running forward a few paces, and then discharging their rifles from the cover afforded by bushes or rocks. As they gradually worked their way upwards, the tribesmen's good shooting began to take effect. First one man dropped, then another ; then one of the lieutenants threw up his hands and fell forward, shot through the heart in the act of kicking a man who was having a little private nigger-shooting competition with his corporal. As the men saw their comrades fall they got more and more chary of exposing their own persons, preferring to lie low and waste ammunition on the sky-line.

Pitter-patter went the bullets on the stone-strewn hill-side, and the soldiers crawled a little closer up to their sheltering rocks and bent their heads down a few inches lower. There was not a man there whom you could have called a coward with impunity. Had they been all together—in line or column—they would have gone up the hill like a herd of buffaloes, with wild cheers and gleaming bayonets, and never given a thought to the dead and wounded. But, scattered as they were over the whole hill-side, with only now and then a comrade's white sun-helmet coming in sight, it was too much to expect of any man with a loaded magazine and clear view of the enemy that he should go on up, alone for all he knew, with the bullets singing around him.

In vain had Captain Trevor called the men nearest him a pack of white-livered curs ; in vain had he referred to their parents and antecedents in terms that would have shocked and astonished his eminently respectable

aunt, the Dowager-Countess of Trevordine. At last he gave it up in despair. "Lie there, you infernal idiots, and blaze your ammunition away. I'll be cursed if I stand and score for you!" And, fuming with impotent rage, he returned his sword to its scabbard with a vicious click, placed his hands in his pockets, and continued the ascent alone.

"Just as if 'e was goin' on a Halp-climbin' hexpedition," as one of the men remarked.

"E'll git a bloomin' 'ole knocked in his carcuse afore 'e's gone fur," Big Bob yelled to the man nearest him, as he refilled his

me your hand! You're the only man fit to be a soldier in the whole company."

Willie blushed up to his ears with delight. At last he had retrieved himself in his hero's estimation. Almost reverently, he took the captain's outstretched palm.

"Thank ye, sir," he said. "Oi've been wishin' for this ever since ye carried my rifle that day!"

"That's all right, my man. Let's have a look at your rifle." He looked down the polished barrel. "You don't mean to tell me you haven't fired a shot yet?"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, thin I did mis-



"ONE OF THE LIEUTENANTS THREW UP HIS HANDS AND FELL FORWARD."

magazine and settled his elbows preparatory to wasting more cartridges.

How Captain Trevor ever reached the sheltering ridge which was to have been the rendezvous remains a mystery; but reach it he did without a scratch. One man alone was there to welcome him: "Weepin' Willie" furtively drew his sleeve across his mouth to try and disguise the fact that he was munching a commissariat biscuit, and stood at attention as his officer came up. It was Willie's first experience of active service, and he did not know if it was etiquette to be seen breakfasting while under fire.

"That you, Fox? D—— it, man, give

understand yer. I thought as 'ow I adn't 'eard aright when I saw all the other blokes—I mean fellers, sir—a-blazin' away. But as I ain't much of a shot I thought I'd be on the safe soide, and I certingly did think as 'ow you'd told us not to shoot."

"I'll get you to repeat that in front of the whole company, Fox, if I can ever get them out of this cursed mess; it would be a lesson to them."

Five minutes passed, and still not another man had reached the rendezvous. Away down beneath them, some two, some three, and some four hundred yards away, the little white helmets could be seen from time to time as the skirmishers altered their positions.



"THAT YOU, FOX? GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

"I'm going to see what the enemy are up to," Captain Trevor said, as he clambered up the seven-foot ledge of rock that was sheltering the two men. "Perhaps those beggars down there will see me then and come up!"

"Weepin' Willie" followed in the wake of his officer, and there the two stood in full view of their own men, and a splendid mark for the enemy. Once Willie almost ducked as a bullet "ventilated" his helmet, and the next moment Captain Trevor staggered, and would have fallen had not the private caught him in his arms.

Carefully, and exerting all his strength, for Trevor was a big man, Willie lifted him over his shoulder, and began slowly to descend from the ridge; but, as he gave a last look round, he saw the tribesmen on the summit suddenly leap to their feet, and, brandishing their murderous knives, begin to rush down the incline. In an instant, Willie was up on the ledge again, and with the full force of his lungs—and his lungs were the only big thing about him—he

shouted to his comrades below: "Run, yer blazing beggars, run! They're on yer!" And then, with all the speed his feeble legs would allow, he clambered off the ridge and began to stagger down the hill, the captain's long legs trailing on the ground behind, scraping against the loose stones and starting them rolling. On the little man stumbled, his knees giving under his heavy burden, his breath coming in short sobs, and his heart beating like a steam-hammer. What if he failed to save his hero!

Suddenly he became aware of a big man in "khaki" towering above him. "Here, lad, give 'im to me!" and a pair of strong arms lifted the captain easily, as Willie recognised Big Bob's voice. A cheer went up from below as Lieutenant Mason and a dozen men with gleaming bayonets came dashing up the slope. The tribesmen, who were just coming over the ridge above, saw the little band, saw the fierce, determined look on their faces, the blood-for-blood battle-lust in their eyes. "Illah Allah," shouted the chief, "these are no coward-women after all!" and discharging his rifle haphazard, scrambled down the ledge the way he had come. In less time than it takes to tell, the dusky

warriors were laboriously following their chief to the summit again, closely pursued by the Englishmen, while all along the slope white helmets and bright steel flashed in the rising sunlight, as one after another the men leaped to their feet and rushed upwards. In five minutes the struggle was over, and just as the dusty, blood-stained men were opening their haversacks to snatch a hurried breakfast, a troop of the Guides cavalry, the advance guard of the brigade, came clattering along the mountain road two hundred feet beneath them.

It was a proud day for A Company when all the Fingal Valley Brigade were paraded in hollow square to see private Fox receive the Victoria Cross, and no man cheered louder than Big Bob.

"'Weepin' Willie' yer is, and 'Weepin' Willie' yer'll remain," he afterwards said to the hero of the day, as all his comrades gathered round to shake his hand. "I'd weep the 'ole bloomin' day if I thought it'd

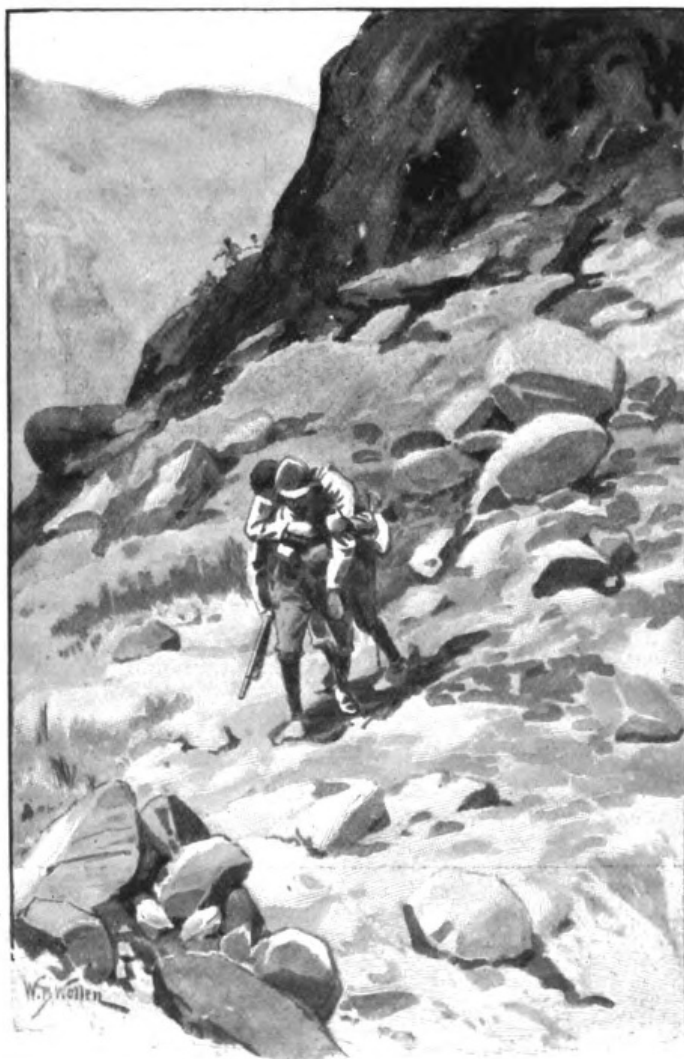
make me behave as well as yer did under fire, 'ang me tight if I wouldn't!"

"Aye! And if yer hasks my opination, 'e was weepin' cos 'is messmates was such a bloomin' lot of coward, low-'earted skunks! And so we are—compared with 'im, least-wise—ain't we, mateys?"

"Yes, yes. Rayther!" was shouted on all sides.

Then someone got on a commissariat

The day after the 1st Battalion of Her Majesty's 210th Line—late of the Fingal Valley Field Force—was landed at Plymouth, Nellie Lindon received a registered envelope which contained many things. One was a dirty scrap of paper with a few words in pencil on it, that had been carried all through a campaign concealed in the lining of a private's tunic. Then there was a plain gun-metal Maltese cross with the



"ON THE LITTLE MAN STUMBLED."

biscuit-box: "Three cheers for 'Weepin' Willie,' our little nipper, the bravest man in all the bloomin' brigade!" And the galvanized iron roof fairly rattled an accompaniment to the lusty lungs of A Company.

words "For Valour" graven thereon; and, lastly, 'a line or two from Big Bob: "Take my advice, Nell," he wrote, "and have the nipper."

And Nell did.

Animal Friendship.

BY ALBERT H. BROADWELL.



ANY of the instances of animal sagacity with which we have been familiar from our youth have had but slender foundation of fact, upon which is erected a terribly airy superstructure of fiction. In Mr. Shepherd's "Animal Actualities," and in the present article, however, the anecdotes about our lower friends are authentic—vouched for, in fact, by their various owners—while the photographs from life are indisputable evidence of their truth.

The dog, as is to be expected, from his occupying a position which places him under constant observation, forms the subject of more stories than any other animal; yet it is not known how far his intelligence extends. Some enthusiasts aver that instances are on record where a member of the canine race has committed suicide through grief; but this certainly requires verification. Let us listen to Mr. G. C. Grove, however, who tells the story of "The Inseparables." He says:—

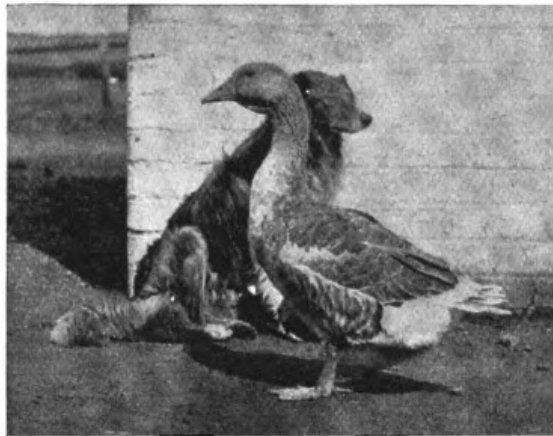
"I cannot refrain from telling the following story, which is vouched for by my most intimate friend. On paying a visit to his

uncle, who is a farmer in Scotland, he noticed a handsome young collie and a goose with a broken wing, constantly about together; indeed, they were well-nigh inseparable. On inquiry he elicited the fact that, when a puppy, the dog had flown at a gosling and had broken its wing; ever since, it was noticed that the dog was not only cognizant of the mischief he had done, but became so repentant, that from that time forward he had taken that one bird under his special protection, though his feeling towards geese in general remained unchanged; and now, wherever the dog goes, there follows the goose, and *vice versa*. It is a pretty instance of contrition, and may be recommended as a useful example."

One would have thought from stories that have come from

Australia that dogs and kangaroos were inveterate enemies. In our illustration we seem, however, to have a direct refutation of such an erroneous belief. We have here five dogs and a kangaroo, the Australian placidly munching some carrot-heads. There has been no posing about this picture: the subjects settled themselves together in the most natural fashion.

The dog has not only proved himself to



"THE INSEPARABLES."



From a Photo. by J. Johnson

KANGAROO AND DOGS

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

be man's best friend, but he seems to show a great deal of affection for other animals with which he may happen to come in contact, either as occasional friends or more often as constant companions. We have here, for instance, a number of photos. showing the marvellous way in which animals fraternize as though they belonged to one family. Professor

Cats and rabbits next come under notice. It may be interesting to quote a pretty story told by Miss Hamond, of Cheltenham. She says: "The following incident occurred under my own eyes during my residence in Spain. The province of Jaen, in sunny Andalusia, is rich in minerals, and the quaint old country town of Linares may be called the

centre of the lead-mining district, where a goodly number of Englishmen have settled down with their wives and families and household gods, to make the best of life under conditions very different from those to which they were born.

"The children — as children do all the world over — used to keep a good many pets of different kinds, and in one household which I often visited—that of Mr. Romer, manager to one of the mining com-

panies—their name was legion. One afternoon when I came in to tea there was a great commotion in the yard; obviously something important had happened. I knew at once that it must be a new kind of pet which somebody had given them.

"One of the miners has brought us some



From a Photo. by]

SPANIEL AND BANTAM.

[A. J. Johnson.

Lorenzo, of 5, Crowndale Road, N.W., has a most extraordinary collection of animals of all kinds. It includes dogs, cats, tame rabbits and wild rabbits, kangaroos, bantams, pigeons, cockatoos and parrots, and other pets. Among these we find a friendship which is of many years' standing. A spaniel and bantam are not often seen together, yet we have them here in thorough good-fellowship. The dog is a lovable creature, and the bantam knows it.

That very bantam, by the way, is the most cheeky fellow in creation. He does not believe in roosting in orthodox fashion; but chooses, in preference, some soft, velvety surface whereupon he can settle at ease and remain as long as he pleases. As shown in the next picture, a cat is another friend of his. Puss is almost crushed by the weight of this most unblushing intruder, yet she does not move, lest she should interfere with his comfort.



From a Photo. by]

BANTAM AND CATS.

[A. J. Johnson.

infant rabbits,' said Conchita, the second girl, hardly able to speak from ill-suppressed excitement. 'They are such babies, they can't feed themselves; do advise us. They will die if they are not fed soon.' A piece of rag dipped in milk seemed the only way out of the difficulty; the infants took to it



From a Photo. by]

CAT AND RABBITS.

[A. J. Johnson.

at once. Indeed, they soon began to nibble at the milk in the saucer. This problem was evidently solved, but the weather was very cold, and they had doubtless been accustomed to a warm fur cloak about them. So Conchita said, 'Might she take them to bed with her?'

"Take them in to Molly, and see if he will adopt them," I suggested, not intending to be taken at my word; but Conchita thought it an excellent idea, and acted upon it at once. We all followed her. (I must explain here that Molly was an immense tom-cat, fat and amiable; he lived in the schoolroom in a wadded basket, which just fitted him comfortably.) 'He will eat them up at once, of course,' remarked one of the bystanders, 'and perhaps it is just as well that he should.' But he didn't. That excellent cat allowed the mites to be stuffed into his lap; they at once nestled down and Molly went off to sleep again. Some of us looked in later in the evening to see what had happened. That excellent cat was sitting up washing the rabbits! It was the funniest thing in the world: he evidently remembered his own nursery days, and was doing his duty according to his lights by his strange charges. When he came to the long ears he paused, evidently mildly surprised at the innovation, but those rabbits had a thorough licking before they finally retired to rest. This sort of thing went on for a fortnight, the rabbits feeding out of Molly's saucer of bread and milk with him regularly, though it soon had to be changed for a soup-plate, and a bigger bed had to be provided. At the

end of the fortnight the rabbits began to take so much exercise that it was difficult to keep them in one room, and there were so many ferocious cats in the neighbourhood that Conchita decided that the rabbits must be provided with a hutch of their own, and so the pretty little comedy came to an end. It never seemed to have occurred to the amiable Molly that they were good to eat. We used to bring friends — scoffers and unbelievers, who went

out converted—to that schoolroom, and if Molly, the conscientious foster-father, were sleepy and indisposed to show off, we used to put a little butter on the infants' backs. This never failed to wake him up and induce him to perform their toilet with much energy."

One of our Australian friends, who prefers his name not to be published, but whose statements we have very good reasons to believe to be absolutely true, sends us the extraordinary photo. given below. "Away out in New Zealand," our kindly correspondent was able to take this curious picture. He tells the following story in connection with it: "Everyone knows how deficient in sense of maternal responsibility are mother ducks, and some ducklings of mine, appearing neglected, were put into a small box, with flannel, to add to their comfort. As one of our cats happened to be present, and inspected them with some interest, my wife said to her, 'Here are some kittens for you, Minna.' Without more ado Minna jumped into the box, and there and then adopted them as her very own. When they fell out of the box, she very tenderly picked them up in her mouth and replaced them. When they pecked at

Original from
CAT AND DUCKLINGS

her after the manner of their kind, she very gently reproached them with her paw, and seemed to try and tell them in her own language that she had never seen well-behaved kittens behave in that way before. Altogether they became a very happy family."

Our correspondent says nothing of their ultimate fate, but we would imagine that when the ducklings first took to the water, the foster-mother's grief must have been extremely touching. "On another occasion, however," adds the owner of the ducklings, "I was standing, one evening, watching my Aylesburys waddling home to supper and bed after 'a happy day at the seaside,' when I noticed a little black-and-white duckling evidently not theirs, which to my surprise was with them. It stopped and looked at me as the others passed, and seemed to ask, 'What are you going to do with me?' I picked it up and called the old cat. Putting the duckling in a box, I said, 'There is another kitten for you, Minna.' Without a moment's hesitation she once more undertook her strange maternal duty, and took charge of the mite for some days, till she thought the little one old enough to face a hard and cruel world by itself. The duckling, which was called Kitty after its foster-mother, used to follow her about the garden and up and down the veranda stairs. At last, however, some boys—for there are cruel and thoughtless boys even in New Zealand—killed it with a stone."

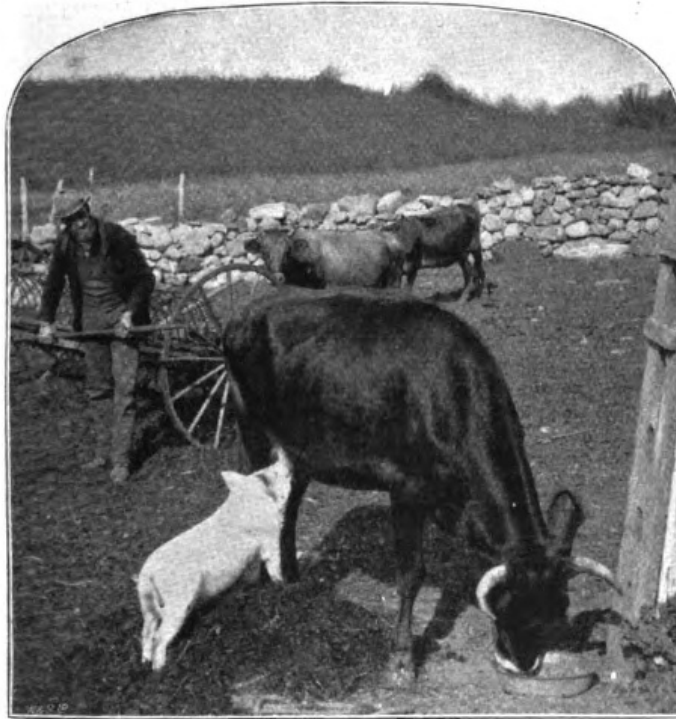
Of foster-mothers we have

indeed some extraordinary instances. They show the truthful confidence with which little suckling animals will approach, and regard as their mother, beasts of quite a different species. We have here two instances of suckling pigs. In the one case we have an amusing

picture, showing how the little porker was caught in the act, not only by the camera, but by the jolly farmer in the background. Stealing milk from a cow, whose yield in consequence fell noticeably short, was an injudicious thing to do, but it would not have mattered much had piggie not been caught. The second photo., which exemplifies a peculiar coincidence, was sent in by Mr. J. A. Hern, of Wayne, Nebraska, U.S.A.

It is a striking confirmation of the preceding incident, with the difference that, instead of one thief only, we have three, and already well satisfied they look.

Another peculiar pair hail from the States. They live in Walsenburg, Colorado, the photo. being sent in by Mr. Thomas Bunker, of that town. The mother ass in this case is



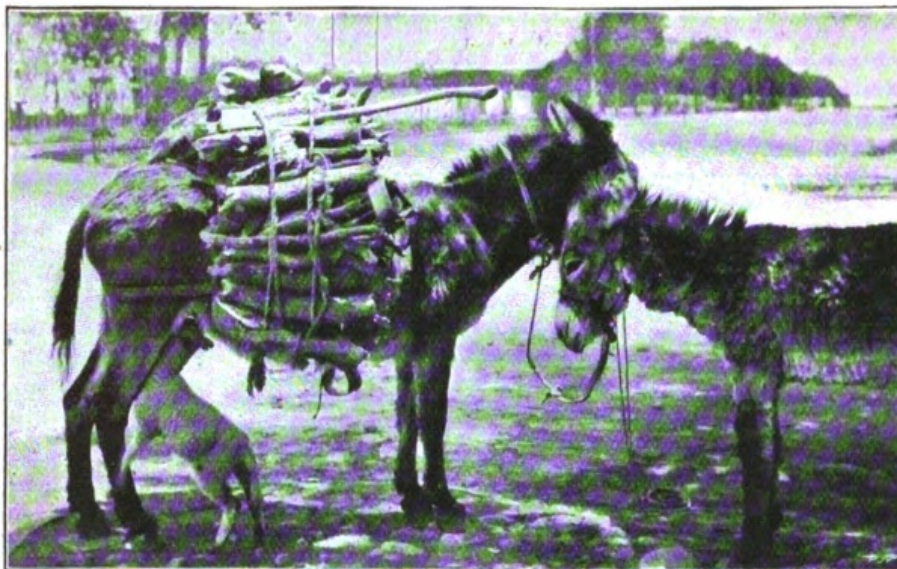
CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

From a Copyright Stereo Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.



WHY JERSEY LILY GAVE NO MILK.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



AN INFRINGEMENT OF FILIAL RIGHTS.
From a Photo. by Thomas Bunker, Walsenburg, Colorado.

a most interesting animal. Her ordinary occupation is that of wood-carrier, as may be gathered from the load on her patient back ; but besides having to suckle her own offspring, standing so gloomy, sad-eyed, and reproachful on the right, she also has to nurse the exuberant little lamb seen in the very act of robbing the little donkey foal of its natural right. The three animals belong to an old Mexican, and the lamb was reared entirely on the milk of the mother ass.

The pretty terrier shown in the next illustration was once the happy mother of an even happier family. Unfortunately, the puppies all died soon after birth, leaving the mother broken-hearted. For a long while the dog was inconsolable. It refused its food, moped, and grew thin. One day, however, a tiny, motherless kitten was given to it. The gift turned out to be the dog's

There is nothing very fresh in this item of news ; but wait a moment : that dog will carry the dove on his head for more than a quarter of a mile ! They are the staunchest of friends, and as soon as the door of the cage is opened, out hurries the dove. It searches for the dog, if the latter should not already happen to be waiting for his rider in the immediate neighbourhood, and the dog seems to consider it as an absolute duty to carry his friend about in this comical fashion.



DOG AND DOVE.

Amongst other quaint and extraordinary friendships between animals of diverse species, one of the most interesting is that so frequently struck up between cats and horses. Pussie loves to make a fragrant, hay-scented stable her daily lounge and to nestle against the warm coat of the horse, who often takes his night's repose lying in his stall with the favoured Grimalkin snugly sleeping between his iron-shod hoofs. It was in Brook Meadows, N., that the animal in question was "snapped"



From a Photo. by J. A. DESPAIRING MOTHER'S SALVATION,

salvation ; it took the greatest care of the little creature, and woe betide the unfortunate stranger who ventured too near her precious charge. These pets belong to Miss J. Dresser, of Bexley Heath, Kent, and we are indebted to her kindness for this interesting photograph.

Mr. Edward T. Williams, of Tedworth Square, Chelsea, owns a dove and a dog.

amidst the eager and excited observations of the many bystanders, who quickly thronged to see the fun.

The ladies who have risen to such an elevated position in life are mother and daughter. The sedate matron is fully alive to the importance of the occasion, and has adopted an easy, graceful pose; while the youngster, frisky and somewhat shy, was with difficulty persuaded to settle comfortably down. Mother cat is an animal of very self-contained and amiable disposition. She has contracted a fast friendship with two white rabbits belonging to the coachman's little boy. They live in a hutch in the stables, and are often allowed a little liberty for a frolic with puss, who chases them in and out of an empty stall.

From Covington, U.S.A., comes another remarkable instance. Mr. E. E. Cone, of that town, has a hen that displays a remarkably perverted maternal instinct. One of the neighbours has a cat with four small kittens. The cat would be faithful to her offspring were she not prevented by the following circumstance. This particular hen had been sitting for some time when she suddenly conceived the idea that the care of the kittens was more to her liking. She, therefore, promptly drove the



From a Photo. by]

HORSE AND CAT.

[J. Marks.

mother cat away and took possession of the kits. No hen-mother ever watched over her brood with greater care than has this one over her mewling, squirming litter of kittens. The kittens offer no objection, and, with the exception of the old cat, who looks on at a safe distance, all is serene in this anomalous family. In our photograph the hen is shown endeavouring to cover the four kittens with her wings, but it does not seem a very easy task.

Extraordinary as this instance may seem, we have in a way a parallel to it. We see a cat taking under her charge some newly-born chicks in much the same way as the mother-hen did with the kittens. Mr. C. K. Eaton, of Melbourne House, Montpelier, Bristol, very kindly sends us the photograph.

It appears that, through some inexplicable reason of her own, the mother of the chicks deserted them almost immediately after being hatched, and consequently, there being no other means of rearing them, they were for some time kept in the kitchen, where, after a few days, they became fast friends with puss, who proved a



From a Photo. by]

HEN AND KITTENS.

[W. J. Cone, Covington, Ill.]

splendid substitute for the mother hen. She seldom left them, and when they were able to get about she, for a long time, followed them about the garden. The sight, needless to add, was an extremely pathetic one.

Miss Powell, of the Grove, Bishopton, Ripon, very kindly sends us the annexed amusing little photo. of a guinea-pig with a tame rat on its back. Now, who would ever have thought of such a peculiar freak of friendship? The pig is one of a pair, which Miss Powell has trained in harness. Brutus drags fair Venus about the room in a miniature coach. They are now being taught to sit in loving companionship at a tea-table. The rat is a tame one, and is an adept at various clever



CAT AND CHICKS.

From a Photo. by W. Perkins, Wickwar.



GUINEA-PIG AND RAT.

feats, in the imitation of which the guinea-pigs are nowhere.

And now for the strangest instance in our collection. This astonishing photograph of a collie suckling a brood of young foxes was taken by Mr. Brown at a farm near Lanark. The little rascals were found in a den not a hundred miles from the farm. The farmer, with due solicitude, secured the little family, and took it to his own fire-side. But what

could a respectable farmer do with a brood of young foxes? Now, it happened that only a day or two before this remarkable find, a fine collie owned by the farmer had become the happy mother of a family of her own. The little collies were speedily disposed of, and the young brood of foxes given to the mother and left to her kind solicitude. Wonderful to relate, the dog took very kindly to them, and actually suckled them for five or six weeks.



From a Photo. by]

COLLIE AND FOXES.

[A. Brown & Co., Lanark.

Miss Cayley's Adventures.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

XI.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE ORIENTAL ATTENDANT.



DID not sleep that night. Next morning, I rose very early from a restless bed with a dry, hot mouth and a general feeling that the solid earth had failed beneath me.

Still no news from Harold! It was cruel, I thought. My faith almost flagged. He was a man and should be brave. How could he run away and hide himself at such a time? Even if I set my own anxiety aside, just think to what serious misapprehension it laid him open!

I sent out for the morning papers. They were full of Harold. Rumours, rumours, rumours! Mr. Tillington had deliberately chosen to put himself in the wrong by disappearing mysteriously at the last moment. He had only himself to blame if the worst interpretation were put upon his action. But the police were on his track; Scotland Yard had "a clue": it was confidently expected an arrest would be made before evening at latest. As to details, authorities differed. The officials of the Great Western Railway at Paddington were convinced that Mr. Tillington had started, alone and undisguised, by the night express for Exeter. The South-Eastern inspectors at Charing Cross, on the other hand, were equally certain that he had slipped away with a false beard, in company with "his accomplice," Higginson, by the 8.15 p.m. to Paris. Everybody took it for granted, however, that he had left London.

Conjecture played with various ultimate destinations—Spain, Morocco, Sicily, the Argentine. In Italy, said the *Chronicle*, he might lurk for a while—he spoke Italian fluently, and could manage to put up at tiny *osterie* in out-of-the-way places seldom visited by Englishmen. He might try Albania, said the *Morning Post*, airing its exclusive "society" information: he had often hunted there, and might in turn be hunted. He would probably attempt to slink away to some remote spot in the Carpathians or the Balkans, said the *Daily News*, quite proud of its geography. Still, wherever he went, leaden-footed justice in this age, said the *Times*, must surely overtake him. The day

of universal extradition had dawned; we had no more Alsacias: even the Argentine itself gives up its rogues—at last; not an asylum for crime remains in Europe, not a refuge in Asia, Africa, America, Australia, or the Pacific Islands.

I noted with a shudder of horror that all the papers alike took his guilt as certain. In spite of a few decent pretences at not prejudging an untried cause, they treated him already as the detected criminal, the fugitive from justice. I sat in my little sitting-room at the hotel in Jermyn Street, a limp rag, looking idly out of the window with swimming eyes, and waiting for Lady Georgina. It was early, too early, but—oh, why didn't she come! Unless *somebody* soon sympathized with me, my heart would break under this load of loneliness!

Presently, as I looked out on the sloppy morning street, I was vaguely aware through the mist that floated before my dry eyes (for tears were denied me) of a very grand carriage driving up to the doorway—the porch with the four wooden Ionic pillars. I took no heed of it. I was too heart-sick for observation. My life was wrecked, and Harold's with it. Yet, dimly through the mist, I became conscious after a while that the carriage was that of an Indian prince; I could see the black faces, the white turbans, the gold brocades of the attendants in the dickey. Then it came home to me with a pang that this was the Maharajah.

It was kindly meant; yet after all that had been insinuated in court the day before, I was by no means over-pleased that his dusky Highness should come to call upon me. Walls have eyes and ears. Reporters were hanging about all over London, eager to distinguish themselves by successful eaves-dropping. They would note, with brisk innuendoes after their kind, how "the Maharajah of Moozuffernuggar called early in the day on Miss Lois Cayley, with whom he remained for at least half an hour in close consultation." I had half a mind to send down a message that I could not see him. My face still burned with the undeserved shame of the cross-eyed Q.C.'s unspeakable suggestions.

Before I could make my mind up, however, I saw to my surprise that the Maharajah did not propose to come in himself. He leaned back in his place with his lordly Eastern air, and waited, looking down on the gapers in the street, while one of the two gorgeous attendants in the dicky descended obsequiously to receive his orders. The man was dressed as usual in rich Oriental stuffs, and wore his full white turban swathed in folds round his head. I could not see his features. He bent forward respectfully with Oriental suppleness to take his Highness's orders. Then, receiving a card and bowing low, he entered the porch with the wooden Ionic pillars, and disappeared within, while the Maharajah folded his hands and seemed to resign himself to a temporary Nirvana.

A minute later, a knock sounded on my door. "Come in!" I said, faintly; and the messenger entered.

him. Even at that crucial moment of doubt and fear, I could not help noticing how admirably he made up as a handsome young Rajput. Three years earlier, at Schlangenbad, I remembered he had struck me as strangely Oriental-looking: he had the features of a high-born Indian gentleman, without the complexion. His large, poetical eyes, his regular, oval face, his even teeth, his mouth and moustache, all vaguely recalled the highest type of the Eastern temperament. Now, he had blackened his face and hands with some permanent stain—Indian ink, I learned later—and the resemblance to a Rajput chief was positively startling. In his gold brocade and ample white turban, no passer-by, I felt sure, would ever have dreamt of doubting him.

"Then you knew me at once?" he said, holding my face between his hands.



"THE MESSENGER ENTERED."

I turned and faced him. The blood rushed to my cheek. "Harold!" I cried, darting forward. My joy overcame me. He folded me in his arms. I allowed him, un-reproved. For the first time he kissed me. I did not shrink from it.

Then I stood away a little and gazed at

"That's bad, darling! I flattered myself I had transformed my face into the complete Indian."

"Love has sharp eyes," I answered. "It can see through brick walls. But the disguise is perfect. No one else would detect you."

"Love is blind, I thought."

"Not where it ought to see. There, it pierces everything. I knew you instantly, Harold. But all London, I am sure, would pass you by, unknown. You are absolute Orient."

"That's well; for all London is looking for me," he answered, bitterly. "The streets bristle with detectives. Southminster's knaveries have won the day. So I have tried this disguise. Otherwise, I should have been arrested the moment the jury brought in their verdict."

"And why were you not?" I asked, drawing back. "Oh, Harold, I trust you; but why did you disappear and make all the world believe you admitted yourself guilty?"

He opened his arms. "Can't you guess?" he cried, holding them out to me.

I nestled in them once more; but I answered through my tears—I had found tears now—"No, Harold; it baffles me."

"You remember what you promised me?" he murmured, leaning over me and clasping me. "If ever I were poor, friendless, hunted—you would marry me. Now the opportunity has come when we can both prove ourselves. To-day, except you and dear Georgey, I haven't a friend in the world. Everyone else has turned against me. Southminster holds the field. I am a suspected forger; in a very few days I shall doubtless be a convicted felon. Unjustly, as you know; yet still—we must face it—a convicted felon. So I have come to claim you. I have come to ask you now, in this moment of despair, will you keep your promise?"

I lifted my face to his. He bent over it trembling. I whispered the words in his ear. "Yes, Harold, I will keep it. I have always loved you. And now I will marry you."

"I knew you would!" he cried, and pressed me to his bosom.

We sat for some minutes, holding each other's hands, and saying nothing; we were too full of thought for words. Then suddenly, Harold roused himself. "We must make haste, darling," he cried. "We are keeping Partab outside, and every minute is precious, every minute's delay dangerous. We ought to go down at once. Partab's carriage is waiting at the door for us."

"Go down?" I exclaimed, clinging to him. "How? Why? I don't understand. What is your programme?"

"Ah, I forgot I hadn't explained to you! Listen here, dearest—quick; I can waste no words over it. I said just now I had no friends in the world but you and Georgey.

That's not true, for dear old Partab has stuck to me nobly. When all my English friends fell away, the Rajput was true to me. He arranged all this; it was his own idea; he foresaw what was coming. He urged me yesterday, just before the verdict (when he saw my acquaintances beginning to look askance), to slip quietly out of court, and make my way by unobtrusive roads to his house in Curzon Street. There, he darkened my face like his, and converted me to Hinduism. I don't suppose the disguise will serve me for more than a day or two; but it will last long enough for us to get safely away to Scotland."

"Scotland?" I murmured. "Then you mean to try a Scotch marriage?"

"It is the only thing possible. We must be married to-day, and in England, of course, we cannot do it. We would have to be called in church, or else to procure a license, either of which would involve disclosure of my identity. Besides, even the license would keep us waiting about for a day or two. In Scotland, on the other hand, we can be married at once. Partab's carriage is below, to take you to Euston. He is staunch as steel, dear fellow. Do you consent to go with me?"

My faculty for promptly making up such mind as I possess stood me once more in good stead. "Implicitly," I answered. "Dear Harold, this calamity has its happy side—for without it, much as I love you, I could never have brought myself to marry you!"

"One moment," he cried. "Before you go, recollect, this step is irrevocable. You will marry a man who may be torn from you this evening, and from whom fourteen years of prison may separate you."

"I know it," I cried, through my tears. "But—I shall be showing my confidence in you, my love for you."

He kissed me once more, fervently. "This makes amends for all," he cried. "Lois, to have won such a woman as you, I would go through it all a thousand times over. It was for this, and for this alone, that I hid myself last night. I wanted to give you the chance of showing me how much, how truly you loved me."

"And after we are married?" I asked, trembling.

"I shall give myself up at once to the police in Edinburgh."

I clung to him wistfully. My heart half urged me to urge him to escape. But I knew that was wrong. "Give yourself up,

then," I said, sobbing. "It is a brave man's place. You must stand your trial: and, come what will, I will strive to bear it with you."

"I knew you would," he cried. "I was not mistaken in you."

We embraced again, just once. It was little enough after those years of waiting.

"Now, come!" he cried. "Let us go."

I drew back. "Not with you, dearest," I whispered. "Not in the Maharajah's carriage. You must start by yourself. I will follow you at once, to Euston, in a hansom."

He saw I was right. It would avoid suspicion, and it would prevent more scandal. He withdrew without a word. "We meet," I said, "at ten, at Euston."

I did not even wait to wash the tears from my eyes. All red as they were, I put on my hat and my little brown travelling jacket. I don't think I so much as glanced once at the glass. The seconds were precious. I saw the Maharajah drive away, with Harold in the dickey, arms crossed, imperturbable, Orientally silent. He looked the very counterpart of the Rajput by his side. Then I descended the stairs and walked out boldly. As I passed through the hall, the servants and the visitors stared at me and whispered. They spoke with nods and liftings of the eyebrows. I was aware that that morning I had achieved notoriety.

At Piccadilly Circus, I jumped of a sudden into a passing hansom. "Euston!" I cried, as I mounted the step. "Drive quick! I have no time to spare." And, as the man drove off, I saw, by a convulsive dart of someone across the road, that I had given the slip to a disappointed reporter.

At the station I took a first-class ticket for Edinburgh. On the platform, the Maharajah and his attendants were waiting. He lifted his hat to me, though otherwise he took no overt notice. But I saw his keen eyes follow me down the train. Harold, in his Oriental dress, pretended not to observe me. One or two porters, and a few curious travellers, cast inquiring eyes on the Eastern prince, and made remarks about him to one another. "That's the chap as was up yesterday in the Ashurst will kise!" said one loungee to his neighbour. But nobody seemed to look at Harold; his subordinate position secured him from curiosity. The Maharajah had always two Eastern servants, gorgeously dressed, in attendance; he had been a well-known figure in London society, and at Lord's and the Oval, for two or three seasons.

"Bloomin' fine cricketer!" one porter observed to his mate as he passed.

"Yuss; not so dusty for a nigger," the other man replied. "Fust-rite bowler; but, Lord, he can't 'old a candle to good old Ranji."

As for myself, nobody seemed to recognise me. I set this fact down to the fortunate circumstance that the evening papers had published rough wood-cuts which professed to be my portrait, and which naturally led the public to look out for a brazen-faced, raw-boned, hard-featured termagant.

I took my seat in a ladies' compartment by myself. As the train was about to start, Harold strolled up as if casually for a moment. "You think it better so?" he queried, without moving his lips or seeming to look at me.

"Decidedly," I answered. "Go back to Partab. Don't come near me again till we get to Edinburgh. It is dangerous still. The police may at any moment hear we have started and stop us half-way; and now that we have once committed ourselves to this plan, it would be fatal to be interrupted before we have got married."

"You are right," he cried; "Lois, you are always right, somehow."

I wished I could think so myself; but 'twas with serious misgivings that I felt the train roll out of the station.

Oh, that long journey north, alone, in a ladies' compartment—with the feeling that Harold was so near, yet so unapproachable: it was an endless agony. He had the Maharajah, who loved and admired him, to keep him from brooding; but I, left alone, and confined with my own fears, conjured up before my eyes every possible misfortune that Heaven could send us. I saw clearly now that if we failed in our purpose this journey would be taken by everyone for a flight, and would deepen the suspicion under which we both laboured. It would make me still more obviously a conspirator with Harold.

Whatever happened, we must strain every nerve to reach Scotland in safety, and then to get married, in order that Harold might immediately surrender himself.

At York, I noticed with a thrill of terror that a man in plain clothes, with the obtrusively unobtrusive air of a detective, looked carefully though casually into every carriage. I felt sure he was a spy, because of his marked outer jauntiness of demeanour, which hardly masked an underlying hang-dog expression of scrutiny. When he reached my place, he took a long, careless stare at me—

a seemingly careless stare, which was yet brim-full of the keenest observation. Then he paced slowly along the line of carriages, with a glance at each, till he arrived just opposite the Maharajah's compartment. There he stared hard once more. The Maharajah descended; so did Harold and

be impossible for us to get married at Edinburgh if we were thus closely pursued. There was but one chance open; we must leave the train abruptly at the first Scotch stopping station.

The detective knew we were booked through for Edinburgh. So much I could



"HE TOOK A LONG, CARELESS STARE AT ME."

the Hindu attendant, who was dressed just like him. The man I took for a detective indulged in a frank, long gaze at the unconscious Indian prince, but cast only a hasty eye on the two apparent followers. That touch of revelation relieved my mind a little. I felt convinced the police were watching the Maharajah and myself, as suspicious persons connected with the case; but they had not yet guessed that Harold had disguised himself as one of the two invariable Rajput servants.

We steamed on northward. At Newcastle, the same detective strolled, with his hands in his pockets, along the train once more, and puffed a cigar with the nonchalant air of a sporting gentleman. But I was certain now, from the studious unconcern he was anxious to exhibit, that he must be a spy upon us. He overdid his mood of careless observation. It was too obvious an assumption. Precisely the same thing happened again when we pulled up at Berwick. I knew now that we were watched. It would

tell, because I saw him make inquiries of the ticket examiner at York, and again at Berwick, and because the ticket-examiner thereupon entered a mental note of the fact as he punched my ticket each time: "Oh, Edinburgh, miss? All right"; and then stared at me suspiciously. I could tell he had heard of the Ashurst will case. He also lingered long about the Maharajah's compartment, and then went back to confer with the detective. Thus, putting two and two together, as a woman will, I came to the conclusion that the spy did not expect us to leave the train before we reached Edinburgh. That told in our favour. Most men trust much to just such vague expectations. They form a theory, and then neglect the adverse chances. You can only get the better of a skilled detective by taking him thus, psychologically and humanly.

By this time, I confess, I felt almost like a criminal. Never in my life had danger loomed so near—not even when we returned with the Arabs from the oasis. For then

we feared for our lives alone; now, we feared for our honour.

I drew a card from my case before we left Berwick station, and scribbled a few hasty words on it in German. "We are watched. A detective! If we run through to Edinburgh, we shall doubtless be arrested or at least impeded. This train will stop at Dunbar for one minute. Just before it leaves again, get out as quietly as you can—at the last moment. I will also get out and join you. Let Partab go on; it will excite less attention. The scheme I suggest is the only safe plan. If you agree, as soon as we have well started from Berwick, shake your handkerchief unobtrusively out of your carriage window."

I beckoned a porter noiselessly without one word. The detective was now strolling along the fore-part of the train, with his back turned towards me, peering as he went into all the windows. I gave the porter a shilling. "Take this to a black gentleman in the next carriage but one," I said, in a confidential whisper. The porter touched his hat, nodded, smiled, and took it.

Would Harold see the necessity for acting on my advice?—I wondered. I gazed out along the train as soon as we had got well clear of Berwick. A minute—two minutes—three minutes passed; and still no handkerchief. I began to despair. He was debating, no doubt. If he refused, all was lost, and we were disgraced for ever.

At last, after long waiting, as I stared still along the whizzing line, with the smoke in my eyes, and the dust half blinding me, I saw, to my intense relief, a handkerchief flutter. It fluttered once, not markedly, then a black hand withdrew it. Only just in time, for even as it disappeared, the detective's head thrust itself out of a farther window. He was not looking for anything in particular, as

far as I could tell—just observing the signals. But it gave me a strange thrill to think even now we were so nearly defeated.

My next trouble was—would the train draw up at Dunbar? The 10 a.m. from Euston is not set down to stop there in Bradshaw, for no passengers are booked to or from the station by the day express; but I remembered from of old when I lived at Edinburgh, that it used always to wait about a minute for some engine-driver's purpose. This doubt filled me with fresh fear; did it

draw up there still?—they have accelerated the service so much of late years, and abolished so many old accustomed stoppages. I counted the familiar stations with my breath held back. They seemed so much farther apart than usual. Reston—Grant's House—Cockburnspath—Innerwick.

The next was Dunbar. If we rolled past *that*, then all was lost. We could never get married. I trembled and hugged myself.

The engine screamed. Did that mean she was running through? Oh, how I wished I had learned the interpretation of the signals!

Then gradually, gently, we began to slow. Were we slowing to pass the station only? No; with a jolt she drew up. My heart gave a bound as I read the word "Dunbar" on the station notice-board.

I rose and waited, with my fingers on the door. Happily it had one of those new-fashioned slip-latches which open from inside. No need to betray myself prematurely to the detective by a hand displayed on the outer handle. I glanced out at him cautiously. His head was thrust through his window, and his sloping shoulders revealed the spy, but he was looking the other way—observing the signals, doubtless, to discover why we stopped at a place not mentioned in Bradshaw.



"I BECKONED A PORTER."

Harold's face just showed from another window close by. Too soon or too late might either of them be fatal. He glanced inquiry at me. I nodded back, "Now!" The train gave its first jerk, a faint backward jerk, indicative of the nascent intention of starting. As it braced itself to go on, I jumped out; so did Harold. We faced one another on the platform without a word. "Stand away there!" the station-master cried, in an angry voice, and waved his white flag. The detective, still absorbed on the signals, never once looked back. One second later, we were safe at Dunbar, and he was speeding away by the express for Edinburgh!

It gave us a breathing space of about an hour.

For half a minute I could not speak. My heart was in my mouth. I hardly even dared to look at Harold. Then the station-master stalked up to us with a threatening manner. "You can't get out here," he said, crustily, in

at Dunbar; and as the train happened to pull up, we thought we needn't waste time by going on all that way and then coming back again."

"Ye should have changed at Berwick," the station-master said, still gruffly, "and come on by the slow train." I could see his careful Scotch soul was vexed (incidentally) at our extravagance in paying the extra fare to Edinburgh and back again.

In spite of agitation, I managed to summon up one of my sweetest smiles—a smile that ere now had melted the hearts of rickshaw coolies and of French *douaniers*. He thawed before it visibly. "Time was important to us," I said—oh, he guessed not how important; "and besides, you know, it is so good for the company!"

"That's true," he answered, mollified. He could not tilt against the interests of the North British shareholders. "But how about



"YOU CAN'T GET OUT HERE," HE SAID, CRUSTILY.

a gruff Scotch voice. "This train is not timed to set down before Edinburgh."

"We *have* got out," I answered, taking it upon me to speak for my fellow-culprit, the Hindu—as he was to all seeming. "The logic of facts is with us. We were booked through to Edinburgh, but we wanted to stop

yer luggage? It'll have gone on to Edinburgh, I'm thinking."

"We *have* no luggage," I answered, boldly.

He stared at us both, puckered his brow a moment, and then burst out laughing. "Oh, ay, I see," he answered, with a comic air of amusement. "Well, well, it's none of my

business, no doubt, and I will not interfere with ye; though why a lady like you—” He glanced curiously at Harold.

I saw he had guessed right, and thought it best to throw myself unreservedly on his

“Can we get a trap?”

“Oh, ay, there’s machines always waiting at the station.”

We interviewed a “machine,” and drove out to Little Kirkton. There, we told our



mercy. Time was indeed important. I glanced at the station clock. It was not very far from the stroke of six, and we must manage to get married before the detective could miss us at Edinburgh, where he was due at 6.30.

So I smiled once more, that heart-softening smile. “We have each our own fancies,” I said, blushing—and, indeed (such is the pride of race among women), I felt myself blush in earnest at the bare idea that I was marrying a black man, in spite of our good Maharajah’s kindness. “He is a gentleman, and a man of education and culture.” I thought that recommendation ought to tell with a Scotchman. “We are in sore straits now, but our case is a just one. Can you tell me who in this place is most likely to sympathize—most likely to marry us?”

He looked at me—and surrendered at discretion. “I should think anybody would marry ye who saw yer pretty face and heard yer sweet voice,” he answered. “But, perhaps, ye’d better present yerself to Mr. Schoolcraft, the U.P. minister at Little Kirkton. He was ay soft-hearted.”

“How far from here?” I asked.

“About two miles,” he answered.

tale in the fewest words possible to the obliging and good-natured U.P. minister. He looked, as the station-master had said, “soft-hearted”; but he dashed our hopes to the ground at once by telling us candidly that unless we had had our residence in Scotland for twenty-one days immediately preceding the marriage, it would not be legal. “If you were Scotch,” he added, “I could go through the ceremony at once, of course; and then you could apply to the sheriff to-night for leave to register the marriage in proper form afterward: but as one of you is English, and the other I judge”—he smiled and glanced towards Harold—“an Indian-born subject of Her Majesty, it would be impossible for me to do it: the ceremony would be invalid, under Lord Brougham’s Act, without previous residence.”

This was a terrible blow. I looked away appealingly. “Harold,” I cried in despair, “do you think we could manage to hide ourselves safely anywhere in Scotland for twenty-one days?”

His face fell. “How could I escape notice? All the world is hunting for me. And then, the scandal! No matter where you stopped—however far from me—no,

Lois, darling, I could never expose you to it."

The minister glanced from one to the other of us, puzzled. "Harold?" he said, turning over the word on his tongue. "Harold? That doesn't sound like an Indian name, does it? And——" he hesitated, "you speak wonderful English!"

I saw the safest plan was to make a clean breast of it. He looked the sort of man one could trust on an emergency. "You have heard of the Ashurst will case?" I said, blurting it out suddenly.

"I have seen something about it in the newspapers; yes. But it did not interest me: I have not followed it."

I told him the whole truth; the case against us—the facts as we knew them. Then I added, slowly, "This is Mr. Harold Tillington, whom they accuse of forgery. Does he look like a forger? I want to marry him before he is tried. It is the only way by which I can prove my implicit trust in him. As soon as we are married, he will give himself up at once to the police—if you wish it, before your eyes. But married we must be. *Can't* you manage it somehow?"

My pleading voice touched him. "Harold Tillington?" he murmured. "I know of his forebears. Lady Guinevere Tillington's son, is it not? Then you must be Younger of Gledcliffe." For Scotland is a village: everyone in it seems to have heard of every other.

"What does he mean?" I asked. "Younger of Gledcliffe?" I remembered now that the phrase had occurred in Mr. Ashurst's will, though I never understood it.

"A Scotch fashion," Harold answered. "The heir to a laird is called Younger of so-and-so. My father has a small estate of that name in Dumfriesshire; a *very* small estate: I was born and brought up there."

"Then you are a Scotchman?" the minister asked.

"I have never counted myself so," Harold answered, frankly: "except by remote descent. We are trebly of the female line at Gledcliffe; still, I am no doubt more or less Scotch by domicile."

"Younger of Gledcliffe! Oh, yes, that ought certainly to be quite sufficient for our purpose. But then—the lady?"

"She is unmitigatedly English," Harold admitted, in a gloomy voice.

"Not quite," I answered. "I lived four years in Edinburgh. And I spent my holidays there while I was at Girton. I keep my boxes still at my old rooms in Maitland Street."

Vol. xvii.—8

"Oh, that will do," the minister answered, quite relieved; for it was clear that our anxiety and the touch of romance in our tale had enlisted him in our favour. "Indeed, now I come to think of it, it suffices for the Act if one only of the parties is domiciled in Scotland. Still, I can do nothing save marry you now by religious service in the presence of my servants—which constitutes what we call an ecclesiastical marriage—it becomes legal if afterwards registered; and then you must apply to the sheriff for a warrant to register it. But I will do what I can; later on, if you like, you can be remarried by the rites of your own Church in England."

"Are you quite sure our Scotch domicile is good enough in law?" Harold asked, still doubtful.

"I can turn it up, if you wish. I have a legal hand-book. Before Lord Brougham's Act, no formalities were necessary. But the Act was passed to prevent Gretna Green marriages. The usual phrase is that such a marriage does not hold good unless one or other of the parties either has had his or her usual residence in Scotland, or else has lived there for twenty-one days immediately preceding the date of the marriage. If you like, I will wait to consult the authorities."

"No, thank you," I cried. "There is no time to lose. Marry us first, and look it up afterwards. 'One or other' will do, it seems. Mr. Tillington is Scotch enough, I am sure; we will rest our claim upon that. Even if the marriage turns out invalid, we only remain where we were. This is a preliminary ceremony to prove good faith, and to bind us to one another. We can satisfy the law, if need be, when we return to England."

The minister called in his wife and servants, and explained to them briefly. He exhorted us and prayed. We gave our solemn consent in legal form before five witnesses. Then he pronounced us duly married. In a quarter of an hour more, we had made declaration to that effect before the sheriff, and were formally affirmed to be man and wife before the law of Great Britain. I asked if it would hold in England as well.

"You couldn't be firmer married," the sheriff said, with decision, "by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Westminster Abbey."

Harold turned to the minister. "Will you send for the police?" he said, calmly. "I wish to inform them that I am the man for whom they are looking in the Ashurst will case."

Our own cabman went to fetch them. It

was a terrible moment. But Harold sat in the sheriff's study and waited, as if nothing unusual were happening. He talked freely but quietly. Never in my life had I felt so proud of him.

At last the police came, much inflated with the dignity of so great a capture, and took down our statement. "Do you give yourself in charge on a confession of forgery?" the superintendent asked, as Harold ended.

"Certainly not," Harold answered. "I have not committed forgery. But I do not wish to skulk or hide myself. I understand a warrant is out against me in London. I have come to Scotland, hurriedly, for the sake of getting married, not to escape apprehension. I am here, openly, under my own name. I tell you the facts; 'tis for you to decide: if you choose, you can arrest me."

The superintendent conferred for some time in another room with the sheriff. Then he returned to the study. "Very well, sir," he said, in a respectful tone, "I arrest you."

So that was the beginning of our married life. More than ever, I felt sure I could trust in Harold.

The police decided, after hearing by telegram from London, that we must go up at once by the night express, which they stopped for the purpose. They were forced to divide us. I took the sleeping car; Harold travelled

with two constables in an ordinary carriage. Strange to say, notwithstanding all this, so great was our relief from the tension of our flight, that we both slept soundly.

Next morning we arrived in London, Harold guarded. The police had arranged that the case should come up at Bow Street that afternoon. It was not an ideal honeymoon, and yet, I was somehow happy.

At Euston, they took him away from me. And still, I hardly cried. All the way up in the train, whenever I was awake, an idea had been haunting me—a possible clue to this trickery of Lord Southminster's. Petty details cropped up and fell into their places. I began to unravel it all now. I had an inkling of a plan to set Harold right again.

The will we had proved—but I must not anticipate.

When we parted, Harold kissed me on the forehead, and murmured rather sadly, "Now I suppose it's all up. Lois, I must go. These rogues have been too much for us."

"Not a bit of it," I answered, new hope growing stronger and stronger within me. "I see a way out. I have found a clue. I believe, dear Harold, the right will still be vindicated."

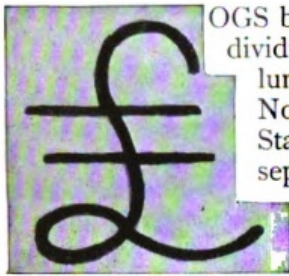
And red-eyed as I was, I jumped into a hansom, and called to the cabman to drive at once to Lady Georgina's.



"I HAVE FOUND A CLUE."

Unique Log-Marks.

BY ALFRED I. BURKHOLDER.



LOGS belonging to various individuals and firms in the lumber industry of the North-Western United States are identified and separated in a striking fashion. To illustrate this it will be necessary to outline briefly the routine of work

connected with the great lumbering industry of the regions mentioned. Logging camps are established in the heart of a forest. Where no railroads have been extended to the vicinity of the camps, roads are cut to the nearest river, which is the highway by which the logs are taken in the spring to saw-mills, where they are manufactured into shingles, lath, boards, timbers, and planks. Therefore, proximity to a river is necessarily taken into consideration when a camp is located.

After the trees are sawed down by men engaged especially for this duty, they are sawed into log lengths and hauled, perhaps several miles, to the bank of the river. Some of the camps contain as many as 300 or 400 men, and this force is kept busy during the entire winter cutting down trees, sawing them into logs, and hauling them to the river. Here they are placed in huge piles, and it is at this time that the log-mark of the owner is placed upon them by an individual known as the "scaler," whose duty it also is to measure the diameter of each log and keep a record of it.

In this article we show a few of these curious log-marks—odd artistic inventions of the untrained minds of the lumber-camps. There is no attempt at uniformity in ideas. Anything that has the least bit of distinctiveness about it is sufficient for the purpose, which explains the presence of pound-marks, tea-pots, frogs, babies, yokes, division signs, and wheel-barrows in the illustrations for this article.

The instrument with which the "scaler" places the mark upon a log is in the shape of a sledge-hammer, the back of the hammer portion having upon it a device similar to the log-mark of the man by whom he is employed and to whom the logs belong. The log-

mark itself is raised to a height of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. or 2 in. above the surrounding surface of steel, and when the sawed end of a log is struck with it, the mark of the owner is punched into the end of the log to a depth which prevents its obliteration, unless the whole end of the log is sawed off and removed. Crude designs, differing from the regular log-mark, are sometimes cut into the bark of the log to assist in more readily identifying the owner. Copies of log-marks and cattle-brands are, as provided by law, placed on a file in the office of the county recorder of deeds in the county in which the cattle owner or lumberman operates.

For greater convenience the ice in the river is thickly covered with the logs as spring approaches. When the break-up of ice in the river occurs, and the stream is swollen by the melting of snow and the early spring rains, what is called the log "drive" commences. In some portions of the lumbering



regions the disappearance of the forests has left the saw-mills further and further from the product without which they cannot operate, and the logs have to be floated great distances. Thus, a "drive" of 100 or 200 miles is nothing un-

usual, and on the Mississippi river logs are frequently taken as much as 300 miles.

On one river perhaps a dozen or more lumbering firms, having no connection with each other, are operating, and when spring comes all their logs are rolled into the stream, to soon become so mixed up that the novice naturally becomes of the opinion that their separation is an impossibility. The work during a log "drive" is the hardest and most dangerous connected with the lumbering industry.

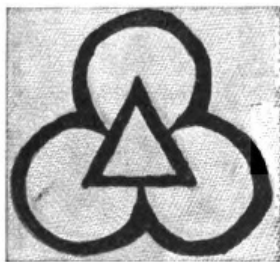
The men are required to be up long before daylight, so that they may eat their breakfasts and walk to the river, perhaps several

miles distant, arriving there at daylight to begin the work of the day. Refreshments are taken to them twice during the day, at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and again at two o'clock in the afternoon. They work until it becomes dark, when they walk back to their camps to procure their



suppers and much-needed rest. The log drivers are required to keep the logs floating in the streams. In rainy or cold weather, such as is frequently experienced in the lumbering regions, their work is very arduous and debilitating. It is of the utmost importance that the work of floating the logs out be pushed while there is sufficient water in the streams, many of which become nothing more than creeks later in the season, when dry weather sets in.

The force of the current behind the huge mass of logs may force hundreds of logs to a lodgment on the bank when curves in the stream are reached, and then the men are compelled to work, perhaps waist deep, in the water in order to clear the stranded logs and once more get them afloat. The foremost logs are especially looked after and kept on the move, for should they become lodged the obstruction thus formed would speedily cause a log "jam," the thing particularly to be dreaded by the drivers.



Notwithstanding the extreme care and precautions, jams occasionally occur. Then the logs are piled high in the air, the weight of the mass sinking the logs to the bottom of the river, and extending from bank to bank of the stream, forming an almost solid wedge, which constantly becomes larger and more compact. It is nothing unusual for the logs to be piled to a height of 100ft. or 150ft., and extending for several miles up the river.

A jam in the St. Croix river, in Wisconsin and Minnesota, in the spring of 1892, was about six miles in length. Another one that formed in the Chippewa river, in the former State, in 1886, extended ten miles. This river was also the scene, twenty years ago, of perhaps the greatest log jam in history. It extended for a distance of twenty-five miles, and was estimated to contain over 150,000,000ft. of lumber.

It sometimes requires several days' hard labour to "break" a jam. Not infrequently a single log may be the cause of the whole

difficulty, and the removal of this "key" log is naturally a dangerous duty. It may be lodged so tightly by the great mass of logs wedged against it by the swift current of the river, that its removal is accomplished only after chopping it in two with an axe. The man who does this takes his life in his hands, for the removal of the "key" log almost instantly releases the towering mass of logs behind it, and the greatest agility is required by the daring man to reach a place of safety ere the released mass goes churning onward, forced to almost lightning speed by the irresistible power behind it.



The log drivers wear heavy boots, from the soles of which project sharpened steel or iron spikes, placed thickly. With these, it in time becomes an easy matter for the men to run about on the floating and twisting logs with as much confidence as that exhibited by the dweller in a city when striding along a pavement. Accidents, however, occasionally happen, and some of the men are precipitated into the water. Where an experienced hand loses his balance and falls into the water he immediately becomes an object of ridicule, and is severely bantered by his comrades. The involuntary bath of a new hand is taken as a matter of course, and occasions no particular comment.



The men become surprisingly expert at log "riding," as it is termed. A remarkable instance of this expertness was witnessed by a writer while visiting the lumber region on the Ottawa and tributary rivers, in Canada. He was sitting in his tent one evening on the west bank of the River des Quinze, near the head of Lake Temiscamingue, when he heard a young Frenchman on the opposite side of

the stream call for a boat to come over and take him across. At the time, a great many logs were floating down the river, the current carrying them close to the shore a short distance above the point where the young Frenchman stood, and then sweeping

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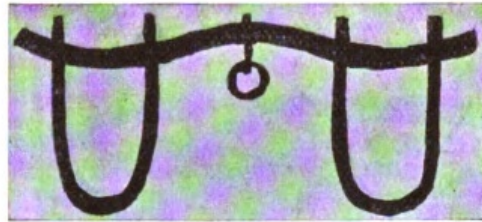
them diagonally across the stream close to the shore nearly in front of the tent of the observer.

No boat answering his hail, the Frenchman walked up the shore to where the logs were pressing it most closely, and, watching his opportunity, jumped upon one. With his hands in his pockets he unconcernedly waited for his improvised ferry to take him to the opposite shore. In midstream the logs were carried through a rapid. Here the log upon which the young man was standing began to revolve rapidly in the swift current, but he speedily checked the dangerous movement by forcing it to revolve in the opposite direction.

During the strange journey across the river, which at that point was fully 200yds. wide, he never for a moment lost his balance, and all the time was whistling cheerily, apparently wholly oblivious of the danger. When the log upon which he stood was swept across the river and close to the opposite shore, he calmly leaped to the bank. He could not swim, which, strange to relate, is the case with fully one-half of the men engaged in the dangerous work of log driving.

I am told by a gentleman familiar with the scenes and incidents connected with log driving, that he has frequently seen the drivers cross rivers which were comparatively free of logs, by standing upon a log and with their feet making it revolve quite swiftly, and thus gradually propelling it across the stream. Perhaps it was by observing this operation that the inventor conceived the idea of a roller boat, with which experiments have been made on the Atlantic.

When the logs have reached their destination the utility of the log-marks is apparent. When the great mass of logs have been floated to the vicinity of the saw-mills which will manufacture them into lumber, they are brought to a standstill, and preparations are made to separate the logs belonging to different owners. Long "booms" are constructed up and down the river a short

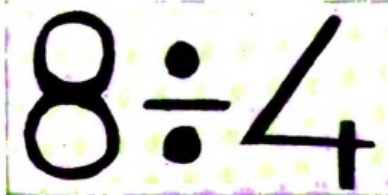


distance below the head of the drive of logs.

Logs placed end to end, and securely fastened together, form the "booms." The upper end is chained

to piers or other immovable objects, which are stout enough to hold the string of logs forming the booms. A river is divided off into a sufficient number of "booms" to provide a separate boom for each firm or individual having logs in the "drive." A strong rope is then stretched across the river a short distance above the ends of the booms. This swings only a few feet above the river, and is for the convenience of the men who separate the logs and float them into the proper boom.

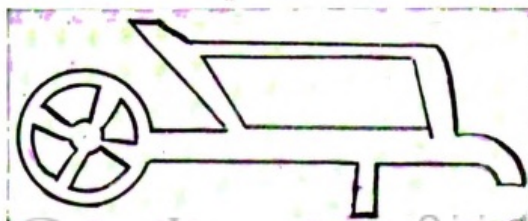
The space between the shore and the first boom is exclusively for logs belonging to a certain firm or individual; the space between the first and second booms for those of another, and so on. As the logs are floated down from the stationary "drive" above, which, perhaps, fills the river from bank to bank, and extends up the stream as far as the eye can reach, the men whose duty it is to separate the logs catch them as fast as they are floated down to them, hastily glance

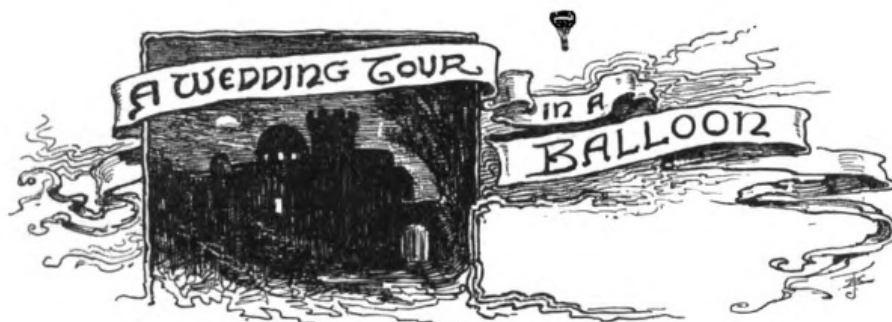


at the log-mark, mount the log, and, with the aid of the rope stretched from bank to bank, pull themselves and the log to a point directly above the boom of the owner of the log, and then release it, and permit it to be carried by the current into the proper boom.

With the aid of pike-poles and other appliances, each man can take care of a number of logs at one time, thus simplifying and expediting the work of separating the logs. As many men as can work without being in each other's way are stationed immediately above the booms, and separate the logs with astonishing accuracy and rapidity.

The log-marks, as in the case of cattle-brands, reduce the theft of logs to the minimum, as the tell-tale mark, if overlooked and not removed, is a silent though convincing witness against anyone who steals it and in whose possession it is found.





BY M. DINORBEN GRIFFITH AND MADAME CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

ONCE or twice one has come across a story of some adventurous couple (usually in America) who have been married in a captive balloon. The incident is reproduced from time to time, the newspapers printing it almost always placing on some other newspaper the responsibility of the statement. The story may originally have taken its birth in a diseased craving of some undistinguished couple for notoriety, or, as is more likely, in a lack of striking headlines for some very enterprising American paper. But in any case, we are concerned here with no such matter, but with an actual wedding trip, undertaken and carried through by a very distinguished couple, in a perfectly free balloon; and this with no idea of notoriety-hunting.

The name of M. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, is very nearly as familiar in this country as in France, and some of his most important works are made popular by means of translations. He is distinguished by an imagination very rare in men of science, and his theories of the inhabitation of the stars are of a very striking and beautiful character; while many other of his astronomical speculations are similarly bold and original.

M. Flammarion's interest in ballooning began more than thirty years ago, and since that time he has been a most enthusiastic aeronaut; making very numerous ascents and recording large numbers of extremely important scientific observations. His book, "Voyages en Ballon," contains many interesting accounts of his ascents, and has been translated by Mr. James Glaisher, the English meteorologist and aeronaut. It is of the wedding trip performed in a balloon by Monsieu: and Madame Flammarion that we are to speak.

Madame Flammarion is herself a most enthusiastic balloon-traveller. Indeed, she has often said that nothing but the practical impossibility of the feat prevents her living altogether in a balloon. And she takes much delight in recounting the story of her wedding trip, which was her first balloon ascent, and of a humorous incident which characterized it. We shall give Madame Flammarion's account as nearly as her own words can be rendered in English. The story was told us in the beautiful garden of the Château Juvisy, the magnificent house which is now M. Flammarion's home and observatory, but which has been the resting-place of French Kings in their journeys between Paris and Fontainebleau, from Henri Quatre to Louis Philippe. Parenthetically we may say that Madame Flammarion is herself a distinguished person, and Vice-President of the League of Ladies on behalf of International Disarmament. This is her story as she tells it:—

I had always wished to make a balloon ascent. The stories and descriptions I had read had touched my enthusiasm, and already, before I had entered a balloon, I was, at heart, an enthusiastic aeronaut. To hang in space above, looking down upon the rolling world below, and all the little people in it, was for years the height of all my ambitions. Nevertheless, I never expected to make an ascent in circumstances so novel and charming as those which actually accompanied my first balloon experience.

Just before our marriage, in discussing with my future husband the form which our wedding journey should take, I begged him to choose the most magnificent and poetical route possible—an ideal route, never before made use of in the like circumstances. M. Flammarion understood my meaning at once. Indeed, the same thought had occurred to himself, though I first gave it expression.

From this moment Flammarion was busily engaged with the aeronaut, M. Jules Godard, in making preparations for the aerial journey. But preparations for the wedding itself also claimed attention, and it was in some part in consequence of Flammarion's desires in this matter that an odd incident made memorable the first part of our journey.

First we were married in legal form—in a manner corresponding to marriage before a registrar in England. Flammarion wished this to be the only ceremony, and desired no Church rite; in this being consistent with his great astronomical philosophy, which I expect to be the religion of the future. But in the end he waived his determination, to please our mothers—and, I must confess, to please me also. But he made the condition that there should be no confession, such as is usually made part of the Roman Catholic ceremony. The good Abbé P——, who was to officiate, expended all his eloquence to shake Flammarion's determination in this respect, but his eloquence and his pains went for nothing. It was useless to insist, Flammarion assured him, and he found it so.

"But, my dear friend," pleaded the excellent Abbé, "if not a confession, then at least something: merely a conversation."

"No! Never! Not even that!" was Flammarion's final answer.

"Then," persisted the Abbé, "you will at any rate grant me one personal favour—nothing connected with the ceremony. Say, now, will you grant me that favour?"

"Most certainly," Flammarion replied, rather incautiously. "Granted before asked. What is it?"

"That I may ascend with you in the balloon."

"Abbé—you are a shrewd man. It shall

be as you wish, of course. In fact, the balloon will carry four, and as we ourselves, with the aeronaut, M. Godard, make only three, there is a vacancy. You shall fill it, Monsieur l'Abbé—it is promised."

Unfortunately, the outcome of this promise was very deep offence to a very worthy man—so deep, that the Abbé was almost estranged from my husband, as you shall hear.

Every detail of the events of our wedding-day is as clearly defined in my memory as if it were but a recollection of yesterday. It was a brilliant day, and all the town seemed as gay and as happy as we. Still, there was one little matter of regret—our balloon trip must be postponed for a little while, for M. Jules Godard had had an apoplectic fit three days before, and was not yet recovered. This the Abbé did not know.

The service, which was short, had finished, and we were in our carriage—indeed, Flammarion was in the act of closing the door—when a vigorous hand seized the bridegroom's and a joyous voice cried, "And I also?"

It was the Abbé. In the confusion of our happiness we had quite forgotten that he was to accompany us to the breakfast—to which, as a matter of fact, he had been the first person invited.

The Abbé entered the carriage with no more ceremony, installed himself comfortably, and carefully deposited a travelling bag on the seat before him.

"Hey! hey!" quoth the Abbé, laughing merrily and rubbing his hands together. "Here we are, my friends! Well! We set out this evening in our balloon, don't we? Eh? I have prepared—O yes, I have

prepared! I shall send messages to all my friends. I have filled this bag with little papers, on each of which I have written:



M. FLAMMARION (AT THE TIME OF THE WEDDING).

From a Photo. by Alexander Martin, Paris.



MADAME FLAMMARION (AT THE TIME OF THE WEDDING).

From a Photo. by Dagron, Paris.

'From the altitude of the heavens I salute you. Abbé P——.' These we will throw out from the balloon!"

"But, my dear Abbé," said Flammarion, a little taken aback; "we haven't told you. We're not going now!"

The Abbé grew almost livid. "Come!" he stammered. "What—what's this? Is it a joke? Anyhow, it isn't a good one!"

"I assure you, my dear Abbé, it is no joke, but the simple truth. We *can't* go, for Godard the aeronaut is ill. Three days ago he had an apoplectic fit—indeed, he very nearly died. What should we have done if the fit had occurred in the balloon? He is better now, but not well enough to make the ascent."

The poor Abbé was thunderstruck. "And I was so counting on the journey!" he said. "I've been telling everybody I know! People have even been sending me provisions for the voyage. Truly, I don't know where we should have put them; but that's beside the question—they came. And now we are not to go! I shall be the laughing-stock of all my acquaintance! It's too bad—too bad!"

All through the breakfast the Abbé remained melancholy, notwithstanding the merry occasion, and the fact that Madame Godard, who was present, assured him that her husband was quite unable to make an ascent in his weakly condition. Till at last, in parting from him, Flammarion cheered him by the assurance that he *should* go up in a balloon after all, for, in fact, the project was only deferred. And so the Abbé departed hopefully. But who can count on the future? Fate disposed things differently, and poor Abbé P——'s misfortune endured to the end of the matter.

At last the time arrived, a week after the wedding-day. On the eve of the day fixed for the ascent my brother-in-law—Ernest Flammarion, the publisher—came to see us. He also wished to ascend with us; was most eager, in fact. It must be remembered that, at the time I speak of, balloon ascents were much less common than they have since become, and one had very few opportunities of an experience in the air. In the end, my husband promised his brother that he should come, if only the Abbé should be prevented, or should from any cause forego his claim. Ernest quite understood the situation, and waited with much anxiety, but with little hope. "It's not of much use," he said. "The Abbé won't give up his place. I'm afraid the thing's settled!"

The few hours intervening before the time fixed for the start were hours of anxious watching. The weather was perfect, but we were constantly on thorns lest some change should manifest itself.

But what of the Abbé? When the start was determined upon—on the morning of the day when Ernest Flammarion called on us—my husband hurried out to inform the Abbé, but found that he was away from home, at La Varenne Saint-Hilaire, which he always made his summer residence. Still, the Abbé's servant assured Flammarion that he would be back, doubtless in the evening. So a note was written and left on the Abbé's desk, thus:—

"We set out to-morrow at close of day in a balloon; do not miss this celestial appointment, but meet us at about five o'clock at the gas-works of La Villette.—FLAMMARION."

The eventful day (it was the 28th of August, 1874) dawned brilliantly, and the day fulfilled the promise of the dawn—a delightfully equable temperature, a gentle breeze, and a bright sky. And at five we assembled at the gas-works—our aeronaut and his wife, my brother-in-law, Ernest Flammarion, and ourselves, with a number of friends to see us off.

It is necessary to allow plenty of time for preparations in view of a balloon ascent, because of the innumerable details to be attended to, any one of which may delay the start for an unexpected length of time. One may allow an hour as ample, and then, at the end of three hours, find the balloon still unready. No such delay occurred in this case, though Godard and his assistants were hard at work for some time, while we talked with our friends.

The balloon, which rolled and swung before us, had been specially made for us, and it was of 2,000 mètres cubic capacity. Its material was the best China silk, and it had a magnificent dark golden tint, most beautiful as it rose, semi-transparent in the sunshine.

In vain we awaited the Abbé. We wondered whether anything could have prevented his receiving the note, or whether he might be ill. It would soon be impossible to wait longer. The balloon trembled, and the great globe rose, little by little, from the ground. Soon it was a truly beautiful object, immense in its rotundity and majestic as it rose above us, vibrating with the powerful breath that soon was to lift us up into the unknown.

Everything was prepared, and still there was no sign of Abbé P——.

"Plainly the Abbé is not coming," said Godard. "We can wait no longer. We must start at once if we are to see Paris at sunset!"

"Then we will go," said my husband. And scarce had he turned to speak to his brother when the latter was in the car beside the aeronaut. Indeed, he scarce seemed certain of his good fortune till he was well in the air.

Now it was my turn. The car was a little way from the ground, so my husband carried me. I was trembling with excitement and impatience. In another minute, when all four were in their places, Godard cried, "Let go, all!" and our friends about the car fell back quickly.

For me, I confess, it was a serious moment. I could not resist speculations as to where we were going, into what tempestuous whirlwind we might be carried, what lightning-cloud might rend and burn our balloon, now so gallant and so beautiful.

We rose, at first, softly and slowly. For a long time we could hear the voices below us, "*Au revoir!*" A good voyage and a quick return!" But

with our release from the earth we were no longer the same: we seemed to leave all earthly interests behind us. Our bodily weight we seemed to lose, and our brains also grew buoyant. We were held entirely by admiration of the wonders about us.

Nothing so magnificent had I ever imagined. The charming landscapes of the earth were small things indeed in comparison with the colossal, the marvellous prospect that was before our eyes. When at last we found our voices our exclamations seemed ridiculously inadequate to the occasion.

Vol. xvii.—9.

"Heavens! How beautiful it is, how beautiful!" But we could not find adequate words for it.

My husband said, "The earth descends below us." And the words well expressed the sensation conveyed. The earth seemed to sink away from us in a wonderful, indeed, in a terrible, manner. Everything was wonderful and weird. Indeed, the whole of such a journey seems a strange and fantastic dream, luxurious to the senses and impressively superb. Its beauty cannot be told, cannot be written. It must be seen and felt.

The sun was sinking in the west. For a while the daylight seemed even more intense as it was about to vanish. Then the sun disappeared; it had set. But we rose and rose, and presently we saw the red wonder again. In simple fact, here was the sun *rising again* for us alone, and in the west!

But the sight lasted a very short time, and once more the great luminary sank from sight. We had seen the sun set twice in one evening!

My delight was inexpressible; to sit here beside my newly-

made husband—here in the sky, travelling I knew not where. Our movement was altogether imperceptible—we would seem to be entirely still; there was no such current of air even as would cause a quiver in the flame of a candle. At this time our height was about 300 or 400 mètres, and we gazed over the edge of the car at the towns, the railway lines, the fields, and the woods—all Lilliputian toys, and things to smile at.

We passed over the Buttes-Chaumont, at Vincennes. I turned my head to ask a question of Godard, and was terrified to perceive



"AU REVOIR!"

that he had in his mouth a large pipe! I touched my husband's arm, and pointed. He looked, and with a cry he instantly snatched the pipe away. "Do you want to blow us all up?" he exclaimed.

But Godard merely laughed. "Ha! ha!" he cried, "you don't perceive. There is no light to it! It is a mere habit. I can't do without my pipe, and I keep it in my mouth and imagine I am smoking. Come, let me have it!"

The incident amused us much, and for almost the whole of the remainder of the journey the pipe remained between Godard's lips, while he, to all appearance, smoked with perfect satisfaction.

And now we came by the mouth of the Marne. Suddenly there was a burst of laughter among us; it came from my husband. At first he could not answer our questions; then he pointed below, to a place where we could perceive something moving. "Listen!" he said.

We listened eagerly, and heard cries of despair in the quiet evening air, far below. "Flammarion! Flammarion! Hé! Flammarion! Come down! Come down here!"

There was great excitement in the little place below. From the garden of a little house several persons were making signs to us.

"This is the place," exclaimed Flammarion; "this is the place, clearly. There is a fatality in this! My friends, we are exactly and perpendicularly above the estate of the Abbé P——, at La Varenne Saint-Hilaire! Do you hear? He calls us!"

And indeed it was the fact, the simple fact. What cruel tricks chance will play!

"Come down! Come down, Flammarion!" And then the voices of those below died away, for we had gone from their sight. It

is probable that if we *had* attempted to descend just there we should all have experienced a good bath in the Marne—a dangerous river in these parts.

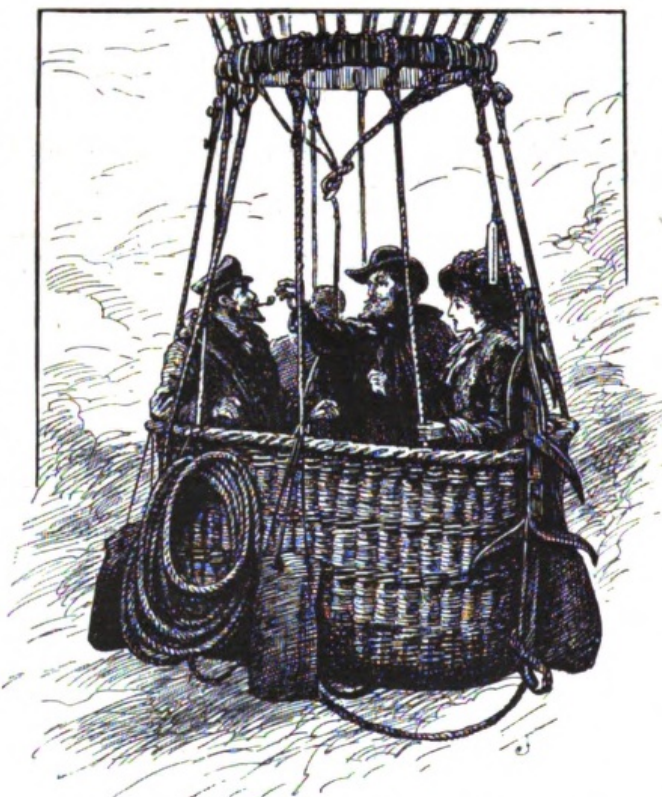
Godard threw out ballast, and we rose higher still. "What will the Abbé think?" I said. "He will never pardon us for this

heart-breaking disappointment!" And, indeed, to finish with the poor Abbé, I may say here that he would never believe the truth of what had happened, nor under what conditions Ernest Flammarion had been allowed to take his place. He maintained that we had arranged the whole thing beforehand; and for more than a year we saw nothing of him, notwithstanding our friendly attentions and most cordial appeals.

Now the moon shone with such intensity that the country stood as

clearly defined as in full daylight, and the time was half-past nine. Here we were at the height of 1,900 mètres, and we seemed to be entering into another world. Here all Nature was in dead silence, superb and terrible; we were in the clouds. My husband has described the scene better than I am able. We were in the starry skies, having at our feet clouds that seemed vast mountains of snow—an impressive, unearthly landscape—white alps, glaciers, valleys, ridges, precipices. An unknown Nature revealed herself, creating, as in a dream, the most dazzling and fantastic panoramas. Stupendous combats between the clouds arose and rolled; the air-currents followed one another, hurled and flung themselves in mighty commotion, shaking and breaking, in dead silence, the monstrous masses. We felt, we saw in action, the powerful, incessant, prodigious forces of the atmosphere, while the earth slept below.

It was a scene beyond all words. Presently



"DO YOU WANT TO BLOW US ALL UP?" HE EXCLAIMED.

a monstrous elephant formed itself before our eyes. We entered into the very midst of it, and were blinded by the cold and damp vapour—a singular and awful cloud, whence we emerged but to plunge again into others more awful still; now a furious sea, now a group of hideous phantoms, now long, luminous tracts, glittering like streams of silver in the ghostly white light. "This is not so pleasant," my brother-in-law murmured. "Why not descend?"

The billows of cloud piled together, terribly agitated. Above us, below us and about us, all was stirred to fury. My agitation was great; for of all these circumstances the silence, the absolute silence, was the most terrible. Amid all the shocks of the cloud-masses, amid all the rages of the hideous gigantic phantoms, of those fearful forces that might at any moment crush us in a clap of thunder, not a sound, even of the faintest, was heard. The balloon glided through the enervating, cloud-filled heavens steadily and proudly, and soon we were

free of the mists, and sailing serenely under the deep blue sky, in the pale light of the moon.

"I like this better," said Ernest, and we agreed with him.

We gazed at the white plain of rolling clouds below us. What was that—the little ball that ran so quickly along the furrowed white spaces? The little ball edged with an aureole of tender colours?

"That?" answered Godard. "That is we ourselves—the balloon, or rather its

shadow. What do you think of its rate of travelling, Madame Flammarton—you who imagine that we are not moving at all?"

Truly, it was our own shadow, swiftly skimming the clouds below, a curious and charming sight.

And now we saw the first signs of dawn. The balloon sank and sank, and soon we were skimming above meadows scented with a thousand perfumes. To us it seemed that we must touch the trees every moment, so

nearly did we approach the earth. But, as a matter of fact, we were still a hundred mètres from the ground. Again it was a delightful experience, thus to skim above the earth in the silent, starry morning, without a breath of air that we could feel. The plains, the hills, the rivulets passed before us as in a dream. It was communion with Nature indeed.

"Now," said Godard, suddenly, "we are ascending, and quickly." And, indeed, as he spoke we shot upwards, and in a moment were again among the clouds. In the distance we observed a peculiar

light. Was it a lighthouse? No, we were far from the sea. Reassured on this point, we are soon uneasy in regard to another, for presently we saw that lightning-flashes were traversing the clouds. "It is a storm," Godard observed, "and it will be a bad one."

"Then we will throw out ballast and avoid it," said my husband.

It was done, and instantly we ascended to the height of 3,000 mètres. Now we saw that the deep blue of the sky was paling, and day broke. Far above us Sirius glittered, and in



"A SINGULAR AND AWFUL CLOUD."

a few moments more our altitude was 4,000 mètres, the highest of the trip. At this height I breathed less freely; and everything liquid in the car—even the wine—was frozen. We shivered under our furs, and there was a humming in my ears. In spite of these drawbacks I was as enthusiastic as ever, and I assured my husband, who expressed some solicitude for me, that I had never been better, and that I would be very glad to live in a balloon! And as for descending, who could think of it, with such a spectacle before us? Behind us was the moon and the darkness; below, afar, a storm of lightning and thunder; and before us, most wonderful of all, the rising of the sun, filling the empyrean with his rays and flinging a mantle of purple and gold over all, clouds and balloon alike. The mysterious and weird beauties of the night gave place to the brilliant metamorphosis of day.

And now, alas! we returned to earth. In twenty minutes, after a swift though tranquil descent from the height of 4,000 mètres, we were again among our fellow-mortals, in the neighbourhood of Spa. Our trip had lasted nearly thirteen hours.

The population of the district had never seen a balloon so near, and our arrival roused the countryside. The people came running from every direction, yelling and gesticulating, and scarcely had the car touched earth when it was surrounded so closely by a crowd of peasants that it was impossible



M. FLAMMARION (PRESENT DAY).
From a Photo. by Professor Stebbing, Paris.

for Godard to make proper arrangements for landing. By dint of frightful grimaces and abuse, he induced them to draw back sufficiently to enable him to make fast, and then my companions were obliged to protect me: for the women, and even some of the men, came to touch me—my hair, my hands, my face, and my clothes—to make sure that I was really alive!

Ernest Flammarion alighted first. "I am very happy," he said, "to have been up in a balloon, but I don't think I shall go again."

As for my husband, his persistent passion for ballooning is well known; and as for myself, I have made two more aerial voyages with him, and I would be glad to make a thousand.

One gets, of course, very little of common luxuries in a balloon. There is just a car of basket-work, and a wooden plank for a seat. The knees must serve for a table, and the head

rests on the edge of the car when one sits and rests. The bench will hold only two at a time, and even the two find it a tight fit. Of course, it is impossible to cook in a balloon, for anything in the nature of fire would produce an instant blow-up, and a scattering of the whole expedition to the four winds. The food one takes consists of cold meat, bread, fruit, eggs, and perhaps salad—prepared beforehand. M. Flammarion carried his instruments as usual—his barometers, telescopes, thermometers, and the rest—on his wedding trip, and made scientific observations and notes from first to last.



MADAME FLAMMARION (PRESENT DAY).
From a Photo. by Professor Stebbing, Paris.

A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART I. — 1841 TO 1849.



R. PUNCH has, perhaps, never given a better proof of his ability to gauge the public mind of this country than that contained in the following lines, quoted from the issue dated November 5, 1898: —

A WARNING WORD.

[From Mr. Punch's "Vagrant."]

Dear Punch,—I am not one to belk w,
Nor am I much on bloodshed bent;
I'm not a tearing Jingo fellow,
All fuss, and froth, and discontent.

[Here follow some verses relating to political affairs, and then come the lines printed below. J. H. S.]

We have another, sterner matter—
The Frenchman posted on the Nile.

Not his to reason? True! I like him,
His skill to act, his pluck to dare.
I'd sooner cheer him, far, than strike him—

But why did others send him there?
In truth, they did not mean to please us;

They must have realised with joy
That MARCHAND on the Nile must
tease us,
And sent him merely to annoy.

So be it then: we know what's what
now,
And what the Frenchmen would be
at.

Though Major MARCHAND'S on the
spot now,
He's got to pack and go—that's flat.
We're tired of gracefully conceding,
Tired, too, of jibe and jeer and
flout;

Our answer may show lack of breed-
ing,
But there it is—a plain "Get out."

If one should, thinking I am weak,
Sir,
Smite me on one cheek black and
blue,

I'm told to turn the other cheek, Sir,
But not both cheeks and forehead
too.

Year in, year out, they've tried to
spite us,
We've borne it with a sorry grin;
And now—well, if they want to fight
us,
Coats off, and let the fun begin!

Punch published these lines just before Lord Salisbury announced at the Mansion House dinner, given in honour of Lord Kitchener on November 4, that France had come round to our view of the Fashoda ques-

tion, and Punch's neat verses just quoted give an excellently succinct and pithy expression to the feeling of the average peace-loving Briton, who has become quite weary of being diplomatically played with by France in our colonial affairs, and who was, and is, quite ready to "take off his coat."

Head of
Longfellow
Head of
Holtzman
Head of
Punch

I will be out shortly
with a new work of mine
a new work of mine
with out a game of mine
to be called

Mark Lemon
or
the London Charivari

This ~~new~~ geographical is intended to form
a refuge for debilitate wit - an asylum for
the thousands of orphan jokes - the superannuated
the children - the millions of perishing puns which
are now wandering about with out so much
as a shill to rest upon. It will also be devoted
to the emasculation of ~~the~~ the ~~low~~ low ~~dispirit~~ dispirit all
over the world and the naturalization
of those alien longfellow whose adherence
to the truth has forced them to emigrate
from their native land.

The proprietors feel that the eyes of
Europe will be upon them - that every right
animal, like our political patriots - will
look out for themselves

No!
Block

Punch will have the honor of making
his first appearance in this character
on Saturday, June 14, 1841 - and will continue
from year to year
to offer to the world all the fun to be found

1.—THE FIRST PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL PROSPECTUS OF "PUNCH," IN THE HANDWRITING OF MARK LEMON, 1841.

The preceding illustration of Mr. Punch's terse and true expression of public opinion is the most recent that can now be given, but



2.—THE FIRST PICTURE IN "PUNCH." 1841.

as one looks through the pages of the 113 Volumes of *Punch*, which bring this famous periodical to the end of the year 1897, one notices many other examples of Mr. Punch's acute discernment and pithy expression of the public mind, which have been stepping-stones of fame to him during his long life of nearly sixty years, quite apart from the weekly dish of good things offered by Mr. Punch to his public.

Thanks to the kindness of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, the proprietors of *Punch*, I am able to give to the general public some of the pleasure that comes from the possession of a complete set of *Punch*. In reading one's *Punch* the pleasure is much enhanced by Mr. M. H. Spielmann's most admirable book, "The History of Punch" [Cassell and Company, Limited, 1895], for Mr. Spielmann is probably the best living authority on this subject, and his researches, which extended over four years, enable the ordinary *Punch*-lover to find

many points of great interest [specially in the early Volumes] which, without Mr. Spielmann's book, might be passed over without notice. Some of the *Punch* engravings now shown have been found by the aid of Mr. Spielmann's book, which is a thoroughly reliable and quite indispensable Text-Book on *Punch*, while, on other points, I have been privileged to consult Mr. W. Lawrence Bradbury and Mr. Philip L. Agnew as well as Mr. Spielmann himself.

When the Queen came to the throne there was no *Punch*. He was conceived in circumstances of much mystery, for many have claimed the honour of his paternity. The historian of *Punch* has devoted a long chapter to this matter of *Punch's* paternity, and has judiciously weighed the evidence for or against each claimant. Mr. Spielmann writes:—

Yet although it was not . . . Henry Mayhew who was the actual initiator of *Punch*, it was unques-



3.—THE FIRST OF MR. PUNCH'S CARTOONS. 1841.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. IV.



4.—THE FIRST PICTURE BY JOHN LEECH. 1841.

tionably he to whom the whole credit belongs of having developed Landells' specific idea of a "Charivari," and of its conception in the form it took. Though not the absolute author of its existence, he was certainly the author of its literary and artistic being, and to that degree, as he was wont to claim, he was its founder.

Thus, the opinion of the best authority is that Henry Mayhew and Ebenezer Landells were the real founders of *Punch*.

Early in 1841, after several discussions between the members of the first staff of *Punch*, the original prospectus was drawn up by Mark Lemon. The first page of this three-page foolscap document is shown in reduced facsimile in illustration No. 1 of this article. An excellent facsimile, on the original blue foolscap paper, is bound up in a little anonymous pamphlet published in

the year 1870, "Mr. Punch: His Origin and Career"; but Mr. Bradbury told me that many of the statements about *Punch* in this pamphlet are erroneous, although the document is an exact copy of the original in Mr. Bradbury's possession, which happens just now to be packed away in a warehouse, and so cannot be photographed.

It is interesting to see in No. 1 that the name *Punch* was substituted for the struck-out title, "The Fun—." It has been suggested that the title thus cut short in favour of the single word *Punch* was to have been "The Funny Dogs

THE LEGEND OF JAWBRAHIM-HERAUDEE.



HERE once lived a king in Armenia, whose name was Poof-Allee-Shaw; he was called by his people, and the rest of the world who happened to hear of him, Zubbardust, or, the Poet, founding his greatest glory, like Bulwer-Khan, Monckton-Milnes-Sahib, Rogers-Sam-Bahawder, and other lords of the English Court, not so much on his possessions, his ancient race, or his personal beauty (all which, 'tis known, these Frank emirs possess), as upon his talent for poetry, which was in truth amazing.

He was not, like other sovereigns, proud of his prowess in arms, fond of invading hostile countries, or, at any rate, of reviewing his troops when no hostile country was at hand, but loved Letters all his life long. It was said, that, at fourteen, he had copied the Shah-Nameh ninety-nine times, and, at the early age of twelve, could repeat the Koran backwards. Thus he gained the most prodigious power of memory; and it is related of him, that a Frank merchant once coming to his Court, with a poem by Bulwer-Khan called the Siamee-Geminee (or, Twins of Siam), His Majesty, Poof-Allee, without understanding a word of the language in which that incomparable epic was written, nevertheless learned it off, and by the mere force of memory, could repeat every single word of it.

Now, all great men have their weaknesses; and King Poof-Allee, I am sorry to say, had his. He wished to pass for a poet, and not having a spark of originality in his composition, nor able to string two verses together, would, with the utmost gravity, repeat you a sonnet of Hafiz or Saadee, which the simpering courtiers applauded as if it were his own.

5.—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIRST LITERARY CONTRIBUTION BY THACKERAY, WHO ALSO DREW THIS INITIAL SKETCH. 1842.



THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

6.—THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE QUEEN IN "PUNCH." 1841.

with Comic Tales," and the prospectus ends with the words, "Funny dogs with comic tales." The price was written "Twopence," although the price of *Punch* has always been Threepence.

As regards the sudden change of title to *Punch*—a change made, as we see from the facsimile, while Mark Lemon was in the very act of writing the title—Mr. Spielmann has recorded that there are as many versions as to the origin of *Punch's* name as of the origin of the periodical itself.

Hodder declares that it was Mayhew's sudden inspiration. Last asserted that when "somebody" at the *Edinburgh Castle* meeting spoke of the paper, like a good mixture of punch, being nothing without Lemon, Mayhew caught at the idea and cried, "A capital idea! We'll call it *Punch*!"

There have been many other claimants to the distinction of having thought of the title "Punch," which is certainly an infinitely better title than "Funny Dogs with Comic Tales" and much better than "The Funny Dogs," which I suggest may have been the title Mark Lemon began to write, judging from the place on the paper (see No. 1),

where he began with the words, "The Fun—"; for if he had intended to write the longer title, "The Funny Dogs with Comic Tales," he must have run the last part of this long title too far to the right of his paper to be consistent with the symmetrical position given to his other headings, etc., on the sheet of foolscap: a practised writer unconsciously allows enough space for the symmetrical setting out of his head-lines, etc., and that Mark Lemon was a specially practised writer is very clearly shown by inspection of this interesting facsimile.

The first number of *Punch* came out on the 17th July, 1841, at 13, Wellington Street, Strand. There was a good demand for it, two editions of five thousand copies each being sold in two days. This demand was caused by advertising in various ways, including the distribution of 100,000 copies of a printed

prospectus that was nearly identical with the draft whose first page has been shown here.

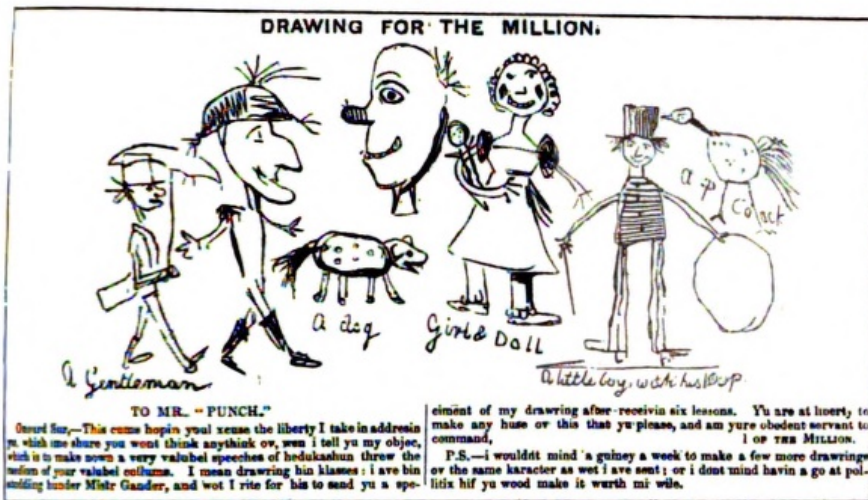
THE PRINCE OF WALES.—HIS FUTURE TIMES.

A PRIVATE letter from Hanover states that, precisely at twelve minutes to eleven in the morning on the ninth of the present November, his Majesty King ERNEST was suddenly attacked by a violent fit of blue devils. All the court doctors were immediately summoned, and as immediately dismissed, by his Majesty, who sent for the Wizard of the North (recently appointed royal astrologer), to divine the mysterious cause of this so sudden melancholy. In a trice the mystery was solved—Queen Victoria "was happily delivered of a Prince!" His Majesty was immediately assisted to his chamber—put to bed—the curtains drawn—all the royal household ordered to wear list slippers—the one knocker to the palace was carefully tied up—and (on the departure of our courier) half a load of straw was already deposited beneath the window of the royal chamber. The sentinels on duty were prohibited from even sneezing, under pain of death, and all things in and about the palace, to use a bran new simile, were silent as the grave!

"Whilst there was only the Princess Royal there were many hopes. There was hope from severe teething—hope from measles—hope from hooping-cough—but with the addition of a Prince of Wales, the hopes of Hanover are below par." But we pause. We will no further invade the sanctity of the sorrows of a king; merely observing, that what makes his Majesty very savage, makes hundreds of thousands of Englishmen mighty glad. There are now two cradles between the Crown of England and the White Horse of Hanover.

We have a Prince of Wales! Whilst, however, England is throwing up its million caps in rapture at the advent, let it not be forgotten to whom we owe the royal baby. In the clamorousness of our joy the fact would have escaped us, had we not received a letter from Colonel SIBTHORP, who assures us that we owe a Prince of Wales entirely to the present cabinet; had the Whigs remained in office, the infant would inevitably have been a girl.

7.—THE FIRST MENTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. 1841.



8.—A SUPPOSITIOUS OFFER TO "PUNCH." 1842.

From the first Volume of *Punch* I have chosen the five pictures here numbered 2, 3, 4, 6, and 7. No. 2 is the first picture in *Punch*, a distinction that gives importance to this little sketch [the same size as the original] of a broken-down man at work on the tread-mill. By the first picture, I mean the first that was printed on the numbered pages of *Punch*—this is on page 2 of Vol. I.—for the *Introduction* contained three woodcuts, and there was the outside wrapper—of which I shall speak later. But this little cut in No. 2 is really the first of Mr. Punch's famous gallery of black-and-white art. It was drawn by William Newman, and this is one of his so-called "blackies"—little *silhouettes* that were paid for at the rate of eighteen shillings per dozen.

No. 3 is the first of Mr. Punch's long series of cartoons. This was done by A. S. Henning, and it makes a much nicer picture in its present reduced size than in its original large size, where the work is too coarse in texture. In the forties, there were no ingenious photographic processes for

Vol. xvii.—10.

reproducing an artist's work to any scale; the work had to be cut on the wood-block and shown the same size as the original drawing. Hence, in a weekly paper such as *Punch*, there was often not much time to spend on the wood-engraving, and so many of the drawings, especially the early ones, are wanting in finish.

Picture No. 4 is the first by famous John Leech—Mr. Punch's first great artist—and in addition to the signature "John Leech"



9.—THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. 1843.



10.—A PAINFUL DISCOVERY BY "PUNCH." 1843.

at the bottom of the block, there is in the middle of the design the curious sign-manual, a leech in a bottle, which John Leech often used to mark his work. This first design by Leech was in the fourth number of *Punch*, August 7, 1841, and its title "Foreign Affairs" has reference to the groups of foreign refugees who at that time were specially numerous in Soho and Leicester Square — places that even nowadays are characterized by the presence of numerous and not too desirable foreigners.

The facsimile in No. 5 is from the commencement of Thackeray's first literary contribution to *Punch*, and the sketch which forms the initial letter T is also by Thackeray. Mr. Spielmann says this sketch is "undoubtedly" by Thackeray; the full contribution is on page 254 of Volume II.

The cartoon shown in No. 6 contains the first picture of Queen Victoria in *Punch*, and it represents Sir Robert Peel sent for by the Queen to form an Administration in place of the beaten Ministry of Lord Melbourne. This was in the autumn of 1841. The words, The Letter of Introduction, at the bottom of

the cartoon, are the title of "a MS. drama, called the 'Court of Victoria,'" on page 90 of Volume I. of *Punch*, which commences:—

SCENE IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

[*Her Majesty discovered sitting thoughtfully at an escritoire.*]

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN: May it please your Majesty, a letter from the Duke of Wellington.

THE QUEEN (*opens the letter*): Oh! a person for the vacant place of Premier—show the bearer in, my lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

THE QUEEN (*muses*): Sir Robert Peel—I have heard that name before, as connected with my family. If I remember rightly he held the situation of adviser to the Crown in the reign of Uncle William, and was discharged for exacting a large discount on all the State receipts; yet Wellington is very much interested in his favour. Etc., etc., etc.

In facsimile No. 7 we see the first mention in *Punch* of the Prince of Wales.



11.—RICHARD DOYLE'S FIRST CARTOON. 1844.

It is the first part of a full-page article on page 222 of Volume I., which records the birth of the Prince on November 9, 1841, and which also refers to the disappointment caused to the King of Hanover by the birth of the Queen's second child. *Punch* writes: "There are now two cradles between the Crown of England and the White Horse of Hanover." How many British Royal

"cradles" are there now between the two things named by *Punch*?

This comical sketch in No. 8 was, I suspect, suggested to Mr. Punch by one of the many offers of unsolicited "outside" contributions which have always been severely discouraged. Mr. Punch prefers to rely upon his own staff, although he is always on the alert for fresh talent, and amongst the clever men who have thus been invited to contribute to *Punch* are Mr. H. W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P."), Mr. R. C. Lehmann (who wrote "The Adventures of Picklock Holes"), Mr. Bernard Partridge (the brilliant successor to Mr. du Maurier), and Mr. Phil May.

We see in No. 9 the first *Punch* picture of the Prince of Wales. This cartoon was drawn by Kenny Meadows. The Queen is standing at the left of the infant Prince, and points to the first tooth, the doctor blows a toy-trumpet and offers some soldiers, while the lady who kneels is offering a baby's coral with a *Punch*'s head as its chief attraction.

No. 10 is a very clever sketch of "The Whistling Oyster." A full account of this



12.—A SUPPOSITITIOUS CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE (OF THE FRENCH NAVY). 1844.

then agitating for the repeal of the union between Ireland and Great Britain], while Lord

John Russell and others represent "The Furies" who are watching Peel's unavailing exertions. The sign-manual at the right of this cartoon—a dicky-bird perched on a D—was often used by Richard Doyle, and may be seen on the present wrapper of *Punch*. Although No. 11 is the first cartoon contributed by Doyle, it is not the first work he did for *Punch*, for Doyle commenced his association with the paper by drawing comic borders for the



13.—ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. 1844.

Christmas number of 1842.

John Leech's cartoon, in No. 12, was published September 14, 1844; the Prince de Joinville was in command of the French Navy, and there was some foolish talk in the French papers about an invasion of England. The expression of the Duke of Wellington's face in this cartoon is simply perfect, as he stands with his hands in his pockets calmly looking at the threatening



14.—A PICTURE OF INNOCENCE. 1845.

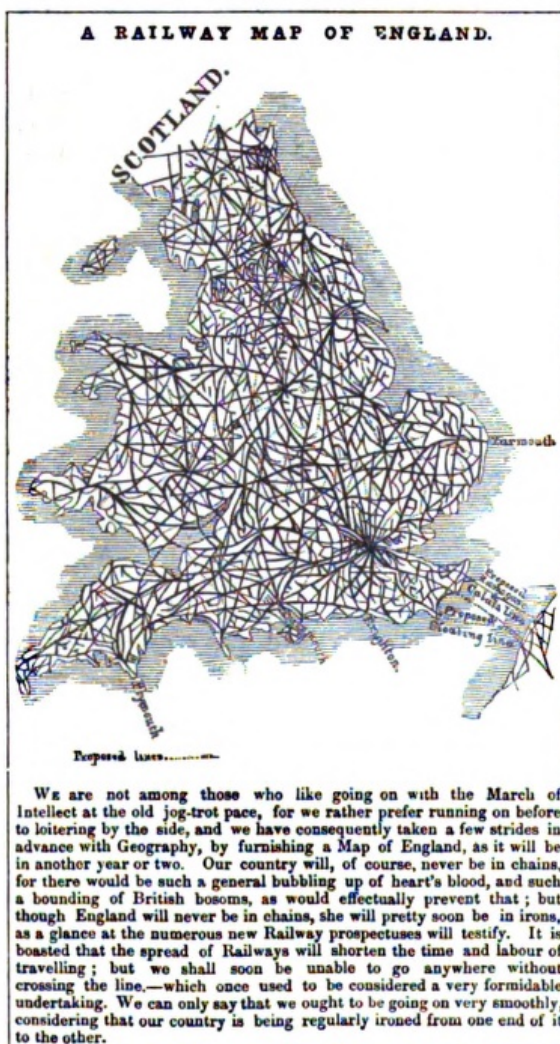
Joinville, and quietly says to the Frenchman, "You're too good a judge to hit me, you are!" One is irresistibly reminded by this clever cartoon of a quite recent affair with our French neighbour, in which the relative positions were not unlike those here shown, and to which the climax was [at any rate, up to date, November, 1898]

the same as in Leech's cartoon — *And they don't fight after all!*

No. 13 is from page 157 of Volume VII., October 5, 1844. It represents the Prince of Wales, then not quite three years old, "capturing several of his Mamma's gold fish, one of which was as big as a dace, and weighed six ounces. It was very nearly pulling the Prince in."

In the "Innocence" picture, No. 14, observe that the little dog *Fido*, which is being sought by the lady, is just visible in the left coat-pocket of the Bill - Sikes - looking rough.

The Railway Map of England, No. 15, is one of Mr. Punch's prophecies that has



15.—MR. PUNCH POKES FUN AT THE RAILWAY MANIA OF 1845.

A NICE YOUNG MAN FOR A SMALL PARTY.



YOUNG DEX he was a nice young man,
An author by his trade;
He fell in love with Polly-Tue
And was an M.P. made.

He was a Radical one day,
But not a Tory crew;
His Polly-Tue he cast away,
And then turned Tory too.

Now DEX had tried for many a place
When Tories 'e'en were out;
But in two years the turning Whigs
Were turn'd to the right about.

But when he called on ROBERT PEELE,
His talents to employ,
His answer was, "Young Englander,
For me you're not the boy."

Oh, ROBERT PEELE! Oh, ROBERT PEELE!
How could you serve me so?
I've met with Whig rebuffs before,
But not a Tory blow.

Then rising up in Parliament,
He made a fierce to do
With PEELE, who merely wished his eye;
DEX wink'd like winking too.

And then he tried the game again,
But couldn't, though he tried;
His party turn'd away from him,
Nor with him would divide.

Young England died when in its birth;
In PEELE's eye it fell;
The papers told the public, but
None for it told the bell.

16.—AN EARLY PICTURE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD, AS BENJAMIN DISRAELI. 1845.



17.—AT THE END OF 1845.

become fact. It is in the issue of October 11, 1845, and refers to the precipitate influx of new lines just then taking place. To us, nowadays, there is nothing remarkable in this Railway Map, which might be mistaken for a genuine railway map of England and Wales; but in 1845, when this map was made by Mr. Punch, he no doubt intended it as a piece of satire.

No. 16 introduces us to a very early *Punch*-picture of Benjamin Disraeli [June, 1845]; not the first, which was, Mr. Philip Agnew tells me, in the year 1844, but this is the more interesting picture of the two. Mr. Punch was sometimes very severe in his treatment of Disraeli, and this sketch with the accompanying verses is a good example of *Punch's* early satire. As regards Mr. Punch's politics, it is interesting to quote the following words from "The History of *Punch*":—

"The Table" [*i.e.*, the weekly *Punch* dinner-table at which the cartoons, etc., are discussed.—J. H. S.] has always shown an amalgam of Conservative and Liberal instincts and leanings, although the former have never been those of the "predominant partner." The constant effort of the Staff is to be fair and patriotic, and to subordinate their personal views to the general good.



18.—ONE OF MR. PUNCH'S FISHING TALES. 1845.



19.—THE DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT. 1846.

THE LAST NEW RAILWAY SCHEME.



Our modern projectors having exhausted the old world of railways above ground, have invented a new world of a subterranean kind, in which they propose to construct lines "under the present wide, leading streets of London." This is a magnificent notion for relieving the over-crowded thoroughfares, and at the same time relieving any particularly over-crowded pocket from its oppressive burden. The prospectus states that the thing "can be accomplished without any serious engineering difficulties." The difficulties, instead of being serious, will, we suppose, be merely laughable. If any great dilemma should arise, it will of course be overcome by a little jocularly.

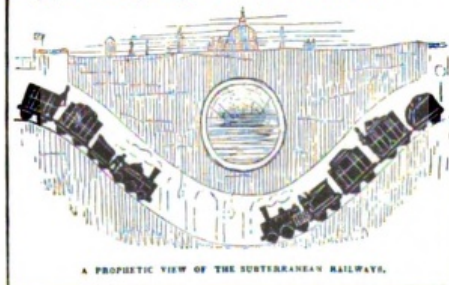
We understand that a survey has already been made, and that many of the inhabitants along the line have expressed their readiness to place their coal-cellars at the disposal of the company. It is believed that much expense may be saved by taking advantage of areas, kitchens, and coal-holes already made, through which the trains may run without much inconvenience to the owners, by making a judicious arrangement of the time-table. It will certainly be awkward if a family should be waiting for a scuttle of coals, and should not be able to get it until after the train had gone by; but a little domestic foresight, seconded by railway punctuality, will obviate all annoyances of this kind.

As the contemplated railway must in several places be carried through the sides and centre of a street, it will be necessary to arrange with the gas and water companies, so that they may all co-operate in this great national work. If the atmospheric principle should be adopted, arrangements could perhaps be entered into to obtain the use of the principal main belonging to the water-works as a continuous valve; for if we are to judge by the arrangements on the Croydon line, this continuous valve is a tremendous pipe, which merely lies in the middle of the line without being used.

The Sewers, by the way, would, with a little enlargement, answer all the purposes of the projectors of this scheme. It is true they are half full of water; but this would not prevent the carriages from being propelled, and the wheels might be sufficiently high to keep the bodies of the carriages and the feet of the passengers out of the wet.

Considering the frequent stoppages of the existing thoroughfares, the scheme really seems to deserve encouragement. "Nothing is wanted," says the prospectus, "for this grand undertaking, but public support." If the people will only come down with their money, we should not wonder at seeing the company get as far as half-a-dozen advertisements in the daily papers, and a brass plate in the City. Those who are disposed to sink a little capital cannot do better than bury it under the Metropolis in the manner proposed.

We perceive that no amount of deposit is named, and nothing is said of the number or nominal value of the shares. The Secretary is announced to be in attendance to receive deposits from eleven to two; though, whether he gets any is, in our opinion, ten to one.



20.—MR. PUNCH SCOFFS AT THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY SCHEME. 1846.

For, whatever the public may think, neither Editor nor Staff is bound by any consideration to any party or any person, but hold themselves free to satirise or to approve "all round."

When No. 16 was published, Disraeli was the leader of the "Young England" party,



21.—ONE OF LEECH'S SKETCHES. 1847.

having some years previously been converted from a Radical into a Tory: hence the allusions contained in the lines below this sketch.

In a later part of this article Mr. Punch's



22.—A JOKE DRAWN BY THACKERAY, THE POINT OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN DISCOVERED. 1847.



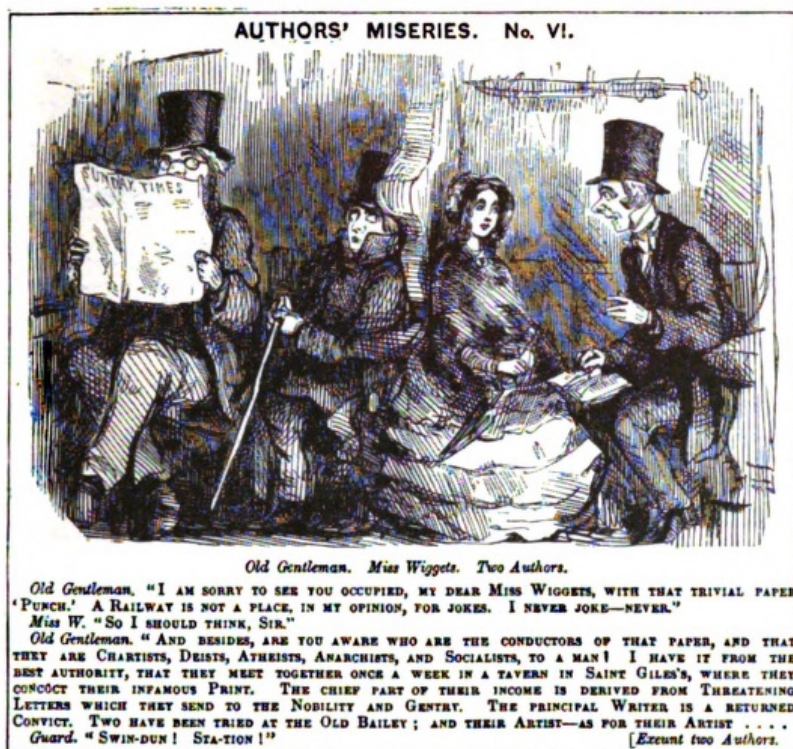
23.—A PICTURE OF DOMESTIC BLISS. 1847.

treatment of Disraeli's great rival Gladstone will be illustrated.

The vivid "Portrait of the Railway Panic," by Doyle, No. 17, was published November 8, 1845, and refers to the depression in railway-dividends then being caused by over-competition in railway-promotion; No. 20 also refers to the railway-schemes of that time, and is Mr. Punch's ironical notice [dated September 26, 1846] of "The Last New Railway Scheme," i.e., the proposal for making an Underground Railway, which, as we here read, was scoffed at by *Punch*—"The Secretary is announced to be in attendance to receive deposits from eleven to two; though, whether he gets any is, in our opinion, ten to one." But immediately below these words Mr. Punch gives a sectional diagram of the Underground Railway as he conceived it, and it is not a bad shot at "A prophetic view of the subterranean railways." As a matter of fact, the works for the now familiar Metropolitan (Under-



24.—A SKETCH BY DOYLE. 1848.



25.—DRAWN BY THACKERAY, AND CONTAINING AT THE LEFT PORTRAITS OF THACKERAY AND OF DOUGLAS JERROLD. 1848.

ground) Railway were commenced in 1860; fourteen years after this ironical prophecy by *Punch*.

No. 18 is one of John Leech's jokes on fishermen's tales, and No. 19 is another joke probably based on fact. The amusing picture, No. 21, illustrating "The Rising Generation," is also by John Leech.

No. 22 is a curiosity. It was drawn by Thackeray and published on page 59 of Volume XII., February 6, 1847. From that day to this, more than fifty years, no one has discovered the point of this joke by Thackeray. "The History of *Punch*" records that on the appearance of this sketch the "Man in the Moon" offered "a reward of £500 and a free pardon" to anyone who would publish an explanation. The reward was never claimed.

What *does* this sketch mean? Is the shorter female a servant caught in the act of trying on

her mistress's best cap? But if so, why is the "scene" placed in a room that seems to be a library and not a bedroom? And is the object on, or near, the front of the taller woman's dress, the falling cap of the servant? But if so, how does the servant's cap come to be falling as the figures are placed—there is no sign on the part of the servant [?] that she has just dropped the cap [?] from her left hand? This is truly a puzzle and will probably never be solved, although when one remembers that this was drawn by Thackeray, and passed, as one may suppose, by Mark Lemon, the Editor of *Punch* in the year 1847, both men of keen wit, it is scarcely possible to think that this joke does not contain any point.

A sketch of "Domestic Bliss" is shown in No. 23, and No. 24 is a picture by Richard Doyle of "Mr. John Bull after an attack of Income-Tax." This was published in the spring of 1848, and must I think have been the outcome of a then-recent smart from an ordinary income-tax payment by Mr. Punch, for on turning up the income-tax records I find that the rate was not unusually high in the year 1848, the tax being 7d. in the £ for the years 1846 to 1852.

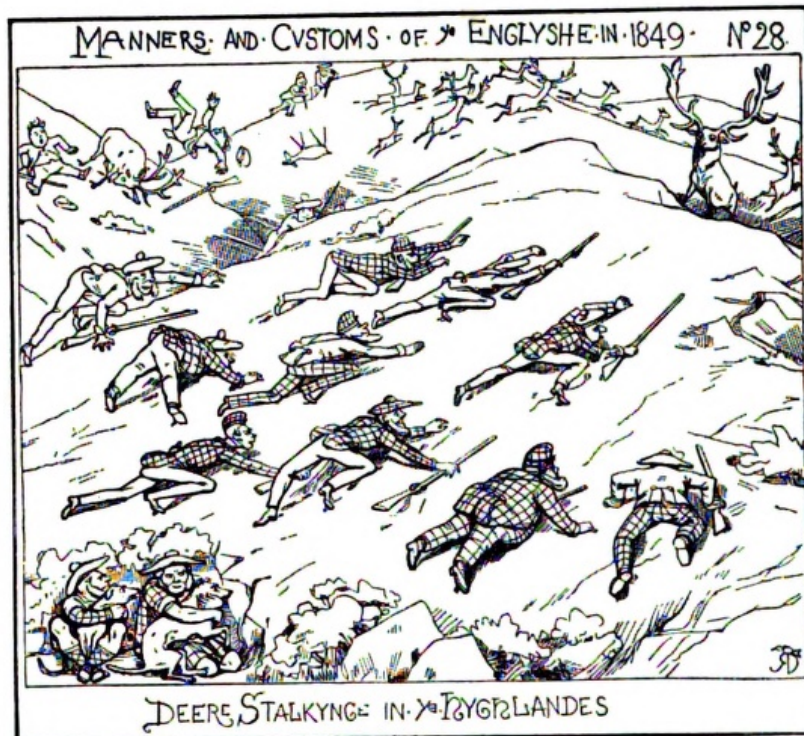
No. 25 was drawn by Thackeray, in 1848.



26.—MORE DOMESTIC BLISS. 1848.

and the "Two Authors" at the left are portraits of Thackeray, who is reading the *Sunday Times*, and of Douglas Jerrold, who is leaning against the padded division of the railway compartment, while both authors are listening to the denunciations of themselves and of their fellow-Punchites which are being poured out by the reverend gentleman at the other end of the compartment.

Glancing at Nos. 26 and 27, we come to No. 28, which is one of Richard Doyle's very funny serial sketches, entitled "Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe." This is one of the funniest, although, where all are so good, it is difficult to single out



28.—BY RICHARD DOYLE. 1849.



27.—A STREET-ARAB OF 1849.

any one of this remarkably clever series. Every bit of this sketch, No. 28, is worth looking at; the climbing positions of the deer-stalkers are most comical, and look at the two gillies holding back the dogs, and at the stag who is surveying the approaching attack. This was published September 22, 1849.

When No. 29 was published there were only eleven (half-yearly) volumes of *Punch* available for use by the patient who is here

seen consulting Dr. Punch. There are now available one hundred and fifteen of these volumes, and actual experience of Dr. Punch's advice to his patient enables me to thoroughly indorse the soundness of the advice given by the wise and genial old doctor of Fleet Street.



29.—A PIECE OF GOOD ADVICE BY DR. PUNCH. 1847.

(To be continued.)



FROM THE FRENCH OF
ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

THE SPIDER of GUYANA

THE mineral waters of Spinbronn, in Hundsruok, a few leagues from Pirmesans, formerly enjoyed an excellent reputation, for Spinbronn was the rendezvous of all the gouty and rheumatic members of the German aristocracy. The wild nature of the surrounding country did not deter the visitors, for they were lodged in charming villas at the foot of the mountain. They bathed in the cascade which fell in large sheets of foam from the summit of the rocks, and drank two or three pints of the water every day. Dr. Daniel Haselnoss, who prescribed for the sick and those who thought they were, received his patients in a large wig, brown coat, and ruffles, and was rapidly making his fortune.

To-day, however, Spinbronn is no longer a favourite watering-place. The fashionable visitors have disappeared; Dr. Haselnoss has given up his practice; and the town is only inhabited by a few poor, miserable woodcutters. All this is the result of a succession of strange and unprecedented catastrophes, which Councillor Bremen, of Pirmesans, recounted to me the other evening.

"You know, Mr. Fritz," he said, "that the source of the Spinbronn flows from a sort of cavern about 5ft. high, and from 10ft. to 15ft. across; the water, which has a tem-

perature of 67deg. centigrade, is salt. The front of the cavern is half hidden by moss, ivy, and low shrubs, and it is impossible to find out the depth of it, because of the thermal exhalations which prevent any entrance.

"In spite of that, it had been remarked for a century that the birds of the locality, hawks, thrushes, and turtle-doves, were engulfed in full flight, and no one knew of what mysterious influence it was the result. During the season of 1801, for some unexplained reason, the source became more abundant, and the visitors one evening, taking their constitutional promenade on the lawns at the foot of the rocks, saw a human skeleton descend from the cascade.

"You can imagine the general alarm, Mr. Fritz. It was naturally supposed that a murder had been committed at Spinbronn some years before, and that the victim had been thrown into the source. But the skeleton, which was blanched as white as snow, only weighed twelve pounds; and Dr. Haselnoss concluded that, in all probability, it had been in the sand more than three centuries to have arrived at that state of desiccation.

"Plausible as his reasoning was, it did not prevent many visitors leaving that same day, horrified to have drunk the waters. The

really gouty and rheumatic ones, however, stayed on, and consoled themselves with the doctor's version. But the following days the cavern disgorged all that it contained of detritus; and a veritable ossuary descended the mountain—skeletons of animals of all sorts, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles. In fact, all the most horrible things that could be imagined.

"Then Haselnoss wrote and published a pamphlet to prove that all these bones were relics of the antediluvian world, that they were fossil skeletons, accumulated there in a sort of funnel during the universal Deluge, that is to say, four thousand years before Christ; and, consequently, could only be regarded as stones, and not as anything repulsive.

"But his work had barely reassured the gouty ones, when one fine morning the corpse of a fox, and then of a hawk, with all its plumage, fell from the cascade. Impossible to maintain that these had existed before the Deluge, and the exodus became general.

"How horrible!" cried the ladies. "That is where the so-called virtue of mineral waters springs from. Better die of rheumatism than continue such a remedy."

"At the end of a week the only visitor left was a stout Englishman, Commodore Sir Thomas Hawerbrook, who lived on a grand scale, as most Englishmen do. He was tall and very stout, and of a florid complexion. His hands were literally knotted with gout, and he would have drunk no matter what if he thought it would cure him. He laughed loudly at the desertion of the sufferers, installed himself in the best of the villas, and announced his intention of spending the winter at Spinbronn."

Here Councillor Bremen leisurely took a large pinch of snuff to refresh

his memory, and with the tips of his fingers shook off the tiny particles which fell on his delicate lace jabot. Then he went on:—

"Five or six years before the revolution of 1789, a young doctor of Pirmesans, called Christian Weber, went to St. Domingo to seek his fortune. He had been very successful, and was about to retire, when the revolt of the negroes occurred. Happily he escaped the massacre, and was able to save part of his fortune. He travelled for a time in South America, and about the period of which I speak, returned to Pirmesans, and bought the house and what remained of the practice of Dr. Haselnoss.

"Dr. Christian Weber brought with him an old negress called Agatha; a very ugly old woman, with a flat nose, and enormous lips. She always enveloped her head in a sort of turban of the most startling colours; and wore rings in her ears which reached to her shoulders. Altogether she was such a singular-looking creature, that the mountaineers came from miles around just to look at her.

"The doctor himself was a tall, thin man, invariably dressed in a blue swallow-tailed coat and leather breeches. He talked very little, his laugh was dry and nervous, and his habits most eccentric. During his wanderings he had collected a number of insects of almost every species,

and seemed to be much more interested in them than in his patients. In his daily rambles among the mountains he often found butterflies to add to his collection, and these he brought home pinned to the lining of his hat.

"Dr. Weber, Mr. Fritz, was my cousin and my guardian, and directly he returned to Germany he took me from school, and settled me with him at Spinbronn. Agatha was a great friend



"AGATHA."

of mine, though at first she frightened me, but she was a good creature, knew how to make the most delicious sweets, and could sing the most charming songs.

"Sir Thomas and Dr. Weber were on friendly terms, and spent long hours together talking of subjects beyond my comprehension—of transmission of fluids, and mysterious things which they had observed in their travels. Another mystery to me was the singular influence which the doctor appeared to have over the negress, for though she was generally particularly lively, ready to be amused at the slightest thing, yet she trembled like a leaf if she encountered her master's eyes fixed upon her.

"I have told you that birds, and even large animals, were engulfed in the cavern. After the disappearance of the visitors, some of the old inhabitants remembered that about fifty years before a young girl, Loisa Muller, who lived with her grandmother in a cottage near the source, had suddenly disappeared. She had gone out one morning to gather herbs, and was never seen or heard of again, but her apron had been found a few days later near the mouth of the cavern. From that it was evident to all that the skeleton about which Dr. Haselnoos had written so eloquently was that of the poor girl, who had, no doubt, been drawn into the cavern by the mysterious influence which almost daily acted upon more feeble creatures. What that influence was nobody could tell. The superstitious mountaineers believed that the devil inhabited the cavern, and terror spread throughout the district.

"One afternoon, in the month of July, my cousin was occupied in classifying his insects and re-arranging them in their cases. He had found some curious ones the night before, at which he was highly delighted. I was helping by making a needle red-hot in the flame of a candle.

"Sir Thomas, lying back in a chair near the window and smoking a big cigar, was regarding us with a dreamy air. The commodore was very fond of me. He often took me driving with him, and used to like to hear me chatter in English. When the doctor had labelled all his butterflies, he opened the box of larger insects.

"‘I caught a magnificent horn-beetle yesterday,’ he said, ‘the *lucanus cervus* of the Hartz oaks. It is a rare kind.’

"As he spoke I gave him the hot needle, which he passed through the insect preparatory to fixing it on the cork. Sir

Thomas, who had taken no notice till then, rose and came to the table on which the case of specimens stood. He looked at the spider of Guyana, and an expression of horror passed over his rubicund features.

"‘There,’ he said, ‘is the most hideous work of the Creator. I tremble only to look at it.’

"And, sure enough, a sudden pallor spread over his face.

"‘Bah!’ said my guardian, ‘all that is childish nonsense. You heard your nurse scream at a spider, you were frightened, and the impression has remained. But if you regard the creature with a strong microscope, you would be astonished at the delicacy of its organs, at their admirable arrangement, and even at their beauty.’

"‘It disgusts me,’ said the commodore, brusquely. ‘Pouff!’

"And he walked away.

"‘I don’t know why,’ he continued, ‘but a spider always freezes my blood.’

"Dr. Weber burst out laughing, but I felt the same as Sir Thomas, and sympathized with him.

"‘Yes, cousin, take away that horrid creature,’ I cried. ‘It is frightful, and spoils all the others.’

"‘Little stupid,’ said he, while his eyes flashed, ‘nobody compels you to look at them. If you are not pleased you can go.’

"Evidently he was angry, and Sir Thomas, who was standing by the window regarding the mountains, turned suddenly round, and took me by the hand.

"‘Your guardian loves his spiders, Frantz,’ he said, kindly. ‘We prefer the trees and the grass. Come with me for a drive.’

"‘Yes, go,’ returned the doctor, ‘and be back to dinner at six.’ Then, raising his voice, ‘No offence, Sir Thomas,’ he said.

"Sir Thomas turned and laughed, and we went out to the carriage.

"The commodore decided to drive himself, and sent back his servant. He placed me on the seat beside him, and we started for Rothalps. While the carriage slowly mounted the sandy hill, I was quiet and sad. Sir Thomas, too, was grave, but my silence seemed to strike him.

"‘You don’t like the spiders, Frantz; neither do I. But, thank Heaven! there are no dangerous ones in this country. The spider which your cousin has in his box is found in the swampy forests of Guyana, which is always full of hot vapours and burning exhalations, for it needs a high temperature to support its existence. Its

immense web, or rather its net, would surround an ordinary thicket, and birds are caught in it, the same as flies in our spiders' webs. But do not think any more about it; let us drink a glass of Burgundy.'

"As he spoke he lifted the cover of the seat, and, taking out a flask of wine, poured me out a full leathern goblet.

"I felt better when I had drunk it, and we continued our way. The carriage was drawn by a little Ardennes pony, which climbed the steep incline as lightly and actively as a goat. The air was full of the murmur of myriads of insects. At our right was the forest of Rothalps. At our left was the cascade of Spinbronn; and the higher we mounted, the bluer became the silver sheets of water foaming in the distance, and the more musical the sound as the water passed over the rocks.

"Both Sir Thomas and I were captivated by the spectacle, and, lost in a reverie, allowed the pony to go on as he would. Soon we were within a hundred paces of the cavern of Spinbronn. The shrubs around the entrance were remarkably green. The water, as it flowed from the cavern, passed over the top of the rock, which was slightly hollowed, and there formed a small lake, from which it again burst forth and descended into the valley below. This lake was shallow, the bottom of it composed of sand and black pebbles, and, although covered with a slight vapour, the water was clear and limpid as crystal.

"The pony stopped to breathe. Sir Thomas got out and walked about for a few seconds.

"How calm it is,' he said.

"Then, after a minute's silence, he continued: 'Frantz, if you were not here, I should have a bathe in that lake.'

"Well, why not?' I answered. 'I will take a walk the while. There are numbers of strawberries to be found a little way up that mountain. I can go and get some, and be back in an hour.'

"Capital idea, Frantz. Dr. Weber pretends that I drink too much Burgundy; we must counteract that with mineral water. This little lake looks inviting.'

"Then he fastened the pony to the trunk of a tree, and waved his hand in adieu. Sitting down on the moss, he commenced to take off his

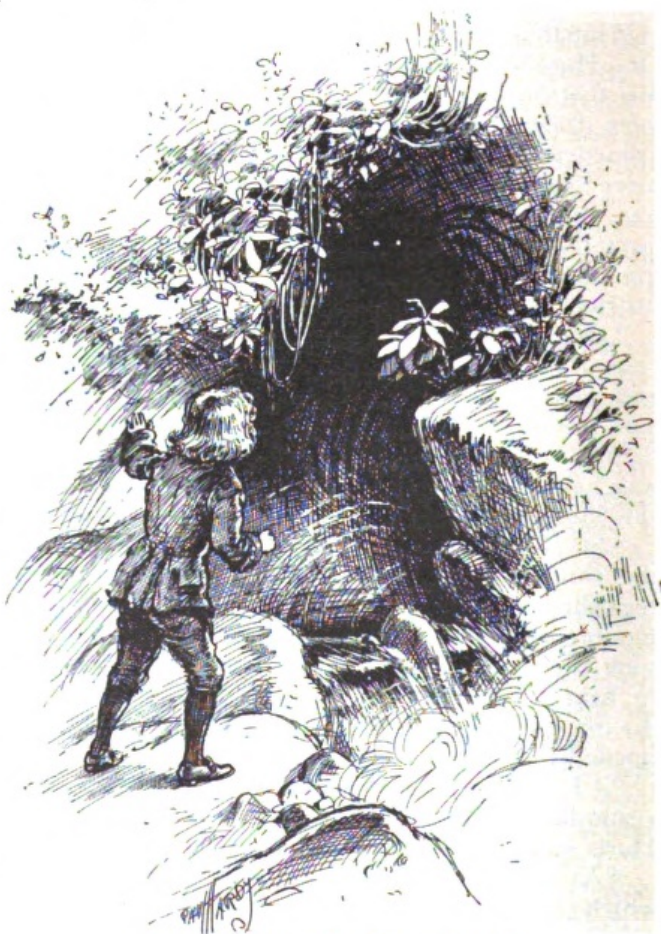
boots, and, as I walked away, he called after me:—

"In an hour, Frantz.'

"They were his last words.

"An hour after I returned. The pony, the carriage, and Sir Thomas's clothes were all that I could see. The sun was going down and the shadows were lengthening. Not a sound of bird or of insect, and a silence as of death filled the solitude. This silence frightened me. I climbed on to the rock above the cavern, and looked right and left. There was nobody to be seen. I called; no one responded. The sound of my voice repeated by the echoes filled me with terror. Night was coming on. All of a sudden I remembered the disappearance of Loisa Muller, and I hurried down to the front of the cavern. There I stopped in affright, and glancing towards the entrance, I saw two red, motionless points.

"A second later I distinguished some dark moving object farther back in the cavern, farther perhaps than human eye had ever before penetrated; for fear had sharpened my sight, and given all my senses an acute-



"I SAW TWO RED, MOTIONLESS POINTS."

ness of perception which I had never before experienced.

"During the next minute I distinctly heard the chirp, chirp of a grasshopper, and the bark of a dog in the distant village. Then my heart, which had been frozen with terror, commenced to beat furiously, and I heard nothing more. With a wild cry I fled, leaving pony and carriage.

"In less than twenty minutes, bounding over rocks and shrubs, I reached my cousin's door.

"'Run, run,' I cried, in a choking tone, as I burst into the room where Dr. Weber and some invited friends were waiting for us. 'Run, run; Sir Thomas is dead; Sir Thomas is in the cavern,' and I fell fainting on the floor.

"All the village turned out to search for the commodore. At ten o'clock they returned, bringing back Sir Thomas's clothes, the pony, and carriage. They had found nothing, seen nothing, and it was impossible to go ten paces into the cavern.

"During their absence Agatha and I remained in the chimney-corner, I still trembling with fear, she, with wide-open eyes, going from time to time to the window, from which we could see the torches passing to and fro on the mountain, and hear the searchers shout to one another in the still night air.

"At her master's approach Agatha began to tremble. The doctor entered brusquely, pale, with set lips. He was followed by about twenty woodcutters, shaking out the last remnants of their nearly extinguished torches.

"He had barely entered before, with flashing eyes, he glanced round the room, as if in search of something. His eyes fell on the negress, and without a word being exchanged between them the poor woman began to cry.

"'No, no, I will not,' she shrieked.

"'But I will,' returned the doctor, in a hard tone.

"The negress shook from head to foot, as though seized by some invisible power. The doctor pointed to a seat, and she sat down as rigid as a corpse.

"The woodcutters, good, simple people, full of pious sentiments, crossed themselves, and I, who had never yet heard of the hypnotic force, began to tremble, thinking Agatha was dead.

"Dr. Weber approached the negress, and passed his hands over her forehead.

"'Are you ready?' he said.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Sir Thomas Hawerbrook.'

"At these words she shivered again.

"'Do you see him?'

"'Yes, yes,' she answered, in a gasping voice, 'I see him.'

"'Where is he?'

"'Up there, in the depths of the cavern—dead!'

"'Dead!' said the doctor; 'how?'

"'The spider! oh, the spider!'

"'Calm yourself,' said the doctor, who was very pale. 'Tell us clearly.'

"'The spider holds him by the throat—in the depths of the cavern—under the rock—enveloped in its web—Ah!'

"Dr. Weber glanced round on the people, who, bending forward, with eyes starting out of their heads, listened in horror.

"Then he continued: 'You see him?'

"'I see him.'

"'And the spider. Is it a big one?'

"'O Master, never, never, have I seen such a big one. Neither on the banks of the Mocaris, nor in the swamps of Konanama. It is as large as my body.'

"There was a long silence. Everybody waited with livid face and hair on end. Only the doctor kept calm. Passing his hand two or three times over the woman's forehead, he recommenced his questions. Agatha described how Sir Thomas's death happened.

"'He was bathing in the lake of the source. The spider saw his bare back from behind. It had been fasting for a long time, and was hungry. Then it saw Sir Thomas's arm on the water. All of a sudden it rushed out, put its claws round the commodore's neck. He cried out, "Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu." The spider stung him and went back, and Sir Thomas fell into the water and died. Then the spider returned, spun its web round him, and swam slowly, gently back to the extremity of the cavern; drawing Sir Thomas after it by the thread attached to its own body.'

"I was still sitting in the chimney corner, overwhelmed with fright. The doctor turned to me.

"'Is it true, Frantz, that the commodore was going to bathe?'

"'Yes, cousin.'

"'At what time?'

"'At four o'clock.'

"'At four o'clock? It was very hot then, was it not?'

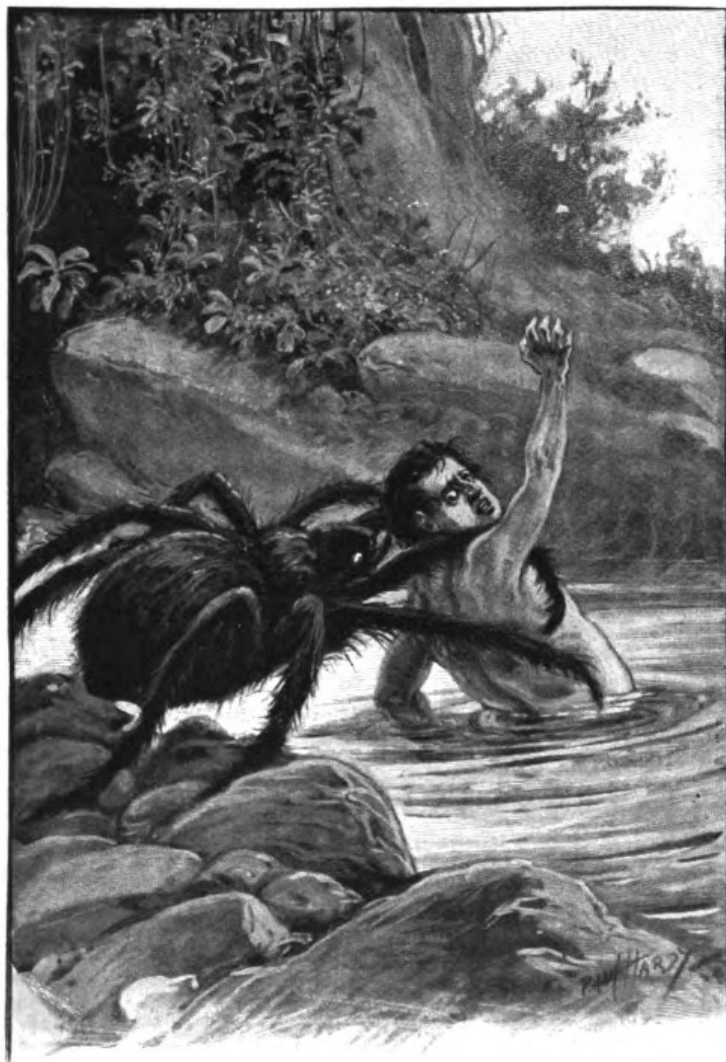
"'Yes; oh, yes.'

"'That's it. The monster was not afraid to come out then.'

"He spoke a few unintelligible words, and turned to the peasants.

"My friends,' he cried, 'that is where the mass of *débris* and those skeletons come from. It is the spider which has frightened away your visitors, and ruined you all. It is

stopped. The torches were lighted and the crowd advanced. The limpid water flowed over the sand, reflecting the blue light of the resinous torches, the rays of which illuminated the tops of the dark, overhanging pines on the rocks above us.



"IT RUSHED OUT AND PUT ITS CLAWS AROUND THE COMMODORE'S NECK."

there hidden in its web, entrapping its prey into the depths of the cavern. Who can say the number of its victims?'

"He rushed impetuously from the house, and all the woodcutters hurried after him.

"Bring fagots, bring fagots!' he cried.

"Ten minutes later two immense carts, laden with fagots, slowly mounted the hill; a long file of woodcutters followed, with hatchets on their shoulders. My guardian and I walked in front, holding the horses by the bridle; while the moon lent a vague, melancholy light to the funereal procession.

"At the entrance of the cavern the *cortège*

"It is here you must unload,' said the doctor. 'We must block up the entrance of the cavern.'

"It was not without a feeling of dread that they commenced to execute his order. The fagots fell from the tops of the carts, and the men piled them up before the opening, placing some stakes against them to prevent their being carried away by the water. Towards midnight the opening was literally closed by the fagots. The hissing water below them flowed right and left over the moss, but those on the top were perfectly dry.

"Then Dr. Weber took a lighted torch, and himself set fire to the pile. The flames spread from twig to twig, and rose towards the sky, preceded by dense clouds of smoke. It was a wild, strange sight, and the woods lighted by the crackling flames had a weird effect. Thick volumes of smoke proceeded from the cavern, while the men standing round, gloomy and motionless, waited with their eyes fixed on the opening. As for me, though I trembled from head to foot, I could not withdraw my gaze.

"We waited quite a quarter of an hour, and Dr. Weber began to be impatient, when a black object, with long, crooked claws,

"Evidently driven by the heat, the spider had taken refuge in its den. Then, suffocated by the smoke, it had returned to the charge, and rushed into the middle of the flames. The body of the horrible creature was as large as a man's, reddish violet in colour, and most repulsive in appearance.

"That, Mr. Fritz, is the strange event which destroyed the reputation of Spinbronn. I can swear to the exactitude of my story, but it would be impossible for me to give you an explanation. Nevertheless, admitting that the high temperature of certain thermal springs furnishes the same conditions of existence as the burning climate of Africa



"ONE OF THE MEN THREW HIS HATCHET."

suddenly appeared in the shadow, and then threw itself forward towards the opening. One of the men, fearing that it would leap over the fire, threw his hatchet, and aimed at the creature so well that, for an instant, the blood which flowed from its wound half-quenched the fire, but soon the flame revived, and the horrible insect was consumed.

and South America, it is not unreasonable to suppose that insects, subject to its influence, can attain an enormous development.

"Whatever may have been the cause, my guardian decided that it would be useless to attempt to resuscitate the waters of Spinbronn; so he sold his house, and returned to America with his negress and his collection."

The Training Ship "Exmouth."

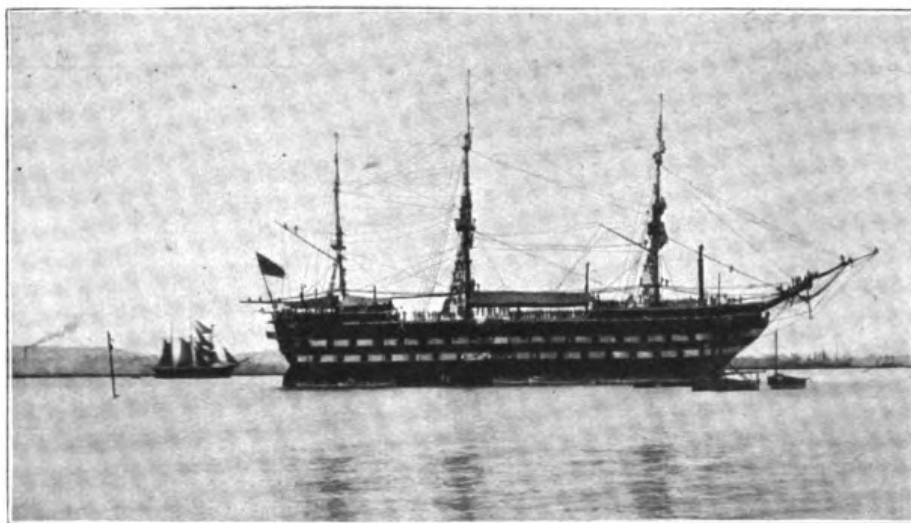
By DR. CH. H. LEIBBRAND.

Illustrated from Photographs taken under his direction by A. and G. Taylor, Photographers to the Queen.

READER, have you been to Grays, the station next to historical Purfleet, on the London and Tilbury line to Southend? If not, let me tell you that it is not a large place, nor a nice place either. Still, this struggling township on the Thames is worth visiting. Almost within the shadow of its tiny red brick houses lies one of the finest institutions in England for the making of sailors, and soldiers, and citizens—for the making of men.

Proceeding a short distance along the main street towards the river the traveller will be brought face to face with this civilizing centre. He will see a huge, bold, sturdy vessel

officers still more eloquently testify to its intimate connection with the defences of the country—with the Navy and the Army, with the development of patriotism and citizenship. For, from this training ship have gone forth about 5,700 youths, well equipped for the struggle of existence, and not less well trained to battle with winds and waves and the treachery of oceans deep. Indeed, of these 5,700 no fewer than 2,106 went to swell the ranks of the Royal Navy; 446 shipped as ordinary seamen; 1,385 as deck and cabin boys; 150 as apprentices, and 300 as assistant cooks and stewards. And again, within the same period, 900 have joined the Army as band boys; whilst hundreds, once more, embarked



THE "EXMOUTH."

riding proudly upon the ebbing and flowing tide, moored about a hundred yards off the shore. This splendid three-decker, of 3,106 tons displacement and with a measurement of 220ft. by 59ft., is London's training ship *Exmouth*.

The vessel's ninety-one portholes still proclaim its original character—that of a man-of-war; even though her armament consists now of but two truck and two field pieces, instead of the ninety-one guns which should be mounted there. Its complement of 600 lads, its Captain-Superintendent, and staff of

with average fair success upon other occupations, taking to handicrafts, trades, and industries for which they received their first moral and sound practical training on board this veteran three-decker.

A large part of the striking prosperity which has attended the *Exmouth* is undoubtedly due to the most competent Captain-Superintendent in Staff-Commander W. S. Bouchier. Entering the Navy in 1840, as a navigating midshipman on board the *Impregnable*, this officer had, previous to his appointment to the *Goliath*



CAPTAIN BOURCHIER, HIS DAUGHTER, AND GRAND-DAUGHTER

in 1870, passed through a school of excellent training. After successive services as navigating sub-lieutenant, first in the Mediterranean, on board the *Polyphemus*; then on the south-east coast of America, on the brigantine *Griffon*, he had (upon being promoted navigating lieutenant) held the command of the *Myrtle*, steamer-tender to the flagship, for close on twelve years. And this varied and instructive career Captain Bouchier had been able to complete by a further service as navigating lieutenant to the then Captain, now Admiral, Sir Anthony Hoskins, on board the *Zebra*, engaged upon a lengthy

Vol. xvii.—12

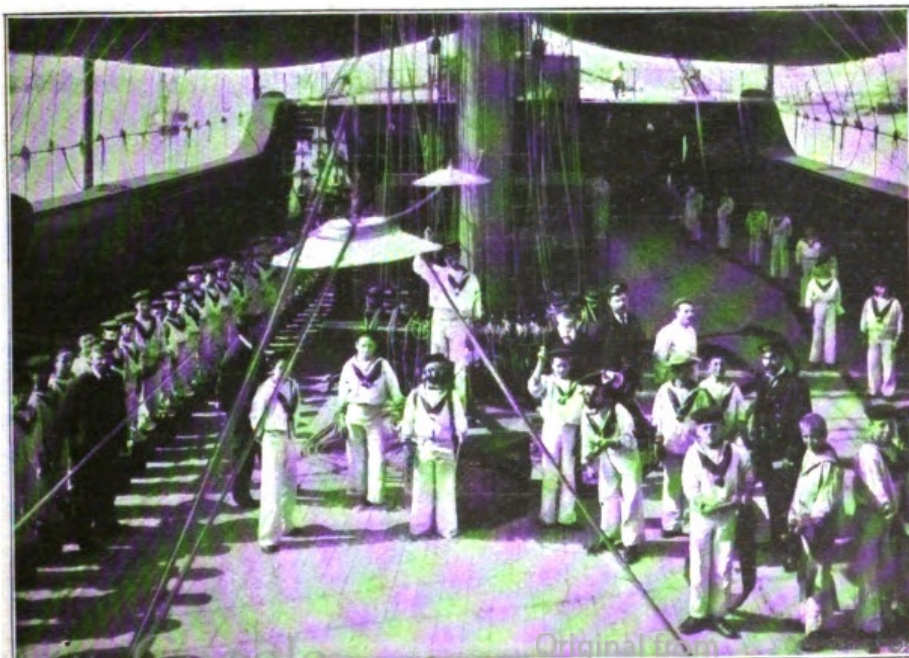
cruise along the coast of Africa. With so thoroughly trained and experienced an officer in command the experiment could, therefore, hardly fail to prosper.

So successful, indeed, has been the training and other educational work carried on on board this splendid three-decker that the last report of Admiral Bosanquet, than whom as Inspecting Captain-General of Naval Training Ships there can hardly be a better authority, may be taken as typical. In this report he says:—

The training ship *Exmouth* for boys is in most excellent order. The drills and instructions are exceedingly well taught, and the comfort and well-being of the lads is sedulously attended to. Captain Bouchier's arrangements are admirable and conscientiously carried out by a very able staff of officers. It is a *model training ship*.

And a model training ship the *Exmouth* truly is; the brief history of which, who knows? may be a not unimportant factor in the making of British history. To appreciate this paradox, reader, you must see this tiny, yet withal so manly, crew as it was a short time ago my good

fortune to see them when I visited the vessel, piloted by that genial assistant clerk to the Metropolitan Asylums Board, Mr. John Mallett. The notice informing the Captain-Superintendent of our intended visit, I after



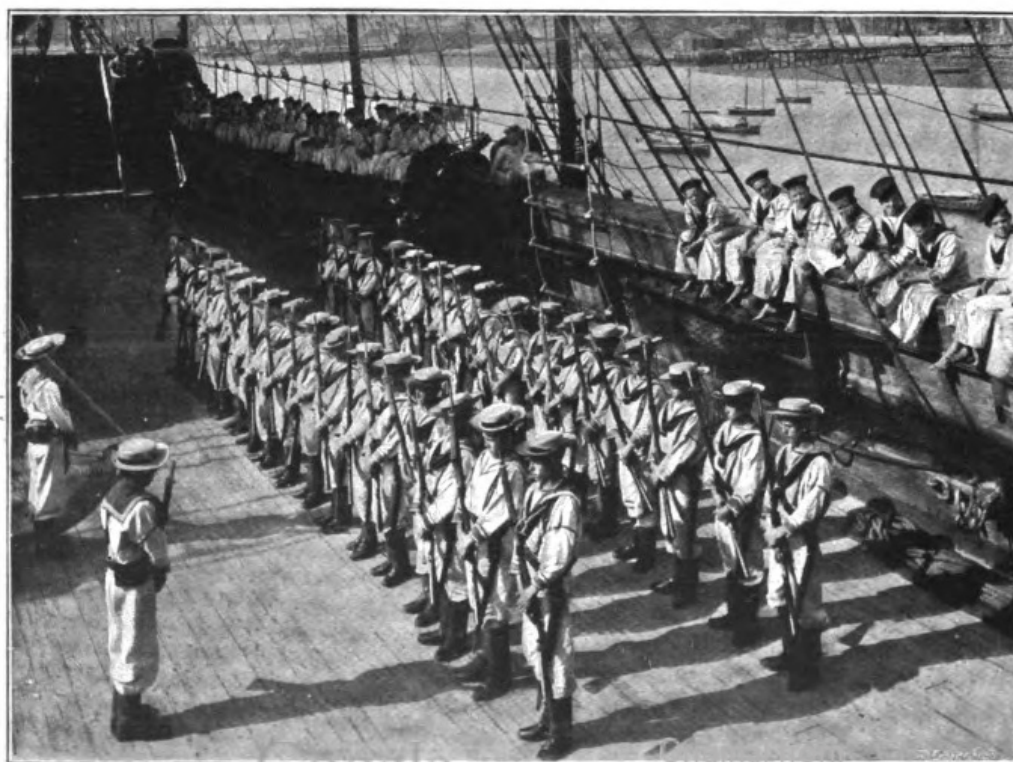
THE FIRST BRITISH UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



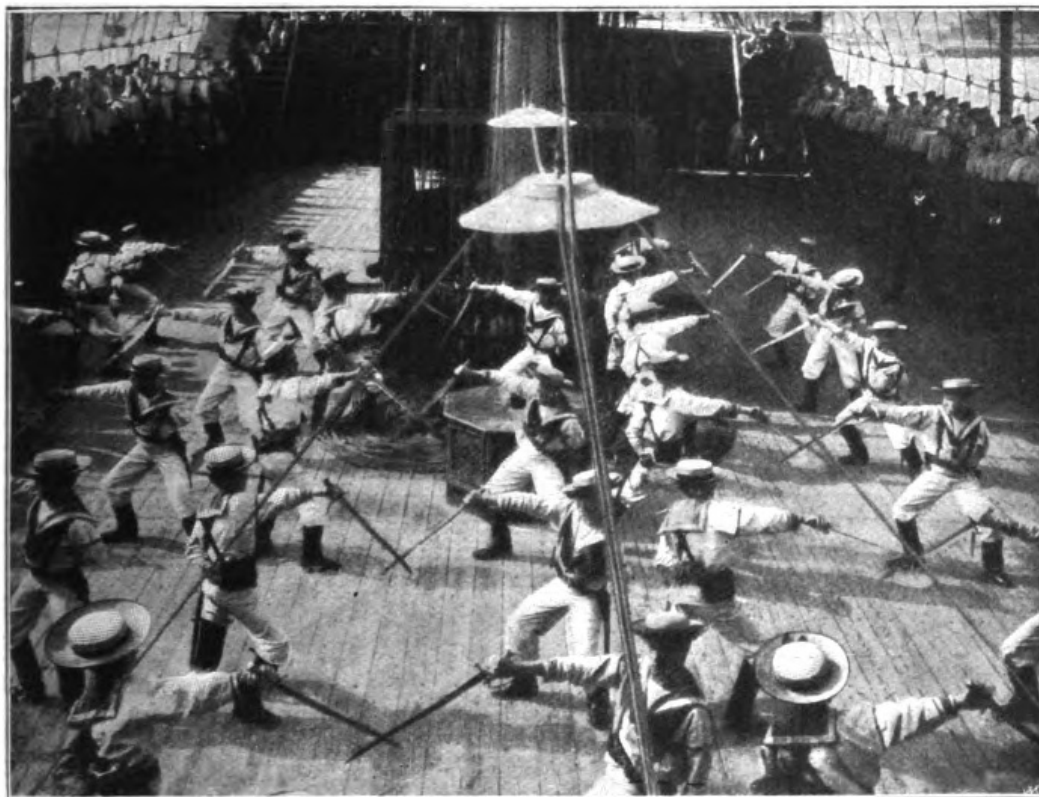
AT GYMNASTICS.

wards learned, had reached him but a few minutes previous to our arrival. Yet the moment we appeared on the landing-stage, the wind carried to us five notes of an assembly call. This was the only distinct sign of life on board. But scarcely had it passed by

when, as if by magic, the cutters and whalers, the gigs and pinnaces, and the launches of the *Exmouth* were manned and afloat; when on the main and upper decks, and on the bowsprit, and up the fore, main, and mizzen masts swarmed Liliputians to their



RIFLE DRILL.



FENCING DRILL.

posts, every tiny man ready to "do his duty." Though, to be sure, it is not an easy duty these sailor boys have to perform, for the routine and discipline on board the *Exmouth* is as that on board a man-of-war, tempered only by a consideration of the youth of the crew and by the maxim that "kindness leads farther than harshness."

From the early morning, when the bugle calls for the speedy slinging up of their hammocks on the orlop-deck, till late in the evening, when the general retreat is sounded and the hammocks are once more unslung, the various boat-crews and classes are kept going. Yet not as fancy's whim suggests; maxims evolved from sound experience inspire the educa-

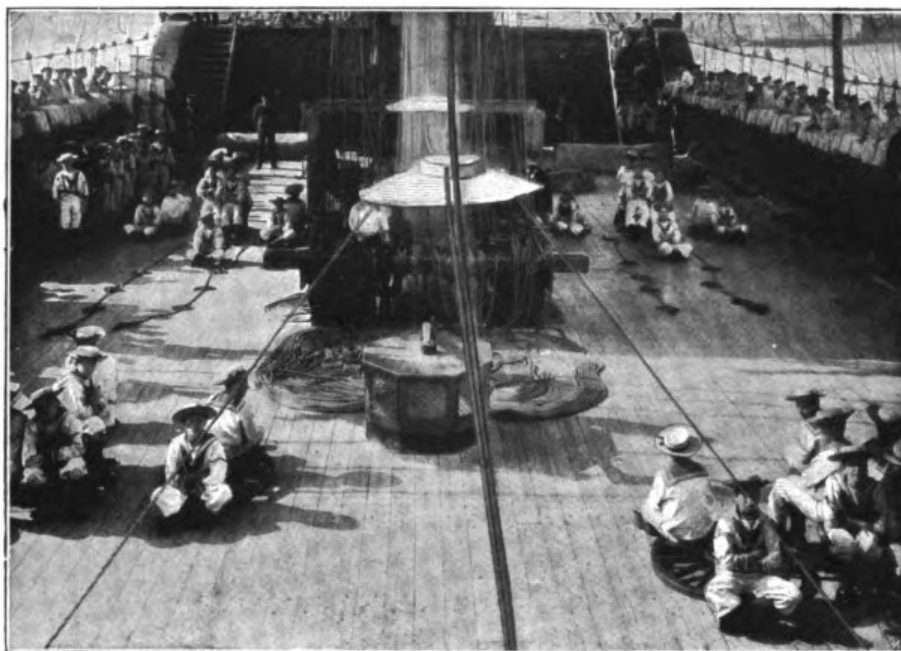
tional system on board. For instance, cleanliness is said to be next to godliness. The two, again, are known to be most conducive to discipline. At the same time, the strictest observance of these three precepts is recognised to be absolutely essential to the well-being of a large floating establishment. In



FIELD-GUN DRILL.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



DISMOUNTING FIELD-GUNS.

conformity with these truisms, thorough ablutions and thoughtful religious practices, such as morning and evening prayers, at which both officers and crew attend, are, therefore, as prominent features of the training on the

Exmouth as is the excellent discipline maintained on board the vessel. The ablutions, however, are particularly worthy of mention; the process is so original. There is a huge, broad tank-bath in the lavatory; not much smaller than a usual-sized swimming bath. Thither the lads proceed in marching order, though, of course, without any baggage, however slight; and promptly start to give themselves a

wholesome shampoo with carbolic soap. Being thus lathered they plunge head foremost into the tank. Diving straight through its full width, with wonderful agility they then bound over its anything but low side, landing—at attention—before the officer on watch, ready for inspection as

course. They are trained in whatever may tend towards the development of their muscles. So efficiently are the boys taught, that those whom I have seen at my visit go through most difficult exercises on the hori-



LOCATING THE TRUCK-GUNS.

zontal and parallel bars and on the spring-board, I would safely have compete with the best model sections or Masterriegen of Germany's leading gymnastic societies. Yet the Fatherland is the home and, as it were, the academy of systematic physical culture! Highly satisfactory, too, if

to their outward cleanliness.

This agility, this precision in the action and decision in the conduct of the boy-sailors and marines, is noticeable at whatever occupation they may be. Such perfection is to a great extent due to the lads' instruction in gymnastics and athletics. As the several illustrations show, in these they pass through a most comprehensive and systematic

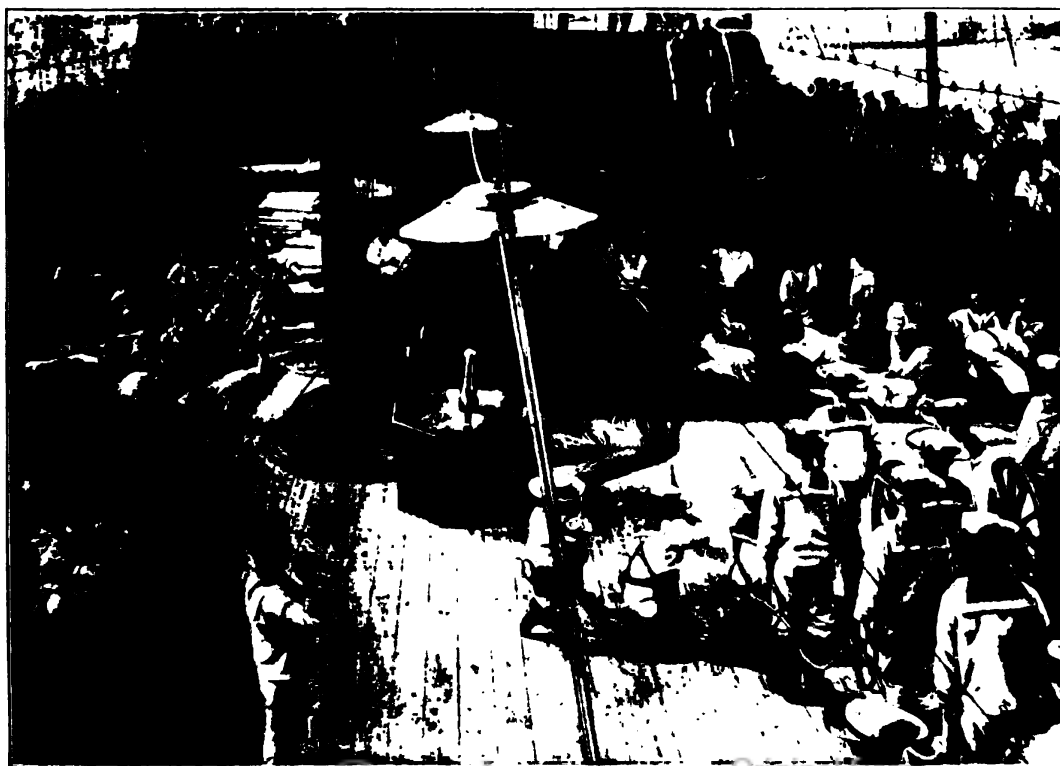


FIRING THE TRUCK-GUN.

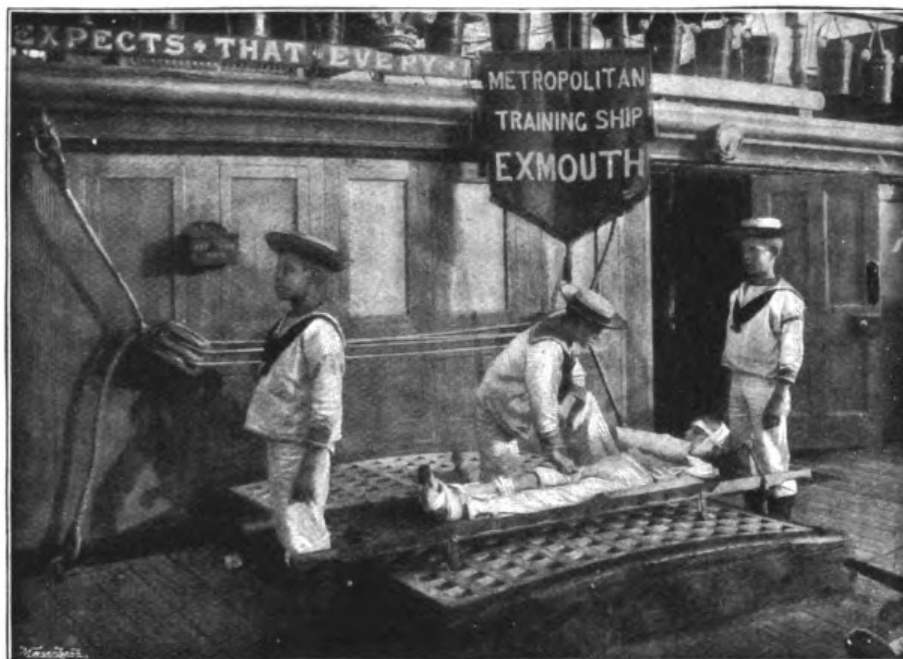
not truly astonishing, is the perfect manner in which the Liliputians on board the *Exmouth* take to their musketry, bayonet, and cutlass drill. Reader, you need but look at the illustrating snap-shots to feel that, when grown up or even before, these lads will prove men and warriors bold and true should occasion arise. Indeed, as it is, when witnessing the earnestness and skill with

the truck-guns, they are equally smart. How well the crews are trained, both in the use of rifle, cutlass, and cannon, and in their more extensive and complicated application to military tactics, is demonstrated by the photos. illustrating a sham-fight between a party of sailors and an imaginary enemy. It can be seen at a glance that the proceedings are looked upon by the

which each command of the drill-masters is executed, you soon fancy to be face to face with a company of marines—veterans in the exercise of arms—although, in fact, they are a company of mere boys, rescued from the streets and recruited from the workhouses. And as veterans in arms they behave at gun drill. At mounting or dismounting field-pieces, at charging or discharging



SHAM-FIGHT.



AMBULANCE DRILL.

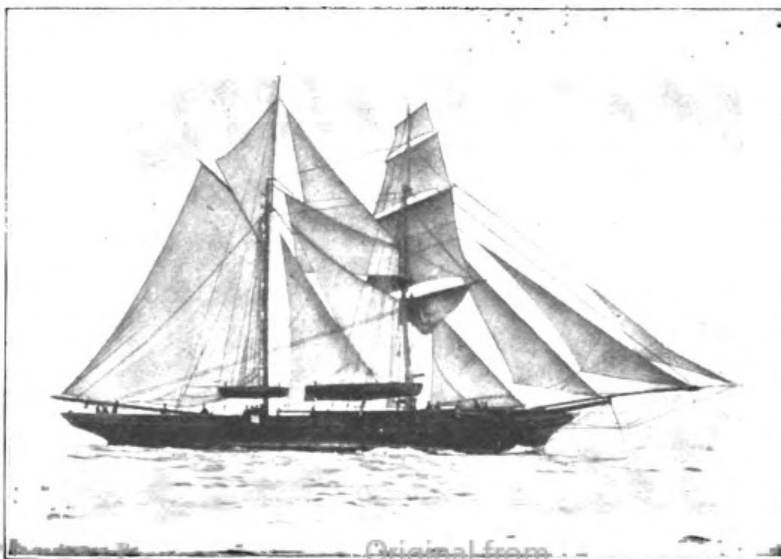
boys as something more than an amusing intermezzo in their daily routine; with them it is a serious lesson to be learned seriously.

However, the champions of disarmament and the advocates of peace must not assume that the training ship's youthful crew is reared up only in the spirit of militarism, and instructed only in the manifold defensive and offensive uses of the weapons of war. The picture showing the boy sailors and marines engaged upon Samaritan work, carried out with a promptitude and circumspection of which a master in surgery need not be ashamed, would already disprove their assumption. Yet, they may feel further assured that these principles of assisting the suffering are not confined in their educational operation to the mere bandaging and nursing of the wounded. These are inculcated into the mind and heart of the lads by many other methods, and applicable to many and far different situations.

For, hand in hand with their military training, the wards of the Metropolitan Asylums Board receive the benefit of moral training and a sound elementary education under the able direction of Mr. W. Hol-

lamby, the head schoolmaster on board the vessel. This education, in spite of a rather small staff, considering the hundreds of pupils, is not only equal to that provided at any Metropolitan Board School, but it aspires, justifiably, because successfully—even beyond—at a higher, more comprehensive, more thorough—going instruction, excellent though teaching in London's Board Schools frequently is.

Nor is the industrial side forgotten in the system of training on the *Exmouth*. Tailoring, carpentering, painting, sail and net-making, and so on, are part of the trades the boys have to learn and to prove efficient at. Indeed, most of the extensive and often difficult repairs constantly necessary to the three-decker, to her many boats, and to the boys' own outfits, are done by the latter, and done by these youngsters remarkably well, as, reader, you will see for yourself, if your good fortunes ever ship you to the *Exmouth*. I say advisedly "good fortunes," because there is a healthiness, a breeziness about the ship, about its captain, officers,



BRIGANTINE "STEADFAST."

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



MUSICAL DRILL.

and numerous crew which truly smacks of the free, wholesome, bracing sea, and which cannot fail to act upon the visitor from the town as an excellent nerve-tonic.

This healthiness, this breeziness, as it were, this sea-atmosphere is, however, easily accounted for by the very nature, by the very purpose of the vessel. Is not the aim of the education, of the training, on board the *Exmouth* above all to produce sailors of the type of those who have made England what she is to-day—the Queen and the beneficent Ruler of the Oceans and the foremost colonizing and civilizing Power on earth? Naturally, to achieve this aim the tasks which devolve alike upon instructors and instructed are manifold and heavy. How many thousand and one details have to be taught — and learned? How many thousand and one minute elements are necessary to the making of

genuine seamen of these boys? As the kindly paymaster, Mr. A. Thompson, puts it in his "*Exmouth Song*":—

They are to be bothered with splice and knot,
With bends and hitches and I don't know what;
So many, they can't tell t'other from which;
Nor a double Matthew Walker from a plain clove hitch.

But it quickly comes all right; the instructors and the lads' hearts are in their work. Thus:—

They very soon pass a torn-i-key (tourniquet)
As well as any Captain in the Queen's Navee.



Sometimes, to be sure, a more practical lesson, which brings the matter truly home, is wanted. As for instance when :—

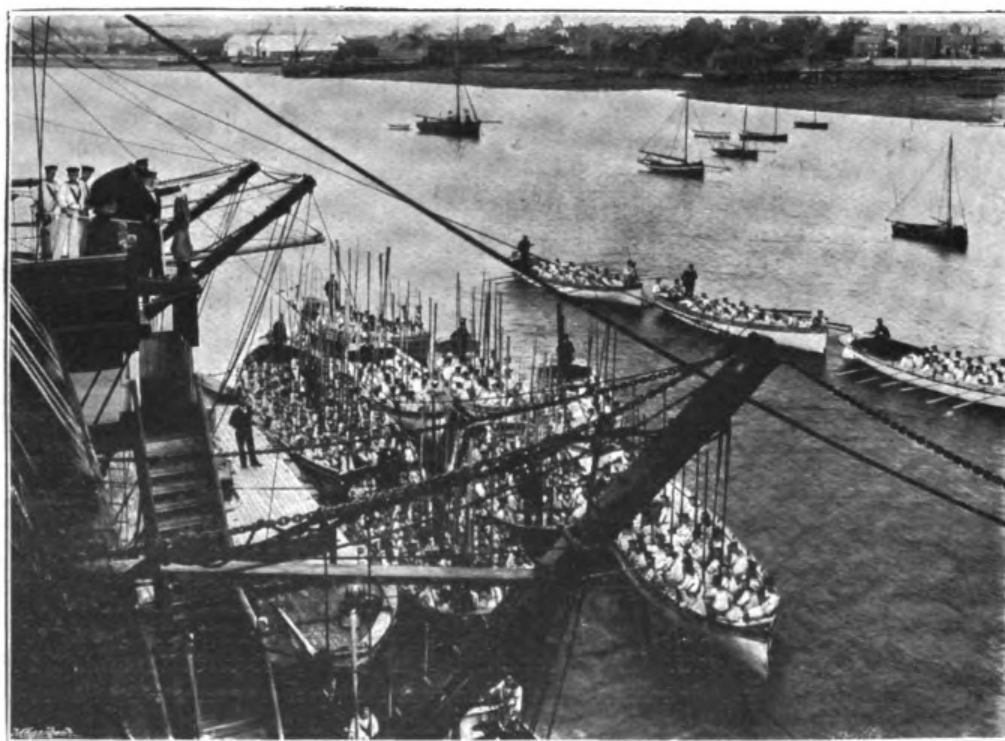
They go for a pull, and whilst afloat,
Catch a crab that knocks them down in the boat.

Yet here, too, all things work towards a good end. Therefore :—

To them that crab a lesson will be,
To make them smart sailors in the Queen's Navee.

And that these Liliputian men on board the *Exmouth* become smart sailors is vouchsafed not only by Captain-Superintendent Bouchier, and his capable chief officer, Mr. Wellman; not only by the brigantine *Steadfast*, the three-decker's sailing tender, and, as our illustration shows, a bold, handsome yacht, of 100 tons burden, with roomy decks and comfortable quarters for fifty lads; but it is also vouchsafed by her weather-beaten commander, Mr. Thomas Hall, than whom there is scarcely a more confidence-inspiring, able salt. Indeed, our Navy owes much to this brigantine. Apart from the nautical training she affords to the *Exmouth* boys, it is she who, by means of her constant cruises to southern and western ports, brings her complement of excellently taught youths to the direct notice of the captains of our men-of-war. How much they appreciate the budding sailors thus brought before them is shown by the fact that on

each return from such a cruise the crew of the brigantine is considerably reduced. But not in consequence of desertions. No, the men-of-war men like the lads, and the lads like the men-of-war men. So it comes to pass that the sailor-boys of London's Training Ship *Exmouth* become blue-jackets of the Nation and her Queen. And once embarked upon this career we may safely leave them, although, reader, I would fain tell you yet of the large and exceptionally skilled band on board the three-decker which supplies our Navy and, particularly, our Army with so many able musicians every year. I would fain tell you of the Infirmary and its devoted matron, and of the Shipping Home at Limehouse, kept in connection with the training ship for the purpose of providing to the *Exmouth* lads berths on board merchantmen, and of affording them some safe anchorage when momentarily without a vessel through no fault of their own. I would fain enlist your co-operation in agitating for the increase of training ships such as the one I have endeavoured to describe to you, inasmuch as in these, I hold, lies the strength of our future Navy and supremacy of the seas. But space does not permit me. May I be at least consoled by the hope that I have roused your interest in, and kindled your sympathy for, the *Exmouth* and her officers and crew.



LEAVING THE SHIP,



BY W. W. JACOBS.



OF course, there is a deal of bullying done at sea at times, said the night watchman, thoughtfully. The men call it bullying an' the officers call it discipline, but it's the same thing under another name. Still, it's fair in a way. It gets passed on from one to another. Everybody aboard a'most has got somebody to bully, except, perhaps, the smallest boy; he 'as the worst of it, unless he can manage to get the ship's cat by itself occasionally.

I don't think sailor-men mind being bullied. I never 'eard of it's putting one off 'is feed yet, and that's the main thing, arter all's said and done.

Fust officers are often worse than skippers. In the fust place, they know they ain't skippers, an' that alone is enough to put 'em in a bad temper, especially if they've 'ad their certifikit a good many years and can't get a vacancy.

I remember, a good many years ago now, I was lying at Calcutta one time in the *Peewit*, as fine a barque as you'd wish to see, an' we 'ad a fust mate there as was a disgrace to 'is sects. A nasty, bullying, violent man, who used to call the hands names as

they didn't know the meanings of and what was no use looking in the dictionary for.

There was one chap aboard, Bill Cousins, as he used to make a partikler mark of. Bill 'ad the misfortin to 'ave red 'air, and the way the mate used to throw that in 'is face was disgraceful. Fortunately for us all, the skipper was a very decent sort of man, so that the mate was only at 'is worst when he wasn't by.

We was sitting in the fo'c's'le at tea one artemnoon, when Bill Cousins came down, an' we see at once 'e'd 'ad a turn with the mate. He sat all by hisself for some time simmering, an' then he broke out. "One o' these days I'll swing for 'im; mark my words."

"Don't be a fool, Bill," ses Joe Smith.

"If I could on'y mark 'im," says Bill, catching his breath. "Just mark 'im fair an' square. If I could on'y 'ave 'im alone for ten minutes, with nobody standing by to see fair play. But, o' course, if I 'it 'im it's mutiny."

"You couldn't do it if it wasn't, Bill," ses Joe Smith again.

"He walks about the town as though the place belongs to 'im," said Ted Hill. "Most of us is satisfied to shove the niggers out o'

the way, but he ups fist an' 'its 'em if they comes within a yard of 'im."

"Why don't they 'it 'im back?" ses Bill. "I would if I was them."

Joe Smith grunted. "Well, why don't you?" he asked.

"'Cos I ain't a nigger," ses Bill.

"Well, but you might be," ses Joe, very soft. "Black your face an' 'ands an' legs, and dress up in them cotton things, and go ashore and get in 'is way."

"If you will, I will, Bill," ses a chap called Bob Pullin.

Well, they talked it over and over, and at last Joe, who seemed to take a great interest in it, went ashore and got the duds for 'em. They was a tight fit for Bill, Hindu's not being as wide as they might be, but Joe said if 'e didn't bend about he'd be all right, and Pullin, who was a smaller man, said his was fust class.

After they were dressed, the next question was wot to use to colour them with; coal was too scratchy, an' ink Bill didn't like. Then Ted Hill burnt a cork and started on Bill's nose with it afore it was cool, an' Bill didn't like that.

"Look 'ere," ses the carpenter, "nothin' seems to please you, Bill—it's my opinion you're backing out of it."

"You're a liar," ses Bill.

"Well, I've got some stuff in a can as might be boiled-down Hindu for all you could tell to the difference," ses the carpenter; "and if you'll keep that ugly mouth of your's shut, I'll paint you myself."

Well, Bill was a bit flattered, the carpenter being a very superior sort of a man, and quite an artist in 'is way, an' Bill sat down an' let 'im do 'im with some stuff out of a can that made 'im look like a Hindu what 'ad been polished. Then Bob Pullin was done too, an' when they'd got their turbins on, the change in their appearance was wonderful.

"Feels a bit stiff," ses Bill, working 'is mouth.

"That'll wear off," ses the carpenter; "it wouldn't be you if you didn't 'ave a grumble, Bill."

"And mind and don't spare 'im, Bill," ses Joe. "There's two of you, an' if you only do wot's expected of you, the mate ought to 'ave a easy time abed this v'y'ge."

"Let the mate start fust," ses Ted Hill. "He's sure to start on you if you only get in 'is way. Lord, I'd like to see his face when you start on 'im!"

Well, the two of 'em went ashore after

dark with the best wishes o' all on board, an' the rest of us sat down in the fo'c's'le spekerlating as to what sort o' time the mate was goin' to 'ave. He went ashore all right, because Ted Hill see 'im go, an' he noticed with partikler pleasure as 'ow he was dressed very careful.

It must ha' been near eleven o'clock. I was sitting with Smith on the port side o' the galley, when we heard a 'ubbub approaching the ship. It was the mate just coming aboard. He was without 'is 'at; 'is neck-tie was twisted round 'is ear, and 'is shirt and 'is collar was all torn to shreds. The second and third officers ran up to him to see what was the matter, and while he was telling them, up comes the skipper.

"You don't mean to tell me, Mr. Fingall," ses the skipper, in surprise, "that you've been knocked about like that by them mild and meek Hindus?"

"Hindus, sir?" roared the mate. "Cert'n'y not, sir. I've been assaulted like this by five German sailor-men. And I licked 'em all."

"I'm glad to hear that," ses the skipper; and the second and third pats the mate on the back, just like you pat a dog you don't know.

"Big fellows they was," ses he, "an' they give me some trouble. Look at my eye!"

The second officer struck a match and looked at it, and it cert'n'y was a beauty.

"I hope you reported this at the police-station?" ses the skipper.

"No, sir," ses the mate, holding up 'is 'ed. "I don't want no p'lice to protect me. Five's a large number, but I drove 'em off, and I don't think they'll meddle with any British fust officers again."

"You'd better turn in," ses the second, leading him off by the arm.

The mate limped off with him, and as soon as the coast was clear we put our 'eds together and tried to make out how it was that Bill Cousins and Bob 'ad changed themselves into five German sailor-men.

"It's the mate's pride," ses the carpenter. "He didn't like being knocked about by Hindus."

We thought it was that, but we had to wait nearly another hour afore the two came aboard, to make sure. There was a difference in the way they came aboard, too, from that of the mate. *They* didn't make no noise, and the fust thing we knew of their coming aboard was seeing a bare, black foot waving feebly at the top of the fo'c's'le ladder feelin' for the step.

That was Bob. He came down without a word, and then we see 'e was holding another black foot and guiding it to where it should go. That was Bill, an' of all the 'orrid, limp-looking blacks that you ever see, Bill was the

"I wish 'e 'ad," ses Bill, with a groan; "my face is bruised and cut about cruel. I can't bear to touch it."

"Do you mean to say the two of you couldn't settle 'im?" ses Joe, staring.



"IT CERT'N'Y WAS A BEAUTY."

worst when he got below. He just sat on a locker all of a heap and held 'is 'ed, which was swollen up, in 'is hands. Bob went and sat beside 'im, and there they sat, for all the world like two wax-figgers instead o' human beings.

"Well, you done it, Bill?" ses Joe, after waiting a long time for them to speak. "Tell us all about it!"

"Nothin' to tell," ses Bill, very surly. "We knocked 'im about."

"And he knocked us about," ses Bob, with a groan. "I'm sore all over, and as for my feet——"

"Wot's the matter with them?" ses Joe.

"Trod on," ses Bob, very short. "If my bare feet was trod on once they was a dozen times. I've never 'ad such a doing in all my life. He fought like a devil. I thought he'd ha' murdered Bill."

"I mean to say we got a hiding," ses Bill. "We got close to him fust start off and got our feet trod on. Arter that it was like fighting a windmill, with sledge-hammers for sails."

He gave a groan and turned over in his bunk, and when we asked him some more about it, swore at us. They both seemed quite done up, and at last dropped off to sleep just as they was, without even stopping to wash the black off or to undress themselves.

I was awoke rather early in the morning by the sounds of somebody talking to themselves, and a little splashing of water. It seemed to go on a long while, and at last I leaned out of my bunk and see Bill bending over a bucket and washing himself and using bad language.

"Wot's the matter, Bill?" ses Joe, yawning and sitting up in bed.

"My skin's that tender, I can hardly touch

it," ses Bill, bending down and rinsing 'is face. "Is it all orf?"

"Orf?" ses Joe; "no, o' course it ain't. Why don't you use some soap?"

"Soap," answers Bill, mad-like; "why, I've used more soap than I've used for six months in the ordinary way."

"That's no good," ses Joe; "give yourself a good wash."

Bill put down the soap then very careful, and went over to 'im and told him all the dreadful things he'd do to him when he got strong ag'in, and then Bob Pullin got out of his bunk an' 'ad a try on *his* face. Him an' Bill kept washing, and then taking each other to the light and trying to believe it was coming off until they got sick of it, and then Bill 'e up with his foot and capsized the bucket, and walked up and down the fo'c's'le raving.

"Well, the carpenter put it on," ses a voice, "make 'im take it orf."

You wouldn't believe the job we 'ad to wake that man up. He wasn't fairly woke till he was hauled out of 'is bunk an' set down opposite them two pore black fellers an' told to make 'em white again.

"I don't believe as there's anything will touch it," he ses, at last. "I forgot all about that."

"Do you mean to say," bawls Bill, "that we've got to be black all the rest of our life?"

"Certirly not," ses the carpenter, indignantly, "it'll wear off in time; shaving every morning 'll 'elp it, I should say."

"I'll get my razor now," ses Bill, in a awful voice; "don't let 'im go, Bob. I'll 'ack 'is head orf."

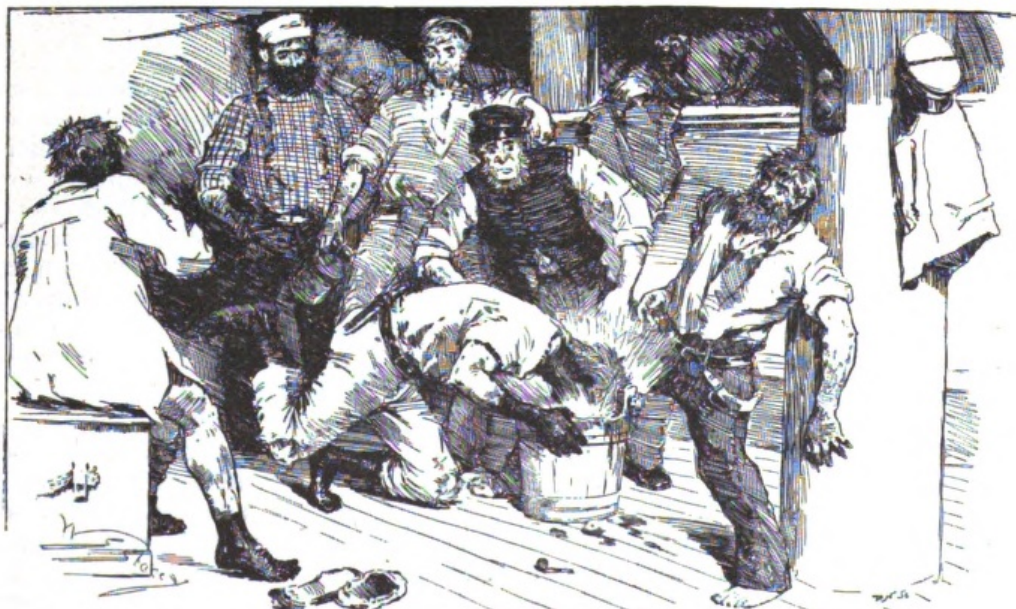
He actually went off an' got his razor, but o' course, we jumped out o' our bunks and got between 'em and told him plainly that it was not to be, and then we set 'em down and tried everything we could think of, from butter and linseed oil to cold tea-leaves used as a poultice, and all it did was to make 'em shinier an' shinier.

"It's no good, I tell you," ses the carpenter, "it's the most lasting black I know. If I told you how much that stuff is a can, you wouldn't believe me."

"Well, you're in it," ses Bill, his voice all of a tremble; "you done it so as we could knock the mate about. Whatever's done to us 'll be done to you too."

"I don't think turps 'll touch it," ses the carpenter, getting up, "but we'll 'ave a try."

He went and fetched the can and poured some out on a bit o' rag and told Bill to dab his face with it. Bill give a dab, and the next moment he rushed over with a scream and buried his head in a shirt what Simmons was wearing at the time and began to wipe his face with it. Then he left the flustered Simmons an' shoved another chap away from the bucket and buried his face in it and kicked and carried on like a madman. Then 'e jumped into his bunk again and buried 'is face in the clothes and rocked hisself and moaned as if he was dying.



"Don't you use it, Bob," he ses, at last.

"Tain't likely," ses Bob. "It's a good thing you tried it fust, Bill."

"'Ave they tried holy-stone?" ses a voice from a bunk.

"No, they ain't," ses Bob, snappishly, "and, what's more, they ain't goin' to."

Both o' their tempers was so bad that we let the subject drop while we was at breakfast. The orkard persition of affairs could no longer be disregarded. Fust one chap threw out a 'int and then another, gradually getting a little stronger and stronger, until Bill turned round in a uncomfortable way and requested of us to leave off talking with our mouths full and speak up like Englishmen wot we meant.

"You see, it's this way, Bill," ses Joe, soft-like. "As soon as the mate sees you there'll be trouble for all of us."

"Oh, desart is it?" ses Bill; "an' where are we goin' to desart to?"

"Well, that we leave to you," ses Joe; "there's many a ship short-'anded as would be glad to pick up sich a couple of prime sailor-men as you an' Bob."

"Ah, an' wot about our black faces?" ses Bill, still in the same sneering, ungrateful sort o' voice.

"That can be got over," ses Joe.

"'Ow?" ses Bill and Bob together.

"Ship as nigger-cooks," ses Joe, slapping his knee and looking round triumphant.

It's no good trying to do some people a kindness. Joe was perfectly sincere, and nobody could say but wot it wasn't a good idea, but o' course Mr. Bill Cousins must consider hissself insulted, and I can only suppose that the trouble he'd gone through 'ad affected his brain. Likewise Bob Pullins.



"THE TWO MEN WAS SCROUGED UP IN A CORNER."

"For all of us," repeats Bill, nodding.

"Whereas," ses Joe, looking round for support, "if we gets up a little collection for you and you should find it convenient to desart."

"'Ear 'ear," ses a lot o' voices. "Bravo, Joe."

Anyway, that's the only excuse I can make for 'em. To cut a long story short, nobody 'ad any more breakfast, and no time to do anything until them two men was scrouged up in a corner an' 'eld there unable to move.

"I'd never 'ave done 'em" ses the car-

penter, arter it was all over, "if I'd known they was goin' to carry on like this. They wanted to be done."

"The mate'll half murder 'em," ses Ted Hill.

"He'll 'ave 'em sent to gaol, that's wot he'll do," ses Smith. "It's a serious matter to go ashore and commit assault and battery on the mate."

"You're all in it," ses the voice o' Bill from the floor. "I'm going to make a clean breast of it. Joe Smith put us up to it, the carpenter blacked us, and the others encouraged us."

"Joe got the clothes for us," ses Bob. "I know the place he got 'em from, too."

The ingratitude o' these two men was sich that at first we decided to have no more to do with them, but better feelings prevailed, and we held a sort o' meeting to consider what was best to be done. An' everything that was suggested one o' them two voices from the floor found fault with and wouldn't 'ave, and at last we 'ad to go up on deck, with nothing decided upon, except to swear 'ard and fast as we knew nothing about it.

"The only advice we can give you," ses Joe, looking back at 'em, "is to stay down 'ere as long as you can."

making sich a fuss over 'im, that I think he rather gloried in it than otherwise.

"Where's them other two 'ands?" he ses by-and-by, glaring out of 'is black eye.

"Down below, sir, I b'lieve," ses the carpenter, all of a tremble.

"Go an' send 'em up," ses the mate to Smith.

"Yessir," ses Joe, without moving.

"Well, go on then," roars the mate.

"They ain't over and above well, sir, this morning," ses Joe.

"Send 'em up, confound you," ses the mate, limping towards 'im.

Well, Joe give 'is shoulder a 'elpless sort o' shrug and walked forward and bawled down the fo'c's'le.

"They're coming, sir," he ses, walking back to the mate just as the skipper came out of 'is cabin.

We all went on with our work as 'ard as we knew 'ow. The skipper was talking to the mate about 'is injuries, and saying unkind things about Germans, when he give a sort of a shout and staggered back staring. We just looked round, and there was them two blackamoors coming slowly towards us.

"Good heavens, Mr. Fingall," ses the old man. "What's this?"



"GOOD HEAVENS, MR. FINGALL," SES THE OLD MAN. "WHAT'S THIS?"

A'most the fust person we see on deck was the mate, an' a pretty sight he was. He'd got a bandage round 'is left eye, and a black ring round the other. His nose was swelled and his lip cut, but the other officers were

I never see sich a look on any man's face as I saw on the mate's then. Three times 'e opened 'is mouth to speak, and shut it ag'in without saying anything. The veins on 'is forehead swelled up tremen-

dous and 'is cheeks' was all blown out purple.

"That's Bill Cousins' hair," ses the skipper to himself. "It's Bill Cousins' hair. It's Bill Cus——"

Bob walked up to him, with Bill lagging a little way behind, and then he stops just in front of 'im and fetches up a sort o' little smile.

"Don't you make those faces at me, sir," roars the skipper. "What do you mean by it? What have you been doing to yourselves?"

"Nothin', sir," ses Bill, 'umbly; "it was done to us."

The carpenter, who was just going to cooper up a cask which 'ad started a bit, shook like a leaf, and give Bill a look that would ha' melted a stone.

"Who did it?" ses the skipper.

"We've been the wictims of a cruel outrage, sir," ses Bill, doing all 'e could to avoid the mate's eye, which wouldn't be avoided.

"So I should think," ses the skipper. "You've been knocked about, too."

"Yessir," ses Bill, very respectful; "me and Bob was ashore last night, sir, just for a quiet look round, when we was set on to by five furriners."

"What?" ses the skipper; and I won't repeat what the mate said.

"We fought 'em as long as we could, sir," ses Bill, "then we was both knocked senseless, and when we came to ourselves we was messed up like this 'ere."

"What sort o' men were they?" asked the skipper, getting excited.

"Sailor-men, sir," ses Bob, putting in his spoke. "Dutchies or Germans, or something o' that sort."

"Was there one tall man, with a fair

beard," ses the skipper, getting more and more excited.

"Yessir," ses Bill, in a surprised sort o' voice.

"Same gang," ses the skipper. "Same gang as knocked Mr. Fingall about, you may depend upon it. Mr. Fingall, it's a mercy for you you didn't get your face blacked too."

I thought the mate would ha' burst. I can't understand how any man could swell as he swelled without bursting.

"I don't believe a word of it," he ses, at last.

"Why not?" ses the skipper, sharply.

"Well, I don't," ses the mate, his voice trembling with passion. "I 'ave my reasons."

"I s'pose you don't think these two poor fellows went and blacked themselves for fun, do you?" ses the skipper.

The mate couldn't answer.

"And then went and knocked themselves about for more fun?" says the skipper, very sarcastic.

The mate didn't answer. He looked round helpless like, and see the third officer swopping glances with the second, and all the men looking sly and amused, and I think if ever a man saw 'e was done 'e did at that moment.

He turned away and went below, and the skipper arter reading us all a little lecture on getting into fights without reason, sent the two chaps below ag'in and told 'em to turn in and rest. He was so good to 'em all the way 'ome, and took sich a interest in seeing 'em change from black to brown and from light brown to spotted lemon, that the mate daren't do nothing to them, but gave us their share of what he owed them as well as an extra dose of our own.

Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—Under this title we intend printing a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. We shall be glad to receive similar anecdotes, fully authenticated by names of witnesses, for use in future numbers. While the stories themselves will be matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist will treat the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.

VIII.



THIS incident took place in the spring of 1897, at French's Farm, Netherfield, near Battle, Sussex. This farm lies in the midst of the chicken-raising district, and it was at the time in the occupation of Mr. W. A. Williams. Mr. Williams, among his other farm operations, reared thousands of chickens, which the travelling higglers would collect

and fatten for the market. Most of these chickens were hatched in an incubator and reared by aid of a foster-mother—which latter, by the way, is not a motherly old hen, as some might suppose, but a sort of box lined with flannel. Sometimes it is merely an old coop.

The farm was surrounded by woods, and at first many chicks were lost by raids of

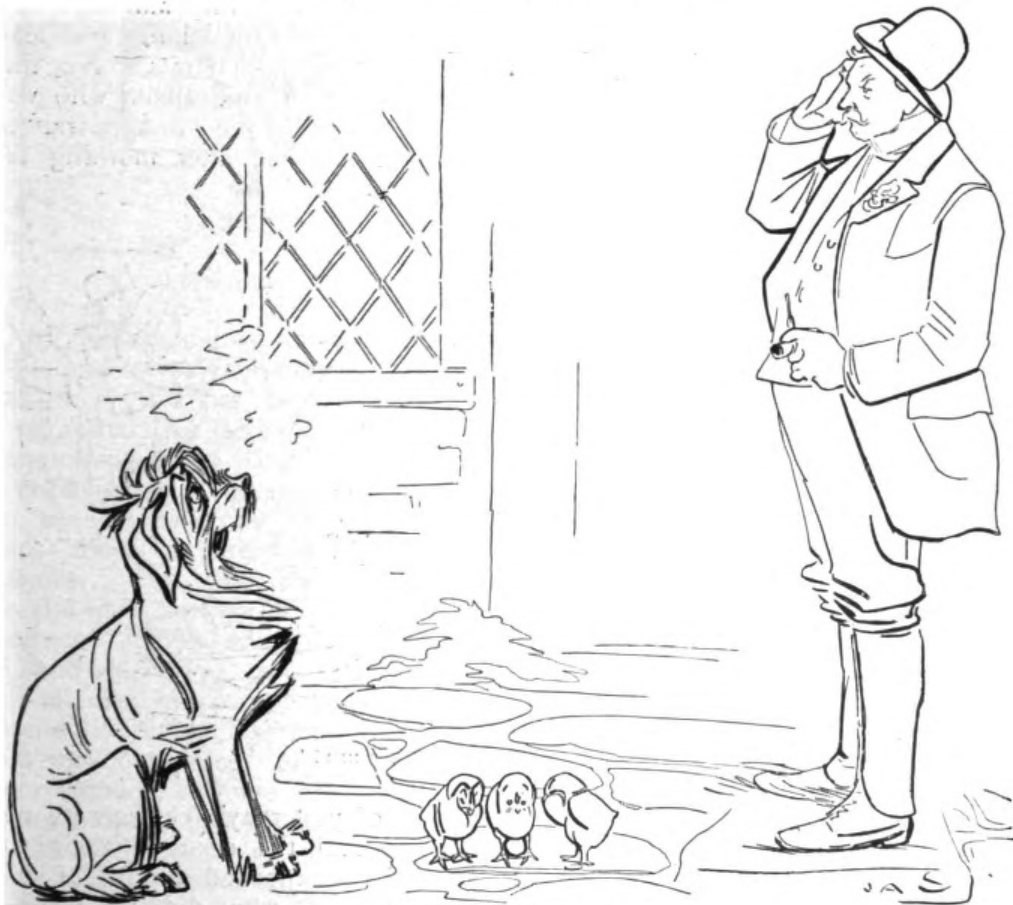




ONLY THREE LEFT.

foxes. To check the foxes, Mr. Williams washed the coops well with carbolic acid, and let his dogs loose at night. This was effectual. Mr. Williams's tailless sheepdog "Satan"

and a spaniel bitch had many a moonlight fox hunt together. Satan, by the way, was a peculiar dog, very quiet, but a game fighter when roused.



BEYOND THE WIT OF MAN OR DOG.



"WHAT! NO RATS?"

For a time the chickens prospered, and then, one morning, Mr. Williams found but three left out of some twenty-five fresh-hatched the day before. It was very odd. Mr. Williams couldn't understand it, and his dog Satan seemed equally puzzled. The chicks had been turned out in excellent health the day before, twenty-five inquisitive,

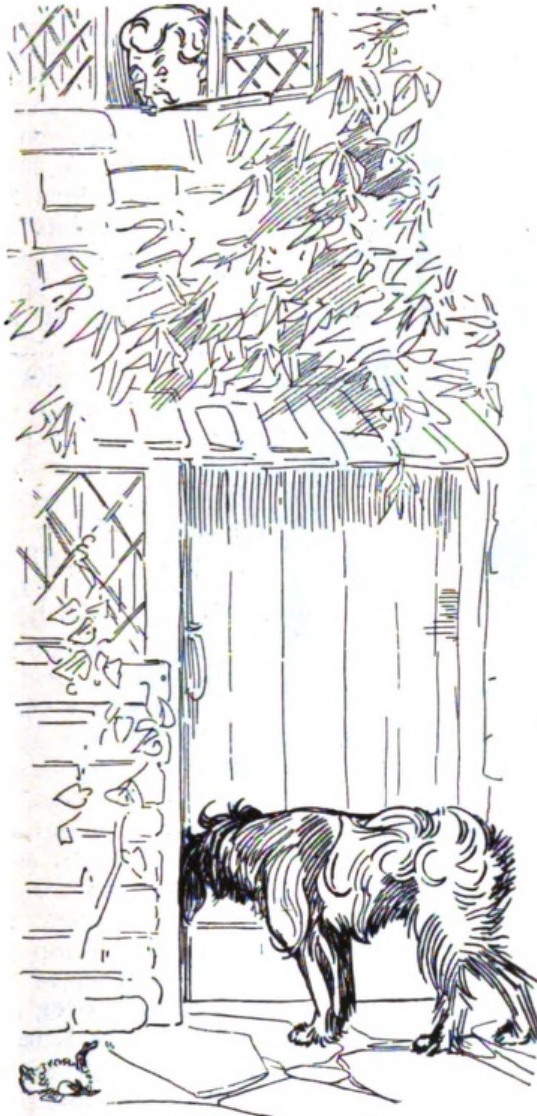
The thing occurred again and again, and the mystery was dense as ever. It couldn't be foxes, because they almost always kill a few for the sake of killing, and leave them lying about. Was it rats? No, there were no rats, said the rat-catcher who was called in. But still the disappearances went on, and morning after morning fifteen or



"THE DOG? NONSENSE; LOOK AT HIM!"

little, fuzzy activities, all agog to examine the world. Now there were but three, and not a scrap or a fragment of fluff left to suggest what had happened.

twenty of yesterday's chicks were not to be found; and the door of their coop was opened, or knocked down. If it were a human thief, why did he leave any at



LISTENING.

all? And besides, a man entering the yard at night would have been pounced on by the dogs at once. At last, in desperation, a friend suggested that perhaps the sheepdog knew something of it. But that was altogether unlikely—one had only to glance at him to see it. He was always a kindly guardian—almost a parent to the motherless chicks. He was chained up just outside the farm-house door all day, with a brood of happy chicks ever in his kennel and his food-pan, and, indeed, hopping all over him fearlessly, and nothing they could do ruffled his placid temper or changed his benevolent aspect. So the mystery continued, and was deep as ever.

Till one morning it happened to be necessary for Mr. Williams to rise just after dawn, and as he did so he looked out of his bedroom window. There stood Satan, the sheep-

dog, listening intently at the house door. As he listened and his master watched, there presently came along a batch of young chicks. Plainly the door of their coop had been opened again, and they had been let out. And then Mr. Williams gasped. For straightway the dog turned and calmly began snapping up the chicks, bolting them whole, as Mr. Williams expresses it, "like oysters." He had thus disposed of eight or nine in rapid succession, when Mr. Williams made a noise at the window, and the dog instantly fled.

That day Mr. Williams took particular care to move the chickens near him as he lay by his kennel, and to watch. But, no—the cunning rascal would take no notice of them at all. They ran and tumbled all about him, but he let them run. He was a hypocrite, consummate and proved, and he left the farm that evening.



GULP! THE MYSTERY SOLVED.



FROM THE ITALIAN OF LUIGI CAPUANA.



THOUSAND years ago there lived a King and a Queen. They had only one daughter, who was dearer to them than all the world. Now, when the King of France sent to their Court to request the hand of the Princess, neither father nor mother would part from their beloved daughter, and they said to the Ambassador: "She is still too young!"

But as the girl became every day more beautiful, the next year the King of Spain's Ambassador appeared to request the girl's hand for his Sovereign. And again the parents answered: "She is still too young!"

Both the Kings were very angry at this refusal, and resolved to revenge themselves on the poor Princess.

As they were not able themselves to carry out their wicked resolve, they summoned a Magician and said to him: "You must devise for us some charm to be used against the Princess—and the worse it is the greater shall be your reward!"

With the words, "In one month your wish shall be fulfilled!" the Magician departed.

Before the four weeks were over, he appeared again in the castle of the King of Spain.

"Your Majesty, here is the charm!" he cried. "Give her this ring as a present, and when she has worn it on her finger for four-and-twenty hours, you shall see the effect!"

Now the two Kings consulted together as to how they should get the ring to the Princess. For they were no longer friendly with her parents, who would, consequently, become suspicious of any present sent by them. What was to be done?

"I have it! I have it!" the King of Spain cried, suddenly.

Then he disguised himself as a goldsmith, set out on a journey, and took up his position just opposite the palace where the Princess lived. The Queen noticed him from her window, and as she happened at that time to be wanting to buy some jewellery she sent for him. After she had bought from the stranger various bracelets, chains, and earrings, she said to her daughter:—

"And you will not choose anything among

all these fine things for yourself, little daughter?"

Then the Princess answered, "I see nothing especially beautiful among them."

Then the disguised King took the ring out of its case, which he had up to the present kept hidden, made it sparkle in the sun, and said: "Your Majesty, here is still a very rare jewel; this ring has not its equal in the world for beauty. And it does not please you?"

"Oh, how splendid! Oh, how beautifully it sparkles and gleams!" cried the Princess, entranced. "How much does it cost?"

"The ring has no price; I shall be contented with whatever you give me for it."

Then a great sum of money was paid to him, and he went his way. The Princess put the ring on her finger, and could not turn her eyes away from it, so charmed was she with its brilliancy. But four-and-twenty hours had not passed—it was just evening—when the poor girl uttered a terrible cry of anguish.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sounded through the whole palace.

The King, the Queen, and all the ladies of the Court ran, white with terror, and with candles in their hands, to see what had happened.

"Take away your candles! Take them away! Take them away!" cried the Princess, beside herself with despair. "Do you not see that I have turned into cotton-wool?"

And her body had, indeed, suddenly changed into cotton-wool. The King and Queen were inconsolable at this terrible misfortune, and they at once summoned the wisest men of the kingdom to consult with them as to what was to be done in this extremity.

"Your Majesties," the councillors concluded, after long deliberation, "have it proclaimed in all countries that whoever restores your daughter may wed her."

And then messengers with drums and trumpets went round the whole kingdom and far beyond it, and proclaimed:—

"He who restores the Princess to health may become the King's son-in-law."

About this time there lived in a small town the son of a shoemaker. There was great want in his father's house, and one day, when not even a crust of bread re-



"THE PROCLAMATION."

mained, and both would have had to die of hunger, the son said, "Father, give me your blessing; I will go out into the world to seek my fortune."

"May Heaven be gracious to you, my son!" said the father, and the youth took his staff and set out on his journey.

He had already left the fields of his native district far behind him when he met a band of rough boys, who were making a fearful uproar and throwing stones at a toad to kill it.

"What harm has the poor animal done you? Is it not as much God's creature as you are? Let it live!" he exclaimed,

indignantly. But when he saw that the hard-hearted fellows paid no attention to his words and did not desist from their intention, he rushed angrily at them and gave one a sound box on the ears, and another a mighty punch in his ribs. The boys scattered in a tumult, and the toad quickly used the opportunity to slip into a hole in the wall.

Then the youth went farther and farther on his way. Suddenly the sound of trumpets and the roll of drums came to his ear. And listen! Is not some proclamation being made? He listened attentively and distinctly heard the words: "He who restores the Princess to health may become the King's son-in-law!"

"What is the matter with her?" he asked a passer-by.

"Don't you know? She has turned into cotton-wool."

He thanked his informant and continued his travels. Now, by the time night had sunk upon the earth, he had come to a great desert, and he determined to lay himself down to sleep. But how terrified he was when, on turning his head to look once again at the way he had come, he saw a tall, beautiful woman standing at his side.

He was about to spring quickly away when she said, "Do not be afraid of me. I am a Fairy, and have come to thank you."

"To thank me? And what for?" the youth asked, in confusion.

"You saved my life! My fate ordains that I shall be a toad by day and a fairy by night. Now, I am at your service."

"Good Fairy," then said the youth, "I have just heard of a Princess who has turned into cotton-wool, and whoever heals her may become her husband. Teach me how to restore her to health. That is my most ardent wish!"

Then the Fairy said, "Take this sword in your hand and walk

straight on until you come to a dense forest, full of snakes and wild animals. However, you must not be afraid of them, but must bravely continue your journey until you stand in front of the Magician's palace. As soon as you have reached it, knock three times at the great gate" And she described to him fully what he was to do.

"If you ever need my help, come to this place at this same hour, and you will find me here!" and giving him her white hand in farewell, she disappeared before the youth could open his mouth to thank her.

Without pausing to consider, the cobbler's son set out and went straight on, according to his instructions. He had already gone a good way when his path led him into a dark forest, into the midst of wild animals. That was awful! They filled the air with fearful roars, gnashed their teeth blood-thirstily, and hungrily opened their jaws. Though the poor youth's heart thumped, he went straight on, making as if he did not notice them. At last he reached the Magician's palace, and knocked three times at the great gate.



"THE MAGICIAN, IN A GREAT FURY, RUSHED OUT."

Then a voice came from the interior of the castle: "Woe to you, rash stranger, who have the boldness to come to me! What is your wish?"

"If you really are the Magician, come out and fight with me!" cried the youth.

The Magician, in a great fury at this audacity, rushed out, armed to the teeth, to accept the challenge. But as soon as he saw the sword in the youth's hand, he broke out into pitiable lamentation, and, sinking trembling on to his knees, cried:—

"Oh, woe to me, unfortunate creature that I am! At least spare my life!"

Then the youth said: "If you will release the Princess from the spell your life shall be spared."

Then the Magician took a ring out of his pocket and said: "Take this ring and put it on the little finger of her left hand and she shall be well again."

Not a little rejoiced at the success of his journey, the youth hastened to the King and asked, just to satisfy himself of the truth of what he had been told: "Your Majesty, is it true that he who restores the Princess to health will be your son-in-law?"

"It is verily true!" the anxious King assured him.

"Well then, I am ready to accomplish the task!"

Then the poor Princess was brought in, and all the ladies of the Court, as well as the servants, stood round her to witness the miracle.

But no sooner had she put the ring on her little finger than she burst into bright flame and stood there, uttering heartrending cries. Everything was plunged into confusion, and the horrified youth seized the opportunity of escaping from the scene of the disaster as fast as his legs would carry him. His one wish was to get to the Fairy, and he did not

stop running until he had come to the place where he had seen her the first time.

"Fairy, where are you?" he cried, all in a tremble.

"I am at your service," was the answer.

Then he told the Fairy of the misfortune which had happened to him.

"You have allowed yourself to be deceived! Take this dagger and go again to the Magician. See that he does not fool you this time!"

Then she gave him all sorts of good advice for his dangerous journey and bestowed on him her blessing. Arrived at the great gate of the palace, he knocked three times. Then the Magician cried, as before: "Woe to you, bold stranger! What is your wish?"

"If you are really the Magician, you are to fight with me!"

The Magician, armed to his teeth, came rushing out, in a rage. But when he saw the dagger he sank trembling on his knees, and begged piteously: "Oh, spare my life."

"Good-for-nothing Magician!" the youth cried, angrily; "you have deceived me! Now I will keep you in chains until the Princess is freed from the spell!"

Then he put him in chains, stuck the dagger into the earth, and fastened the chain to it so that the Magician could not move.

"You are mightier than I! Now I realize it!" cried the enchained Magician, gnashing his teeth. "Take the goldsmith's ring from the Princess's finger, and she will be released from the spell."

Not until the youth had learnt that the Princess had escaped with only a few burns on her hands, owing to the promptness of the bystanders in extinguishing the flames, did he summon up enough courage to appear before the King again.



"THE POOR PRINCESS BURST INTO FLAME."

"Your Majesty, I implore your pardon!" he said. "The treacherous Magician, not I, was the cause of the disaster. Now I have completely overcome him, and my remedy will succeed. I have only to draw the goldsmith's ring from your daughter's finger and she will be all right again."

And so it happened. As soon as the ring was taken off, the Princess at once changed back to what she had been before. But who would believe it to be possible? Her tongue, eyes, and ears were missing; they had been consumed by the flames! The youth's perplexity at this new disaster was indescribable. Again he applied to his guardian Fairy for help.

"You have let him make a fool of you a second time!" she said, again giving him advice, to help him towards the fulfilment of his wish of becoming the King's son-in-law.

When he came to the Magician he shouted at him: "You miserable deceiver! Now my patience is at an end! But eye for eye, tongue for tongue, ear for ear!"

With these words he seized the Magician to strangle him.

But the latter cried, in the utmost peril of death: "Have mercy! Have mercy! Let me live! Go to my sisters, who live a little farther back than this."

Then he gave him the necessary directions so that he might find the way there without delay, and also the magic word which he had to pronounce at the gate. After some hours he came to the gate of a palace, which was in every respect like that of the Magician. He knocked, and in answer to the question, "Who are you, and what do you want here?" He answered, "I want the little gold horn."

"I perceive that my brother has sent you to me. What does he want of me?"

"He wants a little piece of red cloth; he has torn a hole in his cloak."

"Here's a piece, and now get you gone from here!" a woman in the palace cried angrily, at the same time throwing into his opened hands a

little piece of red cloth, which she had cut in the shape of a tongue.

He journeyed on for several hours, and at last came to the foot of a high mountain. On a spur of rock was a castle, which looked exactly like that of the Magician. Then he knocked at the great gate, and a voice came from the interior, saying, "Who are you, and what is your desire?"

"I want the little gold hand."

"That's all right. I perceive that my brother has sent you. What does he want from me?"

"He wants two lentil-grains for soup."

"What rubbish! Here, take them and make yourself scarce!"

Then the owner of the castle threw him two little lentil-grains, wrapped in a piece of paper, and noisily closed the window.

At last he came to a wide plain, in the middle of which a castle exactly like the Magician's was built. When he knocked he was asked what he wanted, and answered: "I want the little gold foot."



"THE OWNER OF THE CASTLE THREW HIM TWO LITTLE LENTIL-GRAINS."

"Ah! my brother has sent you to me! And what does he wish from me?"

"He wishes you to send him two snails for his supper."

"Here they are, but now leave me in peace!" a woman called out, ungraciously, from the window, at the same time throwing him the two snails he desired.

Now the youth returned with the things he had collected to the Magician, and said: "Here I bring you what you wished for."

Then the Magician gave him all the necessary instructions as to the use of the three things. But when the youth turned his back to go away, the captive cried, imploringly, "And you are going to leave me lying here?"

"It would be no more than you deserve. However, I will release you. But woe betide you if you have deceived me again."

After the youth had released the Magician from his chains, he hurried away to appear before the Princess.

Opening her mouth, he put in it the little piece of red stuff which he had brought with him, and she at once had a tongue.

But the first words which came from her mouth were: "Miserable cobbler! Out of my sight! Begone!"

The poor youth was motionless with painful amazement, and said to himself: "This is once more the work of the faithless Magician."

But he would not let this bitter ingratitude prevent him from completing the good work. Then, taking the two little lentil-grains, he put them into the blind pupils of the girl's eyes, and at once she was able to see as before. But no sooner had she turned her eyes upon him than she covered her face with her hands and cried, scornfully, "Oh, how ugly mankind is! How horribly ugly!"

The poor youth's courage nearly vanished, and again he said to himself, "The worthless Magician has done this for me!"

But he would not allow himself to be put out. Taking the empty snail-shells from his pocket, he put them very skilfully where the girl's ears had once been, and behold! the Princess had back again her sweet little ears.

Then the youth turned to the King and said, "Your Majesty, now I am your son-in-law!"

But when the Princess heard these words she began to weep like a spoilt child, sobbing, "He called me a witch! He said I was an old witch!"

That was too much ingratitude for the poor youth. Without saying a word, he hurriedly left the castle, to seek out his Fairy.

"Fairy, where are you?" he cried, still trembling with anger and vexation.

"I am at your service."

Then he told her how shamefully he had been treated by the Princess, who was now restored to health.

The Fairy said, laughing: "You probably forgot to take the Magician's other ring from her little finger?"

"Oh, dear! I did not think of that in my confusion," exclaimed the youth, seizing his head between his two hands in mingled terror and shame.

"Now hasten and repair the mistake!" advised the Fairy.

Sooner than he had thought possible, he was standing in front of the Princess and drew the evil ring from her little finger. Then a lovely smile spread over her beautiful features, and she thanked him so sweetly and kindly that he became red with embarrassment.

Then the King said, solemnly: "This is your husband."

And the youth and the Princess embraced one another in the sight of all, and a few days afterwards the wedding was celebrated.

A Funeral at Sea.

By J. H. BARKER.

LIFE on board one of the large liners which run from Southampton or London to the Cape is almost ideal. After the first week of the trip, calm seas and glorious sunshine are experienced, and on board we are free from the rush of business life, and can laze away our time to our heart's content. No letters to be looked through, no clients or customers to interview, and no morning paper to read. If that is not a holiday, what is?

For certain reasons, the first part of the voyage is not so enjoyable to some as to others, for the Bay of Biscay has a very bad name, and although it may be a bugbear whose growl is often worse than its bite, nevertheless, it sometimes acts up to its reputation. However, when Madeira is past, all thoughts of *mal de mer* are put aside, everyone begins to take a fresh interest in the trip, and things in general begin to "brighten up." Deck chairs are placed in the shady parts of the deck, and we recline in comfort and talk scandal (for scandal is talked even on board), read novels and smoke.

Soon after "The Canaries" are left behind, however, a committee is formed, and a programme of sports and entertainments drawn up, to enliven the remaining fortnight of the voyage. There are cricket for the more energetic, bull-board, quoits, sports, concerts, dances (including a fancy dress ball), etc., in which everyone takes part, and a good time is provided for one and all.

But life at sea, as on land, is not all sunshine and happiness, and I shall ever remember a certain lovely hot morning in December, when we were still nine or ten days' sail from

Cape Town, and those of us who cared for the luxury were having beef-tea and biscuits in the saloon, when the captain's clerk came in, and said: "There's to be a funeral this afternoon at four o'clock."

I can never forget the change that came over the company. It seemed as though a thunderbolt had fallen. A few minutes before we had all been talking of the various amusements which were to take place during the day, and no thought, except of pleasure, had entered our minds.

"Who is dead?" we asked, and were told that a steerage passenger had died of consumption.

There were no games that day: it seemed as though the life on board had completely changed.

At four o'clock nearly all the passengers came on deck to attend the funeral. The ceremony was to take place in the "afterwell" of the vessel, the lower deck being kept for the officers and men who were to take part in the service. The "gangway" was taken down, everything prepared, the engines slowed down, and the body was borne out on to the deck by the "bosun" and three of his men, and placed near the side of the vessel.



From a

BRINGING THE BODY ON DECK.

(Photograph.



From a]

DURING THE BURIAL SERVICE.

[Photograph.

At sea the body is sewn up in a canvas sack, which is heavily weighted at the foot, and this is laid on a "coaming" (a part of one of the hatches), which takes the place of a bier. The whole is covered with a Union Jack, which is fastened to the four corners of the "coaming," so that when the time comes to commit the body to the deep the one end of the "coaming" is raised and the body slips off into the water, leaving the flag in its place.

The captain and first officer read the burial service between them, the other officers and men joining in the responses.

Never have I heard the service read more impressively than it was that December day, and during parts of the reading there were few dry eyes to be seen amongst the passengers. The beautiful words are impressive at any time, but at sea their beauty is magnified a hundredfold.

A few minutes after the service had commenced, at a signal from the first officer,

the engines were stopped altogether, and then there was absolute stillness and silence, broken only by the voice of the captain and the ripple of the water as the ship still moved along her way.

"We, therefore, commit her body to the deep . . ." and at these words the men who had stood by the "coaming" on which the body rested raised it gently up, there was a dull splash, and the body sank to rise no more, until the great day when the deep shall give up her dead.

Everything was done in the most reverent spirit, and when at the close of the service the engines were again put full steam ahead, the "gangway" closed up, and the ordinary routine of ship-life resumed, I could not help thinking that there is something very grand in having the profound sea for a tomb. God seemed nearer in that solitude than in the crowded city.

As I was going down to my cabin a little later I met one of the officers, who



From a]

ALLOWING THE BODY TO SLIDE INTO THE SEA.

[Photograph.



From a] SHOWING THE FLAG LEFT BEHIND, AFTER THE BODY HAS GONE. [Photograph.

said, "Not been taking the funeral, have you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, it's your own look-out, and you have to take the risk yourself."

A little farther down I came across one of the engineers, and he asked me the same question. I told him I had taken a few

snap-shots, and he said, "You have? I wouldn't have done it for anything you could have given me."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Don't you know that to photograph a funeral on board ship is about the most unlucky thing you could do? Anyhow, it's your own risk, so it does not matter to me. Still, I would not take such a risk myself."

Not being superstitious, no harm accrued from my daring.

Gradually we got back again to our

usual life on board, and to our games and frivolities; and by a few, perhaps, the solemn act of burying the dead had been forgotten ere we gained our first view of the beautiful Table Bay, with the picturesque town and grand Table Mountain in the background, but on some of us, I feel sure, it will have a lasting influence.



From a] AT THE CLOSE OF THE SERVICE. [Photograph.

Curiosities.*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



A SAGACIOUS HORSE.

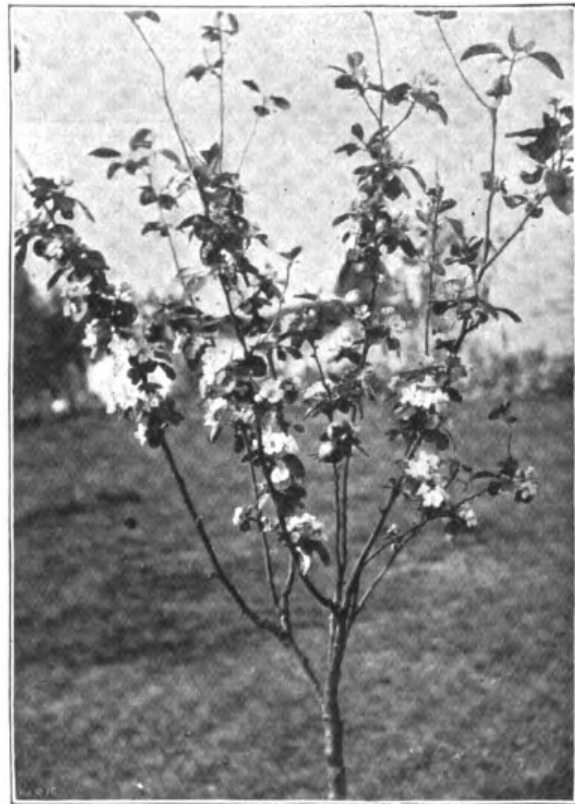
The accompanying photo. depicts an incident which, says the sender, Mr. Herbert S. Sellars, of 25, Hertslet Road, Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, N., may be witnessed any afternoon at Torton, near Gosport, Hants. "Tom," the subject of the photo., is the property of a dairyman well known in that district. Whilst going the rounds, certain lady customers have been in the habit of giving the horse bread. Preceding his master, and arriving at the houses of these good friends, he draws his float up on to the pavement, and then knocks at the door by raising the knocker with his mouth, and then letting it drop again. This he continues to do till the door is opened, when he receives his well-earned reward.

A GOOD JUMP.

Here we have a group of merry-faced school-girls indulging in a jump arm-in-arm together, and the snap-shot gives us a very vivid idea of the



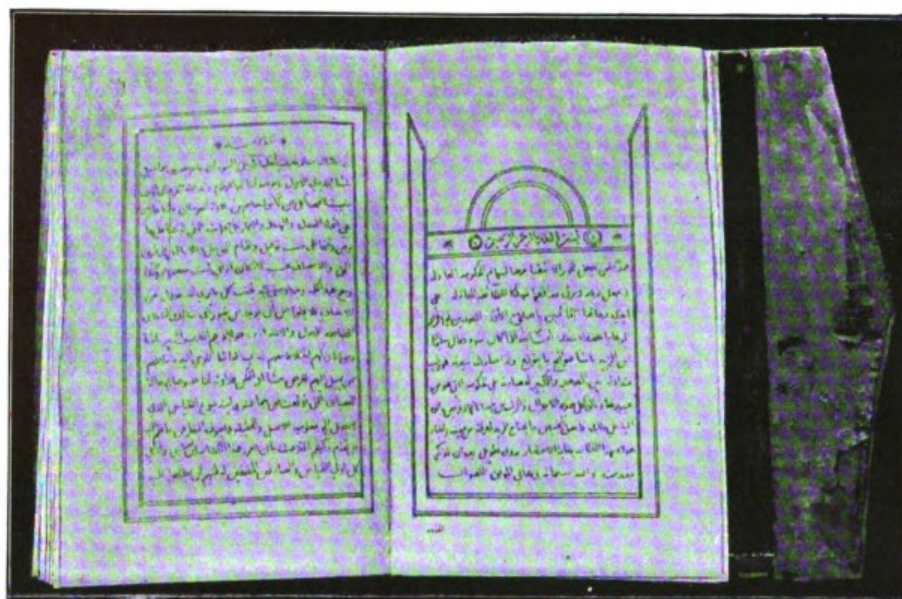
almost incredible positions assumed by the limbs and body under such circumstances. The four girls on the left apparently led off, and seem to be quite complacently perched in mid-air, but the trio on the right are decidedly unsteady in their alignment, whilst the young maid on the extreme flank is quite distressed in her uncertainty. The photograph was taken at the château of the Marquise de San Carlos, near Paris, by Miss Lilian Noble, of Slissinghurst Grange, Cranbrook.



From a Photo. by R. W. Fisk, Rickmansworth.

FRUIT AND BLOSSOM TOGETHER.

The photograph here reproduced shows a very unique freak of Nature. It represents an apple tree that was growing on October 12th last in Mr. Blake's garden, the Metropolitan Station-master at Rickmansworth (Herts), and its point of interest lies in the fact that although the tree is still in full blossom there are several ripe apples upon it at the same time. There were several dozen other similar trees of the same age in the garden, but this is the only one that bore blossom and fruit at the same time. The photograph was sent in by Mr. R. W. Fisk, of Rickmansworth.

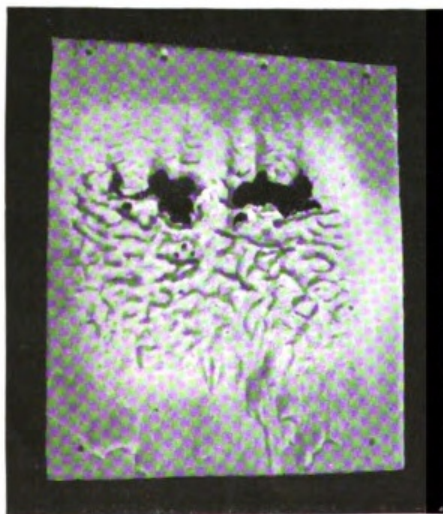


A GORDON RELIC.

With the Soudan reconquered and Khartoum itself fast reassuming that civilizing influence amongst the tribes of the Upper Nile that General Gordon sacrificed so much to accomplish, added interest has been taken in Gordon relics of late. The accompanying photograph represents a book that was printed for the General in Khartoum, and was highly treasured by him on account of it being the first book ever printed there. The relic is now in the safe keeping of the British Museum, where it is open to public inspection. The text, by the way, is in Arabic.

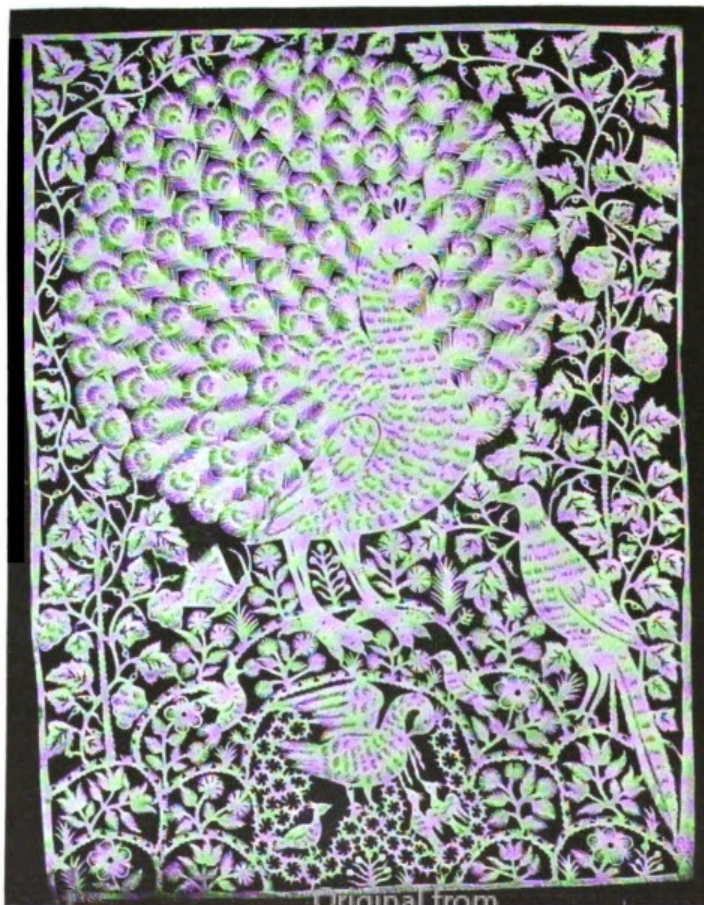
A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT.

It is well known that experiments with paper and a pair of scissors are often productive of the most wonderful results, but the design reproduced in the accompanying photograph is perhaps one of the most remarkable obtained under such conditions, and it has the additional novelty of having been cut out by an old lady of feeble sight. The original paper design was sent to us by Mr. M. A. Holmes, of 3, Alma Road, Canonbury, and the reproduction presented in these pages is from a photograph of it taken by us.



WHAT WHEAT CAN DO.

Amongst the curiosities of THE STRAND a few months ago we gave an illustration of a section of a board taken from a wheat trough, worn by wheat passing over it. Here is a photograph, sent in by Mr. Byron Harman, of the Tacoma Grain Company, Washington, showing a steel-plate, 4ft. square and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, taken from a large elevator at Tacoma, that has actually had holes worn through it by wheat continually falling on it from a height of 4ft.



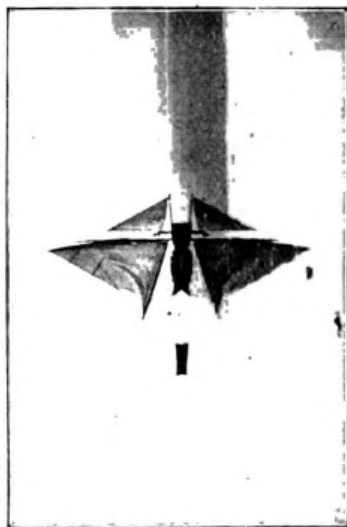
Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



AN INGENIOUS EXTINGUISHER.

Mr. D. H. W. Broad, of 18, Beatrice Road, Stroud Green, N., the sender of this photograph, writes that it represents a curious piece of old ironwork which has recently come into his possession. It slips, he says, on to a candle, the spike in the middle going into the wax at any place you like to adjust it. The object is apparently to automatically extinguish the candle, should the sleeper leave it alight on retiring. When the wax is burnt away the spike is released, thus bringing down the extinguisher. The candle in the photo. is standing in an old brass tinder-box.



WHAT IS IT?

This little snap-shot requires quite an amount of scrutiny to decipher. It has been sent in by Mr. Andrew E. Pearson, of 8, Cobden Road, Newington, Edinburgh, who took it on the Gareloch, at Shandon, in August last. It represents a sailing yacht travelling from left to right, and throwing shadows so remarkably well defined that if the picture be turned upside down it appears almost the same. When turned end on—as it now stands—it might be mistaken for a bat or a butterfly, or even a moth. Being reversed again, curiously enough it still retains the same likeness.

GIGANTIC BEETROOTS.

This photograph, sent in by Mr. H. Clifford, of 236, 52nd Street, Brooklyn, New York, shows how they grow beetroots in California. The largest of the two roots displayed is over 5ft. in height, as may be estimated by comparison with the young lady standing



alongside it, and it is estimated that it will tip the beam at over 200lb. Beetroots of this size are naturally not quite so tender as the smaller kind one is accustomed to receive at table; in fact, in order to slice them it might be necessary to use an axe or a circular saw. Mr. Boker, who grew these, says that there need be no fear of any denudation of our forests, as he can raise a good-sized one underground in the course of a season.



From a Photo. by Hellis & Sons.

A HUMAN VIOLIN.

That music hath charms may undoubtedly be true, but it is difficult to understand how one could enjoy the harmony, however dulcet it might be, evolved from such an instrument as is shown in the above photograph. It consists of the major portion of a human skull, over which is stretched a sheet of sheep's skin for sounding-board; portion of the leg-bone as key-board, with bits of the small bones of the arms for keys. This curiosity belongs to Mr. A. I. J. Harwood, of 87, Park Street, Camden Town, N.W., and was sent to him as a native product from Durban, South Africa, on July 5th last, by Mr. C. Wilson.



A SURPRISING EFFECT.

Certainly a very unlooked-for effect is to be found in the photograph of the lady's face here reproduced, which has been sent in by Mr. Edward Duxfield, of Eton House, Basford, Stoke-on-Trent. On holding the picture upside down another face may be distinctly traced, whose presence is purely the result of certain combined shaded effects. The mouth is the same in both faces. The photo. was taken in the garden about mid-day.

A NOVELTY IN CAMERAS.

The interest attached to the next photograph we reproduce does not lie in the subject illustrated, but in the fact that it was taken by a very primitive sort of camera, made out of an old cigar-box, with a pill-



box pierced at one end by a pin prick instead of a lens, the lid of the pill-box being retained as the cap. At the back of the camera was an arrangement for the reception of the plate, and the whole was enveloped

A TRAIN IN PERSPECTIVE.

A very curious study in perspective is afforded by our next photograph, which was taken by Mr. E. Ford, of Bridge Place, Bexley, Kent, whilst leaning out of a railway carriage window in the rear part of a train. A curve was being rounded just at the moment the snap-shot was taken, and in the distance the locomotives may be seen just about to pass over one of the newly built granite bridges in Cornwall. Owing to the hilly nature of the country, all the main line trains are drawn by two engines. Mr. Ford says that they were travelling at the rate of about thirty miles when he took the photograph.



in cloth. This novel apparatus was made by the thirteen-year-old son of Mrs. C. L. Taylor, of 40, Nichols Street, West Bromwich, who forwarded it for our inspection.



“‘JOHN,’ SHE CRIED, PASSIONATELY, ‘I WILL NEVER ABANDON YOU!’”

(See page 133.)

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Round the Fire.

IX.—THE STORY OF THE JEW'S BREAST-PLATE.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.



Y particular friend Ward Mortimer was one of the best men of his day at everything connected with Oriental archæology. He had written largely upon the subject, he had lived two years in a tomb at Thebes, while he had excavated in the Valley of the Kings, and finally he had created a considerable sensation by his exhumation of the alleged mummy of Cleopatra in the inner room of the Temple of Horus, at Philæ. With such a record at the age of thirty-one, it was felt that a considerable career lay before him, and no one was surprised when he was elected to the curatorship of the Belmore Street Museum, which carries with it the lectureship at the Oriental College, and an income which has sunk with the fall in land, but which still remains at that ideal sum which is large enough to encourage an investigator, and not so large as to enervate him.

There was only one reason which made Ward Mortimer's position a little difficult at the Belmore Street Museum, and that was the extreme eminence of the man whom he had to succeed. Professor Andreas was a profound scholar and a man of European reputation. His lectures were frequented by students from every part of the world, and his admirable management of the collection intrusted to his care was a commonplace in all learned societies. There was, therefore, considerable surprise when, at the age of fifty-five, he suddenly resigned his position and retired from those duties which had been both his livelihood and his pleasure. He and his daughter left the comfortable suite of rooms which had formed his official residence in connection with the museum, and my friend, Mortimer, who was a bachelor, took up his quarters there.

On hearing of Mortimer's appointment

Professor Andreas had written him a very kindly and flattering congratulatory letter, but I was actually present at their first meeting, and I went with Mortimer round the museum when the Professor showed us the admirable collection which he had cherished so long. The Professor's beautiful daughter and a young man, Captain Wilson, who was, as I understood, soon to be her husband, accompanied us in our inspection. There were fifteen rooms in all, but the Babylonian, the Syrian, and the central hall, which contained the Jewish and Egyptian collection, were the finest of all. Professor Andreas was a quiet, dry, elderly man, with a clean-shaven face and an impassive manner, but his dark eyes sparkled and his features quickened into enthusiastic life as he pointed out to us the rarity and the beauty of some of his specimens. His hand lingered so fondly over them, that one could read his pride in them and the grief in his heart now that they were passing from his care into that of another.

He had shown us in turn his mummies, his papyri, his rare scarabs, his inscriptions, his Jewish relics, and his duplication of the famous seven-branched candlestick of the Temple, which was brought to Rome by Titus, and which is supposed by some to be lying at this instant in the bed of the Tiber. Then he approached a case which stood in the very centre of the hall, and he looked down through the glass with reverence in his attitude and manner.

"This is no novelty to an expert like yourself, Mr. Mortimer," said he; "but I daresay that your friend, Mr. Jackson, will be interested to see it."

Leaning over the case I saw an object, some five inches square, which consisted of twelve precious stones in a framework of gold, with golden hooks at two of the corners. The stones were all varying in sort and colour, but they were of the same size.

Their shapes, arrangement, and gradation of tint made me think of a box of water-colour paints. Each stone had some hieroglyphic scratched upon its surface.

"You have heard, Mr. Jackson, of the urim and thummim?"

I had heard the term, but my idea of its meaning was exceedingly vague.

"The urim and thummim was a name given to the jewelled plate which lay upon the breast of the high priest of the Jews. They had a very special feeling of reverence for it—something of the feeling which an ancient Roman might have for the Sibylline books in the Capitol. There are, as you see, twelve magnificent stones, inscribed with mystical characters. Counting from the left-hand top corner, the stones are carnelian, peridot, emerald, ruby, lapis lazuli, onyx, sapphire, agate, amethyst, topaz, beryl, and jasper."

I was amazed at the variety and beauty of the stones.

"Has the breast-plate any particular history?" I asked.

"It is of great age and of immense value," said Professor Andreas. "Without

being able to make an absolute assertion, we have many reasons to think that it is possible that it may be the original urim and thummim of Solomon's Temple. There is certainly nothing so fine in any collection in Europe. My friend, Captain Wilson here, is a practical authority upon precious stones, and he would tell you how pure these are."

Captain Wilson, a man with a dark, hard, incisive face, was standing beside his *fiancée* at the other side of the case.

"Yes," said he, curtly, "I have never seen finer stones."

"And the gold-work is also worthy of attention. The ancients excelled in——"—he was apparently about to indicate the setting of the stones, when Captain Wilson interrupted him.

"You will see a finer example of their gold-work in this candlestick," said he, turning to another table, and we all joined him in his admiration of its embossed stem and delicately ornamented branches. Altogether it was an interesting and a novel experience to have objects of such rarity explained by so great an expert; and when, finally, Professor Andreas finished our inspection by formally

handing over the precious collection to the care of my friend, I could not help pitying him and envying his successor whose life was to pass in so pleasant a duty. Within a week, Ward Mortimer was duly installed in his new set of rooms, and had become the autocrat of the Belmore Street Museum.

About a fortnight afterwards my friend gave a small dinner to half-a-dozen bachelor friends to celebrate his promotion. When his guests were departing he pulled my sleeve and signalled to me that he wished me to remain.

"You have only a few hundred yards to go," said he—I was living in chambers in the Albany. "You may as well stay and



"IT IS OF GREAT AGE AND OF IMMENSE VALUE," SAID PROFESSOR ANDREAS.

have a quiet cigar with me. I very much want your advice."

I relapsed into an arm-chair and lit one of his excellent Matronas. When he had returned from seeing the last of his guests out, he drew a letter from his dress-jacket and sat down opposite to me.

"This is an anonymous letter which I received this morning," said he. "I want to read it to you and to have your advice."

"You are very welcome to it for what it is worth."

"This is how the note runs: 'Sir,—I should strongly advise you to keep a very careful watch over the many valuable things which are committed to your charge. I do not think that the present system of a single watchman is sufficient. Be upon your guard, or an irreparable misfortune may occur.'"

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that is all."

"Well," said I, "it is at least obvious that it was written by one of the limited number of people who are aware that you have only one watchman at night."

Ward Mortimer handed me the note, with a curious smile. "Have you an eye for handwriting?" said he. "Now, look at this!" He put another letter in front of me. "Look at the *c* in 'congratulate' and the *c* in 'committed.' Look at the capital *J*. Look at the trick of putting in a dash instead of a stop!"

"They are undoubtedly from the same hand—with some attempt at disguise in the case of this first one."

"The second," said Ward Mortimer, "is the letter of congratulation which was written to me by Professor Andreas upon my obtaining my appointment."

I stared at him in amazement. Then I turned over the letter in my hand, and there, sure enough, was "Martin Andreas" signed upon the other side. There could be no doubt, in the mind of anyone who had the slightest knowledge of the science of graphology, that the Professor had written an anonymous letter, warning his successor against thieves. It was inexplicable, but it was certain.

"Why should he do it?" I asked.

"Precisely what I should wish to ask you. If he had any such misgivings, why could he not come and tell me direct?"

"Will you speak to him about it?"

"There again I am in doubt. He might choose to deny that he wrote it."

"At any rate," said I, "this warning is meant in a friendly spirit, and I should certainly act upon it. Are the present precautions enough to insure you against robbery?"

"I should have thought so. The public are only admitted from ten till five, and there is a guardian to every two rooms. He stands at the door between them, and so commands them both."

"But at night?"

"When the public are gone, we at once



"THIS WARNING IS MEANT IN A FRIENDLY SPIRIT."

put up the great iron shutters, which are absolutely burglar-proof. The watchman is a capable fellow. He sits in the lodge, but he walks round every three hours. We keep one electric light burning in each room all night."

"It is difficult to suggest anything more short of keeping your day watchers all night,"

"We could not afford that."

"At least, I should communicate with the police, and have a special constable put on outside in Belmore Street," said I. "As to the letter, if the writer wishes to be anonymous, I think he has a right to remain so. We must trust to the future to show some reason for the curious course which he has adopted."

So we dismissed the subject, but all that night after my return to my chambers I was puzzling my brain as to what possible motive Professor Andreas could have for writing an anonymous warning letter to his successor—for that the writing was his was as certain to me as if I had seen him actually doing it. He foresaw some danger to the collection. Was it because he foresaw it that he abandoned his charge of it? But if so, why should he hesitate to warn Mortimer in his own name? I puzzled and puzzled until at last I fell into a troubled sleep, which carried me beyond my usual hour of rising.

I was aroused in a singular and effective method, for about nine o'clock my friend Mortimer rushed into my room with an expression of consternation upon his face. He was usually one of the most tidy men of my acquaintance, but now his collar was undone at one end, his tie was flying, and his hat at the back of his head. I read his whole story in his frantic eyes.

"The museum has been robbed!" I cried, springing up in bed.

"I fear so! Those jewels! The jewels of the urim and thummim!" he gasped, for he was out of breath with running. "I'm going on to the police-station. Come to the museum as soon as you can, Jackson! Good-bye!" He rushed distractedly out of the room, and I heard him clatter down the stairs.

I was not long in following his directions, but I found when I arrived that he had already returned with a police inspector, and another elderly gentleman, who proved to be Mr. Purvis, one of the partners of Morson and Company, the well-known diamond merchants. As an expert in stones he was always prepared to advise the police. They were grouped round the case in which the breast-plate of the Jewish priest had been exposed. The plate had been taken out and laid upon the glass top of the case, and the three heads were bent over it.

"It is obvious that it has been tampered with," said Mortimer. "It caught my eye the moment that I passed through the room this morning. I examined it yesterday even-

ing, so that it is certain that this has happened during the night."

It was, as he had said, obvious that someone had been at work upon it. The settings of the uppermost row of four stones—the carnelian, peridot, emerald, and ruby—were rough and jagged as if someone had scraped all round them. The stones were in their places, but the beautiful gold work which we had admired only a few days before had been very clumsily pulled about.

"It looks to me," said the police inspector, "as if someone had been trying to take out the stones."

"My fear is," said Mortimer, "that he not only tried, but succeeded. I believe these four stones to be skilful imitations which have been put in the place of the originals."

The same suspicion had evidently been in the mind of the expert, for he had been carefully examining the four stones with the aid of a lens. He now submitted them to several tests, and finally turned cheerfully to Mortimer.

"I congratulate you, sir," said he, heartily. "I will pledge my reputation that all four of these stones are genuine, and of a most unusual degree of purity."

The colour began to come back to my poor friend's frightened face, and he drew a long breath of relief.

"Thank God!" he cried, "Then what in the world did the thief want?"

"Probably he meant to take the stones, but was interrupted."

"In that case one would expect him to take them out one at a time, but the setting of each of these has been loosened, and yet the stones are all here."

"It is certainly most extraordinary," said the inspector. "I never remember a case like it. Let us see the watchman."

The commissionaire was called—a soldierly, honest-faced man, who seemed as concerned as Ward Mortimer at the incident.

"No, sir, I never heard a sound," he answered, in reply to the questions of the inspector. "I made my rounds four times, as usual, but I saw nothing suspicious. I've been in my position ten years, but nothing of the kind has ever occurred before."

"No thief could have come through the windows?"

"Impossible, sir."

"Or passed you at the door?"

"No, sir; I never left my post except when I walked my rounds."

"What other openings are there into the museum?"

"There is the door into Mr. Ward Mortimer's private rooms."

"That is locked at night," my friend explained, "and in order to reach it anyone from the street would have to open the outside door as well."

"Your servants?"

"Their quarters are entirely separate."

"Well, well," said the inspector, "this is certainly very obscure. However, there has been no harm done, according to Mr. Purvis."

"I will swear that those stones are genuine."

"So that the case appears to be merely

opening in the passage. The other through a skylight from the lumber-room, overlooking that very chamber to which the intruder had penetrated. As neither the cellar nor the lumber-room could be entered unless the thief was already within the locked doors, the matter was not of any practical importance, and the dust of cellar and attic assured us that no one had used either one or the other. Finally, we ended as we began, without the slightest clue as to how, why, or by whom the setting of these four jewels had been tampered with.

There remained one course for Mortimer to take, and he took it. Leaving the police to continue their fruitless researches, he asked me to accompany him that afternoon in a visit to Professor Andreas.

He took with him the two letters, and it was his intention to openly tax his predecessor with having written the anonymous warning, and to ask him to explain the fact that he should have anticipated so exactly that which had actually occurred. The Professor was living in a small villa in Upper Norwood, but we were informed by the servant that he was away from home. Seeing our disappointment, she asked us if we should like to see Miss Andreas, and showed us into the modest drawing-room.

I have mentioned incidentally that the Professor's daughter was a very beautiful girl. She was a blonde, tall and graceful, with a skin of that delicate tint which the French call "mat," the colour of old ivory or of the lighter petals of the sulphur rose. I

was shocked, however, as she entered the room to see how much she had changed in the last fortnight. Her young face was haggard and her bright eyes heavy with trouble.

"Father has gone to Scotland," she said. "He seems to be tired, and has had a good deal to worry him. He only left us yesterday."

"You look a little tired yourself, Miss Andreas," said my friend.



"I WILL SWEAR THAT THOSE STONES ARE GENUINE."

one of malicious damage. But none the less, I should be very glad to go carefully round the premises, and to see if we can find any trace to show us who your visitor may have been."

His investigation, which lasted all the morning, was careful and intelligent, but it led in the end to nothing. He pointed out to us that there were two possible entrances to the museum which we had not considered. The one was from the cellars by a trap-door

"I have been so anxious about father."

"Can you give me his Scotch address?"

"Yes, he is with his brother, the Rev. David Andreas, 1, Arran Villas, Ardrossan."

Ward Mortimer made a note of the address, and we left without saying anything as to the object of our visit. We found ourselves in Belmore Street in the evening in exactly the same position in which we had been in the morning. Our only clue was the Professor's letter, and my friend had made up his mind to start for Ardrossan next day, and to get to the bottom of the anonymous letter, when a new development came to alter our plans.

Very early upon the following morning I was aroused from my sleep by a tap upon my bedroom door. It was a messenger with a note from Mortimer.

"Do come round," it said; "the matter is becoming more and more extraordinary."

When I obeyed his summons I found him pacing excitedly up and down the central room, while the old soldier who guarded the premises stood with military stiffness in a corner.

"My dear Jackson," he cried, "I am so delighted that you have come, for this is a most inexplicable business."

"What has happened, then?"

He waved his hand towards the case which contained the breast-plate.

"Look at it," said he.

I did so, and could not restrain a cry of surprise. The setting of the middle row of precious stones had been profaned in the same manner as the upper ones. Of the twelve jewels, eight had been now tampered with in this singular fashion. The setting of the lower four was still neat and smooth. The others jagged and irregular.

"Have the stones been altered?" I asked.

"No, I am certain that these upper four are the same which the expert pronounced to be genuine, for I observed yesterday that little discoloration on the edge of the emerald. Since they have not extracted the upper stones, there is no reason to think that the lower have been transposed. You say that you heard nothing, Simpson?"

"No, sir," the commissionaire answered. "But when I made my round after daylight I had a special look at these stones, and I saw at once that someone had been meddling with them. Then I called you, sir, and told you. I was backwards and forwards all the night, and I never saw a soul or heard a sound."

"Come up and have some breakfast with me," said Mortimer, and he took me into his own chambers.

"Now, what *do* you think of this, Jackson?" he asked.

"It is the most objectless, futile, idiotic business that ever I heard of. It can only be the work of a monomaniac."

"Can you put forward any theory?"



"I NEVER SAW A SOUL. OR HEARD A SOUND."

A curious idea came into my head. "This object is a Jewish relic of great antiquity and sanctity," said I. "How about the anti-Semitic movement? Could one conceive that a fanatic of that way of thinking might desecrate——"

"No, no, no!" cried Mortimer. "That will never do! Such a man might push his lunacy to the length of destroying a Jewish relic, but why on earth should he nibble round every stone so carefully that he can only do four stones in a night? We must have a better solution than that, and we must find it for ourselves, for I do not think that our inspector is likely to help us. First of all, what do you think of Simpson, the porter?"

"Have you any reason to suspect him?"

"Only that he is the one person on the premises."

"But why should he indulge in such wanton destruction? Nothing has been taken away. He has no motive."

"Mania?"

"No, I will swear to his sanity."

"Have you any other theory?"

"Well, yourself, for example. You are not a somnambulist, by any chance?"

"Nothing of the sort, I assure you."

"Then I give it up."

"But I don't—and I have a plan by which we will make it all clear."

"To visit Professor Andreas?"

"No, we shall find our solution nearer than Scotland. I will tell you what we shall do. You know that skylight which overlooks the central hall? We will leave the electric lights in the hall, and we will keep watch in the lumber-room, you and I, and solve the mystery for ourselves. If our mysterious visitor is doing four stones at a time, he has four still to do, and there is every reason to think that he will return to-night and complete the job."

"Excellent!" I cried.

"We shall keep our own secret, and say nothing either to the police or to Simpson. Will you join me?"

"With the utmost pleasure," said I, and so it was agreed.

It was ten o'clock that night when I returned to the Belmore Street Museum. Mortimer was, as I could see, in a state of suppressed nervous excitement, but it was still too early to begin our vigil, so we remained for an hour or so in his chambers, discussing all the possibilities of the singular business which we had met to solve. At last the roaring stream of hansom cabs and the rush

of hurrying feet became lower and more intermittent as the pleasure-seekers passed on their way to their stations or their homes. It was nearly twelve when Mortimer led the way to the lumber-room which overlooked the central hall of the museum.

He had visited it during the day, and had spread some sacking so that we could lie at our ease, and look straight down into the museum. The skylight was of unfrosted glass, but was so covered with dust that it would be impossible for anyone looking up from below to detect that he was overlooked. We cleared a small piece at each corner, which gave us a complete view of the room beneath us. In the cold, white light of the electric lamps everything stood out hard and clear, and I could see the smallest detail of the contents of the various cases.

Such a vigil is an excellent lesson, since one has no choice but to look hard at those objects which we usually pass with such half-hearted interest. Through my little peep-hole I employed the hours in studying every specimen, from the huge mummy-case which leaned against the wall to those very jewels which had brought us there, which gleamed and sparkled in their glass case immediately beneath us. There was much precious gold-work and many valuable stones scattered through the numerous cases, but those wonderful twelve which made up the urim and thummim glowed and burned with a radiance which far eclipsed the others. I studied in turn the tomb-pictures of Sicara, the friezes from Karnak, the statues of Memphis, and the inscriptions of Thebes, but my eyes would always come back to that wonderful Jewish relic, and my mind to the singular mystery which surrounded it. I was lost in the thought of it when my companion suddenly drew his breath sharply in, and seized my arm in a convulsive grip. At the same instant I saw what it was which had excited him.

I have said that against the wall—on the right-hand side of the doorway (the right-hand side as we looked at it, but the left as one entered)—there stood a large mummy-case. To our unutterable amazement it was slowly opening. Gradually, gradually, the lid was swinging back, and the black slit which marked the opening was becoming wider and wider. So gently and carefully was it done that the movement was quite imperceptible. Then, as we breathlessly watched it, a white, thin hand appeared at the opening, pushing back the painted lid, then another hand, and finally a face—a face which was familiar to

us both, that of Professor Andreas. Stealthily he slunk out of the mummy-case, like a fox stealing from its burrow, his head turning incessantly to left and to right, stepping, then pausing, then stepping again, the very image of craft and of caution. Once some sound in the street struck him motionless, and he stood listening, with his ear turned, ready to dart back to the shelter behind him. Then he crept onwards again upon tiptoe, very, very softly and slowly, until he had reached the case in the centre of the room. Then he took a bunch of keys from his pocket, unlocked the case, took out the Jewish breast-plate, and, laying it upon the glass in front of him, began to work upon it with some sort of small, glistening tool. He was so directly underneath us that his bent head covered his work, but we could guess from the movement of his hand that he was engaged in finishing the strange disfigurement which he had begun.

I could realize from the heavy breathing of my companion, and the twitchings of the hand which still clutched my wrist, the furious indignation which filled his heart as he saw this vandalism in the very quarter of all others where he could least have expected it. He, the very man who a fortnight before had reverently bent over this unique relic, and who had impressed its antiquity and its sanctity upon us, was now engaged in this outrageous profanation. It was impossible, unthinkable—and yet there, in the white glare of the electric light beneath us, was that dark figure with the bent, grey head, and the

twitching elbow. What inhuman hypocrisy, what hateful depth of malice against his successor must underlie these sinister nocturnal labours. It was painful to think of and dreadful to watch. Even I, who had none of the acute feelings of a virtuoso, could not bear to look on and see this deliberate mutilation of so ancient a relic. It was a relief to me when my companion tugged at my sleeve as a signal that I was to follow him as he softly crept out of the room. It was not until we were within his own quarters that he opened his lips, and then I saw by his agitated face how deep was his consternation.

"The abominable Goth!" he cried. "Could you have believed it?"

"It is amazing."

"He is a villain or a lunatic—one or the other. We shall very soon see which. Come with me, Jackson, and we shall get to the bottom of this black business."

A door opened out of the passage which was the private entrance from his rooms into the museum. This he opened softly with his key, having first kicked off his shoes, an example which I followed. We crept together through room after room, until the large hall lay before us, with that dark figure still stooping and working at the central case. With an advance as cautious as his own we closed in upon him, but softly as

we went we could not take him entirely unawares. We were still a dozen yards from him when he looked round with a start, and uttering a husky cry of terror, ran frantically down the museum.

"Simpson! Simpson!" roared Mortimer,



"THIS HE OPENED SOFTLY WITH HIS KEY."

and far away down the vista of electric-lighted doors we saw the stiff figure of the old soldier suddenly appear. Professor Andreas saw him also, and stopped running, with a gesture of despair. At the same instant we each laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Yes, yes, gentlemen," he panted, "I will come with you. To your room, Mr. Ward Mortimer, if you please! I feel that I owe you an explanation."

My companion's indignation was so great that I could see that he dared not trust himself to reply. We walked on each side of the old Professor, the astonished commissioner bringing up the rear. When we reached the violated case, Mortimer stopped and examined the breast-plate. Already one of the stones of the lower row had had its setting turned back in the same manner as the others. My friend held it up and glanced furiously at his prisoner.

"How could you!" he cried. "How could you!"

"It is horrible—horrible!" said the Professor. "I don't wonder at your feelings. Take me to your room."

"But this shall not be left exposed!" cried Mortimer. He picked the breast-plate up and carried it tenderly in his hand, while I walked beside the Professor, like a policeman with a malefactor. We passed into Mortimer's chambers, leaving the amazed old soldier to understand matters as best he could. The Professor sat down in Mortimer's arm-chair, and turned so ghastly a colour that, for the instant, all our resentment was changed to concern. A stiff glass of brandy brought the life back to him once more.

"There, I am better now!" said he. "These last few days have been too much for me. I am convinced that I could not stand it any longer. It is a nightmare—a horrible nightmare—that I should be arrested as a burglar in what has been for so long my own museum. And yet I cannot blame you. You could not have done otherwise. My hope

always was that I should get it all over before I was detected. This would have been my last night's work."

"How did you get in?" asked Mortimer.

"By taking a very great liberty with your private door. But the object justified it. The object justified everything. You will not be angry when you know everything—at least, you will not be angry with me. I had a key to your side door and also to the museum door. I did not give them up when I left. And so you see it was not difficult for me to let myself into the museum. I used to come in early before the crowd had cleared from the street. Then I hid myself in the mummy-case, and took refuge there whenever Simpson came round. I could always hear him coming. I used to leave in the same way as I came."

"You ran a risk."

"I had to."

"But why? What on earth was your object—*you* to do a thing like that!" Mortimer pointed reproachfully at the plate which lay before him on the table.

"I could devise no other means. I thought and thought, but there was no alter-



"MORTIMER POINTED REPROACHFULLY AT THE PLATE."

native except a hideous public scandal, and a private sorrow which would have clouded our lives. I acted for the best, incredible as it may seem to you, and I only ask your attention to enable me to prove it."

"I will hear what you have to say before I take any further steps," said Mortimer, grimly.

"I am determined to hold back nothing, and to take you both completely into my confidence. I will leave it to your own generosity how far you will use the facts with which I supply you."

"We have the essential facts already."

"And yet you understand nothing. Let me go back to what passed a few weeks ago, and I will make it all clear to you. Believe me that what I say is the absolute and exact truth.

"You have met the person who calls himself Captain Wilson. I say 'calls himself' because I have reason now to believe that it is not his correct name. It would take me too long if I were to describe all the means by which he obtained an introduction to me and ingratiated himself into my friendship and the affection of my daughter. He brought letters from foreign colleagues which compelled me to show him some attention. And then, by his own attainments, which are considerable, he succeeded in making himself a very welcome visitor at my rooms. When I learned that my daughter's affections had been gained by him, I may have thought it premature, but I certainly was not surprised, for he had a charm of manner and of conversation which would have made him conspicuous in any society.

"He was much interested in Oriental antiquities, and his knowledge of the subject justified his interest. Often when he spent the evening with us he would ask permission to go down into the museum and have an opportunity of privately inspecting the various specimens. You can imagine that I, as an enthusiast, was in sympathy with such a request, and that I felt no surprise at the constancy of his visits. After his actual engagement to Elise, there was hardly an evening which he did not pass with us, and an hour or two were generally devoted to the museum. He had the free run of the place, and when I have been away for the evening I had no objection to his doing whatever he wished here. This state of things was only terminated by the fact of my resignation of my official duties and my retirement to Norwood, where I hoped to have the leisure

to write a considerable work which I had planned.

"It was immediately after this—within a week or so—that I first realized the true nature and character of the man whom I had so imprudently introduced into my family. The discovery came to me through letters from my friends abroad, which showed me that his introductions to me had been forgeries. Aghast at the revelation, I asked myself what motive this man could originally have had in practising this elaborate deception upon me. I was too poor a man for any fortune-hunter to have marked me down. Why, then, had he come? I remembered that some of the most precious gems in Europe had been under my charge, and I remembered also the ingenious excuses by which this man had made himself familiar with the cases in which they were kept. He was a rascal who was planning some gigantic robbery. How could I, without striking my own daughter, who was infatuated about him, prevent him from carrying out any plan which he might have formed? My device was a clumsy one, and yet I could think of nothing more effective. If I had written a letter under my own name, you would naturally have turned to me for details which I did not wish to give. I resorted to an anonymous letter begging you to be upon your guard.

"I may tell you that my change from Belmore Street to Norwood had not affected the visits of this man, who had, I believe, a real and overpowering affection for my daughter. As to her, I could not have believed that any woman could be so completely under the influence of a man as she was. His stronger nature seemed to entirely dominate her. I had not realized how far this was the case, or the extent of the confidence which existed between them, until that very evening when his true character for the first time was made clear to me. I had given orders that when he called he should be shown into my study instead of to the drawing-room. There I told him bluntly that I knew all about him, that I had taken steps to defeat his designs, and that neither I nor my daughter desired ever to see him again. I added that I thanked God that I had found him out before he had time to harm those precious objects which it had been the work of my life-time to protect.

"He was certainly a man of iron nerve. He took my remarks without a sign either of surprise or of defiance, but listened gravely and attentively until I had finished. Then

he walked across the room without a word and struck the bell.

"Ask Miss Andreas to be so kind as to step this way," said he to the servant.

"My daughter entered, and the man closed the door behind her. Then he took her hand in his.

"Elise," said he, 'your father has just discovered that I am a villain. He knows now what you knew before.'

"She stood in silence, listening.

"He says that we are to part for ever," said he.

"She did not withdraw her hand.

"Will you be true to me, or will you remove the last good influence which is ever likely to come into my life?"

"John," she cried, passionately, 'I will never abandon you! Never, never, not if the whole world were against you.'

"In vain I argued and pleaded with her. It was absolutely useless. Her whole life was bound up in this man before me. My daughter, gentlemen, is all that I have left to love, and it filled me with agony when I saw how powerless I was to save her from her ruin. My helplessness seemed to touch this man who was the cause of my trouble.

"It may not be as bad as you think, sir," said he, in his quiet, inflexible way. 'I love Elise with a love which is strong enough to rescue even one who has such a record as I have. It was but yesterday that I promised her that never again in my whole life would I do a thing of which she should be ashamed. I have made up my mind to it, and never yet did I make up my mind to a thing which I did not do.'

"He spoke with an air which carried conviction with it. As he concluded he put his hand into his pocket and he drew out a small cardboard box.

"I am about to give you a proof of my

determination,' said he. 'This, Elise, shall be the first-fruits of your redeeming influence over me. You are right, sir, in thinking that I had designs upon the jewels in your possession. Such ventures have had a charm for me, which depended as much upon the risk run as upon the value of the prize. Those famous and antique stones of the Jewish priest were a challenge to my daring and my ingenuity. I determined to get them.'

"I guessed as much.'

"There was only one thing that you did not guess.'

"And what is that?"



"HE TILTED OUT THE CONTENTS."

"That I got them. They are in this box.' He opened the box, and tilted out the contents upon the corner of my desk. My hair rose and my flesh grew cold as I looked. There were twelve magnificent square stones engraved with mystical characters. There could be no doubt that they were the jewels of the urim and thummim.

"Good God!" I cried. 'How have you escaped discovery?"

"By the substitution of twelve others, made especially to my order, in which the

originals are so carefully imitated that I defy the eye to detect the difference.'

"'Then the present stones are false?' I cried.

"'They have been for some weeks.'

"We all stood in silence, my daughter white with emotion, but still holding this man by the hand.

"'You see what I am capable of, Elise,' said he.

"'I see that you are capable of repentance and restitution,' she answered.

"'Yes, thanks to your influence! I leave the stones in your hands, sir. Do what you like about it. But remember that whatever you do against me, is done against the future husband of your only daughter. You will hear from me soon again, Elise. It is the last time that I will ever cause pain to your tender heart,' and with these words he left both the room and the house.

"My position was a dreadful one. Here I was with these precious relics in my possession, and how could I return them without a scandal and an exposure? I knew the depth of my daughter's nature too well to suppose that I would ever be able to detach her from this man now that she had entirely given him her heart. I was not even sure how far it was right to detach her if she had such an ameliorating influence over him. How could I expose him without injuring her—and how far was I justified in exposing him when he had voluntarily put himself into my power? I thought and thought, until at last I formed a resolution which may seem to you to be a foolish one, and yet, if I had to do it again, I believe it would be the best course open to me.

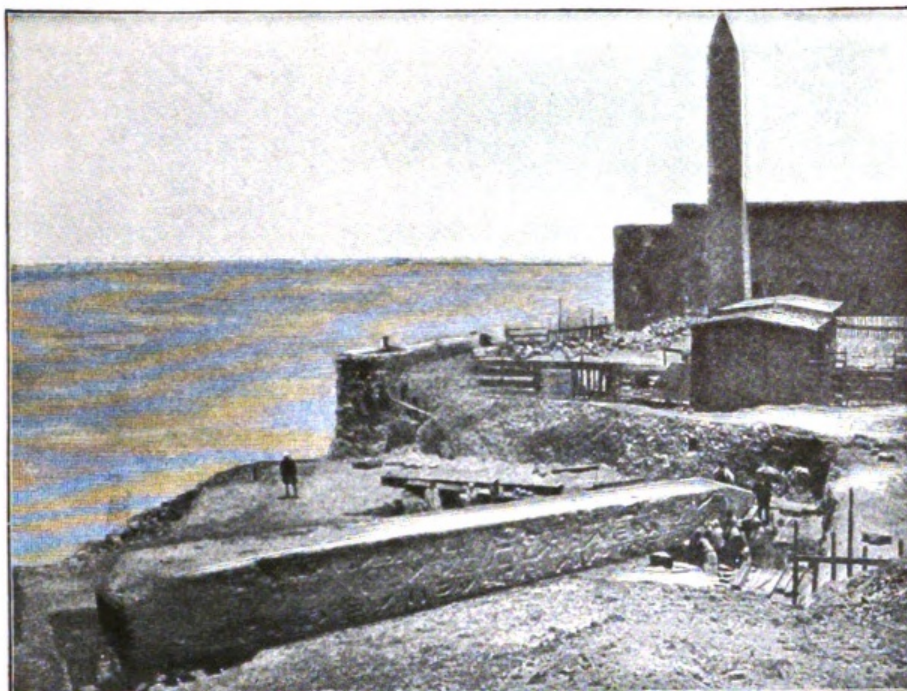
"My idea was to return the stones without anyone being the wiser. With my keys I could get into the museum at any time, and I was confident that I could avoid Simpson, whose hours and methods were familiar to me. I determined to take no one into my confidence—not even my daughter—whom I told that I was about to visit my brother in Scotland. I wanted a free hand for a few nights, without inquiry as to my comings and

goings. To this end I took a room in Harding Street that very night, with an intimation that I was a Pressman, and that I should keep very late hours.

"That night I made my way into the museum, and I replaced four of the stones. It was hard work, and took me all night. When Simpson came round I always heard his footsteps, and concealed myself in the mummy-case. I had some knowledge of gold-work, but was far less skilful than the thief had been. He had replaced the setting so exactly that I defy anyone to see the difference. My work was rude and clumsy. However, I hoped that the plate might not be carefully examined, or the roughness of the setting observed, until my task was done. Next night I replaced four more stones. And to-night I should have finished my task had it not been for the unfortunate circumstance which has caused me to reveal so much which I should have wished to keep concealed. I appeal to you, gentlemen, to your sense of honour and of compassion, whether what I have told you should go any farther or not. My own happiness, my daughter's future, the hopes of this man's regeneration, all depend upon your decision."

"Which is," said my friend, "that all is well that ends well, and that the whole matter ends here and at once. To-morrow the loose settings shall be tightened by an expert goldsmith, and so passes the greatest danger to which, since the destruction of the Temple, the urim and thummim have been exposed. Here is my hand, Professor Andreas, and I can only hope that under such difficult circumstances I should have carried myself as unselfishly and as well."

Just one footnote to this narrative. Within a month Elise Andreas was married to a man whose name, had I the indiscretion to mention it, would appeal to my readers as one who is now widely and deservedly honoured. But if the truth were known, that honour is due not to him but to the gentle girl who plucked him back when he had gone so far down that dark road along which few return.



From a]

THE NEEDLE LYING AS IT FEEL AT ALEXANDRIA.

[Photo.

The Story of Cleopatra's Needle.

FROM SYRENE TO LONDON.

BY SUSIE ESPLEN.

IN London, on the embankment of the Thames, standing majestic in its great height and solidity, is that wonderful column of red granite known to all as Cleopatra's Needle.

What a history is attached to the obelisk, a history which is as wonderful and strange as the Needle itself is antique, for its age dates back as far as 1,500 years before the Christian Era. We are told that "the child Moses may have played around the foot of this pillar; the Israelites looking citywards from the brickfields saw the sunlight glittering on its tapering point; the plague of darkness clothed it as with a garment; the plague of frogs croaked and squatted on its pediment; the plague of locusts dashed themselves in flights against it, and unto its likeness the heart of Pharaoh was hardened. The sight of it takes us back to a time when the Pisgah—sight of Canaan—was but a promise with a desert and forty years between." Connecting the history of the pillar with such ancient Biblical facts as these, we realize how really aged the Needle is; but we have still to remember that it had been witness to events which

took place many hundreds of years even before the days of Moses.

When Thothmes III., called Egypt's greatest King, was in power he gave command for another pair of obelisks to be cut out of the quarries at Syrene and erected by the side of those already standing, which Rameses had set up before one of the many temples of the Sun which were in Heliopolis.

Gazing thoughtlessly at the column one is prone to overlook the fact that this tremendous pillar is unlike other equally high columns in our land, as this one was not built up to its present height by stone being laid upon stone or block being placed upon block, until the desired height and form were attained, but from the first this was hewn out of its place in the quarry in one enormous mass. We can, therefore, understand the difficult undertaking it would be to remove such a weight of granite from one place to the other in the days when steam was not in use. The quarries of Syrene were seven hundred miles from Heliopolis. In an interesting book on this subject written by the Rev. James King (and to him I am indebted for much of this information), we have an account of how in

those early times the task of cutting out and removing this column was effected.

He tells us that in an old quarry at Syrene there is to be seen an obelisk upon which the workmen were busy, when for some reason they were obliged to leave it only partially cut out. From this it appears that when the quarrymen wished to abstract a huge mass, such as the Needle would be, they marked out the form by cutting a deep groove, in which, at intervals, they made oblong holes. Into these holes they firmly wedged blocks of timber, and then, filling the grooves with water, the wood in time swelled and thus the granite cracked along the outline from wedge to wedge. Next came the difficulty of taking the Needle on its first journey, seven hundred miles up the river to the City of Heliopolis. When it lay ready for removal in the quarry, rollers made of palm trees were laid so that the column could be placed on them, and by this means it could be pushed down to the edge of the river, and there a raft was built round it. When the Nile overflowed its banks, this raft and its burden floated, and the stone was conveyed to the nearest and most suitable point from which it could again be conveyed on rollers as before to the pedestal which was prepared for it to stand upon, and by the help of ropes and levers made from the date palm it was placed in position. So faultless was the work done by those men of old that, when the column was erected on the pedestal, both had been so accurately levelled, where the one fitted on the other, that the Needle when standing was perfectly true in the perpendicular.

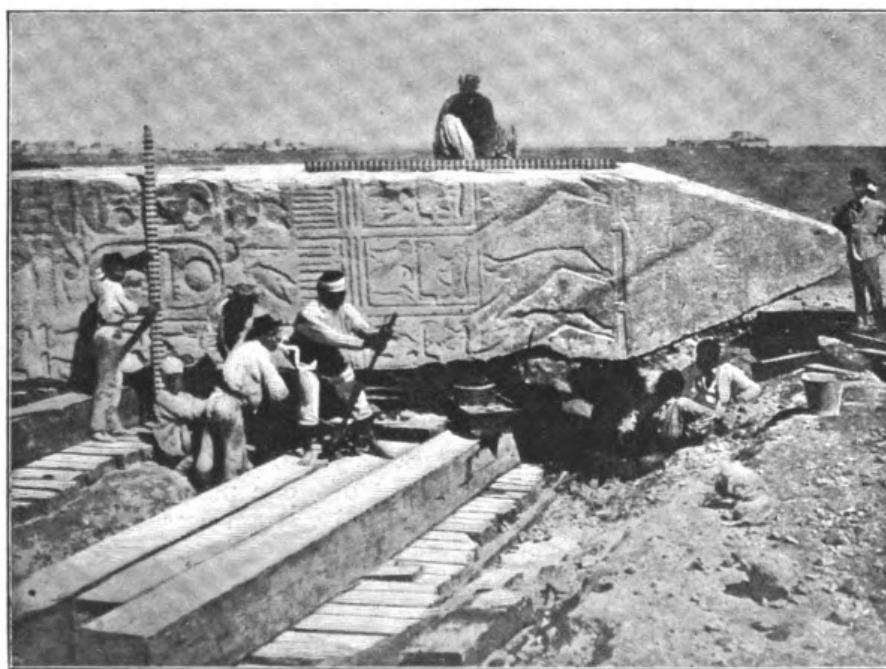
Mr. King continues to inform us that in a grotto at El-Bershch is a representation showing the removal of a gigantic figure. The statue is placed on a sledge, and men are represented going before it pouring oil in grooves, along which the sledge slides, and by means of ropes

four rows of men drag the figure along. And from this we learn the method of the column's first removal. Once erected in Heliopolis before one of the many temples of the Sun, the Needle was allowed to remain there with its companion one for fourteen centuries.

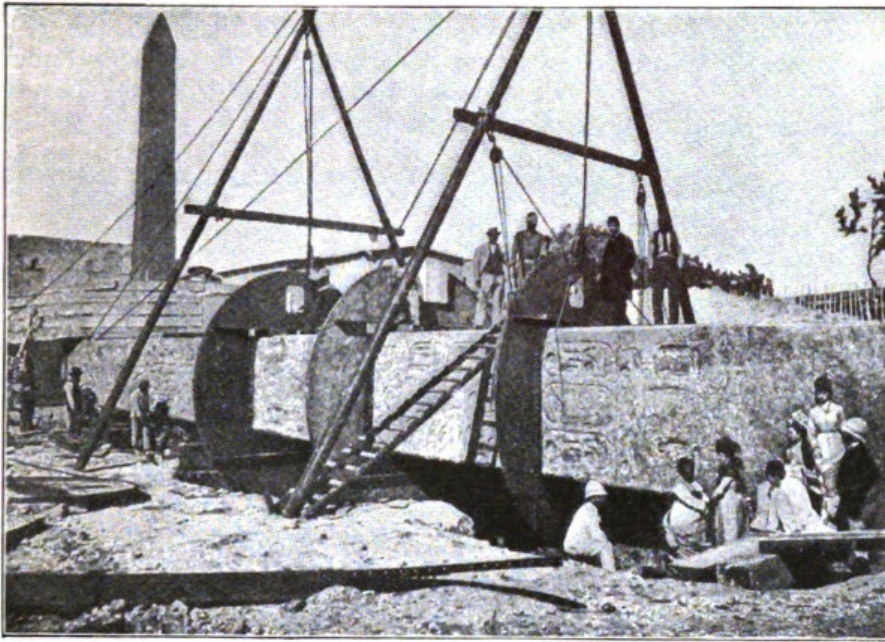
Twenty-three years before Christ, Augustus Cæsar ordered the removal of them from Heliopolis to Alexandria, and so the Needle came to be taken on its second journey. In Alexandria was a gorgeous palace of the Cæsars, and before the palace the columns were set up. They are called Cleopatra's Needles, but in reality Cleopatra had no connection with their history. She may have helped to design the magnificent building the front of which these obelisks adorned, and her devoted subjects wishing to give honour to the memory of their much-loved Queen gave the pillars her name.

For fifteen centuries they were left to stand in this last-named position, which was close to the Port of Alexandria; and many years after the grand building of the Cæsars had fallen in ruins, these two columns still stood. With years the sea had advanced to the base of the one in which we are more especially interested, and with the ever-advancing and receding waters the foundation of the Needle became so worn that three hundred years ago it fell to the ground unbroken and unharmed.

In 1801 the French and English fought, and the latter, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie,



From a] PRISING UP THE NEEDLE, IN ORDER TO BUILD THE FRAMEWORK UNDER IT. [Photo,



From a]

BEGINNING THE FRAMEWORK.

[Photo.

were victorious. The battle having taken place within sight of the Needle, the English soldiers conceived the desire to possess and take to England the fallen obelisk as a trophy of their success. So anxious were they to have this idea carried out, that they willingly gave up some of their payment, and collected £7,000 towards the expense of its removal.

The plan they adopted for its conveyance to England on this occasion was to build a pier seaward, and then, taking the Needle to the end of it, proposed putting it through the stern of an old French frigate which had been raised for the purpose. When the pier was partially built a great storm washed it away, and very soon after that the soldiers were ordered to leave Egypt, and the idea could not be carried out. However, the Needle was removed a few feet, and a brass tablet was inserted bearing a record of the

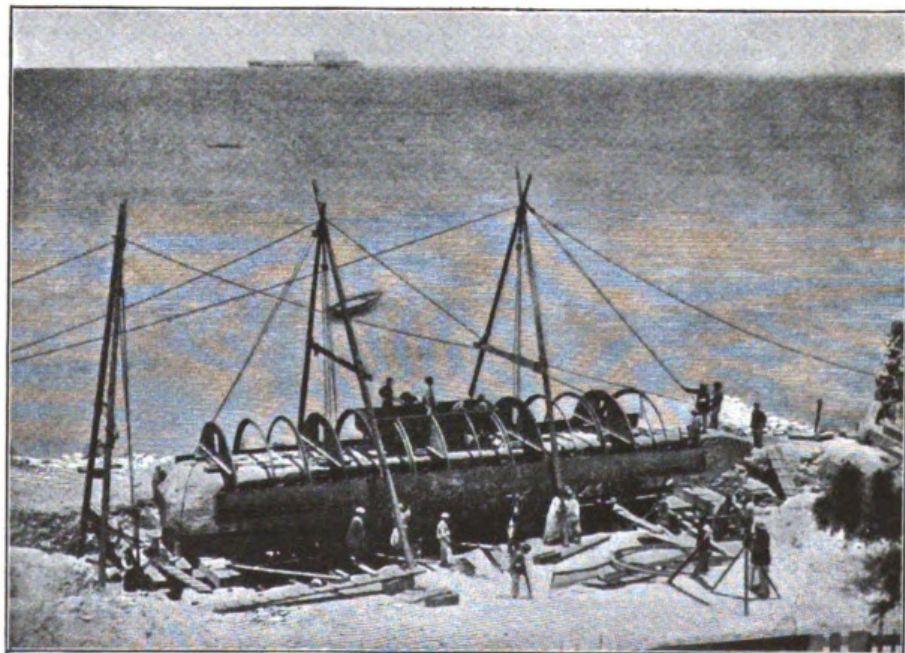
Vol. xvii.—18

British victory. From this time the mind of the people appeared to be in a state of unrest concerning the Needle—an unrest which was not quieted until the column was brought to England and erected where it now stands.

When George IV. was reigning in England, Mehemet Ali was ruling in Egypt, and he offered as a gift to the King this obelisk. George IV. for

some reason did not accept the gift. When William IV. came to the throne it was again offered, with an additional favour, for he also promised to pay the cost for its transportation. King William, like his predecessor, King George, thought it best to excuse himself from accepting the obelisk, so he also refused it.

In 1849 the question was brought before the House of Commons, that the offer made by Mehemet Ali should be re-considered and the obelisk brought to England, but an



From a]

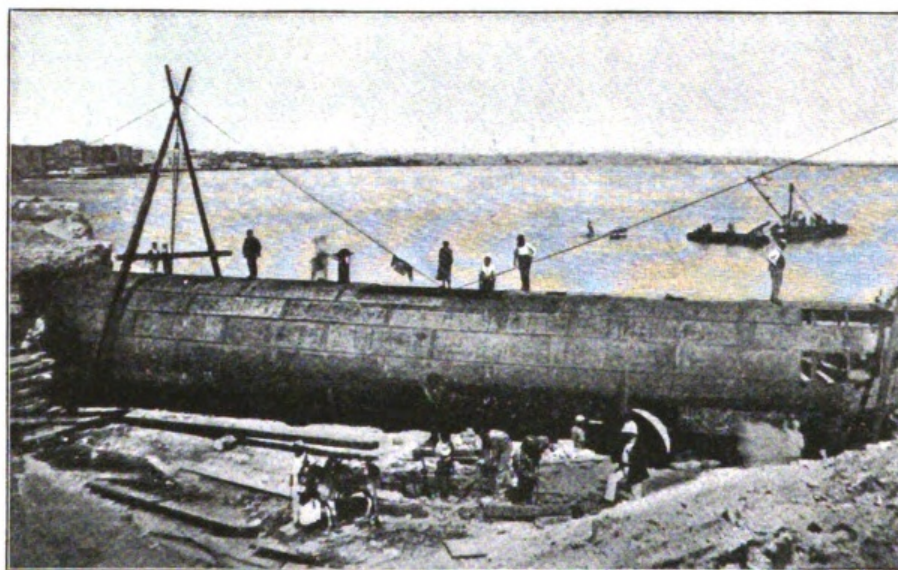
PUTTING ON THE CASING.

[Photo.

opposition party opposed the suggestion, considering that the Needle would have become so defaced as to be not worth the risk and expense of removing it.

Many years after, when the great Hyde

English to remove it if they really valued its possession, otherwise they ran the risk of losing it altogether. In 1867 Sir James E. Alexander was attracted by the beauty of the column which was also presented



From a

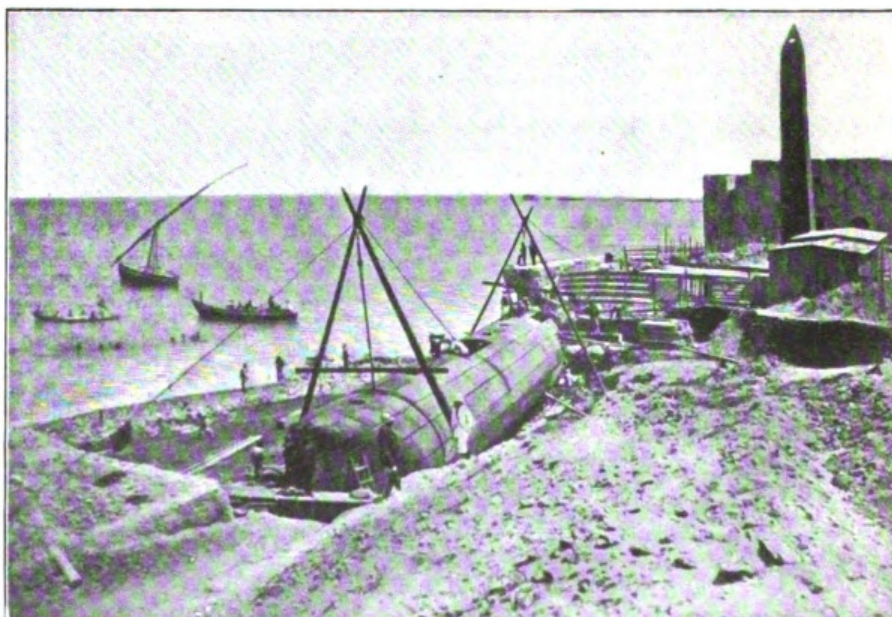
COMPLETING THE CASING.

[Photo.]

Park Demonstration was being held, it was again suggested that the obelisk should be transported, in honour of the Prince Consort, for his anxiety in trying to make the exhibition a success, but the idea again fell through. When the Sydenham Palace Company were planning their great pavilion they wished to have the Needle to place in the Egyptian department of the building, of course intending to pay for its transit. But it was against order to give a private company any gift which really belonged to the nation.

The Needle all these years was still lying where the British Army left it, on the shore of the Bay of Alexandria. The ground on which it lay was sold, and a Greek merchant who had bought the land was anxious to have the column taken away. The Khedive advised the

by Mehemet Ali to the French, and stands now in La Place de la Concorde. Remembering that the one belonging to the English was lying unheeded on the shores of Alexandria, he desired to have it brought over to England, and accordingly went to Egypt, gained an interview with the Khedive, and with him discussed its possession and removal. For ten years he was unwearied in his watch over the monument, arranging



From a

THE CASING FINISHED.

[Photo.]



From a]

PREPARING TO LAUNCH.

[Photo.

from time to time with the owner of the land to allow it to remain where it was, hoping meanwhile to be able to make some arrangements concerning it so that it might be preserved for the English.

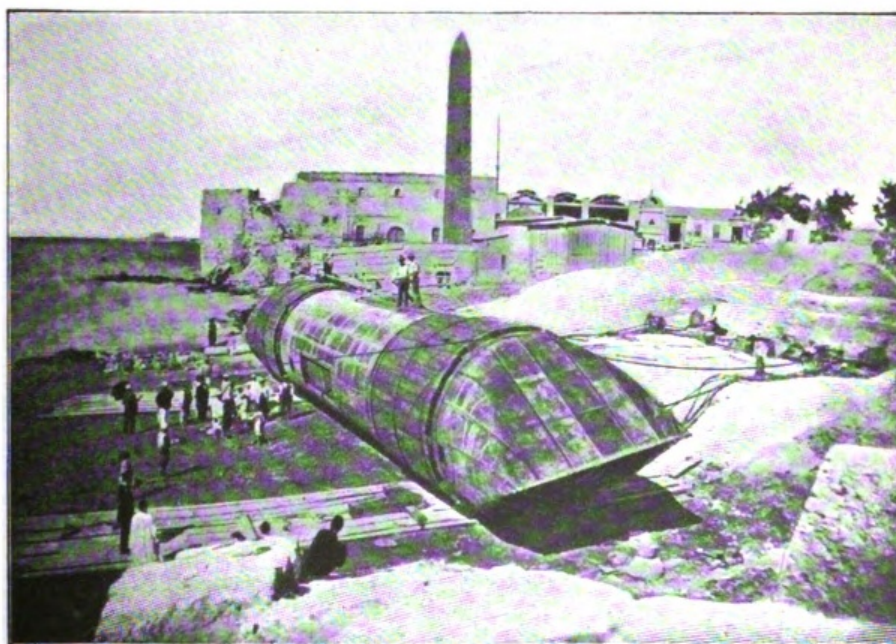
He came to the opinion that if ever the obelisk was to be brought to England it would not be at the expense of the nation's purse, but would need to be paid for by private donations. With one or two friends, anxious like himself for the protection of the Needle, he intended to try and raise funds in the City. However, first meeting his friend, Professor Erasmus Wilson, and explaining all to him, the Professor generously offered to pay the sum of £10,000, which was deemed sufficient for the purpose.

In July of 1877 workmen were once more busy in connection with this column which already had experienced such a history. The sand was removed from about it, and to the delight of those most inter-

ested it was found to be in an excellent state of preservation. Next came the anxious task of removing it, something more being necessary than the raft, as of old, for the long sea voyage which lay before it.

A paper might be written on the different methods and numerous plans invented and suggested for the transportation of the Needle. Sir James Alexander had made the

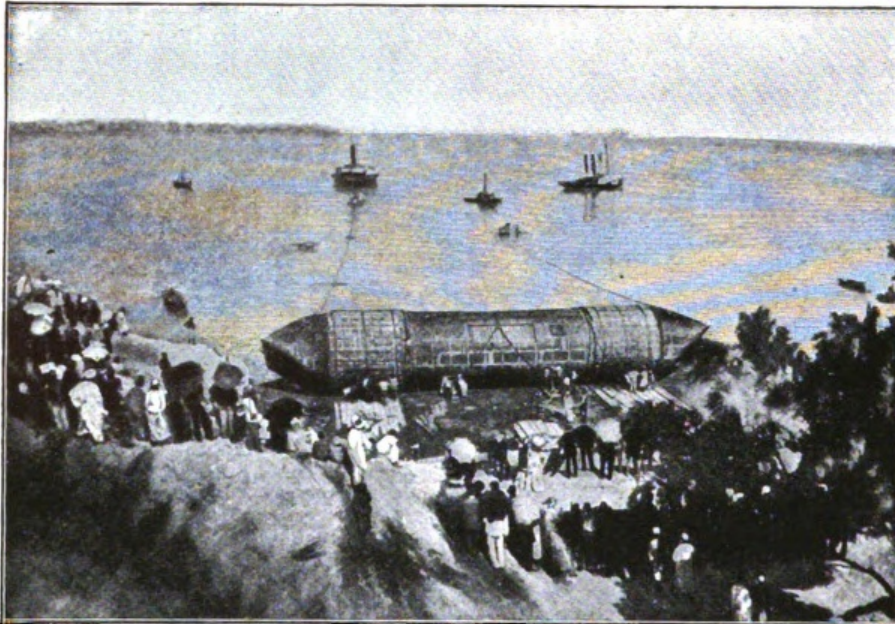
acquaintance of Mr. John Dixon, a civil engineer, and he, too, was interested in the monolith. Professor Erasmus Wilson and Mr. Dixon were introduced and discussed the subject together, with the result that Mr. Dixon undertook the responsibility of the conveyance of the column to England, Professor Wilson arranging to pay the £10,000 on its erection in London. A construction was therefore carefully designed in England for encasing the Needle, so that it would be a sea craft of itself, and this was sent out to Egypt in pieces.



From a]

THE FIRST ATTEMPT AT LAUNCHING.

[Photo.



From a]

THE TUGS IN ACTION.

Photo.

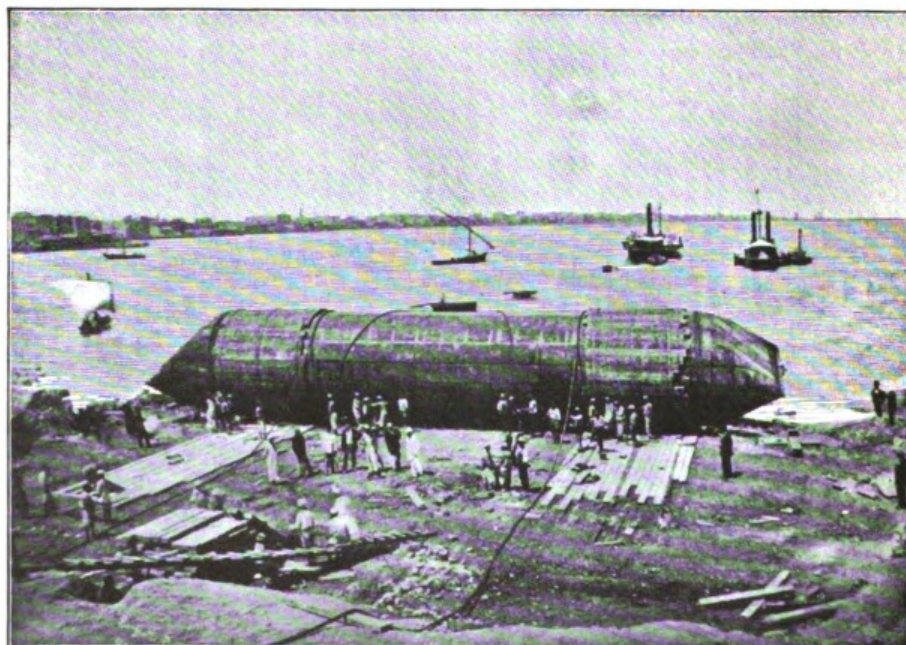
One of the principal considerations when making their designs was that the Needle when encased required to be launched by being rolled into the water, instead of being sent off in the usual way. Another of the chief difficulties to contend with in the removal of the obelisk was that the bay near which it was lying was unsafe for ships to anchor in, as it was exposed to severe gales and the ground was covered with shoals. The Needle was raised some feet above the ground, the smaller end swung round to be parallel with the sea, and when in this position the work of encasing it was done.

When in this act of turning it, the ground appeared to be giving way under it, and, on examination being made, it was found to be resting on a small vault, which was 6ft. long by 3ft. wide and 4ft. high. It was evidently an ancient tomb, for two human skeletons and some small jars were found in the cavity. The skulls were preserved and put

on board the pontoon, when ready for sea, but after the storm in the bay they were never seen again, and the sailors, being foreign, are supposed to have thrown them overboard, through superstition.

The Needle whilst raised and ready for encasing had the plates riveted in place round it, the inside was packed with elastic timber cushions to preserve the stone when being rolled into the water, or in case of any deflection in the vessel's length, which might occur through the waves. The casing was made water-tight, and the greatest care had to be taken to have the column quite in the centre of the cylinder, where it was fastened in position.

For the purpose of getting it into the water, large wooden wheels, 16½ft. in diameter, were put on either end, and planks were laid for it to roll down. From heavy lighters lying in the bay, wire ropes were taken and wrapped many times round the cylinder. Also from the land side ropes



From a]

AT THE BRINE.

[Photo.



From a]

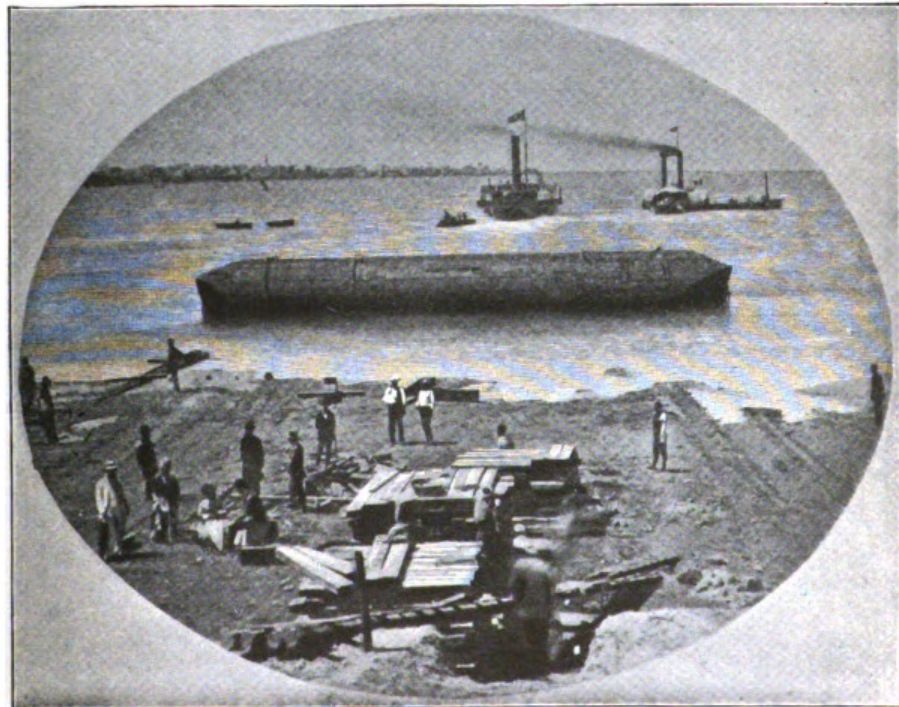
REPAIRING THE HOLE MADE BY THE ROCK.

[Photo.

were secured to it, in case, when set in motion, it went off at too great a speed, and thus the ropes could check that fault. On August 28th, 1877, all was ready for the launch. Unfortunately, the morning commenced with a thick fog, which only cleared away as the day wore on.

A great crowd of people gathered to witness the interesting event. All being in readiness, the winches on board the lighters worked the ropes connected with the encased Needle, and it commenced to gradually move towards the water, but the movement was so slow that it could scarcely be detected. After some hours it had only made one complete turn on its wheels. It was then proved that the vessels from which the wire ropes were worked were not able to hold their ground against the strain, but were dragging their anchors. Two tugs which had been standing by in readiness to give help if required were called into service, and being

connected with the cylinder towed it until she moved a little farther into the water, but although the tugs steamed at full power they could not move the heavy weight at any great speed. The planking ended by an incline into the water, and divers had been previously employed in removing shoals from the intended course to prevent any mishap. When the cylinder was brought to the edge of the railway, so to call it, the idea was that it would roll down the incline and slip off easily into the water.



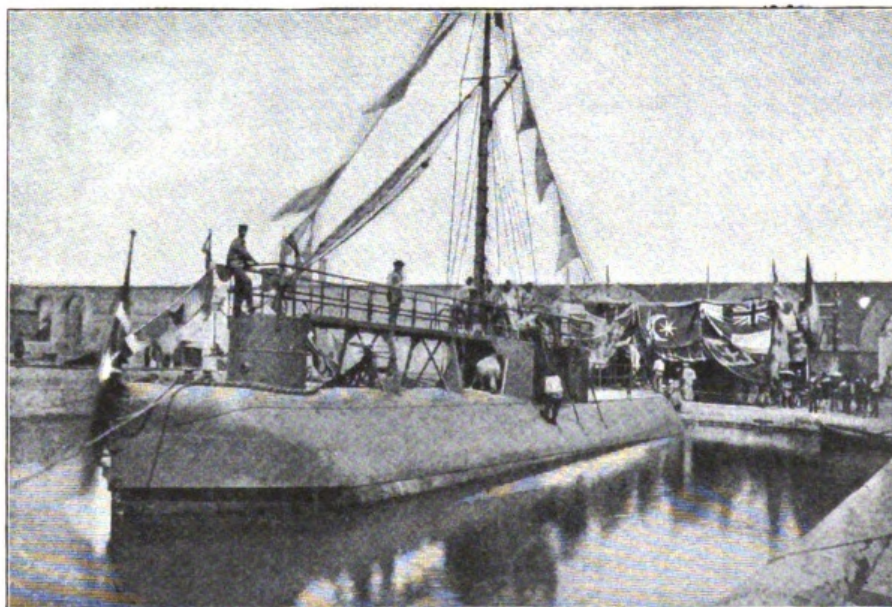
From a]

LAUNCHED.

[Photo.

All the first day was employed in bringing it to the foot of the incline, and at night it was left in no greater depth of water than 3ft. Next morning the tugs again were at work trying to move it into deep water, but

the water to rush in and fill the cylinder. It took some days to repair the damage made by the rock, but after that was done it was successfully floated and towed round to the harbour, where final arrangements were made



From a]

PUTTING ON THE TOP-FITTINGS IN DOCK.

[Photo.

after making one full revolution it stuck, and although the tugs continued to tow all day it remained immovable.

On the third day divers discovered that a hidden stone weighing half a ton had pierced the plates, and making a hole had allowed

for the sea voyage. A cabin house and rail were fixed on top, two bilge keels 40ft. long were riveted one on either side, a mast and rudder placed, and twenty tons of iron ballast were put in her. It was manned by a crew of five Maltese and an English captain.



From a]

FAREWELL TO ALEXANDRIA.

[Photo.

The time occupied from beginning to encase it until the completion was about three and a half months.

A suitable steamer of sufficient size and power was found in the ss. *Olga*, belonging to Messrs. Wm. Johnson and Co., of Liverpool. The craft, which was named the *Cleopatra*, was now ready for sea. It was designed not to travel faster than five or six knots an hour, as greater speed might be disastrous. The *Olga*, towing the *Cleopatra*, set sail from Alexandria on the 21st September, 1877.

For the first twenty days all was prosperous and uneventful, but on the morning of Sunday, the 14th October, when in the Bay of Biscay, a squall arose, which towards noon developed into a gale. The *Cleopatra*, however, stood the gale well, not shipping enough water to do any serious harm until about six o'clock on the evening of the same day, when a big sea caught her, turning her completely on her beam ends and carrying away her mast.

A desperate effort was made to right her, but without success; a small boat was lowered, but to no purpose, and the captain of the *Olga* at this point, seeing the danger all were in, thought it wisest to disconnect the two vessels, and so the cylinder was cut adrift. A little later, the wind having fallen, the *Cleopatra* signalled for assistance, and the crew of the *Olga*, pitying the distress of their fellow-sailors, volunteered to put off in a boat and go to their rescue. The captain, thinking it would be a fruitless effort, advised them against it, saying: "A boat could not live in such a sea." The second officer, who had all along taken a keen interest in the welfare

of the *Cleopatra*, replied: "We can't leave the poor fellows to drown; and now, lads, who will go with me?" He found five fine able-bodied men, in the prime of life, were willing to share the risk, and a boat was launched and put off; but before they could render any assistance a great wave washed them away, and they were thus drowned in endeavouring to save others.

After a time a line was thrown from the *Olga* over the *Cleopatra*, and by means of it a boat was hauled from the one vessel to the other, and the sailors on the Needle were saved. After spending some hours in searching for signs of the lost boat and the *Cleopatra*, the captain of the *Olga* set sail for Falmouth, with the sad news of the enforced abandonment in the Bay and the supposed loss of the Needle and men.

When the news was heard in England, Mr. Dixon was of opinion that the Needle would not sink when cast off, but would float, the only danger

being that she might be destroyed on rocks. His surmising was correct in reference to it floating, for a telegram was received sixty days after the news of its loss saying that the ss. *Fitzmaurice*, bound for Valencia from Middlesbrough, had found and captured it ninety miles north of Ferrol, and had towed it into Vigo in Spain, and it remained in that harbour about three months.

Sir James Ashbury, M.P., kindly offered the loan of his yacht, the *Eothen*, to tow it home, but arrangements were finally made for the *Anglia* to do the work, and she arrived in England with the obelisk in tow on the 20th January, 1878.



ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.
From a Photo. kindly lent by C. H. Mabey, Esq., Sculptor of Sphinxes and Pedestal.

Ivanka the Wolf-Slayer.

BY MARK EASTWOOD.



HE Prince threw the reins to his servant and sprang from the sledge.

"Where is he?" demanded he.

The Muzhik in the doorway of the hut stood bowing to the ground. He did not presume to lift his eyes to the High Noble, but they had flashed up like

come to see—the little one who slew the wolf. At least," he added quickly, with a shrug, "so they say, but I do not believe it. Why, it is impossible! A child—a mere puppy!"

The Muzhik had thrown out his hands. He could contain himself no longer. "The High Noble does not believe?" he cried, wildly. Then he rushed into the house to



"IVANKA, MY LITTLE ONE, SLEW THE WOLF."

signal-fires at the words. Yet he affected not to understand.

"Is it the old man, Ivan Ivanovitch, the High Noble would honour with his commands?" he began. "His servant is full of regret——"

"Bother Ivan Ivanovitch!" interrupted the Prince, impatiently. "What do I want with your father? It is Ivanka, your son, I

return in a moment brandishing in one hand a knife, and in the other holding aloft a shaggy hide.

"The Noble Prince does not believe?" he repeated, and his eyes seemed to emit sparks. "Let him behold the proofs. Ivanka, my little one, slew the wolf, in very truth! Alone—alone he slew it!"

As though a flash of electric fire had flown

from the man's lips direct to the hearts of his listeners, the faces of both flamed up. The man in the sledge lifted his cap and crossed himself with fervent mutterings. He passed the cuff of his coat across his wet, shining eyes.

The Prince took the knife in his hand. Such a thing it was! You can buy the like for twenty copeks (about sixpence) at any Russian fair. One of the sort used by the Russian peasant to cut forage, having a crooked blade and horn handle. It was stained, both blade and hilt, with blood.

"I have bought another for use," observed the peasant.

"It is wonderful," murmured the Prince, as he turned the knife about in his hands.

At this juncture a pair of excited black eyes, surmounted by a huge *baranka*, peered round the corner of the hut, and as quickly vanished.

Presently the Prince looked up. "But the boy!" he cried. "Let us see this wonderful child and hear the story from his own lips."

The peasant looked sharply round.

"He was here even when the High Noble drew up. There is the hatchet and the wood he was chopping. Ivanka! Ivanka! He has hidden himself, the rascal."

The Prince laughed.

"Ivanka! Ivanka!" almost shrieked the peasant. "I will teach you to run and hide when the High Nobility come from far and near to see you! By all the saints, if you do not instantly come forth from your hiding-hole and relate the whole occurrence to the Noble Prince, I will break every bone in your body!"

Then it was that a coat of sheep's skin that just cleared the ground emerged from behind the hut and moved slowly over the trodden snow to within a few paces of the Prince. You could only tell by the shining eyes and the tip of a small red nose that peeped between the high stand-up collar that inside of it was a small boy.

Where he stood the blood-red sun bathed him in heroic glory. Yet, in spite of all, Ivanka the Wolf-Slayer had the mien of a fruit-stealing culprit before the *Chinovnik*. The Prince regarded him with mock severity.

"What is this I hear of you, Ivanka?" he began. "They say that you have slain a wolf!"

Ivanka would have hung his head but that his collar prevented it. So he dropped his eyes in guilty silence. The peasant,

behind the Prince's back, rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"Come here," commanded the Prince, his moustached lip twitching with a whimsical smile.

The coat moved to the Prince's feet. Then the small boy inside it felt himself caught up in strong arms and borne into the hut.

Now, though it was a ruddy winter sunset outside, in the hut it was quite gloomy. The window was very small. A dull yellow glow, like a big bull's-eye, came from the open door of the stove, and a glimmer like a glow-worm from the tiny lamp that burned before the Holy Image. The dim outline of a woman with a child in her arms could be discerned by the stove. She came forward as the Prince entered, and bending low raised the hem of his fur mantle to her lips and silently returned to her seat.

The Prince sat by the window, and Ivanka stood between his knees where he had been placed. He trembled inside his sheep's skin. Yet it was a gentle hand that lifted the *baranka* from his curly head and raised his chin.

"How old are you, Ivanka?" inquired the Prince.

"Ten years, Noble Prince," faltered the boy. But his eyes meeting those of the Prince at that moment he ceased to tremble. And the longer he looked the more comfortable he felt.

"And you have slain a wolf?" continued the Prince.

"Yes, Noble Prince."

"And what had the wolf done to you, Ivanka, that you should have taken his life?"

"He had seized our little Minka and would have eaten her up." Ivanka drew a sharp breath.

"How terrible!" exclaimed the Prince. "But you—midge! How did you dare to tackle such a foe? It is incredible! Come, tell me all about it. Begin at the beginning, Ivanka."

Ivanka gazed at the ground in silence. He twisted one leg round the other, cracked all his knuckles in succession, but the words would not come.

"Speak, Ivanka, do," came a woman's coaxing voice from the gloom. "Tell his High Nobility how it happened."

Another pause, and at length in a shy, hesitating voice, Ivanka began:—

"Mother had gone to the town in the sledge, and father lay asleep on the top of the stove. It was afternoon. I was minding

Minka, and we played at having a shop with the bits of pot from the mug Minka broke. Then I remembered it was time to cut the fodder and feed the beasts, which I can do as well as father now. So I took the fodder knife and stole out. I left the door open a bit—not enough to let the cold in on father, but enough to hear Minka if she cried. I had fed the cows in the byre and had got to the corner of the house coming back, when I heard Minka scream."

As Ivanka uttered the last word his breath came fast. He tossed back his locks with a sudden jerk of the head. Like a gladiator preparing for combat, he threw out his chest, setting his teeth, whilst his small, muscular fingers contracted, doubling in like the claws of a falcon. Forgotten was the princely presence with that piteous appeal smiting his ears.

"I sprang forward," he continued, "and

strength came to me, and with a yell I threw myself upon him."

"You were not afraid?" put in the Prince, who had never taken his eyes off the boy since he began to speak.

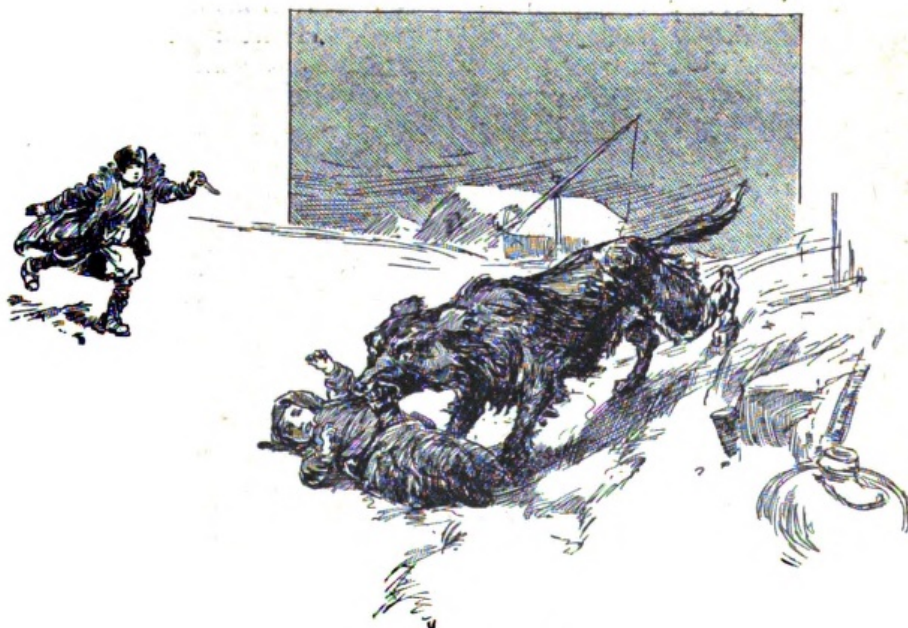
"I did not think of fear," replied Ivanka, "I thought of my poor little Minka, and oh, how fiercely I hated the monster. Hate kills fear," he added, reflectively.

"And then?" inquired the Prince.

"Oh, then he dropped Minka, and over and over we rolled in the snow, he snarling and worrying my sheep's skin. He would soon have made an end of me but for my sheep's skin." And the boy patted his breast and looked himself over complacently.

"And after?" the Prince again recalled him.

"After that he shook me until my bones rattled in my skin. Then I was under him and my mouth was full of his hair, and I was



"I SPRANG FORWARD."

saw Minka. She was on the ground just outside the door. And over her hung a monster, grim and terrible. His wicked eyes gleamed red, and his cruel teeth were long and sharp. I saw them as he lifted his bristling lip to seize her in his jowl."

A dry sob rose in Ivanka's throat and made him pause. He coughed it impatiently away.

"It seemed to me then—just for a moment of horror—as though my limbs were bound and I could not move, until the beast began to drag Minka away. At the sight

so spent that I would have let him finish me. But Minka cried, 'Ivanka! Ivanka!' and it seemed too hard to leave her. It was that moment I remembered that I still grasped the knife.

"How I struggled round between his mighty paws until my arm was free to plunge the weapon in his throat I know not, but I felt the blood gush out over my face. And then—and then, Minka's voice went farther and farther away and I seemed to be falling as a star falls through the air."

As Ivanka ceased speaking, a half-stifled

sob was heard from the interior of the room. The Prince had covered his eyes with his hand as though dazzled. Yet the sun had gone down and the place was more gloomy than ever. The peasant stepped forward out of the shadows and stood before the Prince

the Prince still held him between his knees. Even when he rose to go, the High Noble detained the boy with a hand on his head.

"Give him to me," he said to the peasant. "Let me take him with me when I go to



"I STRUGGLED ROUND UNTIL MY ARM WAS FREE."

in the dim light of the window. He took up the tale.

"It was the screams of the little one that awoke me, your High Nobility, and I ran out. Ah, never shall I forget the sight that met my eyes! There lay my little son, dabbled in blood, and beside him the wolf on its back, kicking in death convulsions. When I picked up my Ivanka I thought him dead, and my heart would have broken had he not at once opened his eyes.

"Minka," he whispered, "is she hurt?"

"My darling, no," I answered. "She screams too lustily to be hurt."

"And the wolf?" He raised his head from my shoulder and looked wildly around.

"He is dead. You have slain him, my hero," I assured him.

"Then he shut his eyes with a great sigh.

"Let me sleep, father," he murmured. "I am so tired."

The peasant chuckled. "He was played out, my little wolf-slayer. The Noble Prince should have seen how he lay like a sack, and slept and slept!"

Meanwhile Ivanka had grown shy again and gazed wistfully towards the door. But

Petersburg. I will make a great man of him. He shall be a soldier and fight for the Czar."

There was dead silence. The peasant's face had gone crimson. His eyes flew to his son and held him in jealous regard.

"Will you go with me, Ivanka, you wolf-slayer, to help keep the human wolves from invading the dominions of the Czar? You shall be taught with the sons of the highest in the land, and shall wear the uniform of an Imperial cadet."

Ivanka raised solemn eyes to the face that was bent towards him. It was a noble face, handsome and benign, and imposing against the swelling sable of the high collar.

"He is great and good and beautiful, like my patron saint, Ivan," he thought. Something stirred in the gloom of the hut, and quickly Ivanka turned to where his mother sat with the sleeping Minka in her lap. His lip began to quiver.

The peasant found his tongue. "Give him time, Noble Prince," he faltered, huskily, and he too looked towards the crouching figure by the stove. "It is a great thing the High Noble offers, but the boy is very young."

"Take your time," replied the Prince. "In the spring I shall return. Then, since you are sensible people, he will be ready to go."

With these words the great man stooped and kissed Ivanka, pressing a roll of notes

was to him as though a bright noontide sun had suddenly dropped from the heavens. And there and then a feeling of longing after greater things crept into his valiant little heart.

"You shall decide for yourself, my son,"



"THE GREAT MAN PRESSED A ROLL OF NOTES INTO HIS HAND."

into his hand. From the door Ivanka watched the Prince depart. He gazed after the fine sledge with its prancing horses as they sped, swift as the wind, towards the wonderful, mysterious city of the Great Czar. When it had disappeared and the merry jingle of the silver bells no longer reached his ear it

said the peasant. And the mother hid her grief because she wished Ivanka to be a great man.

Thus it was that when the spring came to stir the sap in the trees and release the ice-bound brooks, at the return of the Prince, Ivanka was ready to go.

In Nature's Workshop.

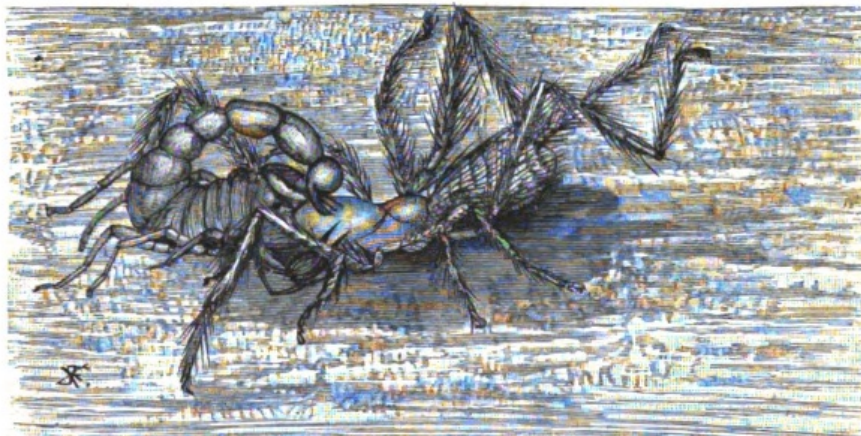
II.—FALSE PRETENCES.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

HUMAN life and especially human warfare are rich in deceptions, wiles, and stratagems. We dig pitfalls for wild beasts, carefully concealed by grass and branches; we take in the unsuspecting fish with artificial flies, or catch them with worms which conceal a hook treacherously barbed for their surer destruction. The savage paints his face and sticks feathers in his hair so that he may look more terrifying to his expected enemy; civilized men mask their batteries, and sometimes even paint muzzles of imaginary guns in the spaces between the gaping mouths of the real ones. *Chevaux de frise* block the way to points liable to attack; real troops lie in ambush and dart out unexpectedly

occur among fairly well-known English plants and animals. And I shall begin with our familiar and unsavoury old friend, the Devil's Coach-horse.

In order fully to understand his mode of procedure, however, I must first call your attention to another animal which really is what the Devil's Coach-horse mendaciously pretends to be: and that is the common scorpion. His mode of fighting is well known to most of us. In illustration No. 1 Mr. Enock has given us a delineation of a frantic death-struggle between such a scorpion and a large and powerful southern spider. The venomous creature with the stinging tail is on the left; the spider is on the right. As far as mere size goes, the antagonists are fairly well matched; but the



I.—A BATTLE ROYAL: SCORPION V. SPIDER: THE SCORPION STRIKING.

in the rear of the assailants. Trade in like manner is full of shams—a fact which I need hardly impress by means of special examples. But Nature we are usually accustomed to consider as innocent and truthful. Alas, too trustfully: for Nature too is a gay deceiver. There is hardly a device invented by man which she has not anticipated: hardly a trick or ruse in his stock of wiles which she did not find out for herself long before he showed her.

I propose in this paper to examine a few cases of such natural deceptions—not indeed the most striking or typical, but such as

scorpion is the best armed, both with offensive and defensive armour. His lobster-like or crab-like claws enable him to hold his enemy's limbs in his grip as in a vice; then, at the critical moment, he bends over his tail, in the extremity of which his sting is situated, and plunges it with force through the comparatively slight skin of the spider's body or thorax, injecting at the same moment a pungent drop of his deadly poison. This characteristic action of the scorpion in curving its tail over its body and raising its sting in a menacing attitude is well known to birds and other

enemies of the species: often the mere threat of a thrust is a sufficient deterrent: the dangerous beast just elevates its poisonous appendage or assumes an angry mien, and the inquisitive intruder is frightened away immediately. It is the same with ourselves. The bare sight of that uplifted sting suffices to repel us. Even a child who saw a scorpion once arch its back and prepare to strike with its reversed tail would instinctively understand that there was danger ahead, and would withdraw its hand before the venomous creature had time to pounce upon it.

Owing to these unamiable personal traits of the scorpion race, it is not popular among other animals. But to be feared is to be respected; and scorpions for the most part are left severely alone, under the stones where they love to lurk, by the various denizens of the districts they inhabit. Now, it is a fact in nature as in human life that to be successful is to have many imitators. Thus a number of harmless flies dress up like wasps in black and yellow bands, and so escape the too pressing attentions of insect-eating birds and other enemies. They have no stings, to be sure, but they look so like the wasps, and flaunt about so fearlessly in their borrowed uniform, that they are universally taken for the insects they mimic; even the cautious entomologist himself stares at them twice and makes quite sure of his specimen before he ventures to lay hands on any such doubtful masquerader. I hope in a future article to give some further account (with illustrations) of these facts of *mimicry*, as it is called: for the present we will stick close to our text, the Devil's Coach-horse. For

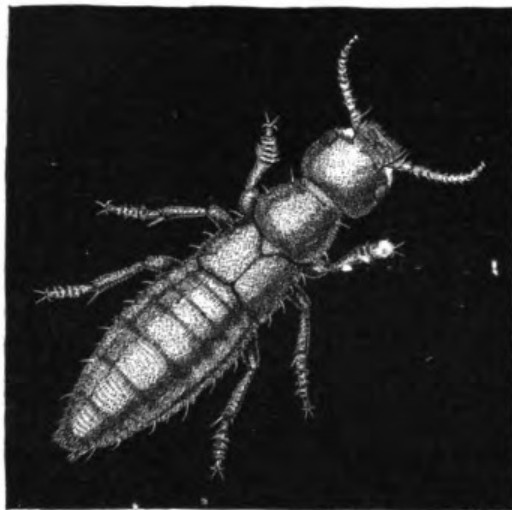
this familiar English beetle is an imitator of the scorpion, and obtains immunity from the attack of enemies to a great extent by pretending to powers which are not his in reality.

In No. 2 we have a portrait of the Coach-horse in his hours of ease, seen from above, engaged in doing nothing in particular. He does not *look* like a flying insect, but he is. He has a long pair of wings tucked away in folds under his horny wing-cases, and he can use them with great effect, for he is one of our swiftest and strongest fliers—the long-distance champion, I almost fancy, among the beetles of England, unless indeed the tiger-beetle be pitted against him. But

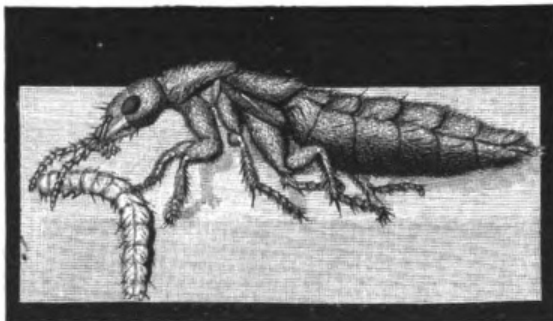
when crawling on the ground, and attacked or menaced, he does not take to flight or show the white feather: being a pugnacious and spirited little beast, he bridles up at once, and endeavours incontinently to terrify his assailant. In No. 2 you see him from above when he is merely engaged in crawling along the ground, looking as mild as milk, and as gentle as any sucking dove: you would hardly suppose he could show fight or raise his hand—I mean his antennæ—to injure anyone. But in No. 3 he is represented in his favourite act of attacking a caterpillar: for he is really a very voracious and courageous carnivore. In the autumn, when Devil's Coach-horses are usually most abundant, you can easily catch them by putting a piece of meat or a

dead frog under an empty flower-pot, and then tilting the edge up with a stone, so that the beetles can crawl in and get at the food thus temptingly laid out for them.

If you disturb the Coach-horse, however, while he is engaged in eating



2.—THE DEVIL'S COACH-HORSE IN HIS HOURS OF EASE



3.—THE DEVIL'S COACH-HORSE SAMPLING A CATERPILLAR.

his quiet meal, or even when he is walking at leisure along a country road, he puts himself at once into his "terrifying" attitude, and imitates the scorpion. No. 4 exhibits him in this military character, cocking up his tail and pretending he can sting—which is only his brag: he just does it to frighten you. But the attitude is so exactly like that of the scorpion, that it almost always produces an immediate effect: hardly anybody likes to molest a Devil's Coach-horse. If you put down your hand to touch him, and he rears in response, ten to one you will withdraw it in alarm at sight of him. In England these beetles often enough find their way into larders or cellars, seeking whom or what they may devour; and when the servants light upon them, they almost invariably decline to touch them: there is a general opinion about that the ugly and threatening black beasts are uncanny and poisonous, or else why should they turn up their tails at you in such an insulting fashion?

"But," you may object, "there are no scorpions in England: how then can the Devil's Coach-horse be benefited by imitating an animal which he has never seen, and of whose very existence he has not been able to read in pretty picture books?" Your objection has some force—though not so much as you imagine. It is quite true that there are no scorpions in England; but then, there are Devil's Coach-horses in many other countries, and the habit of tail-cocking need not necessarily have been acquired in these islands of Britain. That is not all, however: it suffices the beetle if the tactics it adopts happen to frighten and repel its enemies, no matter why. Now, in the first place, many of our migratory birds go in winter to Southern Europe and Africa—especially the insect-eaters, which can find no food in frozen weather. The hard-billed seed-eaters and fruit-eaters remain with us, but the soft-billed kinds retire to warmer climates, where food is plentiful. Of course,

however, it is just these insect-eating birds that the Devil's Coach-horse has most to fear from. The birds must be quite familiar with the habits and manners of scorpions in their southern homes; and they are not likely to inquire closely whether the dangerous beast they know on the Mediterranean has, or has not, been scheduled in Britain. We all of us dislike and distrust any insect that resembles a bee or wasp, and that buzzes or hums in a hostile manner; we give all such creatures a wide berth, wherever found, on the bare off-chance that they may turn out to be venomous—be hornets or so forth. Just in the same way, a bird, when it sees an unknown black beastie cock up its tail and assume a threatening attitude, is not likely to inquire too curiously

whether or not it is really a scorpion: the bare suspicion of a sting is quite enough to warn it off from interfering with any doubtful customer. Moreover, in the second place, even those birds or men who have never seen a scorpion at all are yet sure to be alarmed when an insect sticks up its forked tail menacingly, and shows fight, instead of skulking or flying away. As a general rule, if any animal



4.—THE DEVIL'S COACH-HORSE PRETENDS TO BE A SCORPION.

makes signs of resistance, we take it for granted he has adequate arms or weapons to resist with: and so this mere dumb-show of being a sort of scorpion proves quite sufficient to protect the Devil's Coach-horse from the majority of his enemies.

I ought to add that while our beetle thus frightens larger enemies, he is actively and offensively objectionable to small ones. The main use of his tail, indeed, is for folding away his wings, much as the earwig folds hers by aid of her pincers. But the Devil's Coach-horse makes it serve a double purpose. For he has a couple of yellow scent-glands in his tail, which secrete an unpleasant and acrid aromatic substance. These scent-glands are protruded in No. 4: you can just see them at the tip of the tail; and if the annoyance to which the beetle is subjected

seems to call for their intervention, a drop of the volatile body they distil is set free, and is at once discharged in the face of the enemy. Such a manœuvre is in essence like that of the skunk : it is defence by means of a nasty odour, and it occurs not only in the Coach-horse's case, but also among a number of beetles and other insects.

The odd little creatures known as Bombardier Beetles are still quainter in their habits : they carry the last-mentioned mode of defence to an even greater pitch of perfection. For, like miniature artillery-men, they actually fire off a regular volley of explosive gas in the faces of their pursuers. The gas is secreted as a liquid ; but it is very volatile, and it vaporizes at once on contact with the air, so as to form a small, white cloud of pungent smoke, resembling in its effects nitric acid. Our native English species of Bombardier roams about in large flocks or regiments : and when one member of a clan is disturbed, all the other beetles of the company let off their artillery at once, so that the scattered volley has something the appearance of platoon firing. The chief enemy of the Bombardiers is a much larger and very handsome carnivorous beetle known as *Calosoma*. When this insect tiger hunts down a single Bombardier, and has almost caught him, the fugitive waits till his pursuer is quite close, and then salutes him with a discharge of fire-arms : the pungent gas gets into the *Calosoma*'s eyes and mouth and distracts him for a moment ; and the Bombardier escapes in the midst of the confusion thus caused, under cover of the cloud he himself has exploded. That is the most highly evolved mode of defence of which I know among the British insects.

There are few creatures, again, which one would so little suspect of any attempt to bully and bluff others as the soft-bodied caterpillars. They are as a rule so plump and squashy and defenceless : a mere peck from a bird's beak is enough to kill them, for when once their tight, thin skin is broken, were it but with a pin-prick, all the flabby contents burst out at once in the messiest fashion. Yet even caterpillars, strange to say, have their tricks of terrifying. They pretend to be dangerous characters. I will set out with some of the simplest and least developed cases, and then pass on to a more complex and wily class of deceivers.

To begin with, I must premise that two sets of caterpillars have two different ways of evading the unpleasant notice of birds and other insect-eaters. One way is that adopted

by the common "woolly-bear," a great hairy caterpillar, frequent in gardens, and covered from head to tail with long needles or bristles. These prickly points make the creature into a sort of insect hedgehog ; birds refuse to touch him, because the serried spikes, which to us are mere hairs, seem to them perfect spines or thorns, sticking into their tongues and throats, or clogging their gizzards. Protected caterpillars like the woolly-bears live quite openly, exposed on the leaves and branches of their food-plant ; they are not afraid of being seen : nay, they rather court observation than shun it, because they know nobody will attack them. The porcupine has no need to run away like the rabbit. Similar tactics are also adopted by many nasty-tasting caterpillars, in whose bodies natural selection has developed bitter or unpleasant juices. These caterpillars are rejected by birds and lizards—the great enemies of the race—and therefore they find it worth while to clothe themselves in gaudy and conspicuous red or yellow bands, so as to advertise all comers of their inedible qualities. Whenever you see such brilliantly-attired grubs (like those of the Magpie Moth, so common on gooseberry-bushes—a striking creature tricked out in belts of black and orange), you may be sure of two things : first, they live openly and undisguisedly on the leaves of their food-plant, without any attempt at mean concealment ; and second, they are nasty to the taste, and therefore rejected as food by insect-eating animals. Now and then a young and inexperienced bird may eat one, to be sure ; but it never tries twice, and the solitary martyr is sacrificed for the good of the race. Their bright colours and gaudy bands are just advertisements, as it were, of their inedible qualities. For, of course, nasty taste would do a caterpillar no good if the bird had always to sample it before rejecting it ; the broken skin alone would be enough to kill it. Hence almost all uneatable caterpillars have acquired bright colours by natural selection—that is to say, by the less bright being continuously devoured or killed ; and birds on their side have learned to know (after one trial, or, perhaps, even before it by inherited instinct) that red or yellow bands and belts in caterpillars are the outward and visible sign of uneatableness.

The second group or set of caterpillars is edible and tasty : it, therefore, governs itself accordingly, and has recourse to the exactly opposite tactics. Caterpillars of this class are smooth and naked : they never have the

brilliant "warning colours" of the nasty-tasted kinds: and they show a marked absence of the beautiful metallic sheen, the strange melting iridescent hues and spots which add beauty to the charms of so many among the uneatable species. Such fat and smooth-skinned edible caterpillars are, of course, very tempting juicy morsels to birds and other insect-eating animals. Their motions, like those of all grubs, are slow: and if they lived exposed on their food-plants, after the fashion of the protected hairy and bitter kinds, they would all be eaten up before they had time to turn into moths or butterflies. Here, therefore, natural selection has produced the contrary result from that which it produces among protected kinds. Caterpillars of this edible type which showed themselves too openly and imprudently have got picked off by birds, like sentries and pickets who make themselves too conspicuous to the enemy's sharpshooters. Only the most prudent, modest, and retiring grubs have survived to become moths or butterflies, and so be the parents of future generations, to whom they hand on their own peculiarities. In this way the edible caterpillars have acquired at last a fixed hereditary instinct of lurking under leaves, or in dark spots, and never showing themselves openly. The larvæ of the butterfly group as a whole thus fall into two great classes (as far as regards habits alone, I mean): the *protected*, which are either hairy or nasty, and which flaunt themselves openly; and the *unprotected*, which lurk and skulk, endeavouring to escape notice as sedulously as their rivals the protected endeavour to attract it.

Nor is that all. It would clearly be useless for a bright red or yellow caterpillar to hide under a green leaf, and then suppose by that simple device he was going to escape observation. Birds are always looking out for insects under leaves. The consequence is

that skulking or lurking caterpillars are soon found out by sharp-eyed and hungry enemies, unless they closely resemble the foliage or stems upon which they lie. From generation to generation, accordingly, the less imitative insects get eaten, and the more imitative spared: so that nowadays, most unarmed caterpillars are green like the leaves or grey like the stems, and are even provided with markings of light and shade upon their skins which mimic the distribution of light and shade among the ribs and veins of the surrounding foliage. Such deceptive leaf-like caterpillars are always very difficult to find: so that careless observers as a rule know only those of the other type, the great hairy "woolly-bears" and the brilliant red and yellow-banded bitter kinds; they never observe the unobtrusive green and brown sorts, which harmonize so admirably with their native tree in colour and markings.

Many greenish caterpillars, however, when discovered and disturbed, fall back on their second line of defence: they endeavour to frighten their enemies by devices closely similar to those of the Devil's Coach-horse. The caterpillar of the Broad-bordered Bee-hawk, for example, forms a good instance of a very simple stage in the development of such brazen-faced "terrifying" tactics. This warlike grub is shown in No. 5, trying on its simple little attempt to make itself alarming. Though by no means an uncanny-looking or appalling insect, it will rear itself up on its haunches (so to speak) when attacked, raising the fore part of its body erect with a sudden jerk, and holding its head high, as if it meant to bite or sting, so as to give itself as formidable an aspect as possible. The mild ruse succeeds, too; for

birds will eye the harmless creature askance when it attempts this evolution, putting their heads on one side, and ruffling their crests in evident terror. The attitude is all a simple piece of bluff, to be sure, but *it pays*; indeed,



5.—CATERPILLAR OF THE BROAD-BORDERED BEE-HAWK TRYING TO LOOK ALARMING.

bluff in warfare is often more than half the battle. If you put on a bold face in a row, and seem able to take care of yourself, people are apt to think you have a knife up your sleeve, and therefore to refrain from unnecessarily annoying you.

The cunning caterpillar which finally develops into the Privet Hawk-moth has a slightly more evolved mode of purely theatrical frightening. You see him in No. 6, a full-fed specimen, just ready to turn at once into a chrysalis. This grub feeds usually on the vivid leaves of the privet; he is therefore protectively coloured a bright green, like that of the foliage about him. "But why those great purple stripes on his sides?" you will ask. "Surely they must make him an easy mark for birds?" Not at all: please notice that they run obliquely. There is method in that obliquity. When the caterpillar is smaller, he lurks unseen on the underside of the leaves, and this pattern of oblique purplish lines exactly imitates the general effect of the shadows cast by the ribs—so much so, that if you look for him on a privet-tree in spring, I doubt whether you will find him till I point him out to you. Even when he waxes fat and full fed, the purple stripes still aid him more or less by breaking up the large green surface into smaller areas, as Professor Poulton has well noticed. He harmonizes better so with the broken masses of the leaves about him. Then again, when the time arrives for him to turn into a chrysalis, he descends to the ground, which, under a thickly-leaved privet bush, is most often brown. So, just as he is coming of age and reaching the proper moment for migration, his back all at once begins to turn brown, in order that he may be less observed as he walks about on the stem; while by the time he is quite ready to take to the earth he has grown brown all

over, thus matching the soil in which he has next to bury himself. You could hardly have a better example of the sort of colour-change which often accompanies altered habits of living.

In the illustration, however, you see this really harmless and undefended grub in the act of trying to pretend he is poisonous. He is now mature, and the stripes on his sides stand out conspicuously as he walks on the stem. A sparrow threatens him. He retorts by showing fight—fallaciously and deceptively, for he has nothing to fight with. He lifts his head with an aggressive air, and throws himself about from side to side, as if he knew he could bite, and meant to do it. He also lashes his tail in pretended anger—"I would have you to know, Sir Bird, I am not to be trifled with!" The empty demonstration usually succeeds: the sparrow gets alarmed and believes he means it. This policy is, in essence, that commonly known as "spirited": it consists in trying to frighten your enemy instead of fighting him.

The oddly-marked caterpillar of the Puss Moth carries the same plan of campaign to a much more artistic pitch. This very quaint insect is common on willows and poplars in England, and is on the whole protectively coloured. Black at first, it looks like a



6.—FULL-GROWN CATERPILLAR OF THE PRIVET HAWK-MOTH, SIMILARLY OCCUPIED.

mere speck or spot on the leaf; as it grows, it becomes gradually greener, relieved with broad purple patches on the back, which produce the effect of lines and shadows. When quite full-grown, as seen in No. 7, the adult caterpillar generally rests at ease on the twigs of the willow-tree. Our illustration shows it in this final stage of its larval life, just taking alarm and humping its back at the approach of some bird or other enemy. If the alarm continues, it goes through a most curious series of evolutions, admirably shown by Mr. Enock in No. 8. Here, the little



7.—CATERPILLAR OF THE PUSS MOTH PREPARING FOR ACTION.

beast is altogether on the defensive: it withdraws its head into the first ring of the body, and inflates the margin, which is bright red in colour. Two black spots, which are not really eyes, but which look absurdly eye-like, now give it a grotesque and terrifying appearance. In fact, the inflated ring resembles a hideous grinning mask, and gives the impression of a face with eyes, nose, and mouth, like that of some uncanny creeping creature. But the apparent face is not a face at all: it is artfully made up of lines and spots on the skin of the body. At the same time that the caterpillar thus assumes its mask, it stands on its eight hind legs as erect as it can, and whips out two pink bristles or tentacles from the forked prongs at the end of its tail—you can see them in the picture. It then bends forward the tail, and brandishes or waves about these pink bristles over its false head, so as to present altogether a most gruesome aspect. Indeed, even Mr. Enock's vigorous sketch of the

little brute in its tragic moments does not quite convey the full effect of its acting in the absence of colour: for the bright red margin and the swishing pink switches add not a little to the telling smirk and black goggle-eyes of the mask-like face thus produced *in terrorem*.

That is not all, either. The Puss Moth caterpillar has a rapid trick of facing about abruptly in the direction of the enemy as if it meant to bite: and this trick is always most disconcerting. If ever so lightly touched, it instantly assumes the terrifying attitude, and presents its pretended face to the astonished aggressor. From a harmless caterpillar it becomes all at once a raging bulldog. Touch it on the other side, and it faces round like lightning in the opposite direction. Professor Poulton tried the effect of its grimace on a marmoset, and found the marmoset was afraid to touch the mysterious creature. We are not marmosets, but I notice that most human beings recoil instinctively from a Puss Moth caterpillar when it assumes its mask. Even if you *know* it is harmless, there is something very alarming in its rapid twists and turns, and in the persistent way in which it grins and spits at you.

Really spits, too; for the insect has a gland in its head which ejects, at need, an irritating fluid. If this fluid gets into your eyes, they smart most unpleasantly. It contains formic acid, and is strong enough to be exceedingly stinging and painful. The discharge repels



8.—THE SAME CATERPILLAR TERRIFYING AN ENEMY.

lizards, and probably also birds, who are among the chief enemies of this as of other caterpillars.

The deadliest foe of the Puss Moth larva, however, is the ichneumon-fly, a parasitic

creature, which lays its eggs in living caterpillars, and lets its grubs hatch out inside them, so as to devour the host from within in the most ruthless fashion. There are many kinds of ichneumon-fly, some of them very minute: the one which attacks the Puss Moth in its larval stage is a comparatively big one. The fly lays its eggs behind the caterpillar's head, where the victim is powerless to dislodge them. In all probability the defensive attitude and the shower of formic acid are chiefly of use against these parasitic foes: for when an ichneumon-fly appears, the caterpillar assumes his "terrifying" attitude the moment it touches him, and faces full round to the foe with his false mask inflated. A very small quantity of the formic acid Professor Poulton found sufficient to kill an ichneumon: and there can be little doubt that this is its main object.

The last of these "bluffing" caterpillars with which I shall deal here is that of the Lobster Moth. In No. 9 you see a couple of these quaint and unwieldy creatures "demonstrating" before an enemy, as if he were the Sultan. The Lobster Moth in its larval stage frequents beech-trees, and you will see in the illustration that the two represented are on a twig of beech. When at rest, the caterpillar resembles a curled and withered beech-leaf, and by this unconscious mimicry escapes detection. But when discovered and roused to battle, oh, then he imitates the action of the spider. He holds up his short front legs in a menacing attitude, so as to suggest a pair of frightful gaping jaws: the four long legs behind these he keeps wide apart and makes them quiver with rage in the most alarming pantomimic indignation. His tail he turns topsyturvy over his head like a scorpion; while the forked appendages at its end seem

like frightful stings, with which he is just about to inflict condign punishment on whoever has dared to disturb his quiet. But it is all mere brag, though the whole effect is extremely terrifying. The performance does not, indeed, mimic any particular venomous beast, but it suggests most appalling and paralyzing possibilities. Many of these queer attitudes, indeed, owe their impressiveness just to their grotesque simulation of one knows not quite what: they are not definite and special, they are worse than that; they appeal to the imagination. And if only you reflect how afraid we often feel of the most harmless insects, merely because they

look frightful, you will readily understand that such vague appeals to the imagination may be far more effectual than any real sting could ever be. We dread the unknown even more than the painful.

The funniest of all these false pretences, however, is one which Hermann Müller, I believe, was the first to point out in this same Lobster Moth caterpillar. When very much bothered by ichneumon-flies (to whose attacks it is particularly exposed), this bristling beast displays, for the first time, two black patches



9.—CATERpillars OF THE LOBSTER Moth DEMONSTRATING IN FORCE BEFORE THE HOSTILE BATTALIONS.

on its side, till then concealed by a triangular flap. Now, these patches closely resemble the sort of wound made by the ichneumon when it deposits its eggs, so it is probable that they serve to take in the assailant, who is thus led to think that another fly of her own kind has been before her, and, therefore, that it is no use laying her eggs where a previous parasite is already in possession. There would not be enough Lobster Moth to feed *two* hungry ichneumon families. In fact, the caterpillar first begins by bluffing, and says, "If you touch me, I bite!" then, finding the bluff unsuccessful, it further pretends to throw up

the sponge, and cries out with a bounce: "Oh, if egg-laying is your game, *that's* no good: I'm already occupied!" For a combination of wiles, this crafty double game probably "licks creation."

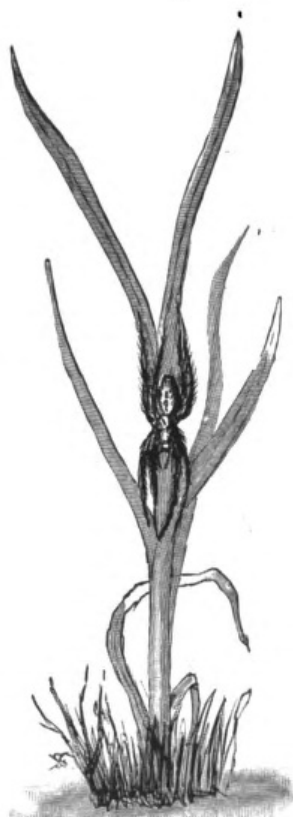
If the defenders are so cunning, however, the attackers can sometimes turn the tables upon them. Animals that hunt often disguise themselves, in order to avoid the notice of the prey, and so steal unobserved upon their victims. Such tactics are like those of the Kaffirs, who cut bits of bush, and then creep up slowly, slowly behind them, under cover of the branches, upon the gnus or antelopes which they wish to slaughter. In No. 10 we have one example of this method of hunting or stalking, as pursued by the intelligent English grass-spider. All spiders, of course, have eight legs, four on each side; but in most of the class, the various pairs of legs are evenly distributed, so as to lie about the body in a rough circle or something like it. The grass-spider, however, has his own views on this important matter. His form and attitude are quite peculiar. He lies in wait for his prey on the open, crouched against a stem of grass, with his two front pairs of legs extended before him, and his back pair behind, in an arrangement which is rather linear than circular. This position makes him almost invisible — much more invisible in real life, indeed, than you see him in the drawing; for if he were represented as inconspicuous as he looks you would say there was no spider there at all, only a naked grass-stem. The delusion is heightened by his lines and colours: he is mostly green or greenish, with narrow black or brown stripes which run more or less up and down his body, instead of cross-wise as usual, so that they harmonize beautifully with the up-and-down lines of the blades and stem in the tuft which he inhabits. When he is pressed close against a

stem of grass, on the look-out for flies, it is almost impossible for the quickest eye to distinguish him. Flies come near, never suspecting the presence of their hereditary foe; as soon as they are close to him, the grass-spider rushes out with a dash and secures them. His jaws are among the most terrible in all his terrible race: they are large and wide-spreading, with two rows of teeth on either side, and a pair of long fangs of truly formidable proportions.

In other ways, also, this particular spider is a clever fellow, for he lives near water; but when the rains are heavy and there is likely to be a flood, he shifts his quarters higher up the ground, and so escapes impending inundation.

Deceptions and false pretences of this sort are somewhat less common among plants than among animals; but still, they occur, and that not infrequently. "What? Plants deceive?" you cry. "The innocent little flowers? How can they do it? Surely that is impossible!" By no means. I have watched plant life pretty closely for a good many years now, and every year the conviction is forced upon me more and more profoundly that whatever animals do, plants do almost equally. There is no vile trick or ruse or stratagem that they cannot imitate: no base deception that they will not practise. They lie and steal with the worst; they hold out false baits for deluded insects, and hide real fly-traps with honeyed words and sweet secretions.

As a good illustration among English plants, look at the Grass of Parnassus, that beautiful, dishonest bog-herb, with glossy-green leaves and pure white blossoms, which is considered the especial guerdon of poets. I found a whole nest of it once in a swamp near Cromer, and carried off a bunch of the lovely flowers as an appropriate offering to Mr. Swinburne who



10. GRASS-SPIDER, IN AMBUSH FOR FLIES.

was stopping at Sidestrand. Yet this poet's flower, dainty and delicate as it is—you see in No. 11 its counterfeit presentment—is not ashamed to deceive the poor bees and flies in a way which the Heathen Chinese would have considered unsportsmanlike. It is a sham, a commercial sham of the worst type. It lives for the most part on wet moors among mountains, or else in the boggy hollows between blown sand-hills by the sea: and when its milk-white flowers star the ground in such spots, it forms

one of the loveliest ornaments of our English flora. But trust it not, oh butterfly: it is fooling thee! From a distance, it looks as if it were full of honey; it advertises well: but at close quarters 'tis a wooden nutmeg; it turns out to be nothing better than an arrant humbug.

The deception is managed in this disgraceful fashion. Inside each petal lies a curious ten or twelve-fingered organ, which is in reality an abortive stamen. No. 12 shows you one such petal removed, with the false honey-glands drawn on a larger scale than in the other illustration. The ten-fingered stamen bears at its tip a number of translucent yellow drops, which look like pure nectar. But they are nothing of



11.—GRASS OF PARNASSUS, DISPLAYING AND ADVERTISING ITS IMITATION HONEY.

false pretences; it deserves fourteen days' without the option of a fine. As a rule, in similar cases, the flies are rewarded for their kind offices as carriers by the merited wage of a drop of honey. But the Grass of Parnassus, mendacious herb, pretends to be purveying a specially fine quantity

and quality of nectar, while in reality it offers only a hard, glassy knob with nothing in it. This pays the plant, of course, because the blossoms do not have to go on producing honey fresh and fresh; a mere inexpensive show does just as well as the real article: "Our customers like it!" but the language of the flies when they discover the fraud is something just awful.

Nor is this by any means



12.—A SINGLE PETAL, TO SHOW THE CHARACTER OF THE SHAM HONEY.

a solitary example of plant depravity. The whole group of pitcher-plants, for instance, cruelly manure themselves by means of living insects in the most treacherous fashion. These lovely and wicked plants live, without exception, in wet and boggy soil, where they cannot get enough animal matter for manure in the ordinary way by the roots: so they lay themselves out instead to capture and absorb the tissues of insects. For this horrid purpose, they twist their leaves into deep pitchers which catch and hold the rain water, and so form reservoirs to drown their prey. Then they entice insects by bright colours to their traps, and allure them to enter by secreting honey at the top of the pitcher. Hairs point downward inside; these allow the flies to walk on to their fate, bribed as they go by lines of nectar: but if they try to return, ah, then they find their mistake: the hairs prevent them, after the fashion of a lobster-pot. Thus they walk on and on till they reach the water, when they are swamped and clotted in a decaying mass, from which the treacherous plant draws manure at last for its own purposes. The pitchers are thus at once traps to catch animals, and stomachs to digest them.

Another and still odder case of deceptiveness in plants is shown by a curious group of South African flowers, the *Hydnoras* and *Stapelias*. These queer and malodorous herbs have very large and rather handsome but fleshy blossoms, an inch or two across, dappled and spotted just like decaying meat. They live in the dry and almost desert region, where carrion-flies abound. Such flies lay their eggs and hatch out their grubs for the most part in half-eaten carcasses of antelopes or smaller animals killed and in part devoured by lions and other beasts of prey. So the flowers have taken to imitating dead meat. They are a lurid red in colour, with livid livery patches, and they have a strong and unpleasant smell of decaying animal matter. The flies, deceived by the scent, flock to them to lay their eggs, and in so doing carry out the real object of the plant by fertilizing the blossoms. But, of course, the whole thing is a vile sham; for when the maggots hatch out, the flower has died, and there is no food for them, so they perish

of starvation. Dr. Blackmore, of Salisbury, once gave me some of these curious plants and flowers: I noticed that in the sunlight, where they smelt just like decomposing meat, they attracted dozens of bluebottle flies and other carrion insects.

Protective resemblance also occurs among plants: for in the same dry South African region, where every green thing gets nibbled down in the rainless season, certain ice-plants and milk-weeds have acquired the trick of forming tubers or stems exactly like the pebbles among which they grow: so that when the leaves die down in the dry weather, the tuber is not distinguishable from the stones all round it. Such tubers are really reservoirs of living material destined to carry the life of the plant over the dead season: as soon as rain comes again, they put forth fresh green leaves at once, and grow on after their sleep as if nothing had happened. Even terrifying attitudes are not unknown in the vegetable world: for one of the uses of the movements in the Sensitive Plant is almost certainly to frighten animals. Browsing creatures that come near the bushes in their native woods see the leaves shrink back and curl up when touched, and are afraid to eat a tree that has so evidently a spirit in it. The Squirting Cucumber of the Mediterranean, again, alarms goats and cattle by discharging its ripe fruits explosively in their faces the moment the stem is touched. In this case the primary object is no doubt the dispersal of the seeds, which squirt out elastically as the fruit jumps off; but to frighten browsing enemies is a secondary advantage. There can be no question as to the reality of the plant's hostile intention, because the fruits also contain a pungent juice, which discharges itself at the same instant into the eyes of the assailant. As I have received a volley of this irritating liquid more than once in my own face (in the pursuit of science) I can testify personally on the best of evidence that it is distinctly painful. The tactics of the Squirting Cucumber in first frightening you, and then injecting acrid juice into your eyes, are thus exactly similar to the plan of action pursued by the angry larva of the Puss Moth.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XLVIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)



A BEEF-EATER TEMP. HENRY VIII.

THE SEARCH FOR GUY FAWKES.

THE proceedings at the opening of the forthcoming Session, the fifth in the fourteenth Parliament of Queen Victoria, will be fully reported in the morning papers. There is a proceeding preliminary to the Speaker's taking the Chair which, from its history and character, is of necessity con-

ducted in secret. It is the search through the underground chambers and passages of the House with design to frustrate any schemes in the direction of a dissolution of Parliament that descendants or disciples of Guy Fawkes may have in hand. The present generation has seen, more especially when a Conservative Government have been in power, some revolutionary changes in Parliamentary procedure. The solemn search underneath the Houses of Parliament, preceding the opening of the revolving Sessions ever since Gunpowder Plot, is still observed with all the pomp and circumstance attached to it three hundred years ago.

The investigation is conducted under the personal direction of the Lord Great Chamberlain, who is answerable with his head for any miscarriage. When a peer comes newly to the office he makes a point of personally accompanying the expedition. But, though picturesque, and essential to the working of the British Constitution, it falls in

time, and the Lord Great Chamberlain, relying upon the discretion, presence of mind, and resource of his Secretary, usually leaves it to him. Oddly enough, the House of Commons is not officially represented at the performance, the avowed object of which is not, primarily, to secure the safety of the Lords and Commons, but to avert the conclusion aimed at by Guy Fawkes—namely, to blow up the Sovereign. It is as the personal representative of the Queen that the Lord Great Chamberlain takes the business in hand.

To this day the result of the inquiry is directly communicated to Her Majesty. Up to a period dating back less than fifty years, as soon as the search was over, the Lord Great Chamberlain dispatched a messenger on horseback to the Sovereign, informing him (or her) that all was well, and that Majesty might safely repair to Westminster to open the new Session. To-day the telegraph wires carry the assurance to the Queen wherever she may chance to be in residence on the day before the opening of Parliament.

THE SEARCH PARTY.

Whilst the Commons take no official part in the performance, the peers are represented either by Black Rod or by his deputy, the Yeoman Usher, who is accompanied by half-a-dozen stalwart doorkeepers and messengers, handy in case of a fray. The Board of Works are represented by the Chief Surveyor of the London District, accompanied by the Clerk of Works to the Houses of Parliament. The Chief Engineer of the House of Commons, who is responsible for all the underground workings of the building, leads the party, the Chief Inspector of Police boldly marching on his left hand.

These are details prosaic enough. The nineteenth century has engrafted them on the sixteenth. The picturesqueness of the

scene comes in with the appearance of the armed contingent. This is made up of some fourteen or sixteen of the Yeomen of the Guard, who arrive at the place of rendezvous armed with halberds and swords. The halberds look well, but this search is, above all, a business undertaking. It is recognised that for close combat in the vaults and narrow passages of the building halberds would be a little unwieldy. They are accordingly stacked in the Prince's Chamber, the Yeomen fearlessly marching on armed with nothing but their swords. Clad in their fifteenth century costume, they are commanded by an officer who wears a scarlet swallow-tailed coat, cocked hat, and feathers, gilt spurs shining at his martial heel. The spurs are not likely to be needed. But the British officer knows how to prepare for any emergency.

Following the Yeomen of the Guard stride half-a-dozen martial men in costumes dating from the early part of the present century. They wear swallow-tail coats, truncated cone caps, with the base of the cone uppermost. They are armed with short, serviceable cutlasses and bâtons, such as undertakers' men carry, suggesting that they have come to bury Guy Fawkes, not to catch him.

Most of the underground chambers and passages of the Houses of Parliament are lit by electricity. Failing that, they are flooded with gas. When search for Guy Fawkes was first ordered, the uses of gas had not been discovered, much less the possibilities of electricity. Lanterns were the only thing, so lanterns are still used. As the dauntless company of men-at-arms tramp

along the subterranean passages, it is pretty to see the tallow dips in the swinging lanterns shamed by the wanton light that beats from the electric lamps.

PARLIAM-
MENTARY
CAVES.

Her Majesty's Ministers meeting Parliament at the opening of their fifth Session remain happy in the reflection that their position is not endangered by any mines dug within the limits of their own escarpment. It is different in the opposite camp. The first thing good Liberals do as soon as their own party comes into power is to commence a series of manœuvres designed to thrust it forth. Sometimes they are called "caves," occasionally "tea-room cabals." But, as Mr.

Gladstone learned in the 1868-74 Parliament, in that of 1880-85, and, with tragic force, in the Parliament which made an end of what Mr. Chamberlain called "The Stop-Gap Government," they all mean the same thing. Lord Rosebery when he came to the Premiership found the habit was not eradicated.

The condition of men and things in the House of Commons when Parliament met after the General Election in July, 1895, was rarely favourable to the formation of "caves" on the Ministerial side. To begin with, the Government had such an overwhelming majority that the game of playing at being independent was so safe that its enjoyment was not forbidden to the most loyal Unionist. Given that condition, there were

existing personal circumstances that supplied abundant material for cave-making. The necessity imposed on Lord Salisbury of finding



INSPECTOR HORSLEY.



▲ CAVE-MAN.

place in his Ministry for gentlemen outside the Conservative camp made it impossible not only to satisfy reasonable aspirations on the part of new men of his



SHELVED WITH A PEERAGE. (BARON DE WORMS.)

own party, but even to reinstate some ex-Ministers. Some, like Baron de Worms, were shelved with a peerage. Others, overlooked, were left to find places on back

cold. Whilst most of the leading members of the Liberal Unionist wing, including Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. Powell Williams, were provided with office, Mr. Courtney's claims were ignored, and Sir John Lubbock's were probably never considered.

AN OLD
PARLIA-
MENTARY
HAND.

Amongst Conservative members who had not been in office but were not alone in their belief that they were well fitted for it were Mr. Gibson Bowles and Mr. George Wyndham—the latter since deservedly provided for. Moreover, to a corner seat below the gangway returned Mr. James Lowther, thought good enough in Disraeli's time to be Under-Secretary for the Colonies and Chief Secretary for Ireland. Since the death of Lord Beaconsfield kings had arisen in Egypt who knew not "Jemmy," or, at least, forgot his existence at a time when Ministerial offices were dispensed. The member for East Thanet, first returned for York in the summer of 1865, is not only personally popular in the House, but has high standing as an old Parliamentary hand. If he had liked to turn rusty, he might have done the Conservative Party at least as much harm as Mr. Horsman when in the same mood wrought to the party with which, to the last, he ranked himself.



"WHO KNEW NOT JEMMY."

benches above or below the gangway. Of men who held office in Lord Salisbury's former Administration, Mr. Jackson, Sir James Fergusson, Sir W. Hart-Dyke, and Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett were left out in the

From time to time Mr. Lowther has vindicated his independence of Ministerial discipline by dividing the House on the question of the futility of reading, at the commencement of recurring Sessions, the standing order

forbidding peers to interfere with elections. He has not gone beyond that, and whenever attempt has been made from the Opposition side to inflict damage on the best of all Governments, he has ranged himself on the side of Ministers.

Sir W. Hart-Dyke, Sir James OVER- Fergusson, and the late Sir W. LOOKED. Forwood, instead of openly resenting neglect, on more than one occasion went out of their way to defend the colleagues of the Prime Minister who slighted them. Mr. Wyndham was last Session not less generously loyal. Mr. Tommy Bowles, it is true, has been on occasion fractious. As for Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, when he recovered from the shock of realization that Lord Salisbury had not only formed a Ministry without including him in its membership, but looked as if he would be able to carry it on, he showed signs of resentment. Through successive Sessions he has sedulously endeavoured to embarrass an unappreciative Premier by cunningly devised questions addressed to the Colonial Secretary or to the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Curzon alike proved able to hold their own, and the Sheffield Knight coming out to kick has found himself fulfilling the humble function of the football.

A more serious defection was threatened last Session as the MR. YERBURGH. result of the distrust and discontent in Ministerial circles of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy. Mr. Yerburgh, moved by apprehension that the interests of the British Empire in the Far East were at stake, instituted a series of weekly dinners at the Junior Carlton, where matters were talked over. The dinners were excellent, the wines choice, and Mr. Yerburgh has a delicate taste in cigars. This meeting at dinner instead of at tea, as was the fashion in the Liberal camp at the time of Mr. Gladstone's trouble over the Irish University Bill in 1873, seemed to indicate manlier purpose. But nothing came of

it, except a distinct advancement of Mr. Yerburgh's position in the House of Commons. He, as spokesman of the malcontents, found opportunity to display a complete mastery of an intricate geographical and political position, combined with capacity for forcibly and clearly stating his case.

Thus Lord Salisbury remained master of himself though China fell. Had Mr. Gladstone been in his position, under precisely similar circumstances, it would have been Her Majesty's Ministry that would have fallen to pieces.

JOINED THE MAJORITY. As usual the recess has seen the final going over to the majority of old members of the House of Commons. Two who have died since the prorogation were distinct types of utterly divergent classes. There was nothing in common between the Earl of Winchilsea and Mr. T. B. Potter, except that they both sat in the 1880 Parliament, saw the rise of the Fourth Party, and the crumbling away of Mr. Gladstone's magnificent majority. Mr. Potter was by far the older member, having taken his seat for Rochdale on the death of Mr. Cobden in 1865. Except physically, he did not fill a large place in the House, but was much esteemed on both sides for his honest



THE HUMBLE FUNCTION OF THE FOOTBALL.

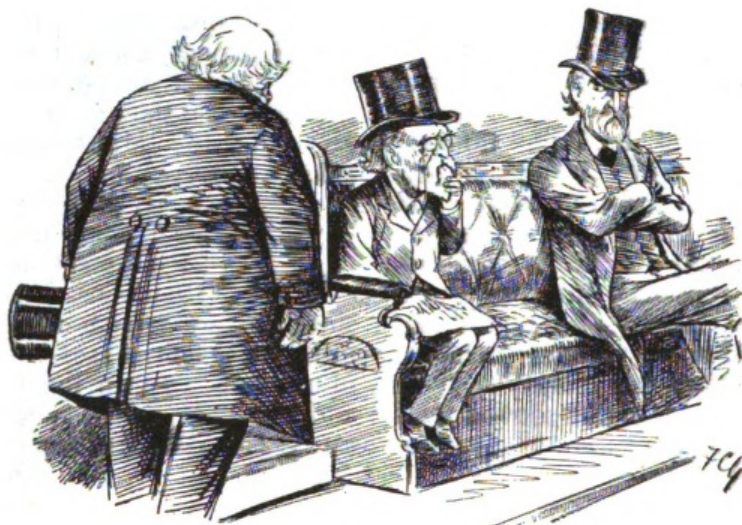
purpose and his genial good temper.

This last was imperturbable. It was not to be disturbed even by a double misfortune that accompanied one of the Cobden Club's annual dining expeditions to Greenwich. On the voyage out, passing Temple Pier, one of the guests fell overboard. At the start on the return journey, another guest, a distinguished Frenchman, stepping aboard as he thought, fell into the gurgling river, and was fished out with a boat-hook. Yet Mr. Potter, President of the Club, largely responsible for the success of the outing, did not on either occasion intermit his beaming smile.

He was always ready to be of A BUFFER service in whatsoever unobtrusive STATE. manner. The House cherishes tender memories of a scene in 1890. The fight in Committee Room

No. 15 had recently closed. Its memories still seared the breasts of the Irish members. Members were never certain that at any moment active hostilities might not commence even under the eye of the

Thames barge slipping down the river with the tide. He made his way to the bench where the severed Irish Leaders sat, and planted himself out between them, they perforce moving to right and left to



THE BUFFER STATE.

Speaker. One night a motion by Mr. John Morley raising the Irish question brought a large muster of the contending forces. Mr. Parnell, who had temporarily withdrawn from the scene, put in an appearance with the rest. He happened to seat himself on the same bench as Mr. Justin McCarthy, whom the majority of the Irish members had elected to succeed him in the leadership. Only a narrow space divided the twain. The most apprehensive did not anticipate militant action on the part of Mr. McCarthy. But, looking at Mr. Parnell's pale, stern face, knowing from report of proceedings in Committee Room No. 15 what passion smouldered beneath that mild exterior, timid members thought of what might happen, supposing the two rose together diversely claiming the ear of the House as Leader of the Irish Party.

At this moment Mr. T. B. Potter entered and moved slowly up the House like a

make room. Seeing him there, his white waistcoat shimmering in the evening light like the mainsail of an East Indiaman, the House felt that all was well. Mr. Parnell

was a long-armed man; but, under whatsoever stress of passion, he could not get at Mr. McCarthy across the broad space of the member for Rochdale.

A PROMISING START. Lord Winchilsea sat in this same Parliament as Mr.

Finch-Hatton. He early made his mark by a maiden speech delivered on one of the interminable debates on Egypt. He was content to leave it there, never, as far as I remember, again taking part in set debate. His appearance was striking. Many years after, when he had succeeded to the earldom, I happened to be present when he rose from the

luncheon-table at Haverholme Priory to acknowledge the toast of his health. By accident or design he stood under a contemporary portrait of his great ancestor,



THE LATE LORD WINCHILSEA.

Christopher Hatton, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor. The likeness between the founder of the family and a scion separated by the space of more than three hundred years was almost startling.

Lord Winchelsea aged rapidly. When he made his maiden speech in the House of Commons he had not advanced beyond the stage of the young dandy. His face was a shade of ivory, the pallor made more striking by the coal-black hair. His attitude, like his dress and everything about him, was carefully studied. His left hand, rigidly extended, lightly rested behind his back. His right hand, when not in action, hid his finger-tips in the breast of a closely-buttoned frock-coat. Occasionally, he withdrew his hand and made stiff gestures in the air as if he were writing hieroglyphs. Occasionally, he emphasized a point by slightly bowing to the amused audience.

The matter of his speech was excellent, its form, occasionally, as extravagant as his get-up. The House roared with laughter when Mr. Finch-Hatton, pointing stiff finger-tips at Mr. Gladstone smiling on the Treasury Bench, invited members to visit the Premier on his uneasy couch and watch him moaning and tossing as the long procession of his pallid victims passed before him. This reminiscence of a scene from "Richard III." was a great success, though not quite in the manner Mr. Hatton, working it out in his study, had forecast.

A man of great natural capacity, wide culture, and, as was shown in his later connection with agriculture, of indomitable industry, he would, having lived down his extravagancies, have made a career in the Commons. Called thence by early doom he went to the Lords, and was promptly and finally extinguished.

MUSTERED Another old member of the
AT J. J. House who died in the recess is
COLMAN'S. Mr. Colman. The great mustard manufacturer, whose name was carried on tin boxes to the uttermost ends of the earth, never made his mark in the House of Commons. I doubt whether he ever got so far as to work off his maiden speech. A quiet, kindly, shrewd man of business, he was content to look on whilst others fought and talked. He came too late to the House to be ever thoroughly at one with it, and took an early opportunity of retiring.

Mr. Gladstone had a high respect for him, and occasionally visited his beautiful home in Norfolk. One of these occasions became

historic by reason of Mr. Gladstone unwittingly making a little joke. Coming down to breakfast one morning, and finding the house-party already gathered in the room, Mr. Gladstone cheerily remarked, "What, are we all mustered?"

He never knew why this innocent observation had such remarkable success with Mr. J. J. Colman's guests.

MR. GLADSTONE'S TABLE-TALK. A few more recollections of Mr. Gladstone whilst still in harness. I remember meeting him at a well-known house during the Midlothian campaign of 1885. He came in to luncheon half an hour late, and was rallied by the host upon his unpunctuality. "You know," he said, "only the other day you lectured us upon the grace of punctuality at luncheon-time."

Mr. Gladstone took up this charge with energy familiar at the time in the House of Commons when repelling one of Lord Randolph Churchill's random attacks. Finally, he drew from the host humble confession that he had been in error, that so far from recommending punctuality at luncheon-time he had urged the desirability of absence of formality at the meal. "Anyone," he said, "should drop in at luncheon when they please and sit where they please."

Through the meal he was in the liveliest humour, talking in his rich, musical voice. After luncheon we adjourned to the library, a room full of old furniture and precious memorials, chiefly belonging to the Stuart times. On the shelves were a multitude of rare books. Mr. Gladstone picked up one, and sitting on a broad window seat, began reading and discoursing about it. Setting out for a walk, he was got up in a most extraordinary style. He wore a narrow-skirted square-cut tail-coat, made, I should say, in the same year as the Reform Bill. Over his shoulders hung an inadequate cape, of rough hairy cloth, once in vogue but now little seen. On his head was a white soft felt hat. The back view as he trudged off at four-mile-an-hour pace was irresistible.

Mrs. Gladstone watched over him like a hen with its first chicken. She was always pulling up his collar, fastening a button, or putting him to sit in some particular chair out of a draught. These little attentions Mr. Gladstone accepted without remark, with much the placid air a small and good-tempered babe wears when it is being tucked in its cot.

AN OLD
LONDON
HOUSE.

In the Session of 1890, Mr. Gladstone rented a house in St. James's Square, a big, roomy, gloomy mansion, built when George I. was King. On the pillars of the porch stand in admirable preservation two of the wrought iron extinguishers, in which in those days the link-boys used to thrust their torches when they had brought master or mistress home, or conveyed a dinner guest. Inside hideous light-absorbing flock wall-papers prevailed. One gained an idea, opportunity rare in these days, of the murkiness amid which our grandfathers dwelt.

Dining there one night, I found the host made up for all household shortcomings. He talked with unbroken flow of spirits, always having more to say on any subject that turned up, and saying it better, than any expert present. His memory was as amazing as his opportunities of acquiring knowledge had been unique.

MEMORIES
OF
CHILDHOOD.

As we sat at table he, in his eighty-first year, recalled, as if it had happened the day before, an incident that befell when he was eighteen months old. Prowling about the nursery on all-fours, there suddenly flashed upon him consciousness of the existence of his nurse, as she towered above him. He remembered her voice and the very pattern of the frock she wore. This was his earliest recollection, his first clear consciousness of existence. His memory of Canning when he stood for Liverpool in 1812 was perfectly clear; indeed, he was then nearly three years old, and took an intelligent interest in public affairs.

Of later date was his recollection of Parlia-

mentary Elections, and the strange processes by which in the good old days they were accomplished. The poll at Liverpool was kept open sometimes for weeks, and the custom was for voters to be shut up in pens ten at a time. At the proper moment they were led out of these inclosures and conducted to the

polling-booths, where they recorded their votes. These musters were called "tallies," and the reckoning up of them was a matter watched with breathless interest in the constituency.

It was a DOCTORING point of A TALLY. keen competition which side should first land a "tally" at the polling-booth. Mr. Gladstone told with great gusto of an accident that befell one in the first quarter of the century. The poll opened at eight o'clock in the morning. The Liberals, determined to make a favourable start, marshalled ten voters, and as early as four in the morning filled the pen by the polling-

booth. To all appearances the Conservatives were beaten in this first move. But their defeat was only apparent. Shortly after seven o'clock a barrel of beer, conveniently tapped, with mugs handy, was rolled up within hand-reach of the pen, where time hung heavy on the hands of the expectant voters. They naturally regarded this as a delicate attention on the part of their friends, and did full justice to their hospitable forethought. After a while, consternation fell upon them. Man after man hastily withdrew till the pen was empty, and ten Conservatives, waiting in reserve, rushed in and took possession of the place.

"The beer," said Mr. Gladstone, laughing till the tears came into his eyes, "had been heavily jalaped."



AT A FOUR-MILE-AN-HOUR PACE.

DRAWING A BADGER

By
EDMUND MITCHELL



IT was a sleepy little town, far from the busy world, almost hidden away in the back-woods. During the long summer days, small boys—and sometimes grown-up folks as well—hardly knew what to do to pass the time. It was an event of some importance, therefore, when one afternoon Grizzly Jim, the trapper, brought to the only hostelry the settlement could boast a live badger. He carried it in a big bag, and shook it out over the half-door into the empty stable, that the hotel-keeper and his friends might have a look at the shy and rarely-seen animal. At that hour there were not many people about, so when the other half of the stable door was drawn to, and the captive left alone, the news of its arrival was as yet known only to a few.

Among these few, however, was the hotel-keeper's son Dick, a youngster about twelve years old, who had inspected the badger with keenest interest and a critical eye. He had also listened to every word of the conversation between Grizzly Jim and his father,

and had gathered that they were going to pack up the beast in a box and send it off next day by the railroad to a city, some hundreds of miles distant, where all manner of strange creatures were kept in cages in a Zoo. So the badger would be lodged in the hotel for one night only, and Dick reflected that if any fun was to be got out of "the comical cuss," as he called it, there was no time to be lost.

After a quarter of an hour's solid thinking, Dick went out into the stable yard and dragged forth an old dog-kennel, which for a long time had lain disused in the woodshed. He rubbed it up a bit, plentifully littered it with fresh straw, and then set it down right in the middle of the yard. To the big chain he attached an old rusted iron kettle, which he pushed back into the kennel among the straw as far as his arms could reach. These preparations completed, Dick thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, and set off down the main street, whistling a tune.



"HE SHOOK IT OUT OVER THE HALF-DOOR."

At a little distance he met his most intimate chum, Billy Green, the wheelwright's son.

"Say, Billy," said Dick, "heard the noos?"

"What noos?"

"Grizzly Jim's bin an' trapped a badger."

"Wal, that don't count for much. Ain't anythink very 'xtro'd'n'ry in his trappin' a badger, is there? Comes reg'lar in his day's work, I reckon. Now, if it'd bin an elephant or a gi-raffe"—the speaker paused to give full effect to his grin of sarcasm.

"Oh! bother yer elephants and yer gi-raffes," interrupted Dick, with impatience; "I tell ye it's a real live badger."

"A live one?" asked Billy, his interest slightly stimulated.

"Yes, a live one. I see'd it shaken out of a bag. And it's up now this very minute at father's."

"Jee-whizz!" cried Billy, all on the hop now with excitement. "Then I s'pose they're goin' to have a badger fight?"

"A badger*fight! Who're ye gettin' at?" retorted Dick, ironically.

"Why, ther'll be a badger fight with dogs, of course. Don't ye know, Dick, that a badger, when his dander's fairly riz, can fight like a whole sackful of wild cats? It's rare sport, badger-baitin', I can tell ye, an' jest the real thing to try the stuff young dogs is made of."

"Better'n rats?" asked Dick, in turn growing excited at the vista of unexpected possibilities opening out before him.

"Rats ain't in it with badgers," replied Billy, disdainfully.

"Then I 'spect Grizzly Jim's gone down town to hunt up some dogs," suggested Dick.

"Certain sure."

"Wal, hadn't you best come to our place right now, an' have a good look at the critter 'fore the crowd begins to roll up?"

"I guess there's some sense in that. Let's skoot along, Dick."

So the two boys set off at a quick pace towards the hotel. And as they walked Dick described the badger's points.

"He's got short stumpy legs, Billy, but terrible claws. Rip a dog open like winkin'."

"And pooty sharp teeth too, I reckon?"

"I should jest say. Wouldn't like 'm try 'em in my leg."

"See you've got 'm in the old dog-kennel," remarked Billy, as they came in sight of the stable yard.

"It's a strong chain that, you know," replied Dick, evasively. "Bruno, the old boarhound that died, couldn't break it."

"Guess the chain'll hold the badger all right. But I can't see nothink of 'm in that there dog-hutch. I'll want ter have 'm out, Dick, in the open."

"You'd best take care, Billy," cried Dick, as his companion laid hold of the chain. "Remember his claws."

"Oh! I'm not 'feard, you bet," replied Billy, loftily. "It needs somethin' more'n a badger to skeer me. Besides, he can't scratch or bite much through my leggin's."

"Mind, Billy," continued Dick, with an intensely anxious look on his face. "I've warned ye. Don't ye come a hollerin' an' a blamin' me, if he takes a bit out of yer leg."

"Poof! You keep back if ye'r fright'ned. Let me alone. I'll soon yank 'm inter daylight." And Billy made ready to haul at the chain. "Come out o' that, ye brute," he cried. "Yo! ho! out ye come!" And he pulled with all his might.

There was a fine old clatter 'as the iron kettle came clinkety-clink-clank on to the cobble stones; and Dick just lay down on the ground, fairly doubled up with laughing.

"Look out, Billy," he yelled amidst his convulsions of glee, "look out. That badger 'll bite ye through yer leggin's."

For a minute Billy was speechless. He felt so sick and faint-hearted that ordinary common-place language would have been an insult to his feelings. "You tarnation fraud!" he at last managed to gasp, as he glanced from the battered kettle at his feet towards his spluttering friend.

But merriment is infectious, and the supreme ridiculousness of his position appealed to Billy's sense of humour. So the flushed, angry look passed by imperceptible degrees into a sickly smile, and the smile at last became transformed into a broad grin. Then Billy sat down on the kettle, and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

All of a sudden Dick recovered his gravity. "Quick, Billy," he cried, "shove the kettle back. Here's the schoolmaster comin' 'long the street."

With a more rapid flash of understanding than he had ever shown for a new rule in arithmetic, Billy grasped the situation, and pushed the kettle into the kennel out of sight. The boys stood together, just as smug and quiet as if they were setting out for Sunday-school.

"Billy," said Dick, wishful to put matters right now that the victim of his joke had become his confederate for future operations, "I didn't tell a lie. There's a live badger in

the stable as true as I'm standin' here. But I never said 'twas in the kennel."

Billy, however, was intent only on the business in hand. The prospect of sport caused the personal humiliation of a minute ago to be forgotten. There was no need, nor time, for explanations. •

"Whish! Stow all that," he whispered, eagerly. "Let's meet 'm at the gate."

The two conspirators sauntered towards the entrance to the yard, as the schoolmaster, an elderly, grave-faced man, drew near to the stable buildings.

"Good day, sir," said Billy, as both youngsters jerked their hands towards their caps awkwardly, but none the less deferentially.

"Ah! how do you do, boys?" responded the teacher, coming to a halt and bestowing a pleasant nod of recognition on his pupils. "I hope you are enjoying your holidays?"



"I HOPE YOU ARE ENJOYING YOUR HOLIDAYS?"

"Yes, sir, first class," replied Dick. Then Billy boldly opened the campaign. "Please, Mr. Brown, do you know the difference between a mountain badger and a prairie badger?"

"I fancy I do, my lad. The one's darker than the other."

"Well, sir, Dick's father's had a live badger brought to him by Grizzly Jim, and we don't know which kind it is." Billy skated very cleverly on the thin ice of truth.

"Just let me have a sight of the animal," said the schoolmaster. At the same moment

he followed the direction of Dick's look, and there and then fell unsuspectingly into the trap prepared for him. "Ah! I see you've got him chained up in the kennel," he remarked, as he stepped into the stable yard.

"Do badgers bite?" asked Dick, evading the issue with splendidly assumed innocence.

"Oh! they don't show their teeth much, unless they're badgered," replied Mr. Brown, with a laugh, thoroughly pleased with himself at having been able to perpetrate a little joke. "Let's have him out, boys. I'll soon tell whether he's a mountain badger or a prairie badger."

Dick and Billy hung back, apparently fearful of approaching too near to the kennel.

"Don't be afraid, my lads," continued the master, in an encouraging way. "He's all safe at the end of a chain. See: I'll pull him out for you. Ya! hoop! Out you come, my fine fellow."

And the schoolmaster lugged at the chain; and clinkety-clink-clank came the iron kettle on to the cobble stones.

No respect for either age or authority could restrain the boys from going off into a fit of laughter. Their teacher's face was a study; its look of blank amazement would have made a wooden totem-pole hilarious. But they were relieved in mind, all the same, when a smile, even though a grim one, stole over the stern, pallid features of the man who had it in his power to make the lives of wayward boys utterly miserable.

"It's lucky for you young rascals that this is holiday time," remarked the schoolmaster, drily. "I've got a tawse in my desk that can bite a good deal sharper than this badger." Then, in spite of a momentary feeling of resentment, he joined in the laugh against himself.

"Please, sir," explained Dick, partly in a spirit of penitence, but mainly with a view to mitigate the offence, "the live badger that Grizzly Jim brought father is in the stable right enough. It was you yourself that went straight for the kennel."

"That's so," replied the schoolmaster, stroking his beard meditatively. "I should have remembered the maxim of the copy-books, 'Think before you leap.' Well, we're all liable to make mistakes, I suppose—even parsons," he added, after a pause, and sinking his voice almost to a whisper. He was gazing now down the street, with a far-away look in his countenance.

The boys shot a quick glance in the same

direction. A stout, pompous-looking little man, with black coat and white collar, was in sight.

"The parson's an erudite Doctor of Divinity," continued the schoolmaster, speaking low, and in an absent-minded fashion. "He's had all the advantages of a college education—a fact which he knows, and takes care to let other people know. A man of learning is the parson, and a great authority on natural history."

The boys did not hear, nor exactly understand, every word spoken; but the last sentence fell clearly on their ears, and the looks they exchanged indicated the dawning of intelligence.

"Yes; I wonder," murmured the pedagogue, reflectively, "I really wonder, now, whether the parson could tell the difference between a mountain badger and a prairie badger."

"By golly!" screamed Billy, in frantic excitement at the full flash of comprehension. "Jam the kettle back into the kennel, Dick. Don't say a word, Mr. Brown; please don't. Leave him to us."

The schoolmaster, chuckling to himself, began to examine a rose-bush growing against the wall. Soon the parson was at the gate.

"Good evening, Mr. Brown," he called out.

"Good evening," mumbled the teacher, hardly daring to look up from the roses.

"What have we here?" continued the clergyman, observing the unwonted position of the kennel, and also noticing the flurried look on the boys' faces. "What have we here?" he repeated, coming forward into the yard.

"Please, sir," began Dick, a dig in the ribs from Billy having warned him that it was his turn to open fire. "Grizzly Jim's brought father a real live badger."

"A badger, and a live one! Well?"

"And schoolmaster don't seem to be able to tell whether it's a mountain badger or a prairie badger," added Dick, with a grin, adroitly bringing the third confederate into the field of action.

"Didn't you examine the teeth, Mr. Brown?" asked the parson. "The colour of the fur is no real test, you know."

"I can't say I've looked at its teeth," replied the teacher, with a somewhat ghastly smile. He had not bargained for being anything more than a passive witness of the parson's discomfiture, but here he was now, by Dick's act of unblushing treachery, thrust into the position of an active accomplice.

"Well, we must ascertain the animal's dentition. You see, in a mountain badger, which is more carnivorous than the prairie variety, the canine teeth are more fully developed." As the schoolmaster had said, the parson was assuredly a learned man, and an authority on 'natural history, to have all this information so readily at his command.

"But how are you going to look at his teeth?" asked Billy, practically. "I reckon badgers bite."

"I'll soon show you, my boy," replied the parson, with a patronizing smile. "He's in this kennel, is he?"

Billy's only response was a smile of satisfaction like that worn by the cat when he spied that the door of the canary's cage had been left open. But the clergyman did not wait for an answer, for, turning directly to Dick, he asked the boy whether he could find him some such thing as a piece of sacking.

"I guess I can," responded Dick, darting off like a shot towards the stables. Within the minute he was back with an old corn-bag. The parson was in the act of turning up his coat-sleeves, and was still discoursing learnedly upon the carnivorous and frugivorous tastes of the different species of the plantigrade family. The schoolmaster was listening attentively, speaking not one word: his attitude was a deferential one, or a guilty one, according to the observer's point of view.

"That will do first class, my boy," said the minister, taking the sack from Dick's hands. "Now, you two lads, pull the chain gently, and I'll get this round the badger as he emerges from the kennel. We must look out for his claws, you know, as well as for his teeth; because the badger, being a burrowing animal, is armed with long sharp claws, which he also adapts to purposes of self-defence, using them with great courage and effect when attacked. Slowly now, boys; cautious does it. Here he comes! There you are! I have him all safe!"

And the parson, as a heap of accumulating straw began to appear at the mouth of the kennel, pushed in the sack, and wrapped it tightly round the black object beyond.

"Pull now again, boys; gently. That's right. Now he's out."

Then the parson paused, and looked a bit puzzled. "This badger must have been injured, surely. He doesn't show much fight." Saying these words, he proceeded to cautiously raise one corner of the sacking. "Whoa! now; steady. No snapping, you brute," continued the parson, in a purring, conciliatory voice, as he slowly lifted the bag.

The spout of the iron kettle met his dumfounded gaze!

Dick and Billy were by this time hiding behind the water-barrel, stuffing handkerchiefs into their mouths. The schoolmaster looked down with a gleeful grin it was impossible to repress.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Brown?" sputtered the parson, rising to his feet. The flush on his face was due less to resentment than to wounded pride.

"It just means, Mr. Blinkers, that these young scamps first fooled me, and for the life of me I can't deny but I've enjoyed their passing the joke on to you."

The schoolmaster laughed outright, but the parson still looked painfully self-conscious.

"The miserable little prevaricators!" he muttered.

"No," said the teacher, "you can't call them that. The boys haven't spoken a word that's untrue, because the badger, I believe, is actually in the stable over there. In taking it for granted that the beast was in this kennel, we rushed to conclusions, and have had to pay the penalty."

The mortified expression on the parson's face became somewhat softened. He gazed in a half-rueful, half-amused way at the old iron kettle, still partially covered by the sacking.

"To think that I was led into talking about the dentition of that—that—infernal thing," he sighed. "Oh! it would need a layman to express my feelings," he added, clenching his fists as if in impotent despair, while with a feeble smile he glanced at the schoolmaster.

"Well," laughed the latter, "strong language isn't in my line any more than yours, Mr. Blinkers, so I'm afraid I can't oblige. I fancy, however, that if ever again anyone asks you or me the difference between a mountain badger and a prairie badger we'll be just a trifle shy at answering—eh, my friend?"

The parson laughed outright; the fit of dudgeon was finally past. And when the two men left the stable yard arm-in-arm, the mischief-makers, who still remained discreetly invisible, could see the backs and shoulders of both of them fairly shaking with laughter.

Round the corner, the schoolmaster and the minister met the hotel-keeper standing at the front door of his hostelry; and with the greatest good humour in the world they told him the story. The joke was really too excellent to keep; moreover, it was sure to go the round of the whole town before the world was

many hours older, so that the victims consulted their own personal comfort best by leading off the inevitable laugh, and so, in a measure at least, disarming ridicule.

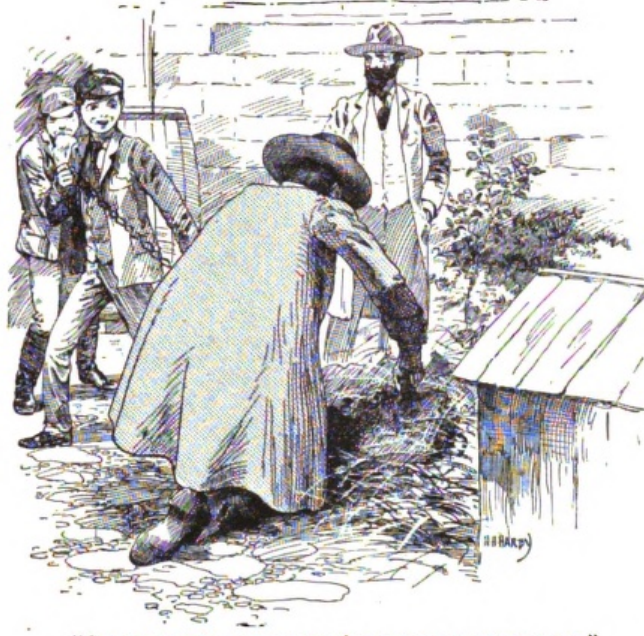
"The whipper-snappers!" said the burly host, hardly knowing at first whether to condole with the dignitaries of church and school or to indulge the merriment that was bubbling up within him.

"Boys will be boys," remarked the parson, condescendingly.

"And the trick was cleverly done," added the schoolmaster, appreciatively. He was in reality too overjoyed at his own success in having hauled the parson into the pillory alongside of him to feel any resentment.

"Oh! well, we do need a laugh sometimes in this dull place," replied the hotel-keeper, allowing the broad smile hitherto repressed to suffuse his rubicund countenance. But he kept his mirth within moderate bounds so long as the others were in hearing. When they were gone, however, loud and long was his laughter.

"Dick, the little cuss!" he cried, slapping his thigh. "And Billy, that young varmint! It'll tickle his dad to death when he hears it. To fool the schoolmaster showed a bit of pluck. But to take down the parson—oh,



"'NO SNAPPING, YOU BRUTE,' CONTINUED THE PARSON."

lor!" And the jolly innkeeper laughed till his sides ached.

After a little time Grizzly Jim slouched into the bar, and the story was retailed for his benefit. The old trapper laughed heartily, although in the silent way his profession had taught him.

"Blame my skin!" he exclaimed, "if it ain't the foxiest thing in the snarin' line I've struck for a long time. But I reckon, boss, I'll take a hand now in this 'ere game. You fix up an excuse to git the youngsters out of the yard for ten minutes, and I reckon I'll make 'em skin their eyes with 'mazement next time they yank out that badger."

Jim sauntered round the front of the house, while the host went direct to the stable yard. He found the two boys in close confabulation near the dog-kennel; and he also quietly observed that the kettle was again inside, so that the trap was clearly baited for the next victim that might chance to come around.

"Halloa, Billy!" cried the hotel-keeper, apparently unobservant of the fact that the kennel was not in its usual place, and quite ignorant of the game that was being played; "can you help Dick eat some apples?"

"Can a duck swim?" asked the youngster, perkily, by way of reply. Every urchin in the place was on terms of easy familiarity with mine host of the inn.

"Then round you come, the pair of you, to the orchard." And for the next quarter of an hour the boys' game was changed—badgers were out and apples were in.

Meanwhile Grizzly Jim was losing no time. When he saw the coast clear, he walked up the yard and entered the stable. There he dexterously caught the badger by the nape of the neck; it was not a full-grown animal, and the experienced trapper had no difficulty in handling it. He carried it out at arm's length, the beast clawing the air vigorously but vainly. Reaching the kennel, Jim quickly substituted the badger for the kettle at the end of the chain. Then, when the captive had retreated to the furthest recess of its new quarters, he carefully re-arranged the straw litter; and, tossing the discarded kettle into the wood-shed, sauntered away with a sardonic grin on his sun-dried countenance. He crossed the street to the grocery store opposite, whence he could command a view of the yard.

A few minutes later the boys, their pockets stuffed full of apples, returned to the scene of their exploits, followed at a little distance

by the hotel-keeper. The latter wore a look of good-humoured expectancy; for, although he did not know precisely what the trapper's plans were, he felt sure that there was fun in near prospect. Dick was busy munching an apple and cogitating how it would be possible to victimize his father, when his eye caught sight of Grizzly Jim crossing the street from the grocery store with a big box on his shoulders.

"I guess, dad, here's Jim a-comin' to take that badger away," remarked the boy, indicating by means of the half-eaten apple in his hand the lanky figure of the trapper.

"Most likely," answered his father, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

Billy, however, had at once seen the possibilities of this new development, and his face lit up instantly with all the keen excitement of a fox-terrier in the act of pouncing on a rat. "We must take a rise out o' Grizzly Jim," he whispered eagerly to his comrade in mischief.

As for Jim, he seemed to play right into the young rascals' hands, for the first remark he made was this: "The schoolmaster has jest bin sayin', boys, that you've got my badger in that 'ere dog-kennel."

"Wal, and what if we have?" asked Billy, boldly.

"Oh! I'm makin' no complaint. But here's his box for the railroad, and I think we'd best put him in it right now. P'raps you'll lend me a hand, youngsters?"

"Right you are, Jim," cried both boys with alacrity, advancing towards the kennel.

"Did jever know sich luck?" asked Billy, in a whisper, nudging his companion with his elbow.

"It's 'nough to make a feller die with laughin'," chuckled Dick, under his breath.

"Guess, then, yer not afeared o' badgers, you boys?" drawled Jim, setting down the box.

"Not badgers of this sort," replied Billy, with a grimace.

"So you've found out this 'un's only a babby?" continued the trapper; "hasn't got all his teeth yet, eh, an' couldn't scratch very hard if he tried?" As Jim spoke he picked up the slack of the chain, to the boys' intense delight.

"I reckon the badger at the end o' that chain won't hurt us much," responded Billy, airily. But Dick had to turn his face away to hide the laughter with which he was now almost bursting.

"Wal, boys, if I pull 'm out, you'll ketch 'm, will ye, an' shove 'm in the box?"

"Right you are, Jim. You jest pull, and we'll grab."

"But p'raps you'd be safer to let me come an' help ye hold the critter," added the trapper, shaking his head doubtfully.

"Help be blowed," cried Billy. "I reckon we don't need no help to manage this 'ere outfit, eh, Dick?" And the boys laughed in each other's faces, as they carried the box close up to the kennel, and opened the lid in readiness.

"Right ye are, sonnies," replied Jim.

ished eyes of Grizzly Jim, the boys fairly flung themselves upon the black object at the end of the chain.

Then there followed, oh! such a yelling and a screeching, such a snapping and a snarling! Dick rolled over Billy, and boys and badger were mixed up in a squirming heap.

"Shall I come and help ye hold the critter?" called out the trapper, cheerfully

"No, but come and help us let him go," screamed Dick.



"BOYS AND BADGER WERE MIXED UP IN A SQUIRMING HEAP."

"Have yer own way. But don't ye forget I gave ye fair warnin'."

"We can look after ourselves, you bet," answered Billy, impatiently. "Jest you haul away."

"Wal, here we go," said Jim, a faint smile showing on his thin lips. "Grip him the moment he shows his nose. Don't be frightened at the sight of his claws."

The lads were stooping ready to grab at the old iron kettle the moment it should make its appearance. Both were chuckling with glee. And the best of the joke was that Grizzly Jim had brought the whole thing right upon himself!

"Hoop, la!" cried Jim, and with a pull that would have dragged a camel off its legs, he jerked the occupant of the kennel into the open.

In their eagerness as to who should hold aloft the spurious badger before the aston-

"My sakes!" roared Billy; "he's got me by the leg."

But at this stage Grizzly Jim came to the rescue. The young badger was quickly caught, and popped into the box, while the disconcerted and crestfallen urchins struggled to their feet.

"Guess badgers are kind o' more savage beasties than ye reckoned on," remarked the trapper, with dry sarcasm.

"No wonder the schoolmaster and the passon were skeered," laughed the hotel-keeper, who had enjoyed the whole scene from a little distance.

Then it dawned upon the youngsters how neatly the tables had been turned on them; so, in spite of torn clothes and scratched skins, they did their best like true sportsmen to grin and look pleasant. But it will be some time before they try to take another rise out of Grizzly Jim.

A Common Crystal.

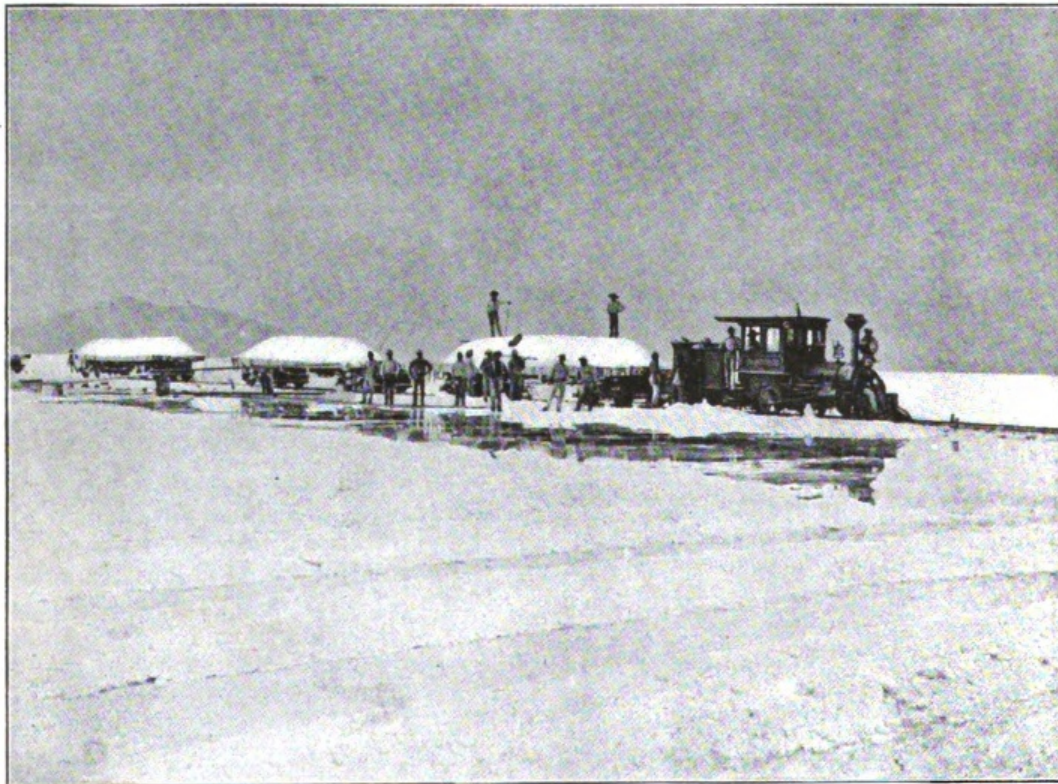
BY JOHN R. WATKINS.



ARD to believe, but true. The locomotive shown in the illustration below rests and runs upon a lake of salt—a surface almost as solid as the road-bed of a great passenger system. The engine puffs to and fro all day long on the snow-like crust, while a score of steam-ploughs make progress with a rattling, rasping noise, dividing the lake into long and glittering mounds of salt, which are shovelled by busy Indians on to the waiting cars. The sun shines with almost overwhelming

Here in Salton, striking sights may be seen in the full light of day. One gets some little idea of them from the photographs, but the general effect of this huge natural store-house of commercial salt, its enormous crystal lake, and its massive pyramids of white awaiting shipment, can be but partially conceived from our pictures.

To enter into a complete description of the remarkable industry which transfers a common crystal from a lake of brine to the working-man's table would be beyond the limits of our magazine. It would



From a]

LOADING A TRAIN ON A LAKE OF SALT, IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

[Photograph.

power, and the dazzling carpet of salt stretches away to the horizon, where it disappears.

The scene is in Salton, in far-off Southern California. Two months ago we described a wonderful city of salt which for centuries has existed below the surface of the earth.

involve a discussion of chemical symbols and formulæ which would make the printed page a cryptograph. Better is it, briefly, to say that much of the salt found in the domestic salt-cellar comes from the water of the sea, which, by evaporation, is turned from liquid into snowy powder. In Salton

Lake, which lies 280ft. below the sea level, the brine rises in the bottom of the marsh from numerous springs in the neighbouring foot-hills, and, quickly evaporating, leaves deposits of almost pure salt, varying from 10in. to 20in. in thickness, and thus forming a substantial crust. The temperature ranges from 120 to 150 degrees, and all the labour is performed by Coahuilla Indians, who work ten hours a day, and seem not in the least to mind the enervating heat. In fact, these Indians are so inured to the fatiguing work

The interesting history of the salt industry in California is largely associated with the name of Plummer Brothers, who in 1864, in the person of the late Mr. J. A. Plummer, made the first genuine attempt to produce a first-class domestic salt. The extensive and striking premises of this noted firm in Centreville, California, are shown in the two illustrations on the next page. Situated as the district is close to the bay, the industry is dependent to a certain extent upon the tides. The early spring tides have little effect in drawing away the



From a]

A SALT-PLOUGH AT WORK.

[Photograph.

that they are not affected by the dazzling sunlight, which distresses the eyes of those unaccustomed to it, and compels the use of coloured glasses. One of these Indians may be seen sitting on the steam-plough shown on this page. He is one of a tribe of large and well-developed men—peaceable, civilized, sober, and industrious, living in comfortable houses built by the New Liverpool Salt Works, with tables, chairs, forks, spoons, and many of the necessary articles of domestic civilization. He guides his plough over the long stretches of salt, running lightly at first over the surface to remove any vestiges of desert sand blown from far away, and then setting the blade to run 6in. deep in furrows 8ft. wide. Each plough harvests daily over 700 tons of pure salt, which is then taken to the mill to be ground and placed in sacks. Scores of men assist in the harvest by loading small “dump-cars,” or trollies, on portable rails, the cargo being finally dumped on the large train or else carried direct to the manufactory.

impurities which the river-floods bring into the bay; but the tides of June and July, rising as they do to a height of 6ft. or 7ft., fill the marshes with a water fairly pure. The salt-makers have prepared for this influx of water by making reservoirs in large clay-bottomed tracts of marsh land, and have cleared them of weeds and grass. The water flows in and fills the reservoirs to a depth of from 15in. to 18in., and the gates are then closed.

Like a large family, descending in size from father to youngest son, the six or seven evaporating ponds of a salt works appear. The large reservoir, being the father of this series of ponds, contains the gross amount of brine, the last two or three being called lime-ponds, owing to the amount of gypsum, lime, etc., precipitated at this stage of evaporation. Not to go too deeply into chemistry, it may be said that the brine lingers in the last of these ponds until a density of 106 degrees is obtained. The surface of the liquid is now dotted by small patches of white which



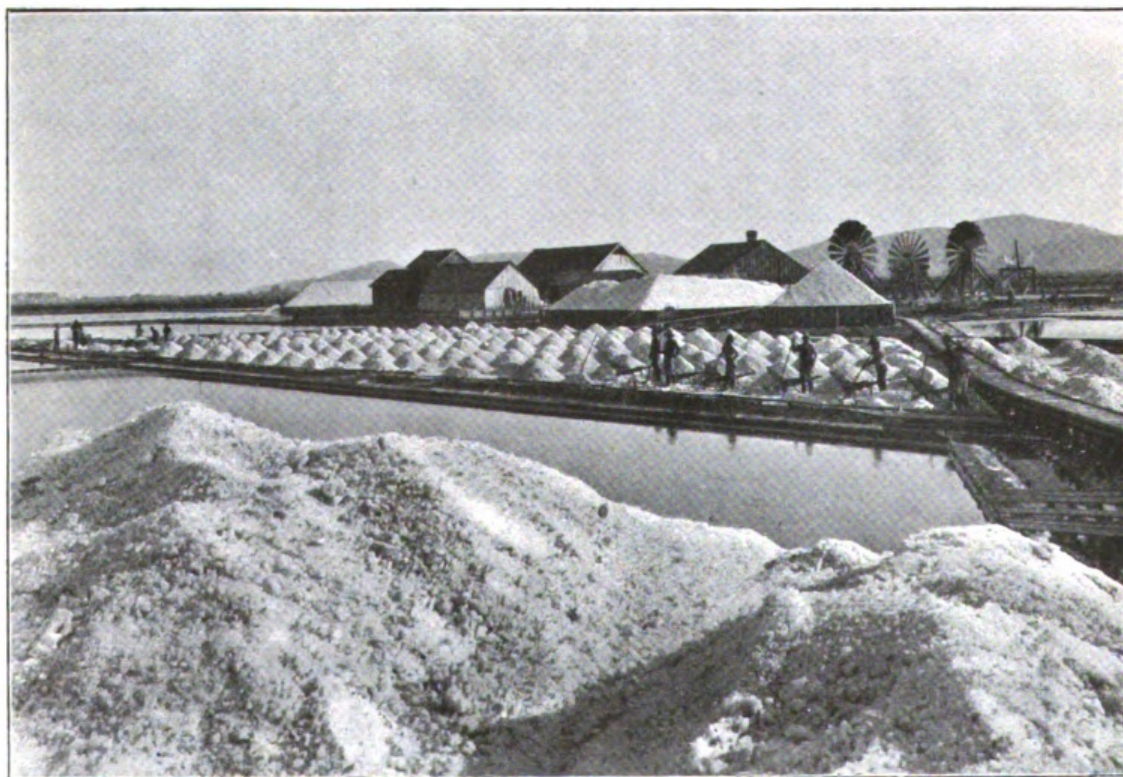
From a Photo. by]

TRANSPORTING SALT IN WHEEL-BARROWS.

[Mr. C. A. Plummer.

accumulate into streaks of drift-salt. This interesting development is shown in the illustration above, the streaks of salt looking like patches of surf on the sands of the sea-shore. The liquid is now run into crystallizing vats,

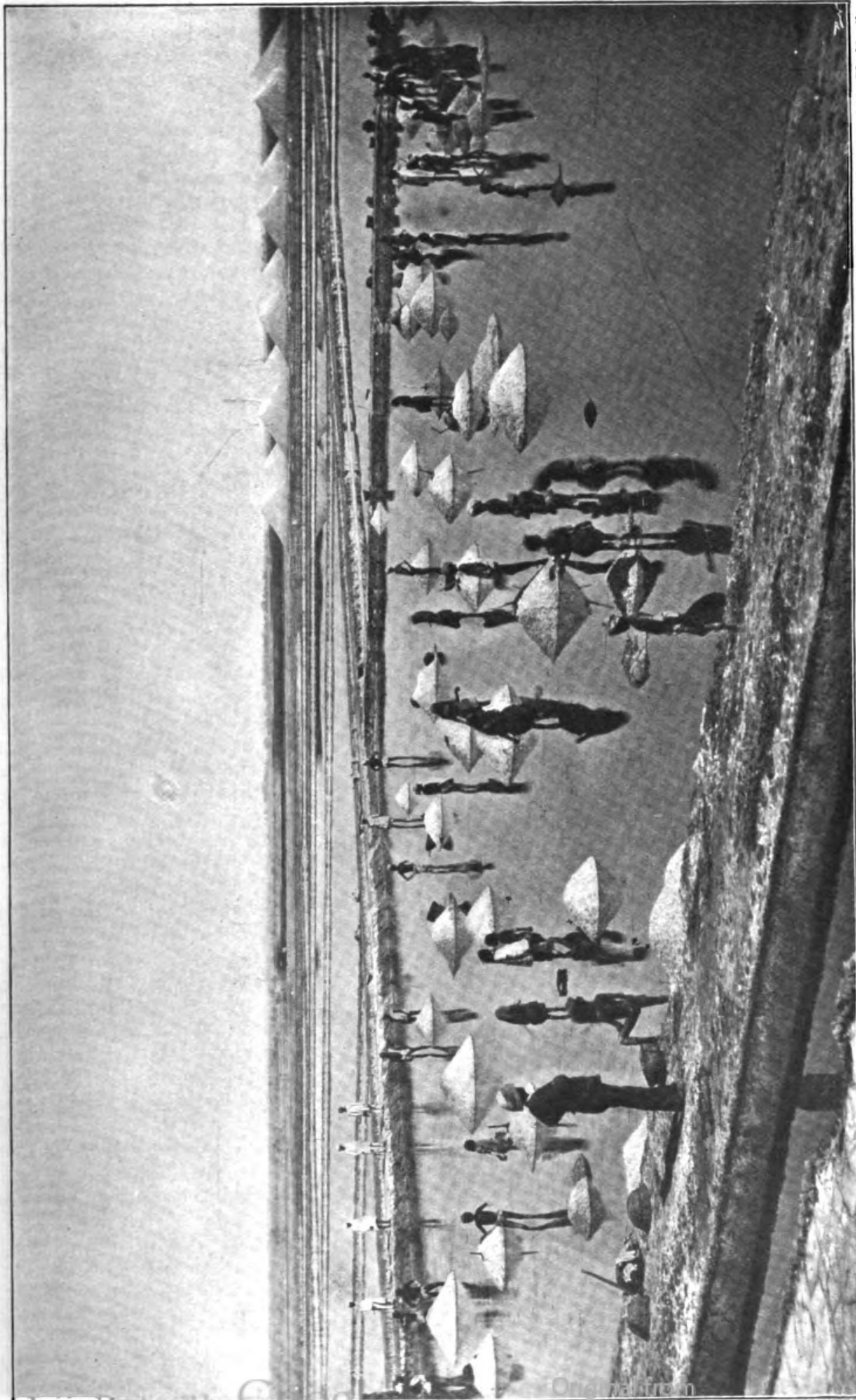
where it remains until the salt crystals have formed at the bottom. It sometimes takes two months for a crop of salt to develop. In harvesting, the workman, donning large, flat sandals of wood, enters the vat with a galvanized



From a Photo. by]

SALT CRYSTALLIZING PONDS.

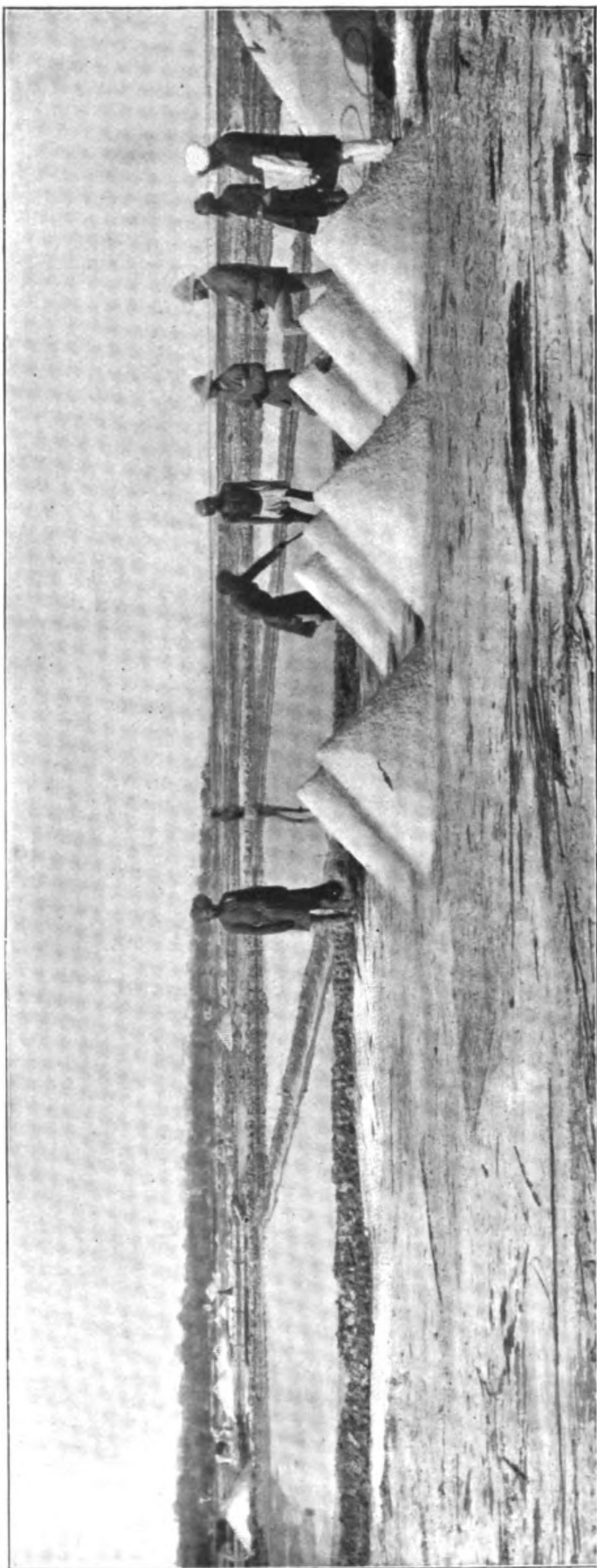
[Mr. C. A. Plummer.



[Rev. Henry Lansell, D.D., Blackheath.

SALT-MAKING IN RAJPUTANA.

Photo. from]



[Rev. Henry Lanadell, D.D., Blackheath.

MEASURING SALT-HEAPS IN RAJPUTANA.

Photo. from]

shovel, and marks off on the surface of the salt a series of parallel lines. This process enables the labourers to toss the lumps into uniform piles. A strict examination is made of every shovelful, in order that impurities may be eliminated. Our illustrations show these conical mounds of salt, and the transfer of the salt by means of barrels to large platforms, where the crystal product is thrown into huge pyramids, sometimes 25ft. high. Here it remains, bleaching and solidifying for a year. It is, indeed, a picturesque sight to see these ghost-like pyramids grow in their might from day to day.

Into the processes by which these massive mounds of hardened salt are crushed and distributed to the markets, we need not enter; nor need we name the varieties of salt which are so distributed. We find something more interesting in turning from California to Central India, where in Rajputana a tremendous industry in salt is carried on, and where we may see the same little piles of salt that we have noted in the previous illustrations.

In the background of the large full-page picture, which we have just passed, may be seen colossal heaps of salt, and in the foreground scores of men, women, and children wading in the vat of sluggish brine, from which, by dint of constant effort, emerge the little cones of white. The overseers stand by to direct, and the scene is one of tremendous interest and activity, punctuated by babble of voices. We get a closer view of these cones in our last illustration, in which we find the coolies measuring the height of the cones. One thing we miss in these vistas of barren whiteness — the sight of the labour-saving machinery so noticeable in our early illustrations. Is it an object-lesson in the differences between East and West?

A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART II. — 1850 TO 1854.



OME while ago, in the pantomime "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," Ali Baba's brother, who had found his way into the secret cave, ran about in a most ludicrous manner eagerly picking from the floor diamonds, rubies, and emeralds as big as ostrich-eggs: as fast as he picked up another

Ali Baba's wicked brother to leave so many fine big gems behind him in the richly-stored cave. However, Mr. Punch's whole store of riches is, after all, accessible to anyone whose Open Sesame! is a little cheque, and so one has some consolation for being able to show here only a very small selection from Mr. Punch's famous gallery of wit and art which that discerning connoisseur has been collecting during the last sixty years.

The year 1850 was a notable one for *Punch*, for then John Tenniel joined the famous band of Punchites. His first contribution is shown in No. 1, the beautiful initial letter L with the accompanying sketch, which, although it is nearly fifty years old, and is here in a reduced size, yet distinctly shows even to the non-expert eye the touch of that same wonderful hand which in this week's *Punch* (November 26th, 1898) drew the cartoon showing Britannia and the United States as two blue-jackets in jovial comradeship under the sign of the "Two Cross Flags," with jolly old landlord *Punch* saying to them, "Fill up, my hearties! It looks like 'dirty weather' ahead, but you two — John and Johnathan — will see it through — together!"

Glancing at Nos. 2 and 3 — Leech's sketch in No. 3 is, by the way, a truthfully graphic reminder to the writer of the first time



1.—THIS INITIAL LETTER "L" IS SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S FIRST "PUNCH" DRAWING; NOVEMBER 30, 1850.

gem he let one fall from his already loaded arms. I laughed at Ali Baba's brother, but did not feel sympathetic.

Now, I do not laugh, and I do feel sympathetic with A. B.'s brother — for in choosing these pictures from *Punch*, one no sooner picks out a gem, with an "I'll have you," than on the turn of a page a better picture comes, and the other has to be dropped. It goes as much against my grain to leave such a host of good things hidden in *Punch* as it went against the covetous desires of



2.—JUSTIFIABLE HESITATION. 1850.



3.—BY LEECH. 1850.

he [unexpected] heard and saw a strong Cornish cock-pheasant get up close at his feet—we come to No. 4, which represents the British Lion (as taxpayer) looking askance at the Prince of Wales, aged nine, on whose behalf application had just been made for the purchase of Marlborough House as a residence for the Prince. The portly man in the picture on the wall is a former Prince of Wales, the Regent who became George IV. in 1820, and who is here seen walking by the Pavilion at Brighton, built in 1784-87 as a residence for this Prince of Wales.

No. 5 is very funny, and it is one of the many *Punch* jokes which are periodically served up afresh in other periodicals. I have read this joke somewhere quite lately, although it came out in *Punch* nearly fifty years ago.

On this score, does anyone know if the following is a *Punch* joke? It was lately told to me as a new joke, but I was afraid to send it to Mr. Punch:—

Two London street-Arabs. One is eating an apple, the other gazes enviously, and says, "Gi'e us a bite, Bill." "Sha'n't," says the apple-eater. "Gi'e us the core, then," entreats the non-apple-eater. "There ain't

goin' to be no core!" stolidly replies the other, out of his stolidly munching jaws.

The very clever drawing No. 6 is by Richard Doyle; it was published in 1850, and at the close of that year Doyle left *Punch* owing to *Punch's* vigorous attack on "Popery"—the Popery scare got hold of the public mind in 1849, and for some while *Punch* published scathing cartoons against Roman Catholicism. Doyle being of that faith resigned his position and a good income through purely conscientious motives. Although Doyle left in 1850 his work was seen

in *Punch* as lately as 1864, for when he resigned some of his work was then unpublished.



4.—THE PRINCE OF WALES AT AGE NINE. BY LEECH, 1850.

This funny illustration of "A meeting to discuss the principles of Protection and Free Trade" was an outcome of the intensely



5.—A CLEAR CASE OF LIBEL. 1851.

bitter feeling between the partisans of both sides which marked the carrying-on by Lord John Russell of the system established by Sir Robert Peel in 1846 for throwing open our market-doors to free trade with foreign nations.

No. 7 is one of the minor hits at "Papal



7.—THE APPARITION. 1850.

Aggression" made by *Punch* fifty years ago, and it is irresistibly funny.



If we are to judge by the reports of the meetings now being held in different parts of the country, the kind of Protection most needed at these assemblies is the protection of the police,

or self-protection of a decided character. That the Protectionists and free-traders are determined on making a fight for their respective cause is quite evident. If the question is to be fought

out, the better way would be for a champion on each side to take up and put on the gloves, so that, after a fair contest, the combatants might remain hand and glove on friendly terms for the future.



LORD JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

8.—THIS IS SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S FIRST CARTOON; FEBRUARY 8, 1851.

Sir John Tenniel's first cartoon is shown in No. 8. It represents Lord John Russell as David, backed by Mr. Punch and by John Bull, attacking Cardinal Wiseman as Goliath, who is at the head of a host of Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops. A very interesting mention is made by Mr. Spielmann, in his "History of Punch," of the circumstances which caused Tenniel to join *Punch*, and to become the greatest cartoonist

the world has produced:—

Had the Pope not "aggrieved" by appointing archbishops and bishops to English sees [This caused all the exaggerated pother and flutter of 1849.—J. H. S.], and so raised the scare of which Lord John Russell and Mr. Punch really seem to have been the leaders, Doyle would not have resigned, and no opening would have been made for Tenniel.

Sir John, indeed, was by no means enamoured of the prospect of being a *Punch* artist, when Mark Lemon [the editor in 1850.—J. H. S.] made his overtures to him. He was rather indignant than otherwise, as his line was high art, and his severe drawing above "fooling." "Do they suppose," he asked a friend, "that there is anything funny about *me*?" He meant, of course, in his art, for privately he was well recognised as a humorist; and little did he know, in the moment of hesitation before he accepted the offer, that he was struggling against a kindly destiny.

Thus we may say that the "Popish Scare" of fifty years ago was a main cause of the Tenniel cartoons in the *Punch* of to-day.

The picture in No. 9,



THE NEW SIAMESE TWINS.

9.—ILLUSTRATING THE CONNECTION BY ELECTRIC CABLE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.
BY LEECH, 1851.

"The New Siamese Twins," celebrates the successful laying of the submarine cable between Dover and Calais, November 13, 1851: the closing prices of the Paris Bourse were known within business hours of the same day on the London Stock Exchange. The use by Leech of the words in the title, "Siamese Twins," refers to the visit to this country of a Barnum-like natural monstrosity—a pair of twins whose bodies were joined—a freak that

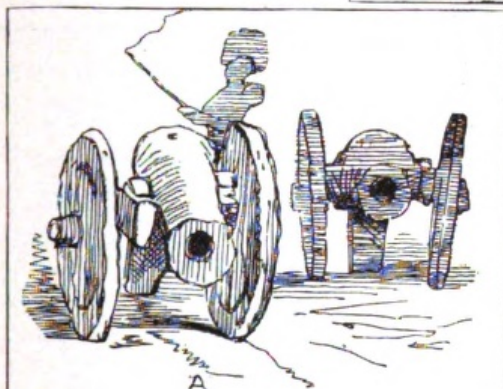


SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE—IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN DISTURBED BY BLUEBOTTLE.

12.—BY LEECH. 1851.

Punch secured another of its most famous artists—Charles Keene—whose first contribution is shown in No. 10.

This sketch has little of a joke in it—the



SKETCH OF THE PATENT STREET-SWEEPING MACHINES LATELY INTRODUCED AT PARIS.

Taken on the Spot (A, the Spot) by our own Artist.

(Who being naturally rather a nervous man, confesses that the peculiarity of his position certainly *did* make him feel a little shaky; and, looking at his sketch, we think our readers will not be disinclined to believe him.)

10.—THIS IS CHARLES KEENE'S FIRST "PUNCH" DRAWING; DECEMBER 20, 1851.

was also the origin of a toy sold in later years with the same title. In the year 1851



FILLING UP THE CENSUS PAPER.

Wife of his Dream. "UPON MY WORD, MR. FEEWIT! IS THIS THE WAY YOU FILL UP YOUR CENSUS! SO YOU CALL YOURSELF THE 'HEAD OF THE FAMILY'—DO YOU—AND ME A 'FEMALE!'"

13.—AN INCIDENT OF THE 1851 CENSUS.

shakiness of drawing is intentional [see the description given in No. 10], and the following account of this poor little picture, so interesting as the first by Keene, is given by Mr. G. S. Layard in his "Life and Letters of Charles Samuel Keene":—

In 1848, Louis Napoleon had been elected to the French Presidency . . . ; 1849 witnessed the commencement of those violent political struggles which were the forerunners of internal conspiracies; and 1851 saw this practical anarchy suddenly put a stop to by the famous, or infamous, *coup d'état* of December 2nd.

Towards the end of that month a very modest wood-cut, bearing the



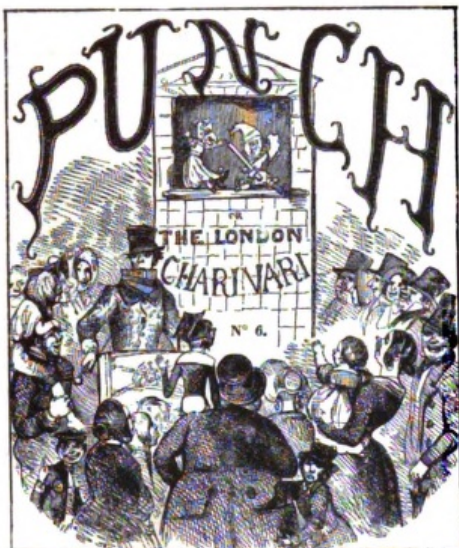
ANGLING IN THE SERPENTINE.—SATURDAY, P.M.

Piscator, No. 1. "HAD EVER A BITE, JIM?"
Piscator, No. 2. "NOT YET—JOSH COME HERE LAST WEDNESDAY!"

11.—BY LEECH. 1851.

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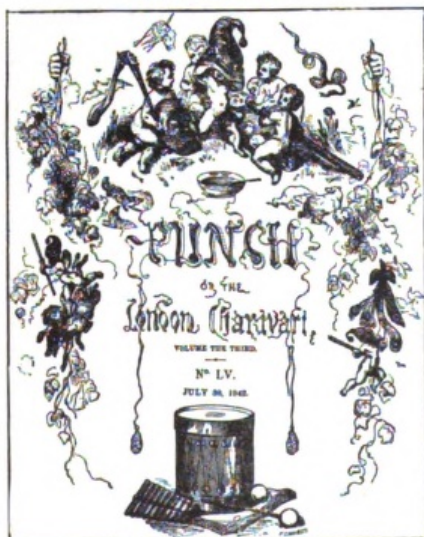
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FIRST DESIGN.



SECOND DESIGN.

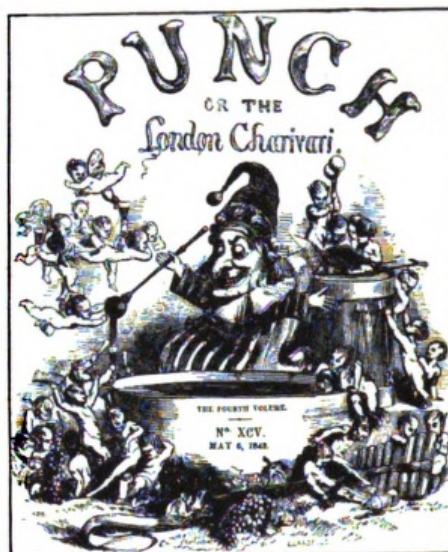


THIRD DESIGN.

legend "Sketch of the Patent Street-sweeping Machines lately introduced at Paris" appeared on p. 264 of "Mr. Punch's" journal. It represented a couple of cannon drawn with the waviest of outlines, and the letter "A" marked upon the ground directly in their line of fire [see No. 10.—J. H. S.]

This was the first appearance of Keene's pencil in the pages which he was destined to adorn with increasing frequency as time went on for nearly forty years. The sketch is unsigned. Indeed, it was only at the urgent request of his friend, Mr. Silver, in whose brain the notion had originated, that the drawing was made, the artist bluntly expressing his opinion that the joke was a mighty poor one.

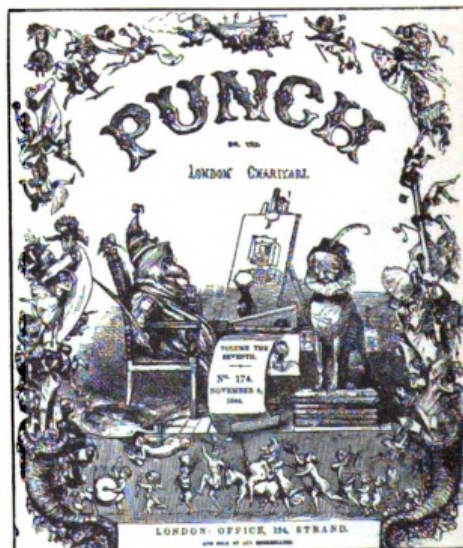
Pictures 11 to 13 bring us to No. 14, which contains small facsimile reproductions of the six designs on the front of the *Punch*-wrapper, which preceded the well-known design by Richard Doyle, now used every week. These little pictures have been made direct from the original *Punch*-wrappers in my possession, as it was found impossible to get satisfactory prints in so small a size as these from the much larger blocks that Messrs. Cassell and Company



FOURTH DESIGN.



FIFTH DESIGN.



SIXTH DESIGN.

14.—MR. PUNCH'S "WARDROBE OF OLD COATS," BEING THE SIX DESIGNS FOR THE FRONT PAGE OF THE WRAPPER OF "PUNCH" WHICH PRECEDED THE DESIGN NOW IN USE.

very kindly lent to me, impressions from which can be seen by readers who may like to study the detail of these designs in Mr. Spielmann's "History of Punch," which contains a full account of them. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that when these designs were made it would have been impossible to obtain from them the excellent reduced facsimiles now shown, which, by the way, have only now been obtained after several attempts—as each of these pretty little pictures has been reduced from the full size of the ordinary *Punch*-page.

The first design was made in 1841 by A. S. Henning, Mr. Punch's first cartoonist. In the early years of *Punch* the design for the wrapper was changed for each half-yearly volume, and early in 1842 the second design was adopted: this was drawn by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"), who worked for *Punch* during 1842–1844, leaving *Punch* in 1844, because the paper could not at that time stand the financial strain of the two big guns, Leech and "Phiz." H. K. Browne went back to Mr. Punch in later years, and Mr. Spielmann has recorded that this "brave worker, who would not admit his stroke of paralysis, but called it rheumatism, could still draw when the pencil was tied to his fingers and answered the swaying of his body."

The third wrapper is by William Harvey, and was used for Vol. III. of *Punch* in the latter part of 1842. The artist "spread consternation in the office by sending in a charge of twelve guineas" for this

Vol. xvii. 24.



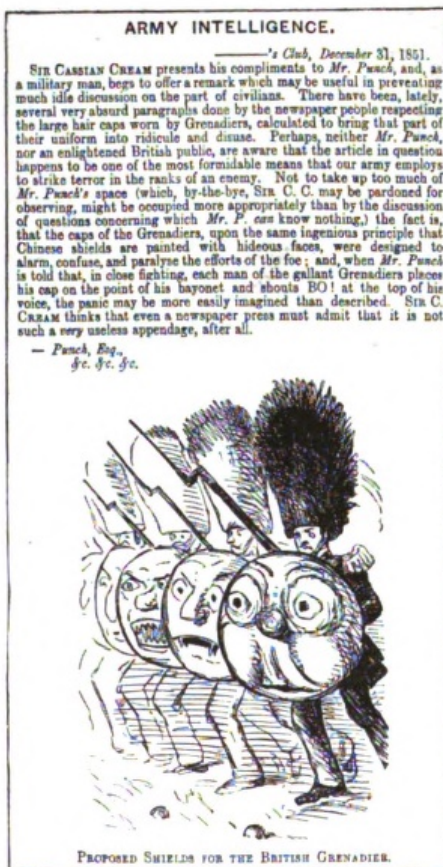
15.—BY LEECH. 1852.

rim of the drum—and it was used in the latter part of 1843. Then, in January, 1844, Richard Doyle, Mr. Punch's latest recruit, was employed to design the new wrapper—the sixth. of our illustration No. 14. This design was used until January, 1849, and then Doyle made the alterations which distinguish this sixth wrapper from the one now in use and which has been used ever since.

A little boy's advice to his grandfather is illustrated by Leech in No. 15, and No. 16 suggests an added horror of war. The humorous prospectus in No. 17 concludes with the words:—

Something turns up every day to justify the most sanguine expectation that an El Dorado has really been discovered. In the meantime, the motto of the Company is "Otium Sine Dig." [*Ease without dignity*]. Applications for Shares to be made immediately to the above addresses, as a preference will be shown to respectable people.

By the way, when Mr. Punch wrote this skit about "Gold in England," he and his public were



16.—TO TERRIFY THE ENEMY. 1852.

GOLD IN ENGLAND!!!

THE PRIMROSE-HILL GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY

Conducted on the Get-as-much-as-you-can Principle, in
5,000,000 Shares, of 5s. each.

NO LIABILITY TO SHAREHOLDERS.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT:

The names of the Committee will be published in a few days, and will be found to comprise some of the most illustrious Captains in the late Spanish Legion, as well as a large number of Irish M.P.s, of the most independent character. A few Clergymen have also consented to lend their imposing names.

THE CONSULTING ENGINEER

is at present in Australia, but as soon as he returns, his name will be announced.

BANKERS:

Directly all the money is paid up, the names of the Bankers will be published. Before then, it would evidently be premature, and highly injurious to the successful carrying out of the Concern.

N.B. The same objection applies to the publication of any other names.

HON. SEC.—JEREMY DIDDLE, ESQ.

Chancellor D'Industria, Grand Master of the Golden Fleece, &c., &c., &c.

Offices:—COZENAGE CHAMBERS, CITY,
AND BOULOGNE

ABSTRACT OF PROSPECTUS.

The great absence of Gold in England has long been felt to be a general want. It is the object of this Company to supply that want.

That Gold exists in large quantities in England is a truth beyond all doubt. The only difficulty is to know where to find it. The Directors of this Company pledge themselves not to rest till they have ascertained that point.

Public rumour has long pointed to Primrose Hill as being a mine of hidden wealth. The only wonder is, that the mine has never been worked before. Deposits have been found there of the richest description.

Pieces of copper as big as a penny have been repeatedly picked up; and one old man recollects vividly, as if it were only yesterday, his finding a morrow of gold, which, when washed from the earthy matter that surrounded it, weighed not less than a sovereign. This fact proves, stronger than any evidence, that Gold has been found on Primrose Hill, and, with a little search, may be found there again.

There is a remarkable peculiarity in the nature or quality of the soil, which presents strong indications of quartz, being composed partly of the broken ends of pipes, and partly of fragments of oyster-shells, for it is an infallible law in nature that wherever pipes and oysters abound, that is a rich neighbourhood for Quartz.

In fact there is no telling, until Primrose Hill is fairly worked, what there may be inside it. For what we know, it may be an immense money-box, that only requires to be broken open to astonish our eyes with its long-secured stores of wealth.

The true locality of "Tom Tiddler's Ground" has never been ascertained yet. It will not be strange if Primrose Hill should turn out to be the ground in question, and from the above facts, there is the best ground for believing that it will. We have been walking over ingots without knowing it. There has been a fortune lying at London's door, and for generations we have been doing nothing but kick it away. The Regent's Canal, at the foot of Primrose Hill, may also be a Pactolus that is actually running with streams of Gold, and we do not even send a bucket to help ourselves!

We think we have said enough to prove that there is Gold in England, and plenty of it. In a few days we shall be ready to commence operations, and in the meantime the Directors invite with pride the attention of the public to the following assay on its credulity:—

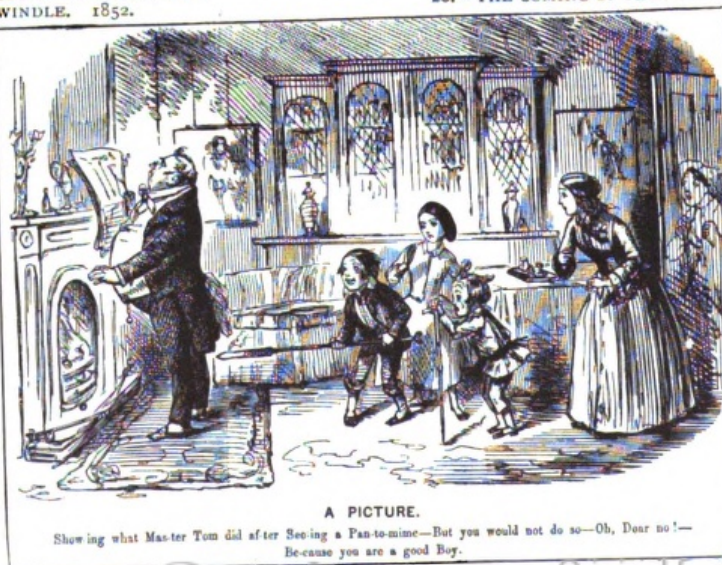
"This is to certify, that I have examined the sample marked 'Primrose Hill Gold, No. 2.' I find it contains 7500 per cent. of the purest gold, small traces of silver, oxide of copper, phosphate of iron, the sublimate of mercury, and several other products too numerous to mention."—THOMAS STOKER."

Future workings of Primrose Hill, however, may afford yet more astounding revelations of its internal treasures. Something turns up

17.—MR. PUNCH'S ACCOUNT OF A COMPANY-PROMOTING SWINDLE. 1852.

alike unaware that gold is really in this country—gold ore worth £15,000 was dug up in 1894 out of this country: 1894 being the most recent year for which I have the official return of mining.

No. 18 depicts a moment of half-delightful, half-awe-



A PICTURE.

Showing what Master Tom did after Seeing a Pan-to-mime—But you would not do so—Oh, Dear no!—Because you are a good Boy.

18.—BY LEECH. 1853.

stricken, anticipation by the amateur clown, pantaloone, and columbine of the exact result that will follow the application of the (real) red-hot poker to the old

Wellington.

ALL bring their tribute to his name—from her
Who wears the crown to him who pines the shade
Under those windows where his corpse is laid,
Taking its rest at last from all those years of strife.

Years that re-moulded an old world in rear
And furnace-fire of strife—with hideous clang
Of battle-hammers; where they loudst rang,
His clear sharp voice was heard that ne'er will be heard more.

Courts have a seemly sorrow for such loss;
Cabinets politic regret: the great
Will miss his practical presence at their state—
The shade of such repose even lowly hearts will cross.

But I, a jester, what have I to do
With greatness or the grave? The man and theme
The comment of my page may ill become;
So be it—yet not less do I pay tribute true.

For that in him to which I would bow down
Comes not of honours heaped upon his head,
Comes not of orders on his breast outspread—
Nor yet of captain's nor of councillor's rears.

It is that all his life example shews
Of reverence for duty; where he saw
Duty commanding word or act, how low
With him was absolute, and brooked no quibbling gloss.

He followed where she pointed; right ahead—
Unhesitating what might sweep across his path,
The ocean's valley, or the people's wrath;
No hope, how'er forlorn, but at her call he led.

Hard as a blade no tempered needs must be,
And, sometimes, scant of courtesy, as one
Whose life has dealt with stern things to be done,
Not wide in range of thought, nor deep of subtlety;

Of most distrustful; sparing in discourse;
Himself untiring, and from all around
Claiming that force which in himself he found—
He lived, and asked no love, but won respect forlorn.

And of respect, at last, came love unsought,
But not repelled when offered; and we knew
That this rare sternness had its softness too,
That woman's charm and grace upon his being wrought:

That underneath the armour of his breast
Were springs of tenderness—all quick to flow
In sympathy with childhood's joy or we;
That children climbed his knees, and made his arms their nest.

For fifty of its eighty years and four
His life has been before us: who but knew
The short, spare frame, the eye of piercing blue,
The eagle-beak, the finger reared before

In greeting?—Well he bore his load of years,
As in his daily walk he paced along,
To early prayer, or 'mid the admiring throng,
Pass'd through Whitehall to counsel with his Peers.

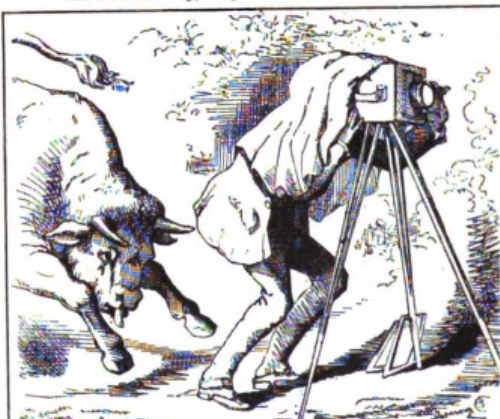
He was true English—down to the heart's core;
His sternness and his softness English both;
Our reverence and love grew with his growth,
Till we are slow to think that he can be no more.

Peace to him! Let him sleep near him who fell
Victor at Trafalgar; by Nelson's side
Wellington's name fully may abide
Great captain—mole heart!—Hail to thee, and farewell!

19.—THE OBITUARY NOTICE IN "PUNCH" ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.
SEPTEMBER 25, 1852.

gentleman's
legs.

No. 19 is
Mr. Punch's
tribute to
the Duke of
Wellington
which, a
week later
(October
2nd, 1852),
was followed
by a cartoon
by Tenniel
containing in



PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED PHOTOGRAPHER,

WHO HAS JUST SUCCEEDED IN FOCUSING A VIEW TO HIS COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

20.—THE COMING OF PHOTOGRAPHY [AND OF THE BULL]
BY "CUTHBERT
BEDE," 1853.

a mournful
pose one of
Tenniel's
splendid British
lions that
have intermit-
tently during
so many years
been a promi-
nent feature of
his cartoons.

No. 20 is by
"Cuthbert
Bede" [the
Reverend Ed-
ward Bradley],
the author of



PUNCH'S MEDAL FOR A



PEACE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

21.—SUGGESTED BY THE MILITARY AND NAVAL REVIEWS HELD BY THE QUEEN IN 1853.

"Verdant Green," and this is one of four caricature illustrations of the then novel art of photography, which Mr. Bradley did for *Punch* in the year 1853. We read just now how we are indirectly indebted to a Pope [Pius IX.] for Sir John Tenniel's cartoons, and in connection with the Rev. Edward Bradley's picture in No. 20, it may be noted that six clergymen, at the least, have contributed to Mr. Punch's pages.

No. 21 shows *Punch's* "Medal for a Peace Assurance Society," a pictorialization in 1853 of the still true old saying: "To secure peace be prepared for war." An unhappy necessity, as some people think, but without doubt the only practical way to assure peace, and, as usual, Mr. Punch puts the thing in a nutshell with his two mottoes on the medal: "Attention" and "Ready, aye Ready." Our "attention" and "readiness" of 1853 did not,

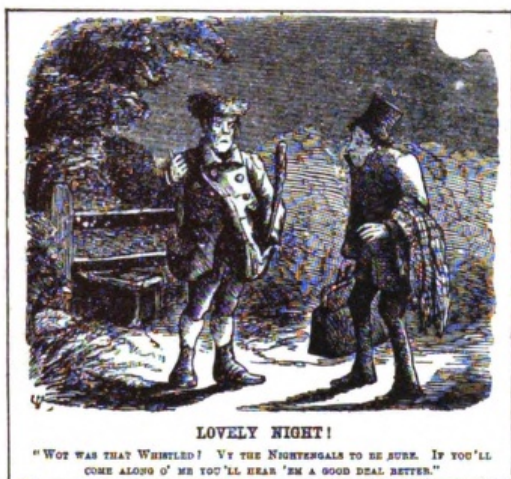
however, keep us out of the Crimean War, which began in the spring of 1854, despite the efforts of the Peace Society and of John Bright, who are caricatured in No. 22. But modern authorities generally believe that the Crimean War might have been prevented by a more vigorous policy than that of Lord Aberdeen, whose Administration is chiefly remembered by what is now thought to have been a gross blunder. This



THE ROYAL ARMS AS IMPROVED BY THE PEACE SOCIETY.

"I WISH THE BRITISH LION WERE DEAD OUTRIGHT."—John Bright at Manchester

22.—MR. PUNCH'S HIT AT JOHN BRIGHT AND THE PEACE SOCIETY. 1853.



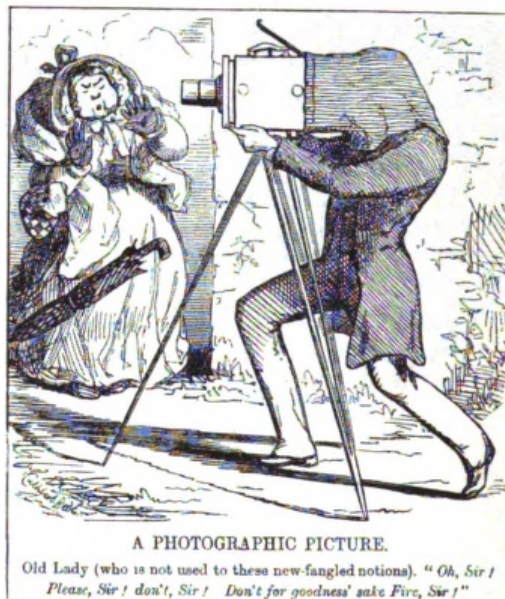
23.—A SINISTER INVITATION. 1854.

No. 22 is also interesting as a forerunner of Mr. E. T. Reed's remarkably witty modern designs, "Ready-made coats (-of-arms); or, giving 'em fits."

"I wish the British Lion were dead outright," said John Bright, at Edinburgh, in 1853, and Mr. Punch's comment on these

words was the funny "Improvement" of the Royal Arms depicted in No. 22.

With a glance of sympathy at the belated traveller in No. 23, we pass to No. 24, which shows the "Bursting of the Russian Bubble."



25.—IN THE EARLY DAYS OF PHOTOGRAPHY; BY "CUTHBERT BEDE," 1853.



4.—A REFERENCE TO THE CRIMEAN WAR. BY LEECH, 1854.

This was published in *Punch*, October 14th, 1854, after the Battle of the Alma had been fought and badly lost by Russia and part of the Russian fleet sunk at Sebastopol. Leech here shows very graphically the shattering of the "irresistible power" and of the "unlimited means" which were to have led the Emperor Nicholas I. of Russia to an easy victory over the British and French allied forces.

No. 25 is another of the caricatures of photography in its early days by "Cuthbert Bede," and very funny it is.

The next picture, No. 26, is one of *Punch's* classics. It is that well-known joke illustrating manners in the mining districts in the early fifties:—

First Polite Native: "Who's 'im, Bill?"

Second ditto: "A stranger!"

First ditto: "'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

By the way, speaking of Mr. Punch's jokes which have become classic, the one which is the best known is the following:—

Worthy of Attention.

Advice to persons about to marry—
Don't!

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

This famous *not* appeared in *Punch's* Almanac for 1845, and Mr. Spielmann states that it was "based upon the ingenious wording



26.—MINERS' MANNERS. 1854.

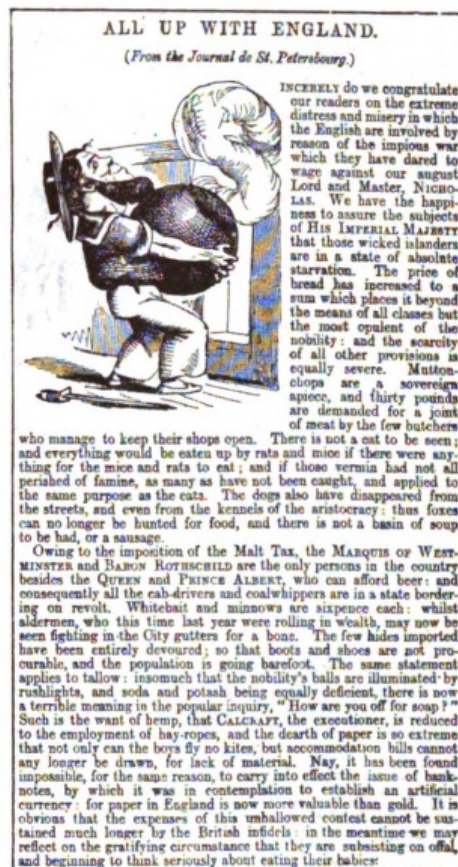
of an advertisement widely put forth by Eamons & Co., well-known house furnishers of the day."

As regards the source of this famous joke, Mr. Spielmann, with characteristic thoroughness, gives a long account of the many claims to its paternity, and finally makes this statement:—

... chance has placed in my possession the authoritative information; and so far from any outsider,



27.—PLEASANT FOR THE YOUTH. BY LEECH, 1853.



28.—A SUPPOSITITIOUS RUSSIAN ACCOUNT OF OUR DISTRESS DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR. 1854.

anonymous or declared, paid or unpaid, being concerned in it at all, the line simply came in the ordinary way from one of the Staff—from the man who, with Landells, had conceived *Punch* and shaped it from the beginning, and had invented that first Almanac which had saved the paper's life—Henry Mayhew.

No. 27 is a very clever drawing by Leech—they are all clever of course, but this seems



Original from PUNCH, 1854.
 UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

especially good. The youth [on Westminster Bridge—time, two on a foggy morning] white with fear walks on perfectly straight without taking any notice of the rough who asks: "Did you want to buy a good razor?"—but he *is* taking a lot of notice though. The youth walks exactly like one does walk when a beggar pesters as he slouches alongside just behind one, but here the frightened youth has good cause indeed for the shaking fear that Leech has by some magic put into these strokes of his pencil. The "Reduced Tradesman" too is exactly good—but let the picture speak for itself, it wants no words of mine.



30.—OUT OF THE RAIN. 1854.

There is an amusing "Russian" account, in No. 28, of our troubles at home during the Crimean War; and No. 29 shows a street-Arab asking the Queen's coachman, "I say, Coachy, are you engaged?"

Glancing at Nos. 30 and 31, we see in No. 32 Leech's picture of the heroic charge at the Battle of Balaclava, on October 25, 1854, with Lord Cardigan leading his famous Light Brigade of Cavalry. Here are Mr. Punch's lines on this gallant charge, which was subsequently immortalized by Tennyson in his "Charge of the Light Brigade":—



31.—BY LEECH, 1854.

THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

[Nine verses, on the battle generally, precede the lines below, which refer to the charge of the Light Brigade, illustrated by Leech, in No. 32. —J. H. S.]

But who is there, with patient tongue the sorry tale to tell,
How our Light Brigade, true martyrs to the point of honour, fell!
"Twas sublime, but 'twas not warfare," that charge of woe and wrack,
That led six hundred to the guns, and brought two hundred back!

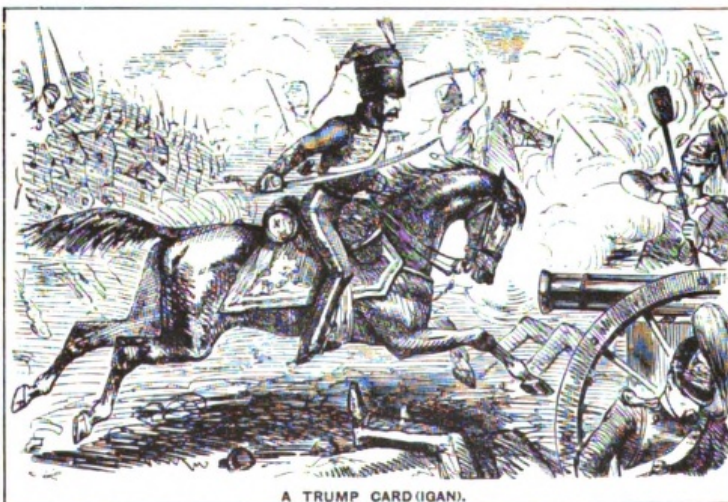
Enough! the order came to charge, and charge they did—like men:
While shot and shell and rifle-ball played on them down the glen.
Though thirty guns were ranged in front, not one drew bated breath,
Unflinching, unquestioning, they rode upon their death!

Nor by five times their number of all arms could they be stayed;
And with two lives for one of ours, e'en then, the Russians paid;
Till torn with shot and rent with shell, a spent and bleeding few,—
Life was against those fearful odds,—from the grapple they withdrew.

But still like wounded lions, their faces to the foe,
More conquerors than conquered, they fell back stern and slow;
With dinted arms and weary steeds—all bruised and soiled and worn—
Is this the wreck of all that rode so bravely out this morn?

Where thirty answered muster at dawn now answer ten,
Oh, woe's me for such officers!—Oh, woe's me for such men!
Whose was the blame? Name not his name, but rather seek to hide.
If he live, leave him to conscience—to God, if he have died:
But you, true band of heroes, you have done your duty well:
Your country asks not, to what end; it knows but how you fell!

NOTE.—In Part I. of this article, the "Portrait of the Railway Panic," illustration No. 17, was erroneously ascribed to Doyle; the artist was William Newman, one of Mr. Punch's first recruits.



32.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. BY LEECH, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

(To be continued.)

Miss Cayley's Adventures.

XII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE UNPROFESSIONAL DETECTIVE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

"**L**S Lady Georgina at home?" The discreet man-servant in sober black clothes eyed me suspiciously. "No, miss," he answered. "That is to say—no, ma'am. Her ladyship is still at Mr. Marmaduke Ashurst's—the late Mr. Marmaduke Ashurst's, I mean—in Park Lane North. You know the number, ma'am?"

"Yes, I know it," I replied, with a gasp; for this was indeed a triumph. My one fear had been lest Lord Southminster should already have taken possession—why, you will see hereafter; and it relieved me to learn that Lady Georgina was still at hand to guard my husband's interests. She had been living at the house, practically, since her brother's death. I drove round with all speed, and flung myself into my dear old lady's arms.

She kissed me on both cheeks with unwonted tenderness. "Lois," she cried, with tears in her eyes, "you're a brick!" It was not exactly poetical at such a moment, but from her it meant more than much gushing phraseology.

"And you're here in possession!" I murmured.

The Cantankerous Old Lady nodded. She was in her element, I must admit. She dearly loved a row—above all, a family row; but to be in the thick of a family row, and to feel herself in the right, with the law against her—that was joy such as Lady Georgina had seldom before experienced. "Yes, dear," she burst out volubly, "I'm in possession, thank Heaven. And what's more, they won't oust me without a legal process. I've been here, off and on, you know, ever since poor dear Marmy died, looking after



"I'VE HELD THE FORT BY MAIN FORCE."

"Kiss me," I cried, flushed. "I am your niece!" But she knew it already, for our movements had been fully reported by this time (with picturesque additions) in the morning papers. Imagination, ill-developed in the English race, seems to concentrate itself in the lower order of journalists.

things for Harold; and I shall look after them still, till Bertie Southminster succeeds in ejecting me, which won't be easy. Oh, I've held the fort by main force, I can tell you; held it like a Trojan. Bertie's in a precious great hurry to move in, I can see; but I won't allow him. He's been

will to take it back to Mr. Ashurst. He called for it, no doubt, hoping to open the packet before he delivered it and make a copy of the document for this very purpose. But I refused to let him have it. Before he saw me, however, he had been left by himself for ten minutes in the office; for I remember coming out to him and finding him there alone: and during that ten minutes, being what he is, you may be sure he fished out the rough draft and appropriated it!"

"That is more than likely," my solicitor nodded. "You are tracking him to his lair. We shall have him in our power."

in his plans; but who would marry such a piece of moist clay? Besides, I could never have taken anyone but Harold." Then another clue came home to me. "Mr. Hayes," I cried, jumping at it, "Higginson, who forged this will, never saw the real document itself at all; he saw only the draft: for Mr. Ashurst altered one word *viva voce* in the original at the last moment, and I made a pencil note of it on my cuff at the time: and see, it isn't here, though I inserted it in the final clean copy of the will—the word 'especially.' It grows upon me more and more each minute that the real instrument is



"WE SHALL HAVE HIM IN OUR POWER."

I grew more and more excited as the whole cunning plot unravelled itself mentally step by step before me. "He must then have gone to Lord Southminster," I went on, "and told him of the legacy he expected from Mr. Ashurst. It was five hundred pounds—a mere trifle to Higginson, who plays for thousands. So he must have offered to arrange matters for Lord Southminster if Southminster would consent to make good that sum and a great deal more to him. That odious little cad told me himself on the *Jumna* they were engaged in pulling off 'a big coup' between them. He thought then I would marry him, and that he would so secure my connivance

hidden somewhere in Mr. Ashurst's house—Harold's house—our house; and that *because* it is there, Lord Southminster is so indecently anxious to oust his aunt and take instant possession."

"In that case," Mr. Hayes remarked, "we had better go back to Lady Georgina without one minute's delay, and, while she still holds the house, institute a thorough search for it."

No sooner said than done. We jumped again into our cab and started. As we drove back, Mr. Hayes asked me where I thought we were most likely to find it.

"In a secret drawer in Mr. Ashurst's desk," I answered, by a flash of instinct, without a second's hesitation.

"How do you know there's a secret drawer?"

"I don't know it. I infer it from my general knowledge of Mr. Ashurst's character. He loved secret drawers, ciphers, cryptograms, mystery-mongering."

"But it was in that desk that your husband found the forged document," the lawyer objected.

Once more I had a flash of inspiration or intuition. "Because White, Mr. Ashurst's valet, had it in readiness in his possession," I answered, "and hid it there, in the most obvious and unconcealed place he could find, as soon as the breath was out of his master's body. I remember now Lord Southminster gave himself away to some extent in that matter. The hateful little creature isn't really clever enough, for all his cunning—and with Higginson to back him—to mix himself up in such tricks as forgery. He told me at Aden he had had a telegram from 'Marmy's valet,' to report progress; and he received another, the night Mr. Ashurst died, at Moozuffernuggar. Depend upon it, White was more or less in this plot; Higginson left him the forged will when they started for India; and as soon as Mr. Ashurst died White hid it where Harold was bound to find it."

"If so," Mr. Hayes answered, "that's well; we have something to go upon. The more of them, the better. There is safety in numbers—for the honest folk. I never knew three rogues hold long together, especially when threatened with a criminal prosecution. Their confederacy breaks down before the chance of punishment. Each tries to screen himself by betraying the others."

"Higginson was the soul of this plot," I went on. "Of that you may be sure. He's a wily old fox, but we'll run him to earth yet. The more I think of it, the more I feel sure, from what I know of Mr. Ashurst's character, he would never have put that will in so exposed a place as the one where Harold says he found it."

We drew up at the door of the disputed house just in time for the siege. Mr. Hayes and I walked in. We found Lady Georgina face to face with Lord Southminster. The opposing forces were still at the stage of preliminaries of warfare.

"Look heah," the pea-green young man was observing, in his drawling voice, as we entered; "it's no use your talking, deah Georgey. This house is mine, and I won't have you meddling with it."

"This house is not yours, you odious little scamp," his aunt retorted, raising her shrill voice some notes higher than usual; "and while I can hold a stick you shall not come inside it."

"Very well, then; you drive me to hostilities, don't yah know. I'm sorry to show disrespect to your grey hairs—if any—but I shall be obliged to call in the police to eject yah."

"Call them in if you like," I answered, interposing between them. "Go out and get them! Mr. Hayes, while he's gone, send for a carpenter to break open the back of Mr. Ashurst's escritoire."

"A carpentah?" he cried, turning several degrees whiter than his pasty wont. "What for? A carpentah?"

I spoke distinctly. "Because we have reason to believe Mr. Ashurst's real will is concealed in this house in a secret drawer, and because the keys were in the possession of White, whom we believe to be your accomplice in this shallow conspiracy."

He gasped and looked alarmed. "No, you don't," he cried, stepping briskly forward. "You don't, I tell yah! Break open Marmy's desk! Why, hang it all, it's my property."

"We shall see about that after we've broken it open," I answered, grimly. "Here, this screw-driver will do. The back's not strong. Now, your help, Mr. Hayes—one, two, three; we can prise it apart between us."

Lord Southminster rushed up and tried to prevent us. But Lady Georgina, seizing both wrists, held him tight as in a vice with her dear skinny old hands. He writhed and struggled, all in vain: he could not escape her. "I've often spanked you, Bertie," she cried, "and if you attempt to interfere, I'll spank you again; that's the long and the short of it!"

He broke from her and rushed out, to call the police, I believe, and prevent our desecration of poor Marmy's property.

Inside the first shell were several locked drawers, and two or three open ones, out of one of which Harold had fished the false will. Instinct taught me somehow that the central drawer on the left-hand side was the compartment behind which lay the secret receptacle. I prised it apart and peered about inside it. Presently, I saw a slip-panel, which I touched with one finger. The pigeon-hole flew open and disclosed a narrow slit. I clutched at something—the will! Ho, victory! the will! I raised it aloft with

a wild shout. Not a doubt of it! The real, the genuine document!

We turned it over and read it. It was my own fair copy, written at Florence, and bearing all the small marks of authenticity about it which I had pointed out to Mr. Hayes as wanting to the forged and impounded document. Fortunately, Lady Georgina and four of the servants had stood by throughout this scene, and had watched our demeanour, as well as Lord Southminster's.

We turned next to the signatures. The principal one was clearly Mr. Ashurst's—I knew it at once—his legible fat hand, "Marmaduke Courtney Ashurst." And then the witnesses? They fairly took our breath away.

"Why, Higginson's sister isn't one of them at all," Mr. Hayes cried, astonished.

A flush of remorse came over me. I saw it all now. I had misjudged that poor woman! She had the misfortune to be a rogue's sister, but, as Harold had said, was herself a most respectable and blameless person. Higginson must have forged her name to the document; that was all; and she had naturally sworn that she never signed it. He knew her honesty. It was a master-stroke of rascality.

"The other one isn't here, either," I exclaimed, growing more puzzled. "The waiter at the hotel! Why, that's another forgery! Higginson must have waited till the man was safely dead, and then used him similarly. It was all very clever. Now, who are these people who really witnessed it?"

"The first one," Mr. Hayes said, examining the handwriting, "is Sir Roger Bland, the Dorsetshire baronet: he's dead, poor fellow; but he was at Florence at the time, and I can answer for his signature. He was a client of mine, and died at Mentone. The second is Captain Richards, of the Mounted

Police: he's living still, but he's away in South Africa."

"Then they risked his turning up?"

"If they knew who the real witnesses were at all—which is doubtful. You see, as you say, they may have seen the rough draft only."

"Higginson would know," I answered. "He was with Mr. Ashurst at Florence at the time, and he would take good care to keep a watch upon his movements. In my belief, it was he who suggested this whole plot to Lord Southminster."

"Of course it was," Lady Georgina put in. "That's absolutely certain. Bertie's a rogue as well as a fool: but he's too great a fool to invent a clever roguery, and too great a knave not to join in it foolishly when anybody else takes the pains to invent it."

"And it *was* a clever roguery," Mr. Hayes interposed. "An ordinary rascal would have forged a later will in Lord Southminster's favour, and run the risk of detection; Higginson had the acuteness to forge a will exactly like the real one, and

to let your husband bear the burden of the forgery. It was as sagacious as it was ruthless."

"The next point," I said, "will be for us to prove it."

At that moment the bell rang, and one of the house-servants—all puzzled by this conflict of interests—came in with a telegram, which he handed me on a salver. I broke it open, without glancing at the envelope. Its contents baffled me: "My address is Hotel Bristol, Paris; name as usual. Send me a thousand pounds on account at once. I can't afford to wait. No shillyshallying."

The message was unsigned. For a moment, I couldn't imagine who sent it, or what it was driving at.

Then I took up the envelope. "Viscount



"VICTORY."

Southminster, 24, Park Lane North, London."

My heart gave a jump. I saw in a second that chance or Providence had delivered the conspirators into my hands that day. The telegram was from Higginson! I had opened it by accident.

It was obvious what had happened. Lord Southminster must have written to him on the result of the trial, and told him he meant to take possession of his uncle's house immediately. Higginson had acted on that hint, and addressed his telegram where he thought it likely Lord Southminster would receive it earliest. I had opened it in error, and that, too, was fortunate, for even in dealing with such a pack of scoundrels, it would never have occurred to me to violate somebody else's correspondence had I not thought it was addressed to me. But having arrived at the truth thus unintentionally, I had, of course, no scruples about making full use of my information.

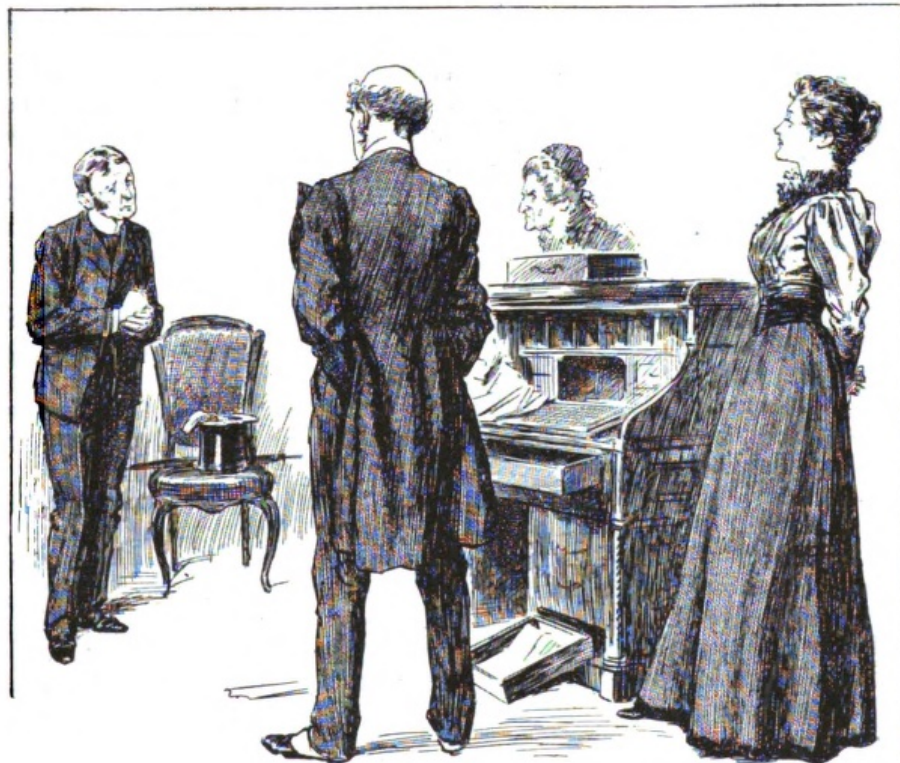
I showed the despatch at once to Lady

valet," he said, quietly. "The moment has now arrived when we can begin to set these conspirators by the ears. As soon as they learn that we know all, they will be eager to inform upon one another."

I rang the bell. "Send up White," I said. "We wish to speak to him."

The valet stole up, self-accused, a timid, servile creature, rubbing his hands nervously, and suspecting mischief. He was a rat in trouble. He had thin brown hair, neatly brushed and plastered down, so as to make it look still thinner, and his face was the average narrow cunning face of the dishonest man-servant. It had an ounce of wile in it to a pound or two of servility. He seemed just the sort of rogue meanly to join in an underhand conspiracy, and then meanly to back out of it. You could read at a glance that his principle in life was to save his own bacon.

He advanced, fumbling his hands all the time, and smiling and fawning. "You wished to see me, sir?" he murmured, in a depre-



"YOU WISHED TO SEE ME, SIR?"

Georgina and Mr. Hayes. They recognised its importance. "What next?" I inquired. "Time presses. At half-past three Harold comes up for examination at Bow Street."

Mr. Hayes was ready with an apt expedient. "Ring the bell for Mr. Ashurst's

catory voice, looking sideways at Lady Georgina and me, but addressing the lawyer.

"Yes, White, I wished to see you. I have a question to ask you. *Who* put the forged will in Mr. Ashurst's desk? Was it you, or some other person?"

The question terrified him. He changed colour and gasped. But he rubbed his hands harder than ever and affected a sickly smile. "Oh, sir, how should I know, sir? I had nothing to do with it. I suppose—it was Mr. Tillington."

Our lawyer pounced upon him like a hawk on a titmouse. "Don't prevaricate with me, sir," he said, sternly. "If you do, it may be worse for you. This case has assumed quite another aspect. It is you and your associates who will be placed in the dock, not Mr. Tillington. You had better speak the truth; it is your one chance, I warn you. Lie to me, and instead of calling you as a witness for our case, I shall include you in the indictment."

White looked down uneasily at his shoes, and cowered. "Oh, sir, I don't understand you."

"Yes, you do. You understand me, and you know I mean it. Wriggling is useless; we intend to prosecute. We have unravelled this vile plot. We know the whole truth. Higginson and Lord Southminster forged a will between them——"

"Oh, sir, *not* Lord Southminster! His lordship, I'm sure——"

Mr. Hayes's keen eye had noted the subtle shade of distinction and admission. But he said nothing openly. "Well, then, Higginson forged, and Lord Southminster accepted, a false will, which purported to be Mr. Marmaduke Ashurst's. Now, follow me clearly. That will could not have been put into the escritoire during Mr. Ashurst's life, for there would have been risk of his discovering it. It must, therefore, have been put there afterward. The moment he was dead, you, or somebody else with your consent and connivance, slipped it into the escritoire; and you afterwards showed Mr. Tillington the place where you had set it or seen it set, leading him to believe it was Mr. Ashurst's will, and so involved him in all this trouble. Note that that was a felonious act. We accuse you of felony. Do you mean to confess, and give evidence on our behalf, or will you force me to send for a policeman to arrest you?"

The cur hesitated still. "Oh, sir," drawing back, and fumbling his hands on his breast, "you don't mean it."

Mr. Hayes was prompt. "Hesslegrave, go for a policeman."

That curt sentence brought the rogue on his marrow-bones at once. He clasped his hands and debated inwardly. "If I tell you all I know," he said, at last, looking about him

with an air of abject terror, as if he thought Lord Southminster or Higginson would hear him, "will you promise not to prosecute me?" His tone became insinuating. "For a hundred pounds, I could find the real will for you. You'd better close with me. To-day is the last chance. As soon as his lordship comes in, he'll hunt it up and destroy it."

I flourished it before him, and pointed with one hand to the broken desk, which he had not yet observed in his craven agitation.

"We do not need your aid," I answered. "We have found the will, ourselves. Thanks to Lady Georgina, it is safe till this minute."

"And to me," he put in, cringing, and trying, after his kind, to curry favour with the winners at the last moment. "It's all my doing, my lady! I wouldn't destroy it. His lordship offered me a hundred pounds more to break open the back of the desk at night, while your ladyship was asleep, and burn the thing quietly. But I told him he might do his own dirty work if he wanted it done. It wasn't good enough while your ladyship was here in possession. Besides, I wanted the right will preserved, for I thought things might turn up so; and I wouldn't stand by and see a gentleman like Mr. Tillington, as has always behaved well to me, deprived of his inheritance."

"Which is why you conspired with Lord Southminster to rob him of it, and to send him to prison for Higginson's crime," I interposed, calmly.

"Then you confess you put the forged will there?" Mr. Hayes said, getting to business.

White looked about him helplessly. He missed his headpiece, the instigator of the plot. "Well, it was like this, my lady," he began, turning to Lady Georgina, and wriggling to gain time. "You see, his lordship and Mr. Higginson——" he twirled his thumbs and tried to invent something plausible.

Lady Georgina swooped. "No rigmarole!" she said, sharply. "Do you confess you put it there or do you not—reptile?" Her vehemence startled him.

"Yes, I confess I put it there," he said at last, blinking. "As soon as the breath was out of Mr. Ashurst's body I put it there." He began to whimper. "I'm a poor man with a wife and family, sir," he went on, "though in Mr. Ashurst's time I always kept that quiet; and his lordship offered to pay me well for the job, and when you're paid well for a job yourself, sir——"

Mr. Hayes waved him off with one imperious hand. "Sit down in the corner there, man, and don't move or utter another word," he said, sternly, "until I order you. You will be in time still for me to produce at Bow Street."

Just at that moment, Lord Southminster swaggered back, accompanied by a couple of unwilling policemen. "Oh, I say," he cried, bursting in and staring around him, jubilant. "Look heah, Georgey, *are* you going quietly, or must I ask these coppahs to evict you?" He was wreathed in smiles now, and had evidently been fortifying himself with brandies and soda.

Lady Georgina rose in her wrath. "Yes, I'll go if you wish it, Bertie," she answered, with calm irony. "I'll leave the house as soon as you like—for the present—till we come back again with Harold and *his* policemen to evict you. This house is Harold's. Your game is played, boy." She spoke slowly. "We have found the other will—we have discovered Higginson's present address in Paris—and we know from White how he and you arranged this little conspiracy."

She rapped out each clause in this last accusing sentence with deliberate effect, like

to do without him. That fellah had squared it all up so neatly, don't yah know, that I thought there couldn't be any sort of hitch in the proceedings."

"You reckoned without Lois," Lady Georgina said, calmly.

"Ah, Miss Cayley—that's true. I mean, Mrs. Tillington. Yaas, yaas, I know, she's a doosid clevah person for a woman, now isn't she?"

It was impossible to take this flabby creature seriously, even as a criminal. Lady Georgina's lips relaxed. "Doosid clevei" she admitted, looking at me almost tenderly.

"But not quite so clevah, don't yah know, as Higginson!"

"There you make your blooming little erraw," Mr. Hayes burst in, adopting one of Lord Southminster's favourite witticisms—the sort of witticism that improves, like poetry, by frequent repetition. "Policemen, you may go into the next room and wait: this is a family affair; we have no immediate need of you."

"Oh, certainly," Lord Southminster echoed, much relieved. "Very propah sentiment! Most undesirable that the constables should mix themselves up in a



"'WELL, THIS IS A FAIR KNOCK-OUT,' HE EJACULATED."

so many pistol-shots. Each bullet hit home. The pea-green young man, drawing back and staring, stroked his shadowy moustache with feeble fingers in undisguised astonishment. Then he dropped into a chair and fixed his gaze blankly on Lady Georgina. "Well, this is a fair knock-out," he ejaculated, fatuously disconcerted. "I wish Higginson was heah. I really don't quite know what

family mattah like this. Not the place for inferiahs!"

"Then why introduce them?" Lady Georgina burst out, turning on him.

He smiled his fatuous smile. "That's just what I say," he answered. "Why the jooce introduce them? But don't snap my head off!"

The policemen withdrew respectfully, glad

to be relieved of this unpleasant business, where they could gain no credit, and might possibly involve themselves in a charge of assault. Lord Southminster rose with a benevolent grin, and looked about him pleasantly. The brandies and soda had endowed him with irrepressible cheerfulness.

"Well?" Lady Georgina murmured.

"Well, I think I'll leave now, Georgey. You've trumped my ace, yah know. Nasty trick of White to go and round on a fellah. I don't like the turn this business is taking. Seems to me, the only way I have left to get out of it is—to turn Queen's evidence."

Lady Georgina planted herself firmly against the door. "Bertie," she cried, "no, you don't—not till we've got what we want out of you!"

He gazed at her blandly. His face broke once more into an imbecile smile. "You were always a rough 'un, Georgey. Your hand did sting! Well, what do you want now? We've each played our cards, and you needn't cut up rusty over it—especially when you're winning! Hang it all, I wish I had Higginson heah to tackle you!"

"If you go to see the Treasury people, or the Solicitor-General, or the Public Prosecutor, or whoever else it may be," Lady Georgina said, stoutly, "Mr. Hayes must go with you. We've trumped your ace, as you say, and we mean to take advantage of it. And then you must trundle yourself down to Bow Street afterwards, confess the whole truth, and set Harold at liberty."

"Oh, I say now, Georgey! The whole truth! the whole blooming truth! That's really what I call humiliating a fellah!"

"If you don't, we arrest you this minute—fourteen years' imprisonment!"

"Fourteen yeahs?" He wiped his forehead. "Oh, I say. How doosid uncomfortable. I was nevah 'much good at doing anything by the sweat of my brow. I ought to have lived in the Garden of Eden. Georgey, you're hard on a chap when he's down on his luck. It would be confounded cruel to send me to fourteen yeahs at Port-land."

"You would have sent my husband to it," I broke in, angrily, confronting him.

"What? You too, Miss Cayley?—I mean Mrs. Tillington. Don't look at me like that. Tigahs aren't in it."

His jauntiness disarmed us. However wicked he might be, one felt it would be ridiculous to imprison this schoolboy. A sound flogging and a month's deprivation

of wine and cigarettes was the obvious punishment designed for him by nature.

"You must go down to the police-court and confess this whole conspiracy," Lady Georgina went on after a pause, as sternly as she was able. "I prefer, if we can, to save the family—even you, Bertie. But I can't any longer save the family honour—I can only save Harold's. You must help me to do that; and then, you must give me your solemn promise—in writing—to leave England for ever, and go to live in South Africa."

He stroked the invisible moustache more nervously than before. That penalty came home to him. "What, leave England for evah? Newmarket—Ascot—the club—the music-halls!"

"Or fourteen years' imprisonment!"

"Georgey, you spank as hard as evah!"

"Decide at once, or we arrest you!"

He glanced about him feebly. I could see he was longing for his lost confederate. "Well, I'll go," he said at last, sobering down; "and your solicitaw can trot round with me. I'll do all that you wish, though I call it most unfriendly. Hang it all, fourteen yeahs would be so beastly unpleasant!"

We drove forthwith to the proper authorities, who, on hearing the facts, at once arranged to accept Lord Southminster and White as Queen's evidence, neither being the actual forger. We also telegraphed to Paris to have Higginson arrested, Lord Southminster giving us up his assumed name with the utmost cheerfulness, and without one moment's compunction. Mr. Hayes was quite right: each conspirator was only too ready to save himself by betraying his fellows. Then we drove on to Bow Street (Lord Southminster consoling himself with a cigarette on the way), just in time for Harold's case, which was to be taken, by special arrangement, at 3.30.

A very few minutes sufficed to turn the tables completely on the conspirators. Harold was discharged, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Higginson, the actual forger. He had drawn up the false will and signed it with Mr. Ashurst's name, after which he had presented it for Lord Southminster's approval. The pea-green young man told his tale with engaging frankness. "Bertie's a simple Simon," Lady Georgina commented to me; "but he's also a rogue; and Higginson saw his way to make excellent capital of him in both capacities—first use him as a catspaw, and then blackmail him."

On the steps of the police-court, as we emerged triumphant, Lord Southminster met us—still radiant as ever. He seemed wholly unaware of the depths of his iniquity: a fresh dose of brandy had restored his composure. "Look heah," he said, "Harold, your wife

tin and been a countess as well, aftah the governah's dead and gone, don't yah see. You'd have landed the double event. So you'd have pulled off a bettah thing for yourself in the end, as I said, if you'd laid your bottom dollah on me for winnah!"



"HAROLD, YOUR WIFE HAS BESTED ME."

has bested me! Jolly good thing for you that you managed to get hold of such a clevah woman! If you hadn't, deah boy, you'd have found yourself in Queeah Street! But, I say, Lois—I call yah Lois because you're my cousin now, yah know—you were backing the wrong man aftah all, as I told yah. For if you'd backed *me*, all this wouldn't have come out; you'd have got the

Higginson is now doing fourteen years at Portland; Harold and I are happy in the sweetest place in Gloucestershire; and Lord Southminster, blissfully unaware of the contempt with which the rest of the world regards him, is shooting big game among his "boys" in South Africa. Indeed, he bears so little malice that he sent us a present of a trophy of horns for our hall last winter.

A Town in the Tree-Tops.

BY ELLSWORTH DOUGLASS.

EVERYBODY at the *pension* had heard it, but Bayly has a circumstantial and picturesque manner of narration, which gives old stories a new interest.

"Wasn't it your American millionaire, Mr. Waldorf Astor," he said, addressing me, "who made a wager that he would comfortably seat thirty-two guests around the stump of a California big tree? And didn't he do it? Brought a slice off the tree-stump more than 6,000 miles, and had a grand dinner on it in London?"

"I must say I like your big tree stories better than your big tree wines," put in Gaillet, a dashing young Frenchman, who spoke English fluently; "but I don't think all that is so wonderful. I can show you a place, within less than an hour of Paris, where more than thirty-two persons can dine around comfortable tables high up in the branches of a single tree!"

"That sounds interesting, Gaillet; to me it smells like 'good copy.' Eating up in trees might make some novel photographs; what do you say, Bayly?"

I purposely touched the young Englishman

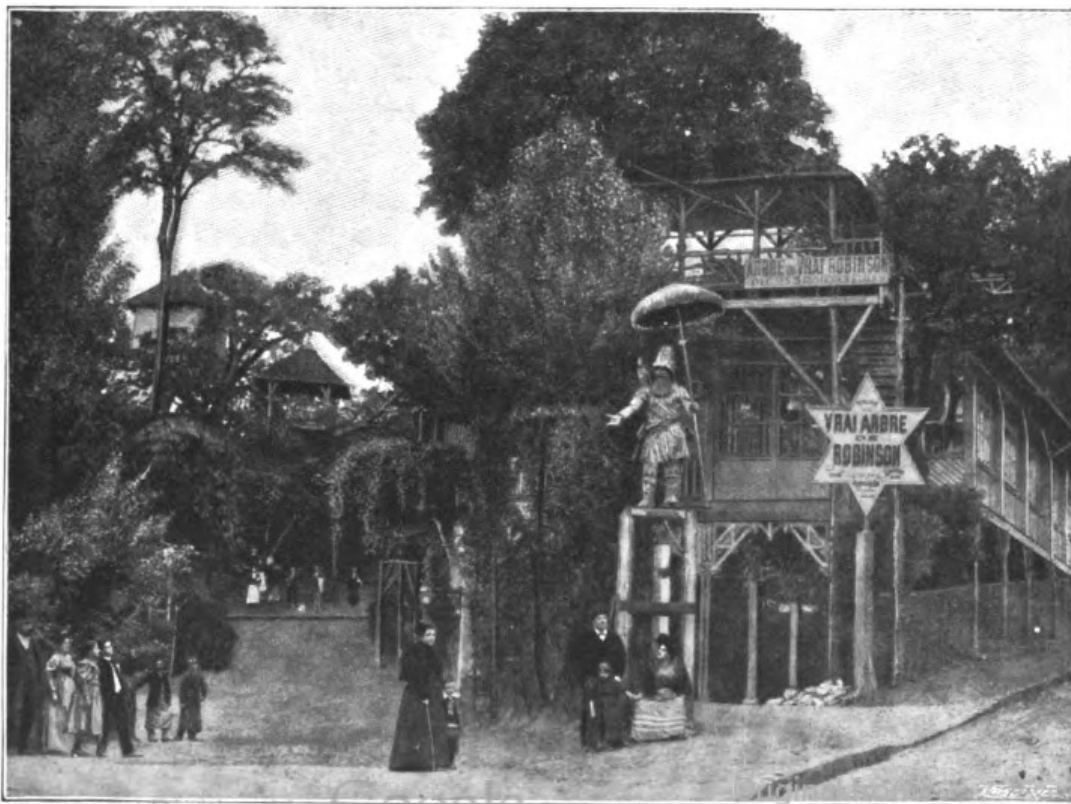
on his hobby. He was an amateur photographer of the virulent and persistent type, and had recently infected me with the contagion.

"If the sun looks promising we will ride down there on our wheels to-morrow and have a look at them," he replied. "Can you go with us and show us the way, Gaillet?"

And so, early the next morning, we went. It was a delightful two hours on the wheel in early October. Just as the country began to grow more broken and interesting, and chestnut trees began to strew the paths with prickly burrs, we wheeled up a slight hill into a quaint village, and dismounting, Gaillet exclaimed:—

"Here we are at home with Robinson Crusoe!"

Had he told me that Robinson Crusoe really lived in the flesh and, after returning from his lonely adventures, founded this little village, and here attempted to bring into fashion his old habit of eating in the trees, I would have believed it. For here is the village bearing his name to this day; here also, as seen in our first photograph, is his effigy in the principal street, under his rough, thatched umbrella, and with his parrot seated



From a Photo. by]

THE VILLAGE OF ROBINSON.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN [L. Bayly.

upon his shoulder, as every schoolboy knows him. Here, likewise, are a number of great trees, with two or three rustic dining-huts built far up on the limbs of each; and, as Gaillet assured us, here, for the last fifty years, men and their families have eaten in the trees like squirrels.

As Bayly prepared to take the first photograph, he noticed that the highest dining-stage in the tip-top of the biggest tree had curtains drawn around it, which he asked to have pulled back. A waiter informed him that this rustic hut was engaged by a party.

"Yes, I telephoned down yesterday afternoon, and reserved it for us," put in Gaillet. "I also ordered the *déjeuner*. I hope you will like it: sole *au gratin* and *chateaubriand aux champignons*."

At that moment the wind left the leaves and boughs at rest, and Bayly snapped the shutter, regardless of the curtains. I made reply to Gaillet:—

"I never heard of Crusoe's fare being quite so pretentious as all that. He must have learned cookery since he came to France."

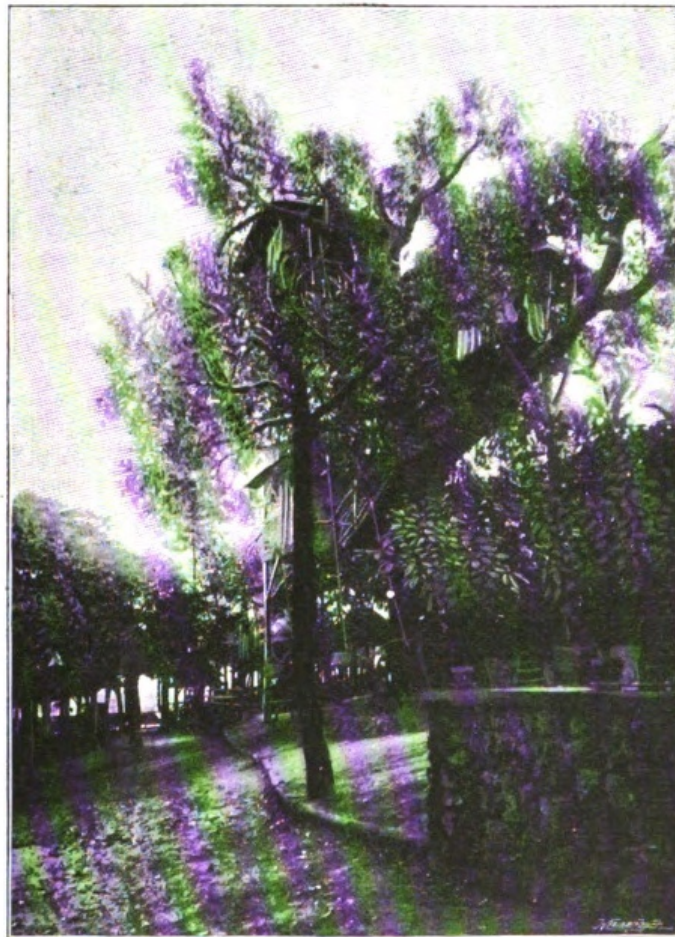
"It is M. Gueusquin *ainé* who claims the

credit for applying the tree idea to modern dining. Doubtless he does it better than Crusoe could have done. At any rate, he has made a large fortune out of the idea—far more than Defoe made out of his story. It was just fifty years ago," continued Gaillet, "that the father of the present proprietor here was struck with the clever idea, bought this picturesque plot of ground with large trees on it, and built rustic dining-rooms on the strongest branches. He called his lonely little country place Robinson, after the Swiss

family which figures in the French version of the romance, and invited the patronage of the fun-loving Parisians who delight in fanciful ideas of this sort. At that time it was a long coach ride from the city, but it soon became the popular *rendezvous* for a day's outing. Since then Kings have dined here; thousands of wedding parties have seen life rosy from the tree-tops, and nearly every Parisian boy who reads the story of Robinson's adventures is taken to this quaint little village as a realistic sequel. M. Gueusquin's success tempted others into

similar ventures here, so that now nearly every large tree is utilized, and Robinson has grown into quite a respectable village, whose name will always be associated in the French mind with breezy dinners, family picnics, donkey-riding, bracing country air, and charming scenery. The Ligne de Sceaux long ago built a branch line terminating here, and a journey of forty minutes by train brings one down from the Luxembourg Station in Paris."

Bayly evidently cared little for these facts, for he had busied himself getting a focus

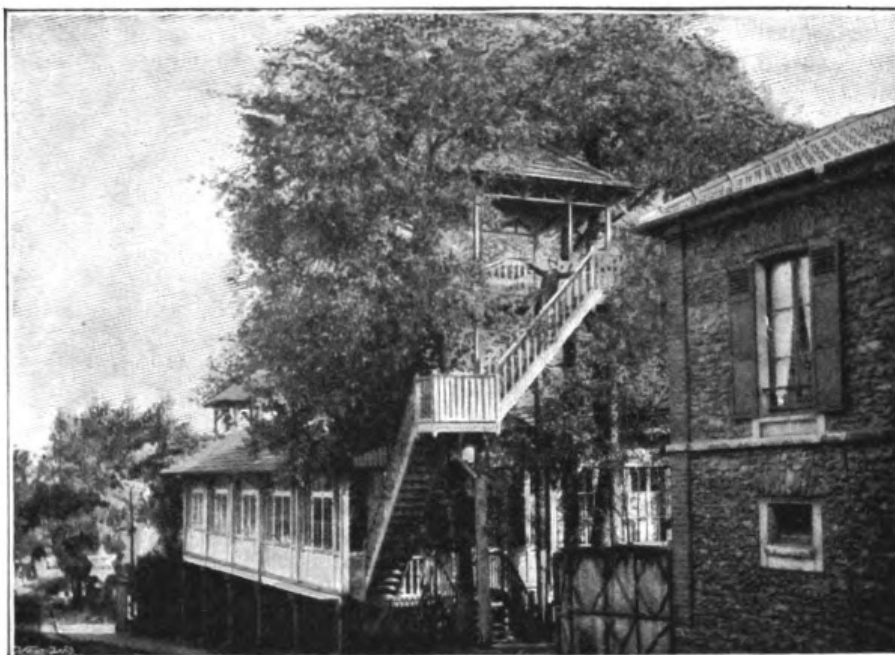


From a Photo. by]

THE LARGEST ROBINSON TREE.

[L. Bayly.

on the largest tree, which M. Gueusquin proudly advertises as "*Le Vrai Arbre de Robinson*." You may see the result in the accompanying photograph. Its massive trunk has not much increased in size since the stairway was built around it half a century ago. There is one thatched hut built at the first branch of the tree; another well out on a higher limb on the other side of the trunk; and the third and most desirable in the very tip-top, from which one sees an enchanting view of all the pretty country lying towards



From a Photo. by]

LARGE DINING-ROOM BETWEEN TWO TREES.

[Ellsworth Douglass.

Paris. A stairway connects all these rustic huts with each other, and in the busy season a waiter is stationed at each dining stage, and the wines and cooked foods are hauled up to him from the ground by means of a rope and basket running to each stage, as will be seen in most of the photographs. At wedding parties these same baskets have more than once served to lower away some bibulous guest whose frequent toasts to the bride have ended in a decided disinclination to attempt the giddy and precipitous stairway.

Bayly went next to inspect a larger and more modern dining-room built between two young trees, and I have caught him on the stairway in the photograph above. But I was anxious to climb to some height and get a good view of the nest in the tree-top where we were to breakfast. I heard someone laughing at my first futile attempts at climbing, but at last I gained a point of vantage which gave a view over the tops of the trees to the indefinite stretch of pretty valley beyond.

While breakfast was preparing we visited the neighbouring inns to photograph the trees. Just across the road we found one which claims the distinction of being the tallest in Robinson. As will be seen in the photograph, it has three dining stages one directly above another, so that

the same basket may serve them all. A waiter can be seen in the top stage of this thrifty, sturdy chestnut, in which many generations may yet dine.

Farther down the road is a place called the Maison Robin, possibly in the hope that the kind public will believe that the "true Robinson" was this Robin's son. Here is the "Great Chestnut," which truly looks as if it might antedate Robinson

Crusoe by centuries. Yet it still showers its plenteous fruit upon the ground, and as we kicked about its bushels of bursting burrs we wondered how "marron glacé" could be so expensive in Paris. The next photograph shows how the walks were sprinkled with

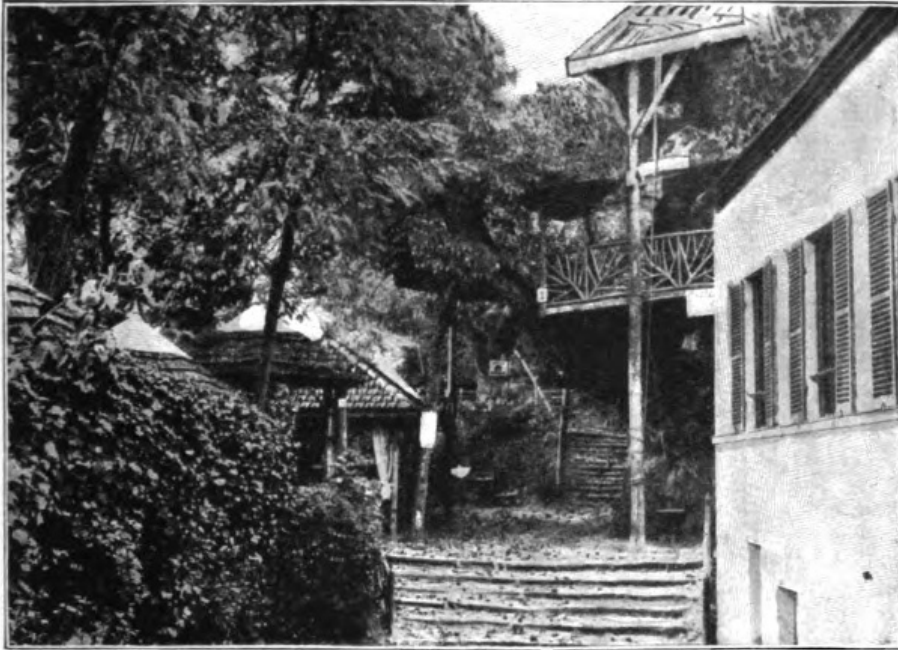


From a Photo. by]

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[L. Bayly.



From a Photo. by]

THE GREAT CHESTNUT.

[Ellsworth Douglass.

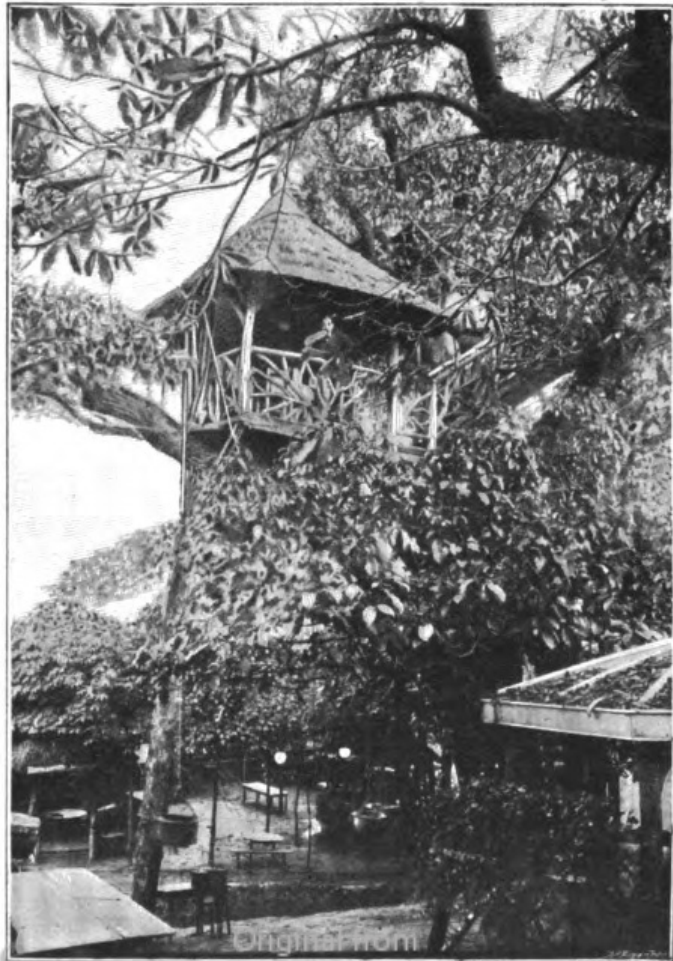
tervals, but Gaillet thought he surprised one or two attempts to peep around the curtain at us. I was ravenously hungry, and when the waiter next went past up to the top story I seized a yard of bread from his tray. Looking down at Bayly, who was focusing below, I cried out: "Lancelot, if you are hungry, get a photograph of the only morsel of food I have been able to secure before I devour it!" And our

ripe nuts; and also some pretty samples of the vine or ivy-covered *bosquets* for those who prefer to dine on *terra firma*. These are numerous, and charmingly pretty in the gardens of most of the inns here.

Another great feature of Robinson is the family picnic, but the French love ease and comfort too much to dine on the grass under the trees. They prefer to sit properly at a table, and many of the inns recognise the right of visitors to bring their own provisions, and are content with serving them wines, coffee, and the like. When you go to Robinson, you are sure to recognise this place at the turning of the road before reaching the great trees.

I returned to our second stage with Gaillet, and found the table laid, but not a scrap of food to be seen. The waiter was trotting up the stairs with a heavily-loaded tray, on which was an enormous plate of sole *au gratin*. Gaillet remarked that it looked as if the people in the top hut had not only captured our place, but our breakfast as well. He begged the waiter to hurry our order, and then asked me what I thought might be going on up there behind the curtains. It was very near us, and perhaps for this reason the young ladies refrained from audible conversation. They only whispered among themselves and laughed at in-

last illustration bears witness that he did so. This detailed view of a thatched, rustic hut perched upon a big limb finished his work.



From a Photo. by] NEAR VIEW OF A HUT ON A BRANCH.

[L. Bayly.

Aunt Sarah's Brooch.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON



AM afraid to face my Aunt Sarah. Though how I am to get out of it I don't quite see.

At any rate, I will never again undertake the work of a private detective; though that would have been a more useful resolve a fortnight ago. The mischief is done now.

The main bitterness lies in the reflection that it is all Aunt Sarah's fault. Such a muddlesome old—but, there, losing my temper won't mend it. A few weeks ago I was Clement Simpson, with very considerable expectations from my Aunt Sarah and no particular troubles on my mind, and I was engaged to my cousin, Honoria Prescott. Now I am still Clement Simpson (although sometimes I almost doubt even that), but my expectations from my Aunt Sarah are of the most uncomfortable, and my troubles overwhelm me. As for Honoria Prescott—but read and learn it all.

My aunt is a maiden lady of sixty-five, though there is something about her appearance at variance with the popular notion of a spinster, insomuch that it is the way of tradesmen to speak of her as "Mrs." Simpson, and to send their little bills thus addressed. She is a very positive old lady, and she measures, I should judge, about five feet round the waist. She is constantly attended by a doctor, and from time to time, in her sadder moments, it has been her habit to assure me that she shall not live long, and that very soon I shall find myself well provided

for; though for an invalid she always ate rather well: about as much, I should judge, as a fairly healthy navvy. She had a great idea of her importance in the family—in fact, she *was* important—and she had—has now, indeed—a way of directing the movements of all its members, who submit with a becoming humility. It is well to submit humbly to the caprice of a rich elderly aunt, and it has always been my own practice. It was because of Aunt Sarah's autocratic reign in the family that Honoria Prescott and I refrained from telling her of our engagement; for Aunt Sarah had conceived vast matrimonial ambitions on behalf of each of us. We were each to make an exceedingly good marriage; there was even a suggestion of a title for Honoria, though what title, and how it was to be captured, I never heard. And for me, I understood there would be nothing less than a brewer's daughter, or even a company-promoter's. And so we feared that Aunt Sarah might look upon a union between us not only as a flat defiance of her wishes, but as a deplorable *mésalliance* on both sides. So, for the time the engagement lasted (not very long, alas!), we feared to reveal it. Now there is no engagement to reveal. But this is anticipating.

Aunt Sarah was very fussy about her jewels. In perpetual apprehension lest they might be stolen, she carried them with her whenever she took a change of air (and she had a good many such changes), while in her own house she kept them in some profoundly secret

hiding-place. I have an idea that it was under a removable board in the floor of her bedroom. Of course, we all professed to share Aunt Sarah's solicitude, and it had been customary in the family, from times beyond

initials appeared on the frame of the brooch behind—"J." on one side and "S." on the other. It was, on the whole, perhaps, the ugliest and clumsiest of all Aunt Sarah's jewels, and I never saw anything else like it



"A SECRET HIDING-PLACE."

my knowledge, to greet her first with inquiries as to her own health, and next with hopes for the safety of the jewels. But, as a matter of fact, they were not vastly valuable things; probably they were worth more than the case they were kept in, but not very much. Aunt Sarah never wore them—even she would not go as far as that. They were nothing but a small heap of clumsy old brooches, ear-rings, and buckles, with one or two very long, thin watch-chains, and certain mourning and signet rings belonging to departed members of the family who had flourished (or not) in the early part of the century. There were no big diamonds among them—scarcely any diamonds at all, in fact; but the garnets and cats' eyes strove to make good in size and ugliness of setting what they lacked in mere market worth. Chief of all the "jewels," and most precious of Aunt Sarah's possessions, was a big amethyst brooch, with a pane of glass let in behind, inclosing a lock of the reddest hair I have ever seen. It was the hair of Aunt Sarah's own uncle Joseph, the most distinguished member of the family, who had written three five-act tragedies, and dedicated them all, one after another, to George the Fourth. Joseph's

anywhere, except one; and that, singularly enough, was an exact duplicate—barring, of course, the hair and the inscription—in a very mouldy shop in Soho, where all sorts of hopelessly out-of-date rings and brooches and chains hung for sale. It was the way of the shopkeeper to ticket these gloomy odds and ends with cheerful inscriptions, such as "Antique, 17s. 6d.," "Real Gold, £1 5s.," "Quaint, £2 2s. 6d." But even he could find no more promising adjective for the hideous brooch than "massive"—which was quite true. He wanted £3 for the thing when I first saw it, and it slowly declined, by half-a-crown at a time, to £1 15s., and then it vanished altogether. I wondered at the time what misguided person could have bought it; but I learnt afterward that the shopkeeper had lost heart, and used the window space for something else.

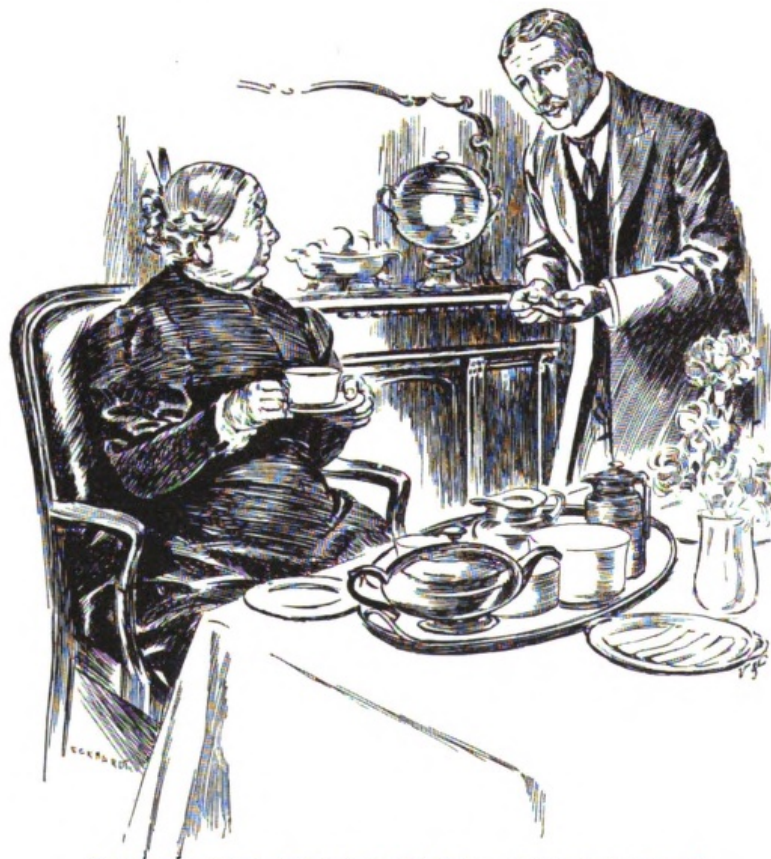
Aunt Sarah had been for six weeks at a "Hydropathic Establishment" at Malvern. On the day fixed for her return, I left a very agreeable tennis party for the purpose of meeting her at the station, as was dutiful and proper. First I called at her house, to learn the exact time at which the train was expected at Paddington. It was rather sooner than I

had supposed, so I hurried to find a cab, and urged the driver to drive his best. I am never lucky with cabs, however—nor, I begin to think, with anything else—and the horse, with all the cabman's efforts, never got beyond a sort of tumultuous shamble; and so I missed Aunt Sarah at Paddington. It was very annoying, and I feared she might take it ill, because she never made allowances for anybody's misfortunes but her own. However, I turned about and cabbed it back as fast as I could. She had been home nearly half an hour when I arrived, and was drinking her third or fourth cup of tea. She was not ill-tempered, on the whole, and she received my explanations with a fairly good grace. She had been a little better, she

herself stowed the case at the bottom of her biggest and strongest trunk, which was now upstairs, partly unpacked. My question reminded her, and she rose at once, to transfer her valuables to their permanent hiding-place.

I heard Aunt Sarah going upstairs with a groan at every step, each groan answered by a loud creak from the woodwork. Then for awhile there was silence, and I walked to the French window to look out on the lawn and the carriage-drive. But as I looked, suddenly there came a dismal yell from above, followed by many shrieks.

We—myself and the servants—found Aunt Sarah seated on a miscellaneous heap of clothes by the side of her big trunk, a picture



"SHE RECEIVED MY EXPLANATIONS WITH A FAIRLY GOOD GRACE."

thought, during her stay at Malvern, but feared that her health could make no permanent improvement. And indeed there seemed very little room for improvement in Aunt Sarah's bodily condition, and no more room at all in her clothes. Then, in the regular manner, I inquired as to the well-being of the jewels.

The jewels, it seemed, were all right. Aunt Sarah had seen to that. She had

of calamity. "Gone!" she ejaculated. "Stolen! All my jewels! Stop thief! Catch 'em! My jewel-case!"

There was no doubt about it, it seemed. The case had been at the bottom of the big trunk—Aunt Sarah had put it there herself—and now it was gone. The trunk had been locked and tightly corded at Malvern, and it had been opened by Aunt Sarah's maid as soon as it had been set down where it now

stood. But now the jewel-case was gone, and Aunt Sarah made such a disturbance as might be expected from the Constable of the Tower if he suddenly learned that the Crown of England was gone missing.

"Clement!" said my aunt, when she rose to her feet, after sending for the police; "go, Clement, and find my jewels. I rely on your sagacity. The police are always such fools. But you—you I can depend upon. Bring the jewels back, my dear, and you will never regret it, I promise you. At least bring back the brooch—the brooch with Uncle Joseph's hair and initials. That I *must* have, Clement!" And here Aunt Sarah grew quite impressive—almost noble. "Clement, I rely entirely on you. I forbid you to come into my presence again without that brooch! Find it, and you will be rewarded to the utmost of my power!"

Nevertheless, as I have said, Aunt Sarah took care to call in the police.

Now what was I to do? Of course, I must make an effort to satisfy Aunt Sarah; but how? The thing was absurd enough, and personally, I was in little grief at the loss, but Aunt Sarah must be propitiated at any cost. I was to go and find the jewels, or at least the brooch, and the whole world was before me wherein to search. I was confused, not to say dazed. I stood on the pavement outside Aunt Sarah's gate, and I tried to remember what the detectives I had read of did in such circumstances as these.

What they did, of course, was to find a clue—instantly and upon the spot. I stared blankly up and down the street—it was a quiet road in Belsize Park—but I

could see nothing that looked like a clue. Perhaps the commonest sort of clue was footprints. But the weather was fine and dry, and the clean, hard pavement was without a mark of any kind. Besides, I had a feeling that footprints as a clue were a little threadbare and out of date; they were so obvious—so "otiose" as I have heard it called. No respectable novelist would depend on footprints alone, nowadays. Then there was a piece of the thief's coat, torn off by a sharp railing, or by a broken bottle on top of a wall; and there was also a lost button. I remembered that many excellent detective stories had been brought to breathless and triumphant terminations by the aid

of one or other of these clues. I looked carefully along the line of broken glass that defended the top of Aunt Sarah's outer wall, but not a rag, not a shred, fluttered there. I tried to remember something else, and as I gazed thoughtfully downward, my eye was attracted by some small black object lying on the pavement by the gate. I stooped—and behold, it *was* a button! A trouser button, by all that's lucky!

I snatched it eagerly, and read the name stamped thereon, "J. Pul-linger, London." I knew the name—indeed it was the name of my own tailor. The scent would seem to be growing stronger. But at that mo-

ment I grew conscious of an uneasy subsidence of my right trouser-leg. Hastily clapping my hand under my waistcoat, I found a loose brace-strap, and then realized that I had merely picked up my own button. I went home.

I spent the evening in fruitless brain-



"BEHOLD, IT WAS A BUTTON."

cudgelling. My brightest idea (which came about midnight) was to go back to Aunt Sarah's the first thing in the morning. True, she had forbidden me to come into her presence without that brooch, but that, I felt, must be regarded rather as a burst of rhetoric than as a serious prohibition. Besides, the case might have been stolen by one of her own servants; and, moreover, if I wanted a clue, clearly I must begin my search at the very spot where the theft had been committed. She couldn't object to *that*, anyhow.

So in the morning I went. Aunt Sarah seemed to have forgotten her order that I must not approach her without the brooch, but she seemed hurt to find I had not brought it. She had had no sleep all night, she said. She thought I ought to have discovered the thieves before she went to bed; but at any rate, she expected I would do it to-day. I said I would certainly do my best, and I fear I found it necessary to invent a somewhat exciting story of my adventures of the previous evening in search of the brooch.

There was a plain-clothes constable, it seemed, still about the place, and the police had searched all the servants' boxes, without discovering anything. Their theory, it seemed, was that some thief must have secreted himself about the garden, entered by a French window soon after Aunt Sarah's arrival, made his way to the bedroom—which would be easy, for there were two staircases—and then made off with the case; and, indeed, Aunt Sarah declared that the clothes in the box were much disturbed when she discovered her loss. The police spoke mysteriously about "a clue," but would not say what it was—which, no doubt, would be unprofessional.

All the servants had been closely questioned, and the detective now in the place wished to ask me if I had observed anything unusual. I hadn't, and I told him so. Had I noticed whether any of the French windows were open when I called the first time? No, I hadn't noticed. I didn't happen to have called more than once before my aunt had come in? No, I didn't. Which way had I entered the house when I came back after my aunt's arrival? By the front door, in the usual way. Was the front door open? Yes, I remembered that it was—probably left open by forgetfulness of the servants after the luggage had been brought in; so that I had come in without knocking or ringing. And he asked other questions which I have forgotten. I did not feel

hopeful of his success, although he seemed so very sagacious; he spoke with an air of already knowing all about it, but I doubted. All my experience of newspaper reports told me that when the police spoke mysteriously of "a clue," that case might as well be given up at once, to save trouble. That seemed also to be Aunt Sarah's opinion. Before I left she confided to me that she didn't believe in the police a bit; she was sure that they were only staring about and asking questions to make a show of doing something, and that it would end in no result after all. All the more, she said, must she rely on me. The punishment of the thief was altogether a secondary matter; what she wanted were the jewels—or, as a minimum, the brooch with Uncle Joseph's hair in it. She would be glad if I would report progress to her during my search, but whether I did so or not, she must insist on my recovering the property. I was a grown man now, she pointed out, and, with my intelligence, ought to be easily equal to such a small thing; certainly more so than mere ordinary ignorant policemen. Of those she gave up all hope. She would not mind if I took a day or two over it, but she would prefer me to find the brooch at once.

I felt a little desperate when I left Aunt Sarah. I *must* do something. She had made up her mind that I was to recover the trinkets, or at least the brooch, and if I failed her she would cut me off, I knew. There was a fellow called Finch, secretary to the Society for the Dissemination of Moral Literature among the Esquimaux, who had been very friendly with her of late, and although I had no especial grudge against the Esquimaux as a nation, I had a strong objection to seeing Aunt Sarah's fortune go to provide them with moral literature, or Mr. Finch with his salary—the latter being, I had heard, the main object of the society. I spent the day in fruitless cogitation and blank staring into pawnshop windows, in the remote hope of seeing Aunt Sarah's brooch exposed for sale. And on the following morning I went back to Aunt Sarah.

I confess I had a tale prepared to account for my time—a tale, perhaps, not strictly true in all its details. But what was I to do to satisfy such a terrible old lady? I must say I think it was a very interesting sort of tale, with plenty of thieves' kitchens and receivers' dens in it, and, on the whole, it went down very well, although I could see that Aunt Sarah's good opinion of me was in danger for lack of tangible result to my

adventures. The police, she said, had given the case up altogether and gone away. They reported, finally, that there was no clue, and that they could do nothing. I came away, feeling a good deal of sympathy with the police.

And then the wicked thought came—the wicked thought that has caused all the trouble. Plainly, the jewels were gone irrecoverably—did not the police admit it? Aunt Sarah would never see them again, and I should be cut out of her will—unless I brought her, at least, that hideous old brooch. The brooch by this time was probably in the melting-pot; *but*—there was, or had been, an exact duplicate in the grimy shop in Soho. There was the wicked idea. *Perhaps* this duplicate brooch hadn't been sold. If not, it would be easy to buy it, stuff it with red hair, and take it back in triumph to Aunt Sarah. And, as I thought, I remembered that I had frequently seen a girl with just such red hair, waiting at a cheap eating-house, where I sometimes passed on my way home. I had noticed her particularly, not only because of the uproarious colour of her hair, which was striking enough, but be-

cause of its exact similarity in shade to that in Aunt Sarah's brooch. No doubt the girl would gladly sell a small piece of it for a few shillings. Then the initials for the brooch-back would be easy enough. They were just the plain italic capitals *J* and *S*, one at each side, and I was confident that, with the brooch before me, I could trace their precise shape and size for the guidance of an engraver. And Aunt Sarah would never for a moment suppose that there could be another brooch in the world at all like her most precious "jewel." The longer I thought over the scheme the easier it seemed, and the greater the temptation grew. Till

at last I went and looked in at the window of the shop in Soho.

Was the brooch sold or not? It was not in the window, and I tried to persuade myself that it must be gone. I hung about for some little while, but at last I took the first step in the path of deception. I went into the shop.

Once there, I was in for it, and nothing but the absence of the brooch could have saved me. But the brooch was there, in all its dusty hideousness, in a box, among scores of others. I turned it over and over; there was no doubt about it—barring the hair and the initials, it was as exact a duplicate as was

ever made. The man asked two pounds ten for it, and I was in such a state of agitation that I paid the money at once, feeling unequal to the further agony of beating him down to the price he had last offered it at in his window.

I slipped it into my trouser pocket and sneaked guiltily down the street. There was no going back for me now—fate was too strong. I went home and locked myself in my room. There I spent an hour and a half in marking the exact position and size of the necessary initials. When all

was set out satisfactorily, I went back to Soho again to find an engraver.

I might have gone to the shop where I had bought the brooch, but I fancied that might let the shopkeeper some little way into my secret. I walked till I came to just such another shop, and then, feeling, as I imagined, like an inexperienced shoplifter on a difficult job, I went in and gave my instructions. I offered to pay extra if the work could be done at once, and under my inspection. The engraver eyed me rather curiously, I fancied, but he was quite ready to earn his money, and in a quarter of an hour I was sneaking along the street again with the fraudulent brooch, one



"THE FIRST STEP IN THE PATH OF DECEPTION."

step nearer completion. The letters, to my eye at least, were as exactly cut as if copied from the original. They were a bit too bright and new, of course, but that I would remedy at home, and I did. A little fine emery on the point of my thumb, properly persevered with, took off all the raw edges and the newness of appearance, and a trifle of greasy black from a candle-wick, well wiped into the incisions and almost all wiped out again, left the initials apparently fifty years old at least.

Next morning's interview with Aunt Sarah was one of veiled triumph. I was on the track of the jewels at last, I said—or at any rate, of the brooch. I might have to sacrifice the rest, I explained, for the sake of getting that. Indeed, I was pretty sure that I could only get at the brooch. I could say no more, just then, but I hinted that nothing must be said to a soul, as my proceedings might possibly be considered, in the eye of the law, something too near compounding a felony. But I would risk that, I assured Aunt Sarah, and more, in her behalf. She was mightily pleased, and said I was the only member of the family worth his salt. I began to think the Esquimaux stood a chance of going short of moral literature, if Mr. Finch were depending much on Aunt Sarah's will.

The rest seemed very easy, but in reality it wasn't. I set out briskly enough for the eating-house, but as I neared it my steps grew slower and slower. It seemed an easy thing, at a distance, to ask for a lock of the red-headed girl's hair, but as I came nearer the shop, and began to consider what I should say, the job seemed a bit awkward. She was a thick-set sort of girl, with very red arms and a snub nose, and I felt doubtful how she would take the request. Perhaps she would laugh, and dab me in the face with a wet lettuce, as I had once seen her do with a jocular customer. Now, I am a little particular about my appearance and bearing, and I was not anxious to be dabbed in the face with a wet lettuce by a red-haired waitress at a cheap eating-house. If I had known anybody else with hair of that extraordinary colour I would not have taken the risk; but I didn't. Nevertheless I hesitated, and walked up and down a little before entering.

There was no customer in the place, for it was at least an hour before mid-day. The girl issued from a recess at the back, and came toward me. She seemed a terrible—a most formidable girl, seen so closely. She had

small, sharp eyes, a snub nose, and a very large mouth—the sort of mouth that is ever ready to pour forth shrill abuse or vulgar derision. My heart sank into my boots, I couldn't—no, I *couldn't* ask her straightaway for a lock of her hair.

I temporized. I said I would have something to eat. She asked what. I said I would take anything there was. After a while she brought a plate of hideous coarse cold beef—like cat's meat. This is a sort of food I *cannot* eat, but I had to try. And she brought pickles on a plate—horrid, messy yellow pickles. I had often wondered as I passed what gave that eating-house its unpleasant smell, and now I knew it was the pickles.

I cut the offensive stuff into small pieces, made as much show of eating it as I could, and shoved it into a heap at one side of the plate. The girl had retired to a partly inclosed den at the back of the shop, where she seemed to be washing plates. After all, I reflected, there was nothing to be afraid of. It was a purely commercial transaction, and no doubt the girl would be very glad to sell a little of her hair. Moreover, the longer I waited the greater risk I ran of having other customers come in and spoil the thing altogether. There was the hair—the one thing to straighten all my difficulties, and a few shillings would certainly buy all I wanted. I rapped on the table with my fork.

The red-haired girl came down the shop wiping her hands on her apron—big hands, and very red; terrible hands to box an ear or claw a face. This thought disturbed me, but I said, manfully, "I should like, if you've no objection, to have—I should like—I should like a——"

It was useless. I *couldn't* say "a lock of your hair." I stammered, and the girl stared doubtfully. "Cawfy?" she suggested.

"Yes, yes," I answered, eagerly, with a breath of relief. "Coffee, of course."

The coffee was as bad as the beef. It came in a vast, thick mug, like a gallipot with a handle. It ought to have been very strong coffee, considering its thickness, but it had a flat, rather metallic taste, and a general flavour of boiled crusts.

I became convinced that the real reason of my hesitation was the fact that I had not settled how much to offer for the hair. It might look suspicious, I reflected, to offer too much, but, on the other hand, it would never do to offer too little. What was the golden mean? As I considered, a grubby,

shameless boy put his head in at the door, and shouted, "Wayo, carrots! What price yer wig?"

The red-haired girl made a savage rush, and the boy danced off across the street with gestures of derision. Plainly, I couldn't make an offer at all after that. She would take it as a deliberate insult—suggested by the shout of the dirty boy. Perhaps she would make just such a savage rush at *me*—and what should I do then? Here the matter

of reaching for a paper, or a mustard-pot, or the like. But that was useless. I never knew which way she would move next, and I saw no opportunity of effecting my purpose without the risk of driving the points of my scissors into her head. Indeed, if I had seen the chance, I should scarce have had the courage to snip. And once, when she turned suddenly, she looked a trifle suspicious.

I attempted to engage her in conversa-



"SHE LOOKED A TRIFLE SUSPICIOUS."

was settled for the present by the entrance of two coal-heavers.

For three days in succession I went to that awful eating-house, and each day I ate, or pretended to eat, just such an awful meal. I shirked the beef, but I was confronted with equally fearful bloaters—bloaters that smelt right across the street. It occurred to me, so criminal and so desperate had I grown, that I might *steal* enough of the girl's hair for my purpose, by the aid of a pair of pocket scissors, and so escape all difficulty. With that design I followed her quietly down the shop once or twice, making a pretence

tion, in order that I might, by easy and natural stages, approach the subject of her hair. It was not easy. She disliked hair as a subject of conversation. I began to suspect, and more than suspect, that her hair was the stock joke of the regular customers. Not a boy could pass the door singing "Her golden hair was hanging down her back" (as most of them did), but she bridled and glared. Truly, it was very awkward. But then, there was no other such hair, so far as my observation had gone, in all London, or anywhere else.

Some men have the easiest way imaginable

of dropping into familiar speech with barmaids and waitresses at a moment's notice, or less. I had never cultivated the art, and now I was sorry for my neglect. Still, I might try, and I did. But somehow it was difficult to hit the right note. My key varied. A patronizingly uttered "My dear," seemed a good general standby to begin or finish a sentence; so I said: "Ah—Hannah—Hannah, my dear!"

The words startled me when I heard them—I feared my tone had scarcely the correct dignity. Hannah's red head turned, and she came across, grinning sily. "Yus?" she said, interrogatively, and still grinning.

I feared I had begun wrong. It was all very well to be condescendingly familiar with a waitress, but it would never do to allow the waitress to be familiar with me. So I said, rather severely, "Just give me a newspaper. Ah—Hannah!"

I think I hit the medium very well with the last two words. "Yus?" she said again, and now she positively leered.

"I—I meant to have given you sixpence yesterday; you're very attentive, Hannah—Hannah, my dear." (That didn't sound quite right, somehow—never mind.) "Very attentive. Here's the sixpence. Er—er"—(what in the world should I say next?) "What—er—what" (I was desperate) "what is the latest fashion in hair?"

"Not *your* colour ain't," she said; "so now!" And she swung off with a toss of her red head.

I had offended her! I ought to have guessed she would take that question amiss—I was a fool. And before I could apologize a customer came in—a waggoner. I had lost another day! And Aunt Sarah was growing more and more impatient.

At last I resolved to go at the business point-blank, as I should have done at first. Plainly it was my only chance. The longer I made my approach, the more awkward I got. I had the happy thought to take a flower in my button-hole, and give it to Hannah as a peace-offering, after my unintentional rudeness of yesterday. It acted admirably, and I was glad to see a girl in her humble position so much gratified by a little attention like that. She grinned—she even blushed a little—all the while I ate that repulsive early lunch. So I seized the opportunity of her good humour, paid for the food as soon as I could, and said, with as much business-like ease as I could assume:—

"I—ah—I should like, Hannah, ah—if

you don't mind—just as a—a matter of—of scientific interest, you know—scientific interest, my dear—to buy a small piece of your hair."

"'Oo ye gettin' at?" she replied, with a blush and a giggle.

"I—I'm perfectly serious," I said—and I believe I looked desperately so. "I'll give you half a sovereign for a small piece—just a lock—for purely scientific purposes, I assure you."

She giggled again, more than ever, and ogled in a way that sent cold shivers all over me. It struck me now, with a twinge of horror, that perhaps she supposed I had conceived an attachment for her, and wanted the hair as a keepsake. That would be terrible to think of. I swore inwardly that I would never come near that street again, if only I got out safely with the hair this time.

She went over into her lair, where the dirty plates were put, and presently returned with the object of my desires—a thick lump of hair rolled up in a piece of newspaper. I thrust the half-sovereign towards her, grabbed the parcel, and ran. I feared she might expect me to kiss her.

Now I had to employ another Soho jeweller, but by this time, after the red-headed waitress, no jeweller could daunt me. The pane of glass had to be lifted from the back of the brooch, the brown hair that was in it removed, and a proper quantity of the red hair substituted; and the work would be completed by the refixing of the glass and the careful smoothing down of the gold rim about it. I found a third dirty jeweller's shop, and waited while the jeweller did it all.

And now that the thing was completed, I lost no time on the way to Aunt Sarah's. I went by omnibus, and alighted a couple of streets from her house. It astonishes me, now, to think that I could have been so calm. I had never had a habit of deception, but now I had slid into it by such an easy process, and it had worked so admirably for a week or more, that it seemed quite natural and regular.

I turned the last corner, and was scarce a dozen yards from Aunt Sarah's gate, when I was tapped on the shoulder. I turned, and saw the detective who had questioned me, and everybody else, just after the robbery.

"Good morning, Mr. Simpson," he said. "Mr. *Clement* Simpson, I believe?"

"Yes," I said.

"Just so. Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Simpson, but I must get you to come along o' me on a small matter o' business. You needn't say anything, of course; but if you do I shall have to make a note of it, and it may be used as evidence."

What was this? I gasped, and the whole street seemed to turn round and round and over and over. Arrested! What for?

Whether I asked the question or only moved my lips silently, I don't know, but the man answered—and his voice seemed to come from a distance out of the chaos about me.

"Well, it's about that jewel-case of your aunt's, of course. Sorry to upset you, and no doubt it'll be all right, but just for the present you must come to the station with me. I won't hold you if you promise not to try any games. Or you can have a cab, if you like."

"But," I said, "but it's all a mistake—an awful mistake! It's—it's out of the question! Come and see my aunt, and she'll tell you! Pray let me see my aunt!"

"Don't mind obliging a gentleman if I can, and if you want to speak to your aunt you may, seein' it's close by, and it ain't a warrant case. But I shall have to be with you, and you'll have to come with me after, whatever she says."

I was in an awful position, and I realized it fully. Here I was with that facsimile brooch in my possession, and if it were found on me at the police-station, of course, it would be taken for the genuine article, and regarded as a positive proof that I was the thief. In the few steps to Aunt Sarah's house I saw and understood now what the police had been at. I was the person they had suspected from the beginning. Their pretence of dropping

the inquiry was a mere device to throw me off my ground and lead me to betray myself by my movements. And I had been watched frequenting shady second-hand jewellery shops in Soho! And, no doubt I had been

seen in the low eating-house where I might be supposed to be leaving messages for criminal associates! It was hideous. On the one side there was the chance of ruin and imprisonment for theft, and on the other the scarcely less terrible one of estranging Aunt Sarah for ever by confessing my miserable deception. Plainly I had only one way of safety—to brazen out my story of the recovery of the brooch. I was bitterly sorry, now, that I had coloured the story, so far as it had gone, quite so boldly. It had gone a good way, too, for I had been obliged to add something to it each time I saw Aunt Sarah during



"SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, MR. SIMPSON."

my operations. But I must lie through stone walls now.

I scarcely remember what Aunt Sarah said when she was told I was under arrest for the robbery. I know she broke a drawing-room chair, and had to be dragged off the floor on to the sofa by the detective and myself. But she got her speech pretty soon, and protested valiantly. It was a shameful outrage, she proclaimed, and the police were incapable fools. "While you've been doing nothing," she said, "my dear nephew has traced out the jewels and—and——"

"I've got the brooch, aunt!" I cried, for this seemed the dramatic moment. And I put it in her hand.

"I must have that, please," the detective interposed. "Do you identify it?"

"Identify it?" exclaimed Aunt Sarah, rapturously. "Of course I identify it! I'd

know my Uncle Joseph's brooch among ten thousand! And his initials and his hair and all! Identify it, indeed! I should think so! And did you get it from Bludgeoning Bill himself, Clement, my dear?"

Now, "Bludgeoning Bill" was the name I had given the chief ruffian of my story; rather a striking sort of name, I fancied. So I said, "Yes—yes. That's the name he's known by—among his intimates, of course. The police" (I had a vague idea of hedging, as far as possible, with the detective)—"the police only know his—his other names, I believe. A—a very dangerous sort of person!"

"And did you have much of a struggle with him?" pursued Aunt Sarah, hanging on my words.

"Oh, yes—terrible, of course. That is, pretty fair, you know—er—nothing so very extraordinary." I was getting flurried. That detective *would* look at me so intently.

"And was he very much hurt, Clement? Any bones broken, I mean, or anything of that sort?"

"Bones? O, yes, of course—at least, not many, considering. But it serves him right, you know—serves him right, of course."

"Oh, I'm sure he richly deserved it, Clement. I suppose that was in the thieves' kitchen?"

"Yes—no, at least; no, not there. Not exactly in the kitchen, you know."

"I see; in the scullery, I suppose," said Aunt Sarah, innocently. "And to think that you traced it all from a few footsteps and a bit of cloth rag on the wall and—and what else was it, Clement?"

"A trouser button," I answered. I felt a trifle more confident here, for I *had* found a trouser button. "But it was nothing much—not actual evidence, of course. Just a trifle, that's all."

But here I caught the policeman's eye, and I went hot and cold. I could not remember what I had done with that trouser button of mine. Had the police themselves found it later? Was this their clue? But I nerved myself to meet Aunt Sarah's fresh questions.

"I suppose there's no chance of getting the other things?" she asked.

"No," I answered, decisively, "not the least." I resolved not to search for any more facsimiles.

"Lummy Joe told you that, I suppose?" pursued my aunt, whose memory for names was surprising. "Either Lummy Joe or the Chickaleary Boy?"

"Both," I replied, readily. "Most valuable information from both—especially Chickaleary Joe. Very honourable chap, Joe. Excellent burglar, too."

Again I caught the detective's eye, and suddenly remembered that everything I had been saying might be brought up as evidence in a court of law. He was carefully noting all those rickety lies, and presently would write them down in his pocket-book, as he had threatened! Another question or two, and I think I should have thrown up the game voluntarily, but at that moment a telegram was brought in for Aunt Sarah. She put up her glasses, read it, and let the glasses fall. "*What!*" she squeaked.

She looked helplessly about her, and held the telegram toward me. "I must see that, please," the detective said.

It was from the manager of the hydropathic establishment at Malvern where Aunt Sarah had been staying, and it read thus:—

"Found leather jewel-case with your initials on ledge up chimney of room lately occupied here. Presume valuable, so am sending on by special messenger."

"Why, bless me!" said Aunt Sarah, as soon as she could find speech; "bless me! I—I felt *sure* I'd taken it down from the chimney and put it in the trunk!" And, with her eyes nearly as wide open as her mouth, she stared blankly in my face.

Personally I saw stars everywhere, as though I had been hit between the eyes with a club. I don't remember anything distinctly after this till I found myself in the street with the detective. I think I said I preferred waiting at the police-station.

It is unnecessary to say much more, and it would be very painful to me. I know, indirectly, through the police, that the jewel-case *did* turn up a few hours later, with the horrible brooch, and all the other things in it, perfectly safe. Aunt Sarah had put it up the chimney for safety at Malvern—just the sort of thing she would do—and made a mistake about bringing it away, that was all. There it had stayed for more than a week before it had been discovered, while Aunt Sarah was urging me to deception and fraud. That was some days ago, and I have not seen her since; I admit I am afraid to go. I see no very plausible way of accounting for those two brooches with the initials and the red hair—and no possible way of making them both fit with the thrilling story of Bludgeoning Bill and the thieves' kitchen. What am I to do?



"SHE LOOKED HELPLESSLY ABOUT HER."

But I have not told all yet. This is the letter I have received from Honoria Prescott, in the midst of my perplexities :—

"SIR,—I inclose your ring, and am sending your other presents by parcel delivery. I desire to see no more of you. And though I have been so grossly deceived, I confess that even now I find it difficult to understand your extraordinary taste for waitresses at low eating-houses. Fortunately my mother's kitchen-maid happens to be a relative of Hannah Dobbs, and it was because she very properly brought to my notice a letter which she had received from that young person that I learnt of your scandalous behaviour. I inclose the letter itself, that you may understand the disgust and contempt with which your conduct inspires me.—Your obedient servant,

"HONORIA PRESCOTT."

The lamentable scrawl which accompanied this letter I have copied below—at least the latter part of it, which is all that relates to myself :—

"Lore Jane i have got no end of a yung swel after me now and no mistake. quite the gent he is with a torl hatt and frock coat and spats and he comes here every day and eats what i know he dont want all for love of me and he give me $\frac{1}{2}$ a soffrin for a lock of my hare to day and rushed off blushin awful he has bin follerin me up and down the shop that loving for days, and presents of flowers that beautiful, and his name is Clement Simpson i got it off a letter he pulled out of his pocket one day he is that adgertated i think he is a friend of your missise havent i hurd you say his name but I do love him that deer so now no more from yours afexntely,

"HANNAH DOBBS."

Again I ask any charitable person with brains less distracted than my own—What *am* I to do? I wonder if Mr. Finch will give me an appointment as tract-distributor to the Esquimaux?

A Record of 1811.

OR, A SHEEP'S COAT AT SUNRISE, A MAN'S COAT AT SUNSET.

By J. R. WADE.

IT is no new thing for us to see records established one day and beaten the next, the top place nowadays being no sooner reached by one individual than challenged by another. The record in the manufacture of cloth, however, with which this article deals, though of eighty-eight years' standing, has never yet been eclipsed.

The scene of this remarkable achievement in the sartorial art is the village of Newbury, Berkshire, and it came about in this way. Mr. John Coxeter, a then well-known cloth manufacturer, the owner of Greenham Mills, at the above-named village, remarked in the course of conversation one day in the year 1811, to Sir John Throckmorton, Bart., of Newbury, "So great are the improvements in machinery which I have lately introduced into my mill, that I believe that in twenty-four hours I could take the coat off your back, reduce it to wool, and turn it back into a coat again."

The proverb says, "There's many a true word spoken in jest." So great an impression did Mr. Coxeter's boast make upon the Baronet, that shortly afterwards he inquired of Mr. Coxeter if it would really be possible to make a coat from sheep's wool between the sunrise and sunset of a summer's day. That gentleman, after carefully calculating the time required for the various processes, replied that in his opinion it could be done.

Not long after the above conversation, which took place at a dinner

party, Sir John Throckmorton laid a wager of a thousand guineas that at eight o'clock in the evening of June the 25th, 1811, he would sit down to dinner in a well-woven, properly-made coat, the wool of which formed the fleeces of sheep's backs at five o'clock that same morning. Such an achievement appearing practically impossible to his listeners, his bet was eagerly accepted.

Sir John intrusted the accomplishment of the feat to Mr. Coxeter, and shortly before five o'clock on the morning stated, the early-rising villagers of Newbury were astonished to see their worthy squire, accompanied by his shepherd and two sheep, journeying towards Greenham Mills. Promptly at five o'clock operations commenced, and no time was lost in getting the sheep shorn. Our first illustration, which is from an old print executed at the time, shows the sheep being shorn by the shepherd, and is worthy of a little attention. Sir John stands in the middle of the picture, having his measurements taken by the tailor, and it is an interesting fact that, except that all imple-



From an

SHEARING THE SHEEP.

Old Print.



From an]

MAKING THE CLOTH.

[Old Print.

ments to be used were placed in readiness on the field of action, the smallest actual operations in the making of the coat were performed between the hours mentioned.

Mr. Coxeter stands just behind the sheep-shearer, watching with an anxious eye, whilst to the right may be seen a tent, which was erected presumably for refreshments, and schoolboys climbing a greasy-pole and generally making the best of the holiday which had been accorded them in order that they might witness this singular spectacle.

The sheep being shorn, the wool was washed, stubbed, roved, spun, and woven, and our next illustration, also from an old print, shows the weaving, which was performed by Mr. Coxeter, junior, who had been found by previous competition to be the most expert workman. In the background of this picture may be seen the carcass of one of the sheep; of which more later. The curious-looking objects in the basket, held, by the way, by another of Mr. Coxeter's sons, are wool spools, while in the extreme background, looking out of the window of a quaint old cottage, may be seen "the gods in the gallery."

When we compare the primitive-looking loom seen in this picture with the powerful machinery of to-day, the record then established certainly becomes all the more wonderful.

The cloth thus manufactured was next scoured, full'd, tented, raised, sheared, dyed, and dressed, being completed by four o'clock

in the afternoon, just eleven hours after the arrival of the two sheep in the mill-yard.

In the meantime, the news of the wager had spread abroad among the neighbouring villages, bringing crowds of people eager to witness the conclusion of this extraordinary undertaking.

The cloth was now put into the hands of the tailor, Mr. James White, who had already got all measurements

ready during the operations, so that not a moment should be lost: and he, together with nine of his men, with needles all



THE FINISHED COAT.
From a Photo. by C. J. Coxeter, Abingdon.

threaded, at once started on it. For the next two hours and a quarter the tailors were busy cutting out, stitching, pressing, and sewing on buttons, in fact, generally converting the cloth into a "well woven, properly made coat," and at twenty minutes past six Mr. Coxeter presented the coat to Sir John Throckmorton, who put the garment on before an assemblage of over five thousand people, and sat down to dinner with it on, together with forty gentlemen, at eight o'clock in the evening.

Through the kindness of Sir William Throckmorton, its present owner, we are able to give our readers, in the illustration shown at the bottom of the previous page, a photograph of this wonderful coat. The garment was a large hunting-coat of the then admired dark Wellington colour, a sort of a damson tint. It had been completed in the space of thirteen hours and ten minutes, the wager thus being won with an hour and three-quarters to spare.

To commemorate the event, the two sheep



MR. CHARLES COXETER, THE ONLY LIVING EYE-WITNESS.
From a Photo. by C. J. Coxeter, Abingdon.

who were the victims of Mr. Coxeter's energy were killed and roasted whole in a meadow near by, and distributed to the public, together with 120 gallons of strong beer, this latter being the gift of Mr. Coxeter.

Our next illustration is a photograph of Mr. Charles Coxeter, of Abingdon, Berks, the only living eye-witness to this feat. He is the younger brother to the weaver of the cloth, long since dead, who is shown in our second illustration. His present age is ninety-three. When approached on the subject he said he well remembered the event, and recalls with pleasure seeing the workmen dine off portions of the sheep, in a barge on the river near the mill. The original mill unfortunately no longer stands,

having long since been destroyed, a more modern mill now occupying the site.

We now give an illustration of the silver medal which was struck in honour of the occasion. It is worded as follows:—

"Presented to Mr. John Coxeter, of Greenham Mills, by the Agricultural Society,



for manufacturing wool into cloth and into a coat in thirteen hours and ten minutes."

Mr. Coxeter was a very enterprising individual, for seemingly not content with this wonderful achievement, not many years after, in connection with the public rejoicings for peace after the Battle of Waterloo, he had a gigantic plum-pudding made, which was cooked under the supervision of twelve ladies. This monster pudding measured over 20ft. in length, and was conveyed to his house on a large timber waggon, drawn by two oxen, which were highly decorated with blue ribbons. The driver was similarly ornamented, and bore aloft an old family sword of state, presumably to give *éclat* to the occasion. Arrived at its destination, the pudding was cut up in the celebrated old mill-yard at Greenham, and distributed to all and sundry, those who had the good fortune to partake of it pronouncing the pudding to be "as nice as mother makes 'em."

The famous coat, which has found a resting-place in a glass case in Sir William

Throckmorton's hall, was exhibited at the great International Exhibition of 1851, where it attracted a great deal of attention, a few copies of the old engravings from which our first two illustrations are reproduced being eagerly bought up. Our last photograph shows the bill which was printed for that exhibition.

Over thirty years afterwards the coat was again brought before public notice, this time at the Newbury Art and Industrial Exhibition of 1884. It was photographed for the first time, by Sir William's permission, for this article. Though to us it may seem rather a curious cut for a hunting-coat, it was the approved style for those times, the long coat-tails flying to the wind during a chase. Needless to say, however, this coat has never been used for that purpose.

These are certainly days of speed, and though probably with the vastly superior machinery of to-day this wonderful performance could be eclipsed, it is interesting to notice that up to the present it has never been equalled.

ILLUSTRATIVE
OF
MANUFACTURING CELERITY
TO PROVE THE POSSIBILITY OF

WOOL
BEING MANUFACTURED INTO
CLOTH
AND MADE INTO A
COAT

BETWEEN
SUNRISE AND SUNSET.
AND WHICH WAS SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED
ON TUESDAY, THE 25th OF JUNE, 1811.
AT FIVE O'CLOCK THAT MORNING.

TWO SHEEP
BELONGING TO
SIR JOHN THROCKMORTON, BART.
WERE SHEARED BY HIS OWN SHEPHERD—
FRANCIS DRUETT,
AND THE WOOL GIVEN TO
MR. JOHN COXETER,
AT GREENHAM MILLS, NEAR
NEWBURY, BERKSHIRE:

WHO HAD
The WOOL—Spun. The YARN—Spooled, Warped,
Loomed, and Wove. The CLOTH—Buried, Milled,
Rowed, Dyed, Dried, Sheared, and Pressed

By Four o'clock—All the processes of Manufacture were
PERFORMED BY HAND IN ELEVEN HOURS.
The Cloth was then given to
MR. ISAAC WHITE, TAILOR, OF NEWBURY.
Whose Son, James White, cut the Coat out and had it made up within
TWO HOURS AND TWENTY MINUTES.
When the Master Manufacturer, Mr. John Coxeter, presented it to
SIR JOHN THROCKMORTON, BART.
*Who appeared with it on before an assembly of 5000 spectators, who had come far
and near to witness this singular and unprecedented performance completed in*
THIRTEEN HOURS & TWENTY MINUTES.

The persons who took a prominent part on this interesting occasion, are thus pointed out in the illustration of this extraordinary MANUFACTURING CELERITY.
In the centre of the Picture, the Shepherd, FRANCIS DRUETT, is represented Shearing one of the Sheep—behind him, the Master Manufacturer, MR. JOHN COXETER—on his left, MR. ISAAC WHITE, the Tailor, measuring SIR JOHN THROCKMORTON for the Coat.—To his left, in black, stands R. F. O. VILLERDS, Esq.—and before him, seated at the table, is ANTHONY BACON, Esq.—To the right of MR. COXETER, stands MR. JOHN LOCKET, a *Living Manufacturer* of Donnington—facing him and with his back towards the spectators, is MR. RICHARD DINGLEY, of Newbury, *Butcher*—the Youth beside him, is JOHN COXETER, the Son of MR. COXETER—and the one with the Basket of Wool Spools, is his Son William.—John is again represented at work at the Loom, the Lady before him, his Mother, accompanied by another Son, Samuel, a child—the Gentleman standing at the back of MR. COXETER and by the side of the Loom, is MR. JONES, the *Cotton Manufacturer* of Greenham.

BLACKET PRINTER, STAMP OFFICE, NEWBURY SERIES.

BILL PRINTED FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. We shall be glad to receive similar anecdotes, fully authenticated by names of witnesses, for use in future numbers. While the stories themselves will be matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist will treat the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.

IX.



HIS is a tale of true love that no social distinctions could hinder ; of a love that persisted in spite of misfortune, disfigurement, and poverty ; of a love that ruled not merely the camp, the court, and the grove, but the back garden also : of a love that (as Mr. Seaman sings) “was strong love, strong as a

big barn-door” ; of a love that, no doubt, would have laughed at locksmiths had the cachinnation been necessary ; that, in short, was the only genuine article, with the proper trade-mark on the label.

“Pussy” was the name of a magnificent Persian cat—a princess among cats, greatly sought by the feline nobility of the neigh-





BOWING THEIR RESPECTS.

bourhood. She was the sort of cat that no merely individual name would be good enough for; her magnificence soared above all such smallnesses, and, as she was *the* ideal cat, combining all the glories and all the beauties of cat-hood in herself, she was called, simply and comprehensively, "Pussy." She condescended to reside at the house, and at the expense, of Mr. Thomas C. Johnson, of The Firs, Alford, Lincolnshire, and all the most aristocratic Toms of the vicinity were suitors for the paw of this princess. Blue Persians, buff Persians, Manx cats, Angora cats — all were her devoted slaves, and it was generally expected that she would make a brilliant match. She had a house (or palace) of her own at the back of Mr. Johnson's. Here were her bed, her larder — an elegant shelf supporting her wire meat safe, and her special knife and fork — for her meat must be cut up for her — and her plate and saucer. And here, by the door, many suitors waited to bow their respects as she came forth to take the air. But Pussy, who trod the earth as though the planet were far too common for her use,

turned up her nose at the noble throng, and dismissed them with effective and sudden language, conjectured to be a very vigorous dialect of Persian.

Then came, meekly crawling and limping to her door, one Lamech, a cat of low degree and no particular breed. His only claim to distinction of any sort was that he

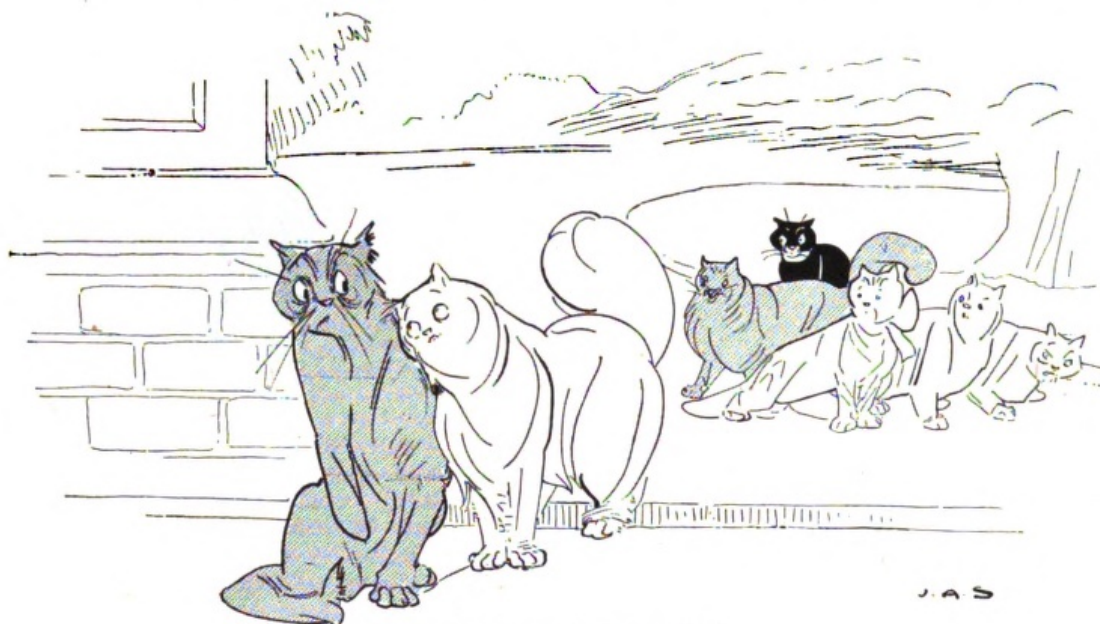


VERY VIGOROUS PERSIAN.

had lost a leg — perhaps in a weasel-trap. He was ill-fed, bony, and altogether disreputable; his ears were sore, and his coat unkempt. He came not as a suitor, but as a beggar, craving any odd scraps that the princess might have no use for. So low was he esteemed, indeed, that nobody called him Lamech, his proper name, and he was

familiarly and contemptuously known as "Three-legged Tommy." When the princess's human friends saw Three-legged Tommy hanging about, they regarded him as a

his regalement. There was intense commotion among the scorned feline nobility. Three-legged Tommy was actually admitted into that sacred palace, from the portals of

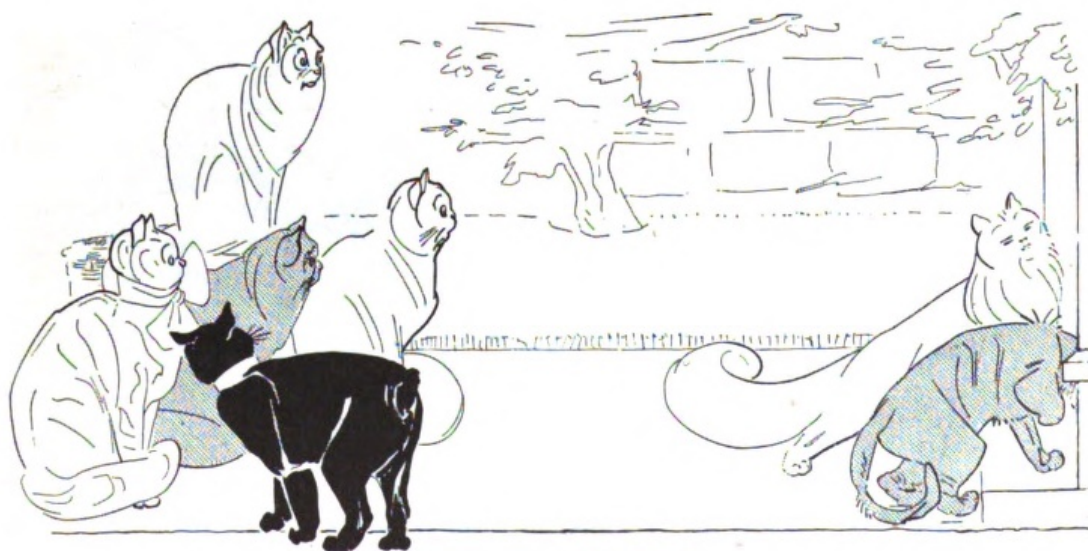


COMMOTION AMONG THE NOBILITY.

nuisance and a probable offence in the sight of the princess. Wherefore they chased him mercilessly, tempering their severities, however, by flinging him scraps of food, as far out into the road as possible.

which the most distinguished cats in Alford had been driven away!

As for Three-legged Tommy himself, he grew not only more confident, but more knowing. He came regularly at meal times.



PASSING THE SACRED PORTAL.

But presently a surprising thing was observed. Pussy actually *encouraged* Three-legged Tommy! More, she fed him, and her last drop of new milk and her last and tenderest morsel of meat were reserved for

More, he grew fatter, and less ragged. The princess enjoyed her self-sacrifice for a time, but presently she set herself to get a double ration. Sharing her provisions was all very loving and all very well, but she began to

feel that there were advantages in a full meal ; and Three-legged Tommy, now grown much more respectable, though a hopeless plebeian still, distinctly gave her to understand that he could do with a bit more.

powerless to resist her, he would rise and follow.

Meat it was, of course. And when it was cut she would attack it with every appearance of ravenous hunger—till the master's



"THE FEAST IS SPREAD FOR THEE!"

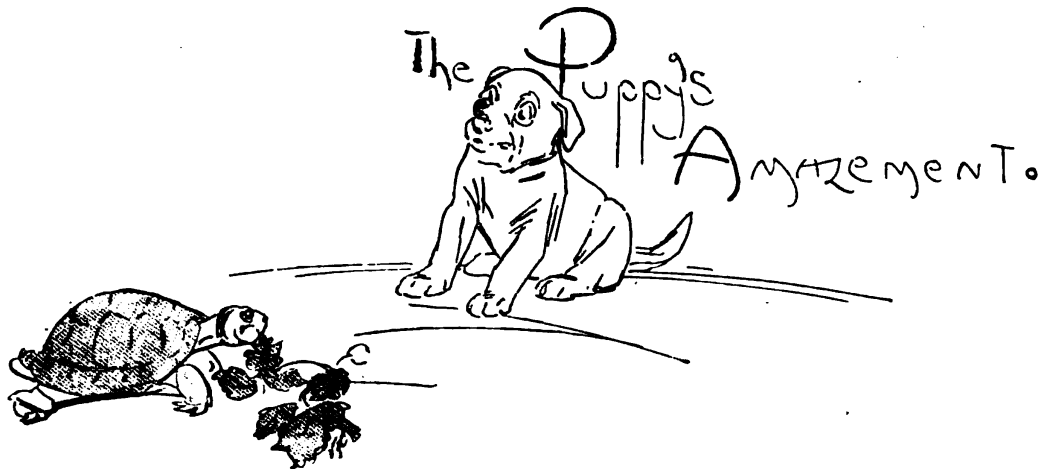
Three-legged Tommy was the princess's first and only love, but next in her affections ranked Mr. Johnson. It was her habit to follow him about the house and garden, and to confide her troubles to him, sitting on his knee. But now she tried stratagem. Five or six times a day she would assail him with piteous mews, entreating caresses, beseeching eyes, and the most irresistibly captivating manners she could assume. "What can she want?" he would say. "She has not long been fed. Is it meat, old girl?" And,

back was turned. Then—"Come, my love, the feast is spread for thee!"

Out would limp Lamech from behind some near shrub, and Pussy would sit with supreme satisfaction and watch her spouse's enjoyment of the meal she had cajoled for him. And so Three-legged Tommy waxed fat and prospered, and the Beautiful Princess was faithful to him always. Miss Mary Johnson, who was so kind as to send us the story, calls Pussy "a devoted helpmeet." We trust she meant no pun.

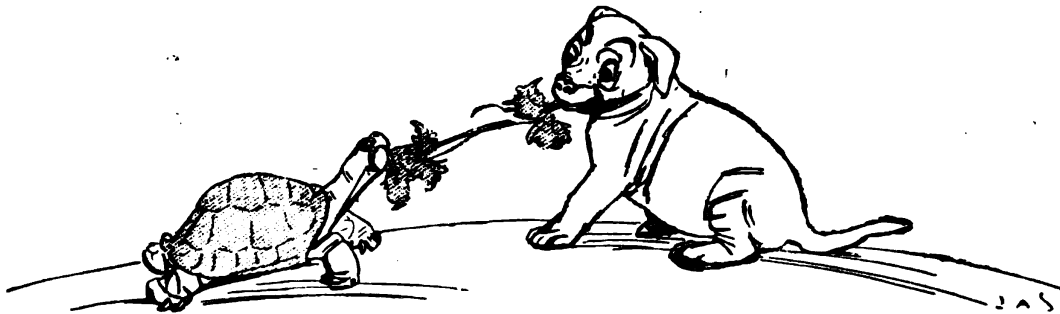


X.



TORTOISE has many virtues, as for instance, quietness, dignity, and lack of ambition. But, as a rule, activity and courage are not credited to the tortoise. This is a little anecdote of a tortoise who displayed both, in so far as to encounter, single-handed, a terrible puppy more than a fortnight old, and several inches high at the shoulder.

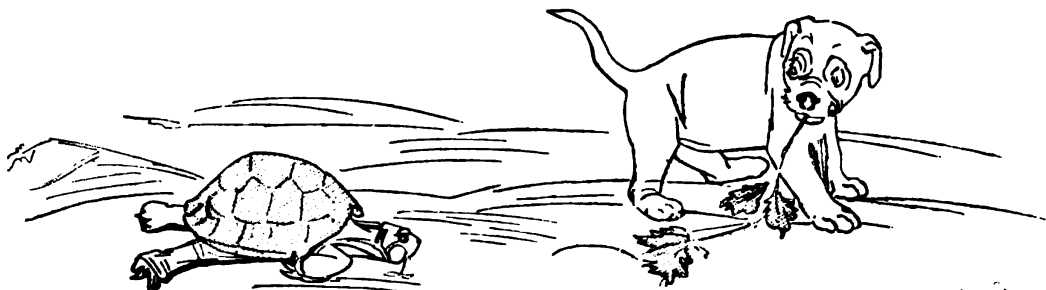
for slugs or other garden pests. The man who sells them most solemnly avers they have, but that is only his fancy; the tortoise—at any rate, the tortoise he sells—is a vegetarian, as well as a teetotaler and a non-smoker. But as to the strawberry leaves, these are longed for by the tortoise even more than lettuce leaves. Enthusiasm is not a distinguishing characteristic of the tortoise,



A MATCH.

Though the tortoise's lack of ambition may be accepted as a general principle, nevertheless it is relaxed in the ducal matter of strawberry leaves. Every tortoise of the sort we keep about our houses and gardens has an ambition for strawberry leaves—to eat. It may also be said as a warning (having nothing to do with this anecdote) that the tortoise has no ambition, or taste,

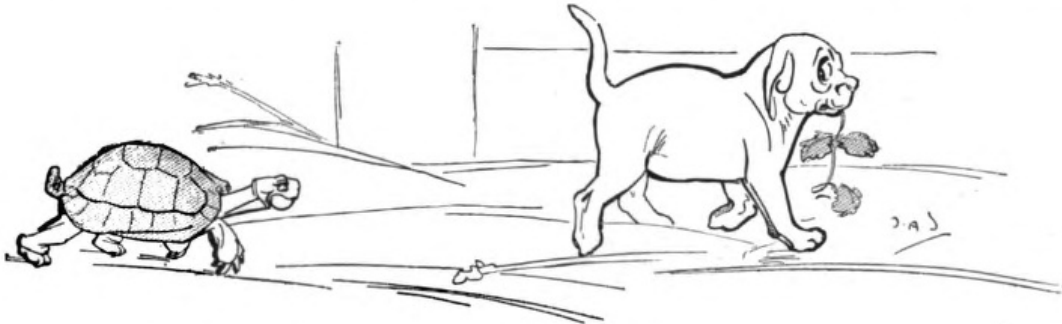
but when he is enthusiastic it is over strawberry leaves. The tortoise of our anecdote (he had no domestic name, such was his humility) had the even tenor of his life disturbed by a sudden inroad of puppies, who made things very busy about him. The puppies did not altogether understand the tortoise, and the tortoise never wanted to understand the puppies. But the puppies



A DRAG.

were playful and inquisitive. One morning, just as the tortoise had laid hold of a very acceptable "runner" of strawberry leaves, a puppy, looking for fun, seized the other end in his teeth and pulled. Something had to go, and it was the strawberry

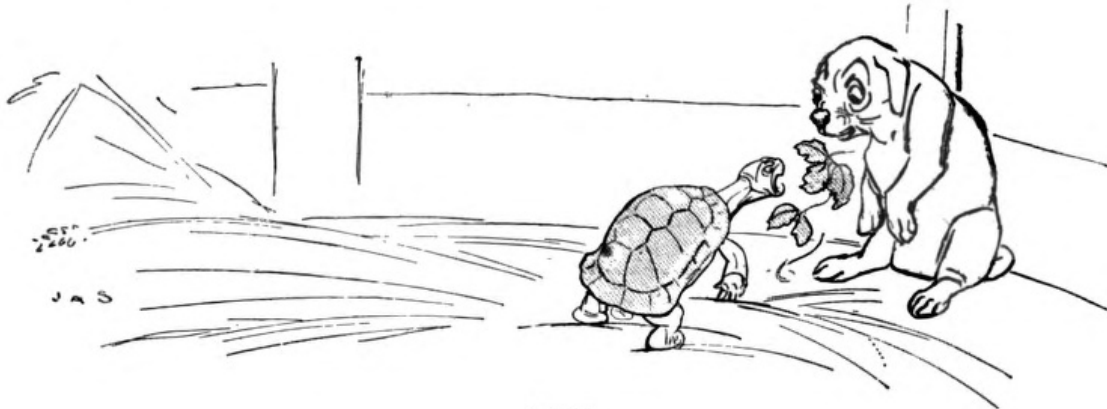
Was it really angry? What would it do to him? His experience of tortoises was small, and this one looked very threatening. Perhaps the safest game was to drop the strawberry leaves, at any rate. So dropped they were, and the puppy sat back in the



A BOLT.

leaf the tortoise happened to be biting, close by his mouth. Off went the puppy, trailing the "runner" after him, the tortoise toiling laboriously in the rear. Presently the puppy, finding that speed was no accomplishment of the tortoise, stopped at a corner and waited.

corner, a trifle apprehensive of what might happen next. But the strawberry leaves were all the tortoise wanted, and those he snatched, and straightway squatted down upon them. Then he ate them, little by little and bite by bite, at his leisure, regarding the



A SNAP.

Up came the tortoise, drums beating and colours flying, metaphorically speaking, and actually looking as threatening as a harmless tortoise can manage to look. "Snap!" went the tortoise. The puppy was nonplussed. What was this thing?

puppy defiantly the while. And the puppy carried to all his brothers and sisters a terrible tale of the prowess of that crawling monstrosity that ate leaves, and got formidably angry if you snatched them away for fun.



A VICTORY.



BY F. C. YOUNGER.

IT was midnight: the Witch was sitting on an upturned basket in the hen-house, staring at the Memory-Saver. No one but a witch could have seen at all inside the hen-house, but this particular Witch had gathered pieces of decayed wood on the way there, lit them at glow-worms, and stuck them on the walls. They burnt with a weird, blue light, and showed the old Witch on the basket scratching her bristly chin; the Black Cock in a kind of faint up one corner, with his eyes turned up till they showed the whites; the empty nest; the halves of a broken egg-shell on the floor; and beside them a tiny round black lump with all sorts of queer little tags hanging on to it, which was staring back at the Witch with two frightened little pink eyes.

"It's quite a new idea," said the Witch to herself: "A Memory-Saver! How thankful

many people would be to get hold of one! But they don't know the way, and they won't ask me. They don't know how to hatch an imp to save your memory from a cock's egg. They even say that a cock never lays eggs. Such ignorance! Cocks always lay them at midnight and eat them before morning; and that's why no one has ever seen one. But if you are careful to sprinkle the cock with Witch-water three nights running, he will lay an egg he cannot eat; and if you bless the egg with the Witch's curse, and roast it three nights in the Witch's fire, when the moon is on the wane, it will hatch a Memory-Saver. But poor mortals don't know this, and that's why they're always worrying and 'taxing their memories,' as they call it, instead of hiring a nice little imp to save them the trouble. Come here, my dear!" she added, addressing the Memory-Saver.

The little black lump rolled over and over

until he reached her feet, then gave a jump and landed on two of the thickest of his tags, which supported him like two little legs. With two others he began to rub his little black self all over, while he shed little green tears from his little pink eyes.

He was a queer little person, very like an egg in shape, with no features but a pair of little pink eyes near the top, and a wide slit which went about half-way round him and served him for a mouth. The Witch regarded him in silence; she knew that inside him was nothing but a number of little rooms, carefully partitioned off from one another, which could be emptied by pulling the tag attached to each outside.

There was no sound in the hen-house but the frightened clucking of the hens, the gasping of the Black Cock in the corner, and the sobbing of the imp, which sounded like the squeaking of a slate-pencil on a slate. Presently the Witch patted the Memory-Saver on the head.

"Don't cry, my dear," she said; "there's nothing to cry about! And don't look at that silly Black Cock in the corner. He isn't your Mother any longer. I'm your Mother now—at least, all the Mother you'll get, and I shall pinch you if you don't work. I'll just see if you are in good working order now."

She lifted the imp in her hand as she spoke, and pulled one of the little tags hanging behind him. The Memory-Saver gave a gasp, and, opening his mouth to its widest extent, he began to repeat, rapidly: "J'ai—tu as—il a—nous avons—vous avez—ils ont."

"Very good!" said the Witch, "the French string is in order. I'll try the poetry."

She pulled another tag as she spoke.

Th'Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming like purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,
When the blue-waves roll—nightly on deep Galilee

panted the Memory-Saver.

"A little jerky," said the Witch, doubling the strings round the imp and putting him in her pocket; "but it will work smother in time. It's a splendid idea," she went on, as she buttoned her cloak and opened the door. "A Memory-Saver! Pull the string of the subject you want (the name is written on each tag), and the imp will tell you all about it. Read a set of lessons to him, and then pull the strings belonging to them, and he'll reel them all off word for word. How many

children I know would like to get him to take to school in their pockets! There's little Miss Myra, who is always in trouble about her lessons; she would give all she's got for him. But I'll only part with him at my own price."

The Witch had left the hen-house, and was trotting as fast as she could down a little woodland path. The poor little Memory-Saver was jogged this way and that among the rubbish in the Witch's pocket—queer stones, herbs, little dead toads, pounded spiders, and bats' wings. He would soon have been black with bruises if he had not been black by nature. But the worst pain he suffered was anxiety as to what would become of him. What was the Witch going to do with him? Why had she taken him away from the Black Cock, who at least was friendly if he did gasp and show the whites of his eyes? The imp cried again, and wondered how long he would have to stay in that choky pocket.

He had not long to wait. That very afternoon the Witch saw Myra crying over her lessons at the window. She was kept in to learn them, and was feeling miserable and cross. No one was about, so the Witch crept up to the window, and told her all about the Memory-Saver, ending by producing him from her pocket. Oh! how glad he was to get out! He sat gasping with delight on the Witch's hand, while she explained his talents to someone. Who was it? The imp looked up and saw a little girl about ten years old, with an inky pinafore, and long, tumbled brown curls. She looked so much nicer than the Witch, that the Memory-Saver gazed up in her face with a forlorn little smile—or at least a smile that would have been "little" if his mouth had not been so wide.

"What a queer little thing!" cried Myra. "I should like to have him, only—how *could* he do all you say?"

"Just listen," said the Witch, pulling a string.

"William I., 1066—William II., 1087—Henry I., 1100—Stephen, 1135"

said the Memory-Saver, solemnly.

Myra danced with delight.

"Oh, he's splendid!" she cried. "He's just what I want. I never can remember dates. Oh, how much does he cost? I'm afraid I haven't enough money."

"I'm sure you haven't," said the Witch. "I wouldn't part with him for untold gold."

"Then it's no use," said Myra, sadly. "I

haven't even got *told* gold, only three shillings and twopence-ha'penny."

"You've got something else that will do better," said the Witch, coaxingly. "Hasn't your brother a large collection of moths and butterflies?"

"Yes," said Myra, looking rather puzzled; "but what has that to do with it?"

"Show me the top drawer of his cabinet, dear," said the Witch.

Myra walked to the cabinet, still wondering, drew out the top drawer, and took it to the window.

The Witch looked up and down the long rows of moths, each with its wings outspread on a separate pin. At last she picked out a great death's-head, and looked at it lovingly. It was a beautiful specimen, just what she wanted for her latest potion, a wonderful mixture that would enable you to turn fifteen cart-wheels on a cobweb without breaking it. "I'll give you the Memory-Saver for this," she cried, eagerly.

"Oh, but it isn't mine!" said Myra, hastily pulling back the drawer.

"It's your brother's, dear," coaxed the Witch. "You know he would not mind."

"He would," said Myra; "it's his best specimen; he told me so yesterday."

"Well, it does him no good in the drawer," pleaded the Witch; "and the Memory-Saver would prevent your being scolded and punished for not knowing your lessons, as you are almost every day. Besides, you could easily save your pocket-money and buy him another moth."

"They're so dear!" sighed Myra. "But grandma always gives me half a sovereign at Christmas. Well, if you like——"

Myra always maintains that she never gave

the Witch permission to take the moth; but, as she spoke, they both vanished, and Myra only saw the drawer with the big gap in its row of moths where the death's-head had

been, and the Memory-Saver grinning ecstatically at her from the window-sill. Poor little fellow; he was *so* glad to get away from the Witch's pocket.

Myra's first thought was to move the pins of the other moths, so as to fill up the big gap.

"Then perhaps he won't notice it's gone," she said to herself; "and, as the Witch said, it didn't do him any good in the drawer."

Then she took up the little Memory-Saver and examined him curiously. He was a funny little creature—funnier than ever just now, for he was trying to express

his joy at his change of mistresses, which produced a violent commotion in all his tags, and considerably enlarged his mouth. Myra couldn't help laughing, but as she was rather afraid of offending the Memory-Saver, she begged his pardon immediately, and made him a comfortable seat on some books on the table.

"Now, Memory-Saver," she said, "I'm going to read my lessons aloud to you, as the Witch told me. Then you'll know them all, won't you?"

The Memory-Saver nodded so emphatically, that he fell off the books. Myra picked him up, examined him anxiously to see if he were hurt, and, finding he was not, sat him down again.

"I've got two lots of lessons to do," she said, mournfully, "yesterday's and to-day's. Could you do both at once, or would it strain you too much?"

The Memory-Saver shook himself off his



"'WHAT A QUEER LITTLE THING!' CRIED MYRA."

seat this time, in his eagerness to assure her he could do twenty lots if necessary. When he was once more settled comfortably, Myra began to read. The Memory-Saver sat contentedly absorbing French, and geography, and tables.

"I wonder if you really know it all," said Myra, gravely, when she had finished. "No, don't nod any more, or you will fall off again. I'll just try one string." She took him up, found the one marked "Tables," and gave it a gentle tug.

"Once nine is nine, twice nine are eighteen, three times nine are twenty-seven," said the Memory-Saver, glibly.

"Stop! Stop! that will do!" cried Myra, delighted. "Don't use it all up before to-morrow."

The next thing was to find somewhere to keep her new treasure—some place where no one could find him; for Myra felt certain that the stupid grown-up people would not approve of her imp, or see his usefulness as clearly as she did.

"They always say, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again,' and 'You must cultivate your memory,' when I tell them I can't remember my lessons," she said to herself. "They would take the Memory-Saver away from me if they found him. I must put it somewhere so that they *can't* find him."

Such a place was not easy to find, but at last Myra fixed on the top of the wardrobe in her bedroom.

"They only dust there at spring cleaning time," she said to herself, "and I can move him then."

So she filled a box with cotton-wool, put the Memory-Saver in it, and placed it on top of the wardrobe.

"Are you quite comfortable?" she asked; and the Memory-Saver almost nodded himself out of his box in his joy. It was Paradise after the Witch's pocket.

"What a good thing he doesn't want anything to eat," thought Myra, noticing with satisfaction that the woodwork of the wardrobe quite hid him from anyone below. "The Witch said he feeds on the lessons. How horrible! I shouldn't like French verbs for breakfast, and grammar for dinner. They can't be satisfying, but anyhow, they're easy to get. I always have more than I want."

For some days the Memory-Saver was a great success. Myra put him carefully in her pocket before she went to school, and pulled the right string when she was called up to say her lessons. His voice was rather a

sing-song, but that couldn't be helped. Miss Prisms, the schoolmistress, sent home to Myra's delighted mother a report that her little girl was making wonderful progress in everything but arithmetic and writing. In these, alas, the Memory-Saver could not help her. He could say tables, and weights and measures, but could not do sums in his head, for the simple reason that he had no head.

At first he was very happy, for Myra took great care of him; but by degrees she grew careless. She found out he was quite as useful when treated roughly as when treated kindly, and as it was less trouble to treat him roughly, she did so.

"Why can't you do mental arithmetic?" she asked him, severely, one day when she had got into trouble over her sums. "Aren't you ashamed to be so ignorant, you little imp?"

The Memory-Saver waved his little tags in a wild attempt to explain that it was because he hadn't got a mind, only two little pink eyes, a big mouth, and a lot of little partitions inside him to keep the different kinds of knowledge apart. Unhappily the many bumps he had had lately had been very bad for his internal constitution, even if the bruises had not shown outside; the partitions were beginning to leak. All this he tried to explain by waving his little arms and legs. But Myra was unsympathetic and did not understand him. She scolded him heartily, and was not even melted by the little green tears that trickled from his little pink eyes into his big mouth. But she was to be punished for it. The poor little Memory-Saver had to remember all that was said to him whether he liked it or not, and so, when Myra pulled the geography string next morning in school, he began: "England is bounded on the north by Scotland . . . why can't you do mental arithmetic? . . . on the south by the English Channel . . . aren't you ashamed . . . on the east by the German Ocean . . . to be so ignorant . . . and on the west by the Irish Sea . . . you little imp . . . and St. George's Channel."

"Myra!" gasped Miss Prisms, and for at least two minutes could say no more.

"I—I—didn't mean anything," stammered Myra, blushing crimson and ready to cry.

"I should hope not," said Miss Prisms, severely. "You will learn double lessons for to-morrow, Myra."

"It's all your fault!" said Myra, angrily, to the Memory-Saver, when she got home.

"You must learn all the lessons for me, and then I'm going to slap you, do you hear? You horrid little thing!"

The Memory-Saver heard well enough, and understood too. Myra was in a very bad temper. Her brother had discovered that his death's-head moth was missing, and was making what Myra called a "ridiculous fuss"



"HER BROTHER WAS MAKING A 'RIDICULOUS FUSS.'"

about it. He had not asked her if she knew where it was, but she felt very uncomfortable all the same. She did not think he would have minded so much. Being uncomfortable, she was cross; and as she dared not be cross with Miss Prisms, she was cross with the Memory-Saver, and fulfilled her promise of slapping him when he had done the double lessons for her. She was too absorbed in her own trouble to notice that his box was half off the wardrobe top when she put him—not over-gently—into it; and the bump with which she landed on the floor as she got down from the chair on which she had been standing quite drowned the bump the box made, as it fell behind the wardrobe. The poor little Memory-Saver fell out with a crash, and lay half stunned, feebly waving his little tags. No one came to pick him up, so he lay there all through the long, dark night. He was cracked all over, and something very peculiar

had happened to his interior. In fact, though he did not know it, all the partitions had at last given way, and the French, history, spelling, geography, and tables had run into one another, and were now all mixed in one great pulpy mass inside him. No wonder he felt uncomfortable!

When Myra came for him in the morning she found out what had happened. She fished him out from behind the wardrobe with a good deal of difficulty, and looked at him in consternation. He was sticky all over with the tears he had shed, was very soft and limp, and, worst of all, was leaking the Wars of the Roses and the chief towns of France from more than one crack. However, Myra was late as it was; she had no time to examine him carefully. She put him in her pocket, and ran off to school. She put her hand in her pocket to feel if he were safe as soon as she got to her seat. He felt softer and stickier than ever. Would he be able to say the lessons? Myra felt doubtful, but as she did not remember a word of them herself, she was obliged to trust to him. Trembling she pulled the "Poetry" string, when Miss Prisms called on her for her lesson. The

Memory-Saver gasped and began; each word hurt him very much to bring out, but as they came he began to feel strange and light, happier than he had ever felt before. This is what he said: "A chieftain to the Highlands bound—cries—the feminine of adjectives is formed by adding eleven times nine are Rouen, former capital of Normandy, and heir presumptive to the throne by his descent from the son of Edward III., eleven times twelve are le père, the father, la mère, the mother—Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle, and this, Paris on the Seine . . ."

"Myra, stop at once!" cried Miss Prisms, angrily; but Myra, or, rather, the Memory-Saver, could not stop. His internal partitions were gone, and whichever string was pulled, he was obliged to let out all that was inside him. So for ten dreadful minutes he went on, pouring out French, geography,

history, and tables in one terrible mixture, while Myra wished she could sink through the floor, the girls tittered, and Miss Prisms' anger changed to anxiety. She began to fan

he said ; "let her stay away from school for a week, and send for me if another attack comes on."

Myra was not sorry for the holiday ; it

gave her time to examine the Memory-Saver carefully. She ran through the garden to a little nook by the duck-pond, where no one could see her, before she dared take him out of her pocket and look at him ! Poor little Memory-Saver ! She could hardly recognise him as the round, plump, cheery little fellow who had first beamed at her from the window-sill. He was quite flat, for Myra had sat on him in her excitement ; he was soft and pulpy ; his little pink eyes had re-

treated and lost colour, and his great mouth opened and shut in gasps, like that of a fish out of water.

Myra gazed at him horrified. What could she do to revive him ? She turned him over and fanned him with a dock-leaf, but he only gasped. Then she tried the effect of a little geography, but the result was disastrous ; as fast as it entered the poor little imp, it oozed out again all over him, and he turned almost green with pain.

"Why are you tormenting my offspring ?" said a sharp, angry voice at Myra's elbow. "Leave him alone, or give him to me ; I'm hungry !"

It was Myra's turn to gasp now ; the Black Cock had never spoken to her before, and she did not even know he could talk. She looked at him more than half-frightened.

"He—he isn't yours, he's mine," she stammered.

"Yours, indeed !" crowed the Black Cock, indignantly, "when *I* had all the trouble of laying him ! Wasn't he hatched from one of my eggs at midnight, and stolen by the Witch ?"

"I didn't know he was," said Myra.

"Well, now you do !" retorted the Cock, "Give him up ! Didn't I tell you I was hungry ?"



THE GIRLS TITTERED."

Myra with an exercise-book, begged her to be quiet, and assured her she would be "better directly." At last, however, the Memory-Saver came to an end ; he would have been much longer, but a great deal had leaked out of him in the night.

"Twelve twelves are a hundred and forty-four—Bayonne, at the mouth of the Adour, mounted the throne as Henry VII.," he concluded.

Myra burst out crying. Miss Prisms made her take sal-volatile and lie on the sofa in her sitting-room. As soon as school was over, she took Myra home herself, and told her mother the little girl must be going to have brain-fever. The doctor was called in and shook his head, looking very wise, although he could find nothing at all the matter with Myra. "It is a curious case,"

"But you wouldn't eat your own child?" cried Myra, aghast.

"Child or not," said the Black Cock, "no kind of beetles come amiss to me."

"He isn't a beetle, he's a Memory-Saver," said Myra. The Black Cock laughed, and Myra shrank back; she had never heard a Black Cock laugh before, and felt she would not be sorry to never hear it again; it was not a pleasant sound.

"I don't know anything about Memories," said the Black Cock; "but look at him, and then tell me he's not a beetle!"

Myra looked anxiously. Certainly something very curious was happening to the Memory-Saver: his little tags had arranged themselves in rows underneath him; he was growing longer, he was very like a beetle. *He was a beetle!*

Myra, who could not bear beetles, rose with a scream and threw him out of her lap on to the mud. The Black Cock rushed at him as he scuttled towards the water, but Myra drove him back, and allowed the Memory-Saver time to reach the pond. She gave a little sigh of relief as he disappeared, while the Black Cock gave an angry crow, turned his back on Myra, and stalked back to the poultry yard. He never spoke to her again, but whether it was because he was too offended, or for other reasons, Myra never knew.

"After all," she thought, as she went home, "I'm glad he turned into a water-beetle. It must be much more comfortable than always being full of lessons. I suppose he'll live on mud now. I hope he'll be happy. He was a good little fellow, and I wish I'd been kinder to him. How interested they will all be at home when I tell them about him!"

But they were not. They said she must be going to have brain-fever, and sent for the doctor again. The only part of her story they believed was that she had taken her brother's moth from the cabinet, and this they said was naughty, and she must save up her pocket-money and buy another.

"I'll never, *never* tell a grown-up person anything again!" thought Myra.

As for the Memory-Saver, at the bottom of the pond he met a pretty young lady water-beetle, and asked her to marry him at once,



"SHE THREW HIM OUT OF HER LAP."

which she did. He raised a large family, and lived very happily ever after. None of the ducks dare touch him for fear of the Witch, so that he found life much more pleasant than when he was a Memory-Saver. Myra often walked round the pond, looking for him, but she never saw either him or the old Witch again.

Curiosities.*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A MAMMOTH SHIRT.

The immense shirt seen in the illustration below was constructed for a shirtmaker at Sioux City, Iowa. It was mounted on a bicycle and figured in the parades of the Carnival Festival in October of last year. The yoke measured 5ft. 2in. from shoulder to shoulder, waist 21ft. 3in., height 8ft., and collar size 57in. and 12in. high. Twenty-five yards of muslin were used in making it, and the ironing of the bosom was no small job, taking an expert 2¼ hours. Our photograph was taken on "Bicycle Day." Previously, on "Industrial Day," it had taken first prize as the most novel exhibit. On that day the bicycle riders were not in evidence, nor was the man in the collar, the shirt gliding gracefully along the street without apparent motive power. The photograph was sent in by Mr. E. Davis, Sioux City, Iowa, U.S.A.



ANOTHER TRADE TROPHY.

This charming model of Conway Castle and Bridge is made entirely from tobacco and cigarettes, and is the work of Mr. John H. Harrison, of 247, West Derby Road, Liverpool. Mr. Harrison writes as follows: "The length of the model, which I am exhibiting in my window, is 8½ft.; depth, 2½ft.; height, from surface of water to top of towers, 3ft. The real genuine article is used for the water, in which gold-fish disport themselves, although for the purposes of the photo. we substituted mirrors. This model has been a great source of attraction."



ENTERPRISE EXTRAORDINARY—AND ITS RESULT.

In the spring of each year the enterprising firm of Cartwright and Headington, of Portland, Ind., U.S.A., present their customers with pumpkin seed, offering substantial prizes for the heaviest pumpkin grown from their seed. The specimen seen in our photo., which was sent in by Mr. Clyde S. Whipple, of the Auditorium, Portland, is the prize-winner out of 140 competitors. It weighs 153lb., and is 7ft. in circumference. The little boy inside is four years old.



FOR THE USE OF CHORISTERS.

Here we see a gigantic "singing trumpet," which is preserved in East Leake Parish Church, Northamptonshire. Only four or five specimens of these trumpets are now in existence. They appear to have been used in some of the Midland Counties until a generation or so ago, and were patronized by bass singers only. The effect of singing through the trumpet was to give great depth and power to the voice. The large end rested on the front of the gallery, while the other was held in the hand. When drawn out to its full extent (it has one slide, like a telescope), the trumpet measures 7ft. 6in., and its mouth is 1ft. 9in. in diameter. Truly, a fearsome instrument! Photo. sent in by Mr. Philip E. Mellard, M.B., Costock Rectory, Loughborough.

NOAH'S ARK.

This quaint sculptured stone is now included with many other fragments, evidently of some church, in a wall in Appleby, Westmorland. At first one wonders how the dove—who has unfortunately lost her head—ever managed to leave the ark either by



the window or by the magnificent iron-plated door, but this wonder gives place to amazement when one notices the size of the patriarch's hand (seen through the window), and commences to speculate on how he, his children, and the animals find accommodation for their grand proportions in this small boat; the problem of packing them would tax the ingenuity of a sardine-merchant. Photo. sent in by Mr. A. S. Reid, Trinity College, Glenalmond.

FACES IN A MAPLE KNOT.

At first sight this photo. looks like an ancient gargoyle off some church tower, but it is in reality nothing more or less than a knot of maple, found near Mausaukee, Wis., U.S.A., by a man of that town. The finder positively asserts that no knife has been



used to produce the faces. You will notice that the mouth of the upper face is even equipped with teeth. We are indebted for the photo. to Mr. T. R. Bowring, photographer, of De Pere, Wisconsin.

AN EARLY PHOTO. OF GENERAL GORDON.

The accompanying photo has a melancholy interest.

It represents General Gordon as a Captain in the Royal Engineers, and was taken in 1858 or '59. Our photo. was taken from a scrap-book, which formerly belonged to the late Mr. James Payn. We are indebted to Mr. H. Powell, 1, Swinton Street, King's Cross, W.C., for forwarding the original from photo.



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE DEVIL'S SPOUT.

Some months ago we reproduced a photo. of the "Puffing Hole" of Kilkee, Ireland. Here we have a view of a similar phenomenon situated on the coast of Durham, between South Shields and Marsden. At certain times of the tide, and during stormy weather, the water rushes into a cave by an opening at the sea level. This water, together with an enormous quantity of imprisoned air, spouts out of a small hole at the apex of the cavern to an immense height, and, if the sun happens to be shining, a beautiful rainbow is formed. Local tradition, of course, assigns the authorship of this phenomenon to his Satanic Majesty, the hole being known as the "Devil's Spout." Photo. sent in by Mr. H. Eltringham, Eastgarth, Westoe, S. Shields.

A PHONOGRAPHIC POST-CARD.

Addressing communications to the post just for the pleasure of seeing whether the hard-worked authorities will be equal to deciphering them is perhaps not very considerate, but the officials are so very rarely found at fault that the laugh is almost always on their side. This phonographic post-card was delivered at the house of Mr. E. H. King, of Belle View House, Richmond, Surrey, who sent us the card within an hour and a half after he had posted it to himself locally.



A PERAMBULATING TOWER.

The gentleman seen in this excellent little snap-shot is a Covent Garden porter, and he is carrying the fourteen bushel baskets seen in our photo. in the execution of his ordinary duties. The baskets make a column of some 196in., or 16ft. 4in. Add 5ft. 10in. as the height of the carrier, and you get a walking



column 22ft. 2in. high. The carrying of these baskets was not done for a wager. There is room for speculation as to what would have been the result of the sudden advent of a runaway horse. Photo. by Mr. W. B. Northrop, 35, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

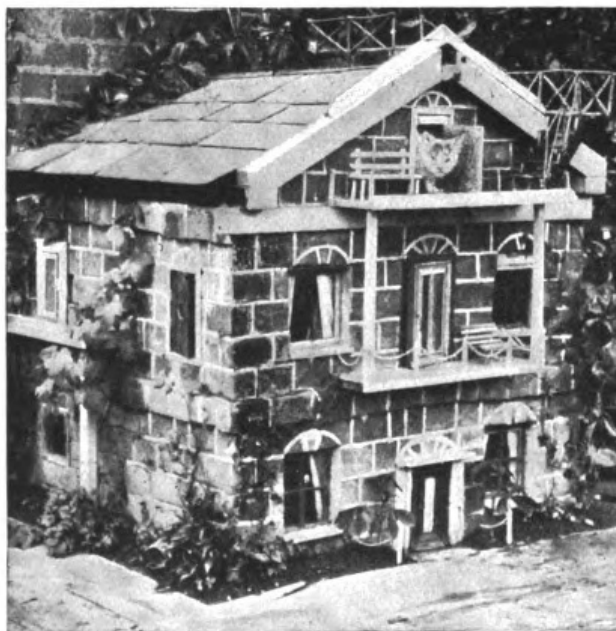


A PAPER TELESCOPE.

This is probably the largest paper telescope in Great Britain. The body of the instrument is entirely covered with thick brown paper, its length being 25ft., and the object glass 12in. in diameter. With this apparatus, the mountains on the surface of the moon appear with great clearness. The group represents a family studying astronomy. The girl standing by the side of the gentleman looking through the telescope holds a Nautical Almanac in her hand, and is aiding the observers with details from its valuable records.

LITERARY WASPS.

Says the Rev. W. B. Thomas, of The Beeches, Ozmaaston, Haverfordwest, who forwarded the annexed photo. : "A number of books were put away in a box in an attic, and forgotten. When the dog-days came, with their sultry heat, the windows of the attic were kept wide open, with the result that a swarm of wasps took possession of the box and built their combs out of the books, boring right through many of the stout covers. The difficulty of rescuing the remains of the books, and dislodging the wasps, was consider-



able, and involved many painful stings." Our photo. shows the combs after prolonged immersion in water, together with some pieces of the books.

THE CATS' COTTAGE.

The luxurious little mansion seen in the accompanying reproduction is built of bricks cut to about one-fourth of their usual size, and the windows are of glasses fitted into wooden frames in the usual manner. There are four rooms—each with plastered walls and carpeted floor—and a "practicable" staircase leads to the first and second



floors. The house was built by Stanley Barlow, a son of the Moravian minister of Leominster, as a residence for his two cats, who have lived in it for more than a year, making good use of all the arrangements for their comfort, and apparently quite proud of their unique little domicile. The building is 4ft. 5in. high, and 4ft. broad, and boasts the name of "Tunncliffe Villa," the owner being an enthusiastic admirer of the Yorkshire batsman. Photo. sent in by Mr. Alf. Death, of Fern Cottage, Leominster.



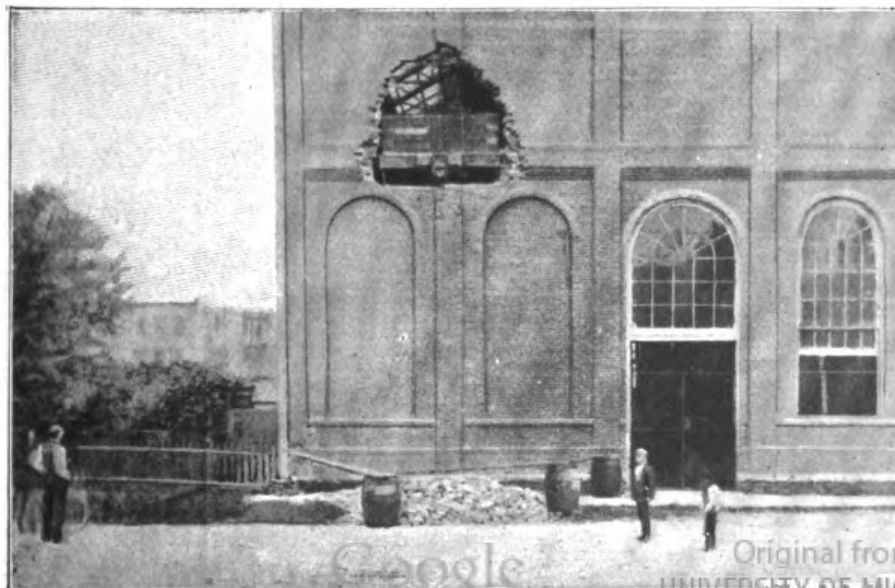
From a Photo. by W. Girling, Stradbroke.

REMARKABLE WHEAT STACK.

The stack shown in the accompanying illustration has been standing upon a farm at Stradbroke, in Suffolk, for over twenty-one years, and is probably the oldest in England. It is the produce of a field of wheat grown in 1877, when prices ruled somewhat high, and the owner declared that he would not sell it for less than 30s. per coomb. As the market value has never risen to this figure he has rigorously kept to his word, and the stack remains unthrashed to this day. Externally, it presents quite an antique appearance, and a glance at our illustration will show what havoc the rats have made; and every few years, when the stack is re-thatched, the blackened straw contrasts strangely with its new roof. Photo. sent in by Mr. E. Bond, The Rookery, Eye, Suffolk.

A RUNAWAY COAL-TRUCK.

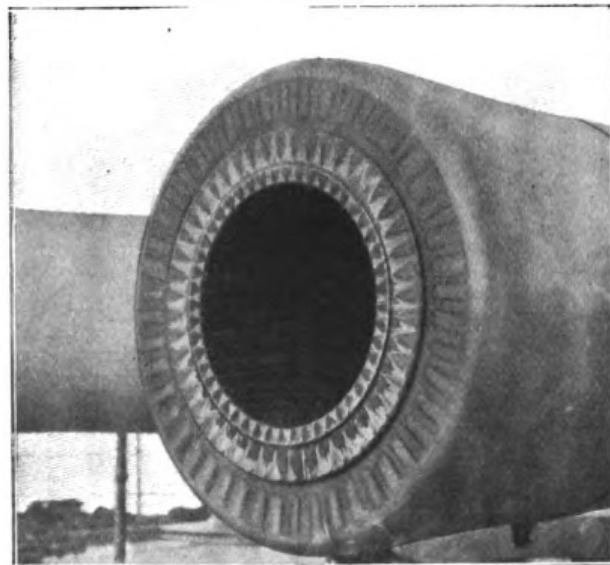
The car seen peering out of a breach in the wall of the building in our photo. was loaded with twenty tons of coal, and belonged to the Orange



Electric Light and Power Co., of New Jersey. It was given a push by its engine about a quarter of a mile from the incline, which rises steeply from the ground to the first floor of the building seen in our illustration. Apparently the push was too hard, for the truck went away at a tremendous pace, which the brakeman was powerless to moderate, sailed up the incline like a bird, and was brought to a standstill by the brick wall, out of which it "butted" a huge fragment. Photo. sent in by Mr. W. H. Wagner, 105, Watchung Avenue, West Orange, N.J.

MARKINGS ON THE MUZZLE OF A GUN.

This photo. shows the muzzle of a 12-inch gun.



The curious markings are always to be observed, to a greater or less extent, upon firing any gun; they are probably caused by the escape of the gases past the "driving-band" at the moment it leaves the muzzle. The "driving-band" is the brass ring on the base of the projectile, which cuts its way through the rifling of the gun, giving the shot the necessary rotary movement. The regularity of each spurt of gas is very singular. We are indebted for the snapshot to an officer in H. M. Navy.



"THE SPITE HOUSE."

This odd building stands on the corner of 161st Street and Melrose Avenue, New York City. It is a bit over 4ft. in depth, 17ft. frontage, and one and a-half storeys high, with a basement and sub-basement built under the broad sidewalk, extending to the curb. The house itself is of wood, on a steel frame, and has a slate roof. Its owner is an eccentric tailor, who lives and carries on his trade below the street. The interior consists of a small show-room, a store-room, and spiral iron stairway going down to the "lower regions." The upper storey seems to have been constructed merely as a finishing touch. It is reached by an iron ladder from the store-room. The entire construction, appointments, and fittings are very ingenious, and are all the ideas of the owner. The story of the house is that the original lot was cut away in opening the avenue, save only the few feet now occupied by the building. A controversy arose between the tailor and the owner of the adjoining property regarding the disposal of the small strip, and the tailor becoming enraged because his neighbour would neither sell his property nor pay the price the knight of the shears demanded, built this odd structure out of spite. The photo. was taken just at the completion of the building, and before the street had been fully paved. It shows, however, the dimensions of the building, and also the construction under the street, etc. Photo. sent in by Mr. W. R. Yard, 156, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

usual way. When opened, however, the yolk was found to be in the form of a cord 45in. long and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide. It was irregularly coiled up, twisted many times, and had a knot firmly tied in the middle. Altogether, it was very much like a long bootlace of a deep yellow colour." The original is now in the Museum of the University of Melbourne.

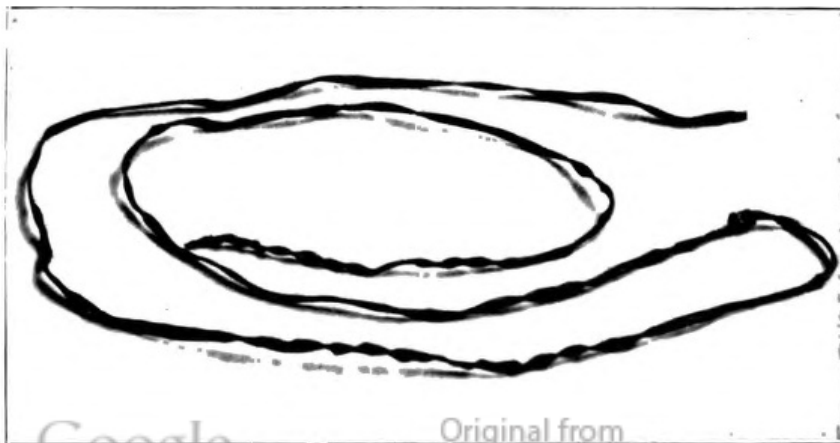
A CANDIDATE FOR APOPLEXY.

Here is an amusing snap-shot of a boy hanging head downwards from the roof of a summer-house. From the expression of delirious joy on his face, it is evident that the young gentleman finds it difficult to maintain his position. We are indebted for the snap-shot to Mrs. R. A. Hayes, 82, Merrion Square South, Dublin.



AN EGG WITH A BOOT-LACE YOLK.

We have heard much of the vagaries of the breakfast egg of commerce, but the egg which contained the extraordinary yolk seen in the annexed photo. must assuredly have been quite out of the common run. We will let Dr. James T. Mitchell, of 15, Raglan Street, South Ballarat, Victoria, who sent us the photo., tell the story. "The photo.," he says, "shows the yolk of a pullet's egg, which was boiled for breakfast in the



Original from
From a Photo. by RICHARDS & Co., Ballarat.
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



“DO NOT HURT HIM,” SAID SHE; “I THINK THAT HIS PUNISHMENT
MAY SAFELY BE LEFT TO THE LAW.”

(See page 252.)

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No. 99.

Round the Fire.

X.—THE STORY OF B 24.

(AS ADDRESSED TO MAJOR MERIVALE, INSPECTOR OF PRISONS.)

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



TOLD my story when I was taken, and no one would listen to me. Then I told it again at the trial—the whole thing absolutely as it happened, without so much as a word added. I set it all out truly, so help me God, all that Lady Mannering said and did, and then all that I had said and done, just as it occurred. And what did I get for it? “The prisoner put forward a rambling and inconsequential statement, incredible in its details, and unsupported by any shred of corroborative evidence.” That was what one of the London papers said, and others let it pass as if I had made no defence at all. And yet, with my own eyes I saw Lord Mannering murdered, and I am as guiltless of it as any man upon the jury that tried me.

Now, sir, you are there to receive the petitions of prisoners. It all lies with you. All I ask is that you read it—just read it—and then that you make an inquiry or two about the private character of this Lady Mannering, if she still keeps the name that she had three years ago, when to my sorrow and ruin I came to meet her. You could use a private inquiry agent or a good lawyer, and you would soon learn enough to show you that my story is the true one. Think of the glory it would be to you to have all the papers saying that there would have been a shocking miscarriage of justice if it had not been for your perseverance and intelligence! That must be your reward, since I am a poor man and can offer you nothing. But if you don't do it, may you never lie easy in your bed again! May no night pass that you are not haunted by the thought of the man who rots in gaol because you have not done the duty which you are paid to do! But you will do it, sir, I know. Just make one or two inquiries, and you will soon find which way the wind blows. Remember, also, that

the only person who profited by the crime was herself, since it changed her from an unhappy wife to a rich young widow. There's the end of the string in your hand, and you only have to follow it up and see where it leads to.

Mind you, sir, I make no complaint as far as the burglary goes. I don't whine about what I have deserved, and so far I have had no more than I have deserved. Burglary it was, right enough, and my three years have gone to pay for it. It was shown at the trial that I had had a hand in the Merton Cross business, and did a year for that, so my story had the less attention on that account. A man with a previous conviction never gets a really fair trial. I own to the burglary, but when it comes to the murder which brought me a lifer—any judge but Sir James might have given me the gallows—then I tell you that I had nothing to do with it, and that I am an innocent man. And now I'll take that night, the 13th of September, 1894, and I'll give you just exactly what occurred, and may God's hand strike me down if I go one inch over the truth.

I had been at Bristol in the summer looking for work, and then I had a notion that I might get something at Portsmouth, for I was trained as a skilled mechanic, so I came tramping my way across the south of England, and doing odd jobs as I went. I was trying all I knew to keep off the cross, for I had done a year in Exeter Gaol, and I had had enough of visiting Queen Victoria. But it's cruel hard to get work when once the black mark is against your name, and it was all I could do to keep soul and body together. At last, after ten days of wood-cutting and stone-breaking on starvation pay, I found myself near Salisbury with a couple of shillings in my pocket, and my boots and my patience clean wore out. There's an ale-house called “The Willing Mind,” which stands on the road between Blandford and Salisbury, and it was there that

night that I engaged a bed. I was sitting alone in the tap-room just about closing time, when the innkeeper—Allen his name was—came beside me and began yarning about the neighbours. He was a man that liked to talk and to have someone to listen to his talk, so I sat there smoking and drinking a mug of ale which he had stood me; and I took no great interest in what he said until he began to talk (as the devil would have it) about the riches of Mannering Hall.

I said nothing, but I listened, and as luck would have it he would always come back to this one subject.

"He was a miser young, so you can think what he is now in his age," said he. "Well, he's had some good out of his money."

"What good can he have had if he does not spend it?" said I.

"Well, it bought him the prettiest wife in England, and that was some good that he got out of it. She thought she would have



"HE BEGAN TO TALK ABOUT THE RICHES OF MANNERING HALL."

"Meaning the large house on the right before I came to the village?" said I. "The one that stands in its own park?"

"Exactly," said he—and I am giving all our talk so that you may know that I am telling you the truth and hiding nothing. "The long white house with the pillars," said he. "At the side of the Blandford Road."

Now I had looked at it as I passed, and it had crossed my mind, as such thoughts will, that it was a very easy house to get into with that great row of ground windows and glass doors. I had put the thought away from me, and now here was this landlord bringing it back with his talk about the riches within.

the spending of it, but she knows the difference now."

"Who was she, then?" I asked, just for the sake of something to say.

"She was nobody at all until the old Lord made her his Lady," said he. "She came from up London way, and some said that she had been on the stage there, but nobody knew. The old Lord was away for a year, and when he came home he brought a young wife back with him, and there she has been ever since. Stephens, the butler, did tell me once that she was the light of the house when first she came, but what with her husband's mean and aggravatin' ways, and

what with her loneliness—for he hates to see a visitor within his doors; and what with his bitter words—for he has a tongue like a hornet's sting, her life all went out of her, and she became a white, silent creature, moping about the country lanes. Some say that she loved another man, and that it was just the riches of the old Lord which tempted her to be false to her lover, and that now she is eating her heart out because she has lost the one without being any nearer to the other, for she might be the poorest woman in the parish for all the money that she has the handling of."

Well, sir, you can imagine that it did not interest me very much to hear about the quarrels between a Lord and a Lady. What did it matter to me if she hated the sound of his voice, or if he put every indignity upon her in the hope of breaking her spirit, and spoke to her as he would never have dared to speak to one of his servants? The landlord told me of these things, and of many more like them, but they passed out of my mind, for they were no concern of mine. But what I did want to hear was the form in which Lord Mannering kept his riches. Title-deeds and stock certificates are but paper, and more danger than profit to the man who takes them. But metal and stones are worth a risk. And then, as if he were answering my very thoughts, the landlord told me of Lord Mannering's great collection of gold medals, that it was the most valuable in the world, and that it was reckoned that if they were put into a sack the strongest man in the parish would not be able to raise them. Then his wife called him, and he and I went to our beds.

I am not arguing to make out a case for myself, but I beg you, sir, to bear all the facts in your mind, and to ask yourself whether a man could be more sorely tempted than I was. I make bold to say that there are few who could have held out against it. There I lay on my bed that night, a desperate man without hope or work, and with my last shilling in my pocket. I had tried to be honest, and honest folk had turned their backs upon me. They taunted me for theft; and yet they pushed me towards it. I was caught in the stream and could not get out. And then it was such a chance: the great house all lined with windows, the golden medals which could so easily be melted down. It was like putting a loaf before a starving man and expecting him not to eat it. I fought against it for a time, but it was no use. At last I sat up on the side of my bed, and I

swore that that night I should either be a rich man and able to give up crime for ever, or that the irons should be on my wrists once more. Then I slipped on my clothes, and, having put a shilling on the table—for the landlord had treated me well, and I did not wish to cheat him—I passed out through the window into the garden of the inn.

There was a high wall round this garden, and I had a job to get over it, but once on the other side it was all plain sailing. I did not meet a soul upon the road, and the iron gate of the avenue was open. No one was moving at the lodge. The moon was shining, and I could see the great house glimmering white through an archway of trees. I walked up it for a quarter of a mile or so, until I was at the edge of the drive, where it ended in a broad, gravelled space before the main door. There I stood in the shadow and looked at the long building, with a full moon shining in every window and silvering the high stone front. I crouched there for some time, and I wondered where I should find the easiest entrance. The corner window of the side seemed to be the one which was least overlooked, and a screen of ivy hung heavily over it. My best chance was evidently there. I worked my way under the trees to the back of the house, and then crept along in the black shadow of the building. A dog barked and rattled his chain, but I stood waiting until he was quiet, and then I stole on once more until I came to the window which I had chosen.

It is astonishing how careless they are in the country, in places far removed from large towns, where the thought of burglars never enters their heads. I call it setting temptation in a poor man's way when he puts his hand, meaning no harm, upon a door, and finds it swing open before him. In this case it was not so bad as that, but the window was merely fastened with the ordinary catch, which I opened with a push from the blade of my knife. I pulled up the window as quickly as possible, and then I thrust the knife through the slit in the shutter and prized it open. They were folding shutters, and I shoved them before me and walked into the room.

"Good evening, sir! You are very welcome!" said a voice.

I've had some starts in my life, but never one to come up to that one. There, in the opening of the shutters, within reach of my arm, was standing a woman with a small coil of wax taper burning in her hand. She

was tall and straight and slender, with a beautiful white face that might have been cut out of clear marble, but her hair and eyes were as black as night. She was dressed in some sort of white dressing-gown which flowed down to her feet, and what with this robe and what with her face, it seemed as if

with which I had opened the shutter. I was unshaven and grimed from a week on the roads. Altogether, there are few people who would have cared to face me alone at one in the morning; but this woman, if I had been her lover meeting her by appointment, could not have looked upon me with a more wel-



"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!" SAID SHE.

a spirit from above was standing in front of me. My knees knocked together, and I held on to the shutter with one hand to give me support. I should have turned and run away if I had had the strength, but I could only just stand and stare at her.

She soon brought me back to myself once more.

"Don't be frightened!" said she, and they were strange words for the mistress of a house to have to use to a burglar. "I saw you out of my bedroom window when you were hiding under those trees, so I slipped downstairs, and then I heard you at the window. I should have opened it for you if you had waited, but you managed it yourself just as I came up."

I still held in my hand the long clasp-knife

coming eye. She laid her hand upon my sleeve and drew me into the room.

"What's the meaning of this, ma'am? Don't get trying any little games upon me," said I, in my roughest way—and I can put it on rough when I like. "It'll be the worse for you if you play me any trick," I added, showing her my knife.

"I will play you no trick," said she. "On the contrary, I am your friend, and I wish to help you."

"Excuse me, ma'am, but I find it hard to believe that," said I. "Why should you wish to help me?"

"I have my own reasons," said she; and then suddenly, with those black eyes blazing out of her white face: "It's because I hate him, hate him, hate him! Now you understand."

I remembered what the landlord had told me, and I did understand. I looked at her Ladyship's face, and I knew that I could trust her. She wanted to revenge herself upon her husband. She wanted to hit him where it would hurt him most—upon the pocket. She hated him so that she would even lower her pride to take such a man as me into her confidence if she could gain her end by doing so. I've hated some folk in my time, but I don't think I ever understood what hate was until I saw that woman's face in the light of the taper.

'You'll trust me now?' said she, with another coaxing touch upon my sleeve.

"Yes, your Ladyship."

"You know me, then?"

"I can guess who you are."

"I daresay my wrongs are the talk of the

"No, your Ladyship."

"Shut the shutter behind you. Then no one can see the light. You are quite safe. The servants all sleep in the other wing. I can show you where all the most valuable things are. You cannot carry them all, so we must pick the best."

The room in which I found myself was long and low, with many rugs and skins scattered about on a polished wood floor. Small cases stood here and there, and the walls were decorated with spears and swords and paddles, and other things which find their way into museums. There were some queer clothes, too, which had been brought from savage countries, and the lady took down a large leather sack-bag from among them.

"This sleeping-sack will do," said she.



"NOW COME WITH ME"

county. But what does he care for that? He only cares for one thing in the whole world, and that you can take from him this night. Have you a bag?"

"Now come with me, and I will show you where the medals are."

It was like a dream to me to think that this tall, white woman was the lady of the

house, and that she was lending me a hand to rob her own home. I could have burst out laughing at the thought of it, and yet there was something in that pale face of hers which stopped my laughter and turned me cold and serious. She swept on in front of me like a spirit, with the green taper in her hand, and I walked behind with my sack until we came to a door at the end of this museum. It was locked, but the key was in it, and she led me through.

The room beyond was a small one, hung all round with curtains which had pictures on them. It was the hunting of a deer that was painted on it, as I remember, and in the flicker of that light you'd have sworn that the dogs and the horses were streaming round the walls. The only other thing in the room was a row of cases made of walnut, with brass ornaments. They had glass tops, and beneath this glass I saw the long lines of those gold medals, some of them as big as a plate and half an inch thick, all resting upon red velvet and glowing and gleaming in the darkness. My fingers were just itching to be at them, and I slipped my knife under the lock of one of the cases to wrench it open.

"Wait a moment," said she, laying her hand upon my arm. "You might do better than this."

"I am very well satisfied, ma'am," said I, "and much obliged to your Ladyship for kind assistance."

"You can do better," she repeated. "Would not golden sovereigns be worth more to you than these things?"

"Why, yes," said I. "That's best of all."

"Well," said she. "He sleeps just above our head. It is but one short staircase. There is a tin box with money enough to fill this bag under his bed."

"How can I get it without waking him?"

"What matter if he does wake?" She looked very hard at me as she spoke. "You could keep him from calling out."

"No, no, ma'am, I'll have none of that."

"Just as you like," said she. "I thought that you were a stout-hearted sort of man by your appearance, but I see that I made a mistake. If you are afraid to run the risk of one old man, then of course you cannot have the gold which is under his bed. You are the best judge of your own business, but I should think that you would do better at some other trade."

"I'll not have murder on my conscience."

"You could overpower him without harming him. I never said anything of murder. The money lies under the bed. But if you are faint-hearted, it is better that you should not attempt it."

She worked upon me so, partly with her scorn and partly with this money which she held before my eyes, that I believe I should have yielded and taken my chances upstairs, had it not been that I saw her eyes following the struggle within me in such a crafty, malignant fashion, that it was evident she was bent upon making me the tool of her revenge, and that she would leave me no choice but to do the old man an injury



"HIST! SHE WHISPERED."

or to be captured by him. She felt suddenly that she was giving herself away, and she changed her face to a kindly, friendly smile, but it was too late, for I had had my warning.

"I will not go upstairs," said I. "I have all I want here."

She looked her contempt at me, and there never was a face which could look it plainer.

"Very good. You can take these medals. I should be glad if you would begin at this end. I suppose they will all be the same value when they are melted down, but these are the ones which are the rarest, and, therefore, the most precious to him. It is not necessary to break the locks. If you press that brass knob you will find that there is a secret spring. So! Take that small one first—it is the very apple of his eye."

She had opened one of the cases, and the beautiful things all lay exposed before me. I had my hand upon the one which she had pointed out, when suddenly a change came over her face, and she held up one finger as a warning. "Hist!" she whispered. "What is that?"

Far away in the silence of the house we heard a low, dragging, shuffling sound, and the distant tread of feet. She closed and fastened the case in an instant.

"It's my husband!" she whispered. "All right. Don't be alarmed. I'll

arrange it. Here! Quick, behind the tapestry!"

She pushed me behind the painted curtains upon the wall, my empty leather bag still in my hand. Then she took her taper and walked quickly into the room from which we had come. From where I stood I could see her through the open door.

"Is that you, Robert?" she cried.

The light of a candle shone through the door of the museum, and the shuffling steps came nearer and nearer. Then I saw a face in the doorway, a great, heavy face, all lines and creases, with a huge curving nose and a pair of gold glasses fixed across it. He had to throw his head back to see through the glasses, and that great nose thrust out in front of him like the beak of some sort of fowl. He was a big man, very tall and burly, so that in his loose dressing-gown his figure seemed to fill up the whole doorway. He had a pile of grey, curling hair all round his head, but his face was clean-shaven. His mouth was thin and small and



"HE STOOD THERE HOLDING THE CANDLE."

prim, hidden away under his long, masterful nose. He stood there, holding the candle in front of him, and looking at his wife with a queer, malicious gleam in his eyes. It only needed that one look to tell me that he was as fond of her as she was of him.

"How is this?" he asked. "Some new tantum? What do you mean by wandering

about the house? Why don't you go to bed?"

"I could not sleep," she answered. She spoke languidly and wearily. If she was an actress once, she had not forgotten her calling.

"Might I suggest," said he, in the same mocking kind of voice, "that a good conscience is an excellent aid to sleep?"

"That cannot be true," she answered, "for you sleep very well."

"I have only one thing in my life to be ashamed of," said he, and his hair bristled up with anger until he looked like an old cockatoo. "You know best what that is. It is a mistake which has brought its own punishment with it."

"To me as well as to you. Remember that!"

"You have very little to whine about. It was I who stooped and you who rose."

"Rose!"

"Yes, rose. I suppose you do not deny that it is promotion to exchange the music-hall for Mannering Hall. Fool that I was ever to take you out of your true sphere!"

"If you think so, why do you not separate?"

"Because private misery is better than public humiliation. Because it is easier to suffer for a mistake than to own to it. Because also I like to keep you in my sight, and to know that you cannot go back to him."

"You villain! You cowardly villain!"

"Yes, yes, my lady. I know your secret ambition, but it shall never be while I live, and if it happens after my death I will at least take care that you go to him as a beggar. You and dear Edward will never have the satisfaction of squandering my savings, and you may make up your mind to that, my lady. Why are those shutters and the window open?"

"I found the night very close."

"It is not safe. How do you know that some tramp may not be outside? Are you aware that my collection of medals is worth more than any similar collection in the world? You have left the door open also. What is there to prevent anyone from rifling the cases?"

"I was here."

"I know you were. I heard you moving about in the medal room, and that was why I came down. What were you doing?"

"Looking at the medals. What else should I be doing?"

"This curiosity is something new." He looked suspiciously at her and moved on towards the inner room, she walking beside him.

It was at this moment that I saw something which startled me. I had laid my clasp-knife open upon the top of one of the cases, and there it lay in full view. She saw it before he did, and with a woman's cunning she held her taper out so that the light of it came between Lord Mannering's eyes and the knife. Then she took it in her left hand and held it against her gown out of his sight. He looked about from case to case—I could have put my hand at one time upon his long nose—but there was nothing to show that the medals had been tampered with, and so, still snarling and grumbling, he shuffled off into the other room once more.

And now I have to speak of what I heard rather than of what I saw, but I swear to you, as I shall stand some day before my Maker, that what I say is the truth.

When they passed into the outer room I saw him lay his candle upon the corner of one of the tables, and he sat himself down, but in such a position that he was just out of my sight. She moved behind him, as I could tell from the fact that the light of her taper threw his long, lumpy shadow upon the floor in front of him. Then he began talking about this man whom he called Edward, and every word that he said was like a blistering drop of vitriol. He spoke low, so that I could not hear it all, but from what I heard I should guess that she would as soon have been lashed with a whip. At first she said some hot words in reply, but then she was silent, and he went on and on in that cold, mocking voice of his, nagging and insulting and tormenting, until I wondered that she could bear to stand there in silence and listen to it. Then suddenly I heard him say, in a sharp voice, "Come from behind me! Leave go of my collar! What! would you dare to strike me?" There was a sound like a blow, just a soft sort of thud, and then I heard him cry out, "My God, it's blood!" He shuffled with his feet as if he was getting up, and then I heard another blow, and he cried out, "Oh, you she-devil!" and was quiet, except for a dripping and splashing upon the floor.

I ran out from behind my curtain at that, and rushed into the other room, shaking all over with the horror of it. The old man had slipped down in the chair, and his dressing-gown had rucked up until he looked as if he had a monstrous hump to his back. His head, with the gold glasses still fixed on his nose, was lolling over upon one side, and his little mouth was open just like a dead fish.

I could not see where the blood was coming from, but I could still hear it drumming upon the floor. She stood behind him with the candle shining full upon her face. Her lips were pressed together and her eyes shining, and a touch of colour had come into each of her cheeks. It just wanted that to make her the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life.

"You've done it now!" said I.

"Yes," said she, in her quiet way, "I've done it now."

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "They'll have you for murder as sure as fate."

"Never fear about me. I have nothing to live for, and it does not matter. Give me a hand to set him straight in the chair. It is horrible to see him like this!"

I did so, though it turned me cold all over to touch him. Some of his blood came on my hand and sickened me.

"Now," said she, "you may as well have the medals as anyone else. Take them and go."

"I don't want them. I only want to get away. I was never mixed up with a business like this before."

"Nonsense!" said she. "You came for the medals, and here they are at your mercy. Why should you not have them? There is no one to prevent you."

I held the bag still in my hand. She opened the case, and between us we threw a hundred or so of the medals into it. They were all from the one case, but I could not bring myself to wait for any more. Then I made for the window, for the very air of this house seemed to poison me after what I had

seen and heard. As I looked back, I saw her standing there, tall and graceful, with the light in her hand, just as I had seen her first. She waved good-bye, and I waved back at her and sprang out into the gravel drive.

I thank God that I can lay my hand upon my heart and say that I have never done a

murder, but perhaps it would be different if I had been able to read that woman's mind and thoughts. There might have been two bodies in the room instead of one if I could have seen behind that last smile of hers. But I thought of nothing but of getting safely away, and it never entered my head how she might be fixing the rope round my neck. I had not taken five steps out from the window skirting down the shadow of the house in the way that I had come, when I heard a scream that might have raised the parish, and



SR

"SHE STOOD BEHIND HIM."

then another and another.

"Murder!" she cried. "Murder! Murder! Help!" and her voice rang out in the quiet of the night-time and sounded over the whole country-side. It went through my head, that dreadful cry. In an instant lights began to move and windows to fly up, not only in the house behind me, but at the lodge and in the stables in front. Like a frightened rabbit I bolted down the drive, but I heard the clang of the gate being shut before I could reach it. Then I hid my bag of medals under some dry fagots, and I tried to get away across the park, but someone saw me in the moonlight, and presently I had half-a-dozen of them with dogs upon my heels. I crouched down among the

brambles, but those dogs were too many for me, and I was glad enough when the men came up and prevented me from being torn into pieces. They seized me, and dragged me back to the room from which I had come.

"Is this the man, your Ladyship?" asked the oldest of them—the same whom I found out afterwards to be the butler.

She had been bending over the body, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and now she turned upon me with the face of a fury. Oh, what an actress that woman was!

"Yes, yes, it is the very man," she cried. "Oh, you villain, you cruel villain, to treat an old man so!"

There was a man there who seemed to be a village constable. He laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"What do you say to that?" said he.

"It was she who did it," I cried, pointing at the woman, whose eyes never flinched before mine.

"Come! come! Try another!" said the constable, and one of the men-servants struck at me with his fist.

"I tell you that I saw her do it. She stabbed him twice with a knife. She first helped me to rob him, and then she murdered him."

The footman tried to strike me again, but she held up her hand.

"Do not hurt him," said she. "I think that his punishment may safely be left to the law."

"I'll see to that, your Ladyship," said the constable. "Your Ladyship actually saw the crime committed, did you not?"

"Yes, yes, I saw it with my own eyes. It was horrible. We heard the noise and we came down. My poor husband was in front. The man had one of the cases open, and was filling a black leather bag which he held in his hand. He rushed past us, and my husband seized him. There was a struggle, and he stabbed him twice. There you can see the blood upon his hands. If I am not mistaken, his knife is still in Lord Mannering's body."

"Look at the blood upon her hands!" I cried.

"She has been holding up his Lordship's head, you lying rascal," said the butler.

"And here's the very sack her Ladyship

spoke of," said the constable, as a groom came in with the one which I had dropped in my flight. "And here are the medals inside it. That's good enough for me. We will keep him safe here to-night, and to-morrow the inspector and I can take him into Salisbury."

"Poor creature," said the woman. "For my own part, I forgive him any injury which he has done me. Who knows what temptation may have driven him to crime? His conscience and the law will give him punishment enough without any reproach of mine rendering it more bitter."

I could not answer. I tell you, sir, I could not answer, so taken aback was I by the assurance of the woman. And so, seeming by my silence to agree to all that she had said, I was dragged away by the butler and the constable into the cellar, in which they locked me for the night.

There, sir, I have told you the whole story of the events which led up to the murder of Lord Mannering by his wife upon the night of September the 14th, in the year 1894. Perhaps you will put my statement on one side as the constable did at Mannering Towers, or the judge afterwards at the county assizes. Or perhaps you will see that there is the ring of truth in what I say, and you will follow it up, and so make your name for ever as a man who does not grudge personal trouble where justice is to be done. I have only you to look to, sir, and if you will clear my name of this false accusation, then I will worship you as one man never yet worshipped another. But if you fail me, then I give you my solemn promise that I will rope myself up, this day month, to the bar of my window, and from that time on I will come to plague you in your dreams if ever yet one man was able to come back and to haunt another. What I ask you to do is very simple. Make inquiries about this woman, watch her, learn her past history, find out what use she is making of the money which has come to her, and whether there is not a man Edward as I have stated. If from all this you learn anything which shows you her real character, or which seems to you to corroborate the story which I have told you, then I am sure that I can rely upon your goodness of heart to come to the rescue of an innocent man.

A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART III. — 1855 TO 1859.

IN picking out these pictures from *Punch* one is guided by the common wish to get other people to share a pleasure, rather than by an acutely critical examination of the pages of *Punch*.

It is pleasant to say, as one turns over the



1.—BY LEECH. 1855.

leaves of this absolutely unique periodical—"Look at this, isn't it good? And there's a fine bit by Leech. Here's a strong cartoon by Tenniel—what d'ye think of that? This is funny—and look at the clever drawing of this one—isn't *Punch* fine? And don't you wish you had a complete set?"

Of course, the difficulty is to decide what to show, for although one gets into these pages as many of the *Punch* pictures as possible, one can show here only about three pictures, on the average, out of each of the half-yearly volumes of *Punch*, and thus there is considerable hesitation in the final choice, which is made after a process of weeding-out which runs through four or five stages of decreasing bulk, the first stage of selection including ten or twelve times as many pictures as are finally chosen.

However, the final choice from Mr. Punch's rich store has to be made, and in making it with the full consciousness of committing

sins of omission, I can only hope to do justice to Mr. Punch and to please my readers who, in my fancy, are turning over his pages with me.

By the way, the present Part of this article is remarkable for containing two cartoons which are perhaps the masterpieces of John Leech and of Sir John Tenniel—I refer to Nos. 3 and 20, of which more anon.

Glancing at Leech's sketch in No. 1, we come to his picture No. 2, which brings home to us the horrible mismanagement of the War Office during the Crimean War, which left our soldiers to endure the Russian winter without proper clothing or food—a scandal that Mr. Punch handled severely in other pictures than that now shown.

In connection with this graphic picture by Leech it is interesting to refer to Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," where under the heading "A Black Winter" the historian narrates some of the almost incredible blunders that make this picture No. 2 stand out even now as a vivid bit of truth and in no way as an exaggeration:—

The winter [1854-1855] was gloomy at home as well as abroad. The news constantly arriving from the Crimea told only of devastation caused by foes far more formidable than the Russians—sickness, bad weather, bad management. . . . On shore the sufferings of the Army were unspeakable. The tents were torn from their pegs and blown away. . . . The hospitals for the sick and wounded at Scutari were in a wretchedly disorganized condition. . . . In some instances medical stores were left to decay at Varna, or were found lying useless in the holds of vessels in Balaklava Bay, which were needed for the wounded at Scutari. . . . Great consignments of boots arrived, and were found to be all for the left



2.—A REMINISCENCE OF THE COMMISSARIAT SCANDAL DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR. BY LEECH. 1855.



3.—ONE OF LEECH'S MOST FAMOUS CARTOONS. 1855. (SEE TEXT FOR DESCRIPTION.)

foot. Mules for the conveyance of stores were contracted for and delivered, but delivered so that they came into the hands of the Russians and not of us. Shameful frauds were perpetrated in the instance of some of the contracts for preserved meat. "One man's preserved meat," exclaimed *Punch*, with bitter humour, "is another man's poison." . . .

Happily, we have learned the lesson from the miseries of our soldiers here illustrated by John Leech; and in Lord Kitchener's recent Nile campaign, home and foreign expert opinion is that the very difficult problems of supply, transport, and railway construction were as well thought out and administered as was the actual fighting part of that brilliantly successful piece of long-headed calculation, which, after three years' working out, culminated in the Omdurman victory of September 2, 1898.

The cartoon in No. 3 is a splendid conception—it is probably Leech's masterpiece among his political pictures. The Emperor Nicholas I. of Russia, whom the united public opinion of Europe regarded as the

author of the Crimean War, boasted, in a speech delivered shortly before his death, that "Russia has two generals upon whom she can always rely — General Janvier and General Février." This cynical boast of Nicholas alluded to the severity of the Russian climate during the months of January and February, upon which the Russian Emperor relied to greatly reduce by death the forces allied against him in the Crimea.

On March 2, 1855, Nicholas died of pulmonary apoplexy, after an attack of influenza—his "*General Février*" had turned traitor. Leech's genius seized the chance, and on March 10, 1855, *Punch* published the picture now shown in No. 3.

General February [Death in a Russian General's uniform] places his deadly hand on the Emperor's breast, and the icy cold of the Russian winter—the Emperor's trusted ally—kills the very man who lately had uttered the boast just quoted.

The splendid genius of Leech was doubtless quickened by Leech's own feelings at

that time, for we in this country were enraged to know of the unnecessary sufferings of our troops during the Crimean winter; and Leech surpassed himself when he drew this powerful and dignified picture—one of the most famous cartoons that *Punch* has ever published.

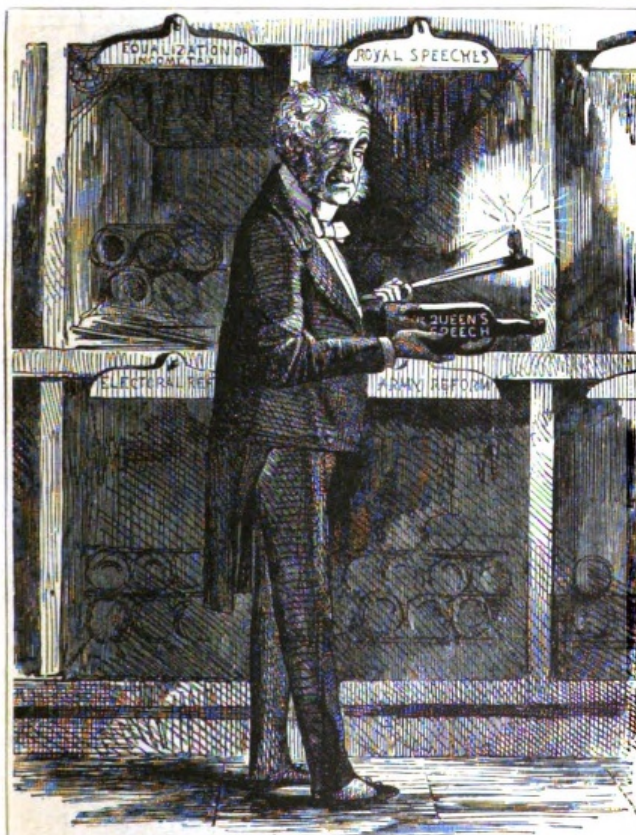


4.—AN ENGLISH CARICATURE OF MR. GLADSTONE. 1855.



11.—A PET DOG. 1855.

been calling attention to the necessity for military reform, and in the issue for May 19, 1855, there is a cartoon entitled "Military



THE STATE BUTLER

Gets up Another Bottle of Fine Old Smoke.

12.—LORD PALMERSTON, PRIME MINISTER IN 1857.
Vol. xvii.—33.

Reform—A Noble Beginning. H.R.H. P. A. Resigning his Field-Marshal's Bâton and Pay."

The verses accompanying this cartoon are:—

PRINCE ALBERT'S EXAMPLE.

A cankerworm was gnawing at the heart of England's Oak,
And palsy threatened its great arms that braved the thunder-
stroke;

Its glorious crown was fading, and our foes began to hoot,
"Behold the Oak is rotting and the axe is at its root."

Aristocratic vermin did offices infest,
Not the Best men, but such men as lackeys call the Best,
Men with the very richest kind of fluid in their veins,
But men whose little heads inclosed exceedingly poor brains.

Etc., etc., etc.

"That cry," said he [Prince Albert.—J. H. S.] "is just; it is a shame and a disgrace

That any but a proper man should be in any place;
An end must to this wrong be put; there is no doubt of that;
Someone the movement must begin—myself shall bell the cat."

[Here are four verses describing how Prince Albert publicly resigned his Field-Marshal's Bâton and Pay, as not being entitled to them.—J. H. S.]

The concluding verse being:—

Then every Lord incapable, and every booby Duke,
Accepted at their Prince's hands a lesson and rebuke;
They cast away their offices; their places up they threw,
And England's Oak revived again and England thrived anew.

Punch has never hesitated to use plain speech, and as *Punch* is essentially an expresser of public opinion as well as a leader of it, plain words are the best sort of words for Mr. Punch to use, being, as he is, a powerful mouthpiece of an essentially plain-speaking nation.

There is a funny little sketch in No. 11, and in No. 12 we have a very

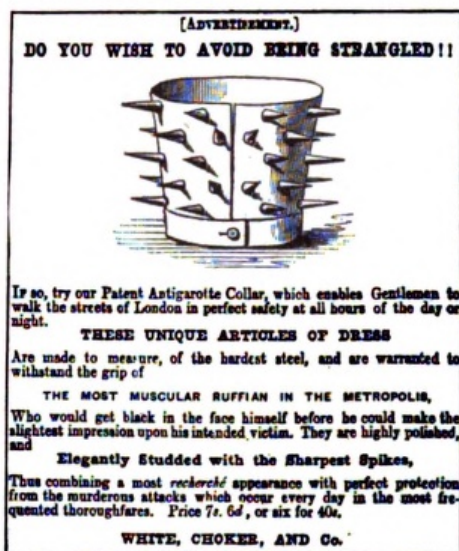


ALWAYS BE POLITE WHEN TRAVELLING.

A fable young Gent (who is never distant to strangers). "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE DOD'S LIFE, SIR? THERE'S AN OUT-AND-OUT STUNNING MILL BETWEEN CORNEY JIM AND THE POKKY USE!"

13.—BY LEECH. 1856.

good cartoon showing Lord Palmerston, who was Prime Minister in 1857, as The State Butler taking out "Another Bottle of Fine Old Smoke"



14.—A REMINISCENCE OF THE LONDON GARROTTERS OF 1856.

labelled "Queen's Speech" from the special bin containing Royal Speeches.

Notice that Palmerston has in his mouth [at the right corner] the straw that was so often seen in the *Punch* portraits of him.

This insertion of a straw in Lord Palmerston's mouth is one of *Punch's* fancy touches,



15.—THE HORSE GUARDS, 1857.

of which the Gladstone collar, the exaggerated lankiness of Mr. Balfour, the elephantine bulk of Sir William Harcourt, etc., are other and more familiar examples to us of the present day. Mr. Spielmann refers to this Palmerston-straw in his "History of *Punch*," and writes:—

Palmerston, of course, never did chew straws; but one was adopted as a symbol to show his cool and sportive nature. Many a time has that straw formed the topic of serious discussion by serious writers. . . . However, it is certain that the sprig of straw, which really referred only to his pure devotion to the Turf, from 1815 onwards, was first used in 1851 . . . and, as a matter of fact, added not a little to Palmerston's popularity, as not only representing the Turf, but a Sam Weller-like calmness, alertness, and good-humour.

No. 13 is by Leech, and in No. 14 we have a reminder of the garroting-terror of



16.—THE OLD STYLE OF OMNIBUS HORSE, 1857.

the London streets in the year 1856. These garrote-robberies, to which *Punch* made several references with a view to their suppression, were silently committed in the



17.—A LADY-SMOKER OF 1857. BY LEECH.



18.—BY LEECH. 1856.

London streets by compressing the victim's windpipe until he became insensible. The crime was usually done at night by three men: the *fore-stall*, or man who walked before the intended victim; the *back-stall*, who walked behind the victim; and the actual operator, who was called the *nasty-man*. The part of the two "stalls" was to conceal the crime, give alarm of danger, carry off the booty, and facilitate the escape of the *nasty-man*.

Mr. Punch invented the collar

seen in No. 14, to prevent the grip of the *nasty-man* taking effect upon the windpipe of his victim.

Glancing at Nos. 15 and 16, we see in No. 17 a girl of the period [A.D. 1857] astonishing her old-gentleman fellow-passenger by pulling out her cigar-case in the railway compartment. Then, ladies preferred cigars, but now, as a rule, they smoke cigarettes.



19.—A STREET INCIDENT OF 1857.

Nos. 18 and 19 bring us to Tenniel's masterpiece—No. 20. This splendid drawing was published as a double-page cartoon in *Punch* on August 22, 1857; it was suggested to John Tenniel by Shirley Brooks, one of Mr. Punch's great stars, who, in 1870, succeeded Mark Lemon as Editor.

This picture is one of the famous "Cawnpore Cartoons," in which Tenniel expressed the feelings of horror and of revenge which all England experienced



20.—ONE OF SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S MASTERPIECES DURING THE INDIA WAR. 1857.



21.—ANOTHER OF THE FAMOUS CAWNPORE CARTOONS BY TENNIEL. 1857.

at the news of the treacherous brutalities of the Sepoy mutineers. The Cawnpore massacre of women and children by the order of in-

had not then been relieved by Havelock and Outram, nor had Delhi been re-taken by our men.

Even now, more than forty years since Tenniel drew this avenging lion leaping on the snarling tiger, this picture stirs the blood, and the more when we recall that Nána Sâhib was actually asked to go into Cawnpore with his guns and men to help old Sir Hugh Wheeler against the mutineers. Sir Hugh was in command of the garrison, and he was seventy-five years old when he asked for help from the treacherous Dandhu Panth—the Nána Sâhib of the most infamous page of the world's history.

The next picture, No. 21, was published September 12, 1857, and it tells us something of what our men did to avenge Cawnpore. The country was furious for revenge, and our troops took it to the full after they had looked down the well by the trees in the garden at Cawnpore, and had seen that long pit choked up with massacred Englishwomen and children.

A soldier who was there, and who had seen things [there is no name for the things he saw], once told me that they would pile up a heap of

Sepoys dead or wounded, pour oil over them, and then set fire to the pile—our troops were simply mad with the lust of revenge, and no power on earth could have held them back, and one could not blame them after hearing,



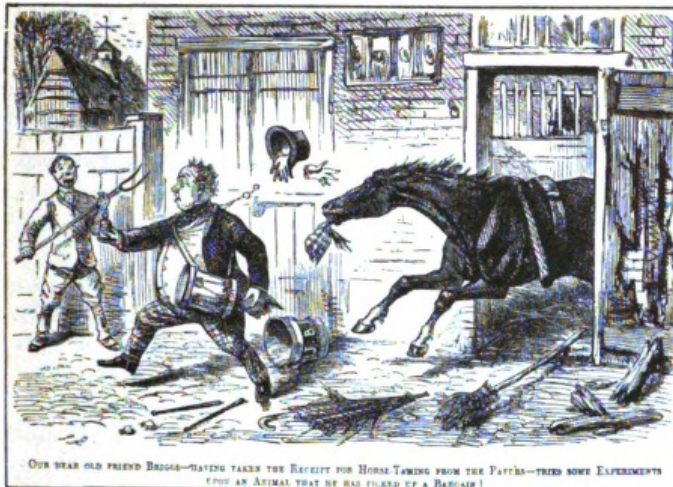
22.—HEAVEN FORBID! 1858.

famous Nána Sâhib had occurred in the June of 1857, and when *Punch* published this picture, we had just sent off thirty thousand British troops from home to India. Lucknow



23.—THE PRINCE OF WALES AS COLONEL, AT AGE SEVENTEEN. FIELD MARSHAL PUNCH PRESENTS A "LITTLE SOUVENIR" TO COLONEL H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Original from



24.—BY LEECH. 1858.

as I did at first hand, of the nameless things that were done to our kinsfolk in India.

The verses in *Punch* facing the picture in No. 21 show very plainly what the feeling was in this country, even among men who had not seen the sights that our troops in India saw:—

Who pules about mercy? The agonized wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that caught on the gale,
The mother's—the maiden's wild scream of despair.

Who pules about mercy? That word may be said
When steel, red and sated, perforce must retire,
And, for every soft hair of each dearly-loved head,
A cord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-fire.

The Avengers are marching—fierce eyes in a glow:
Too vengeful for curses are lips locked like those—
But hearts hold two prayers—to come up with the foe,
And to hear the proud blast that gives signal to close.

Etc., etc., etc.



26.—BY LEECH. 1859.



THE "SILENT HIGHWAY"-MAN.

"Your MONEY or your LIFE!"

25.—ILLUSTRATING THE UNSANITARY CONDITION OF THE RIVER THAMES BEFORE THE EMBANKMENTS WERE BUILT. 1858.

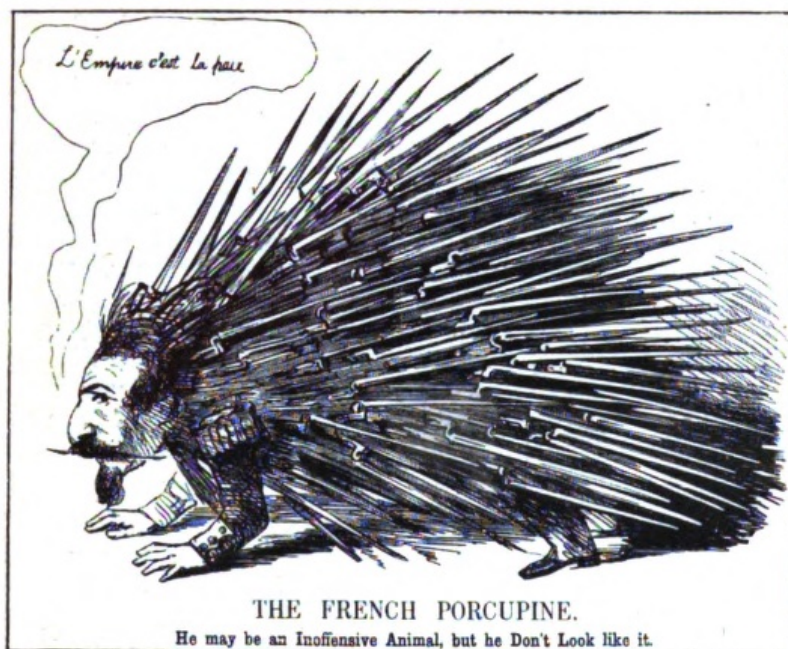
And terrified India shall tell to all time
How Englishmen paid her for murder and lust;
And stained not their fame with one spot of the crime
That brought the rich splendour of Delhi to dust.

Punch had no patience with that party at home who urged mercy, and who feared that, in avenging Cawnpore and the other horrors of the Mutiny, we should go too far and disgrace our name by treating the enemy's women as they had treated ours. Notice in the picture, No. 21, that Tenniel has been careful to show the Indian women grouped behind Justice, mourning, but unharmed by our men as these march annihilating the treacherous mutineers, with Justice leading them on.

However, let us follow our Mentor, *Punch*, and pass from grave to gay by looking now at the funny sketch in No. 22.

No. 23 shows Field-Marshal Punch presenting the "Life of Wellington" to the Prince of Wales, who at age seventeen became a Colonel in the British Army. This was published November 20, 1858.

Earlier in the same Volume, No. XXXV. of Mr. Punch's long row of 115 Volumes, there is on page 53 another curious example of *Punch's* way of forecasting things or events which later become actualities. For the mention of this example I am indebted



27.—BY LEECH. 1859.

to Mr. Spielmann, and it is interesting as anticipating the Missing-Word Competitions of a few years ago which were then so popular. Here is the piece from *Punch*, published August 7, 1858:—

**BIRD-FANCIERS
AND BEARD-
FANCIERS.**

Omitting the first word, we print the following advertisement verbatim from the *Times*:—

To Short-Faced Beard-Fanciers.—The owner of a good stud of blue and silver beards, feeling anxious to improve the breed, is open to Show a Silver Beard Hen against all England for a match of two guineas.—Address, Mr. William Squire, Chymist, Hanwell, W.

We have not any wish to be thought a sporting character, nor to have our office mistaken for a betting-office; but we are open to a wager, with any lady reader, that she will not in six guesses name the word we have omitted; . . .

Speculation on the points which we above have mooted might, of course, have been prevented by insertion of the word we have omitted; and we might create a spurious excitement by announcing that the word would be "given in our next." . . . We will therefore keep our readers no longer in suspense, and without beguiling them to pay another threepence by withholding what is now within our power to print, we will state that the word "Pigeons" headed the advertisement. . . .



28.—BY LEECH. 1858.

The preceding statement was published, as I have said, in 1858, and thirty-four years later, in 1892, the idea here set out by Mr. Punch attained its full development in the great Missing-Word Competitions of that year.

No. 24 shows to us *Punch's* old friend, Mr. Briggs, engaged in a very unsuccessful attempt to initiate some horse-taming experiments, which just then, in 1858, were attracting public notice.

No. 25 is a rather gruesome picture of the state of the River Thames before the Embankments were built and when the river

was a common muck-receiver, and was thus a danger to life. *Punch* with his usual sagacity advocated the spending of the necessary money to remedy such a bad state of things, and here we see the position pithily summed up in the words: "Your money or your life."

No. 26 is funny.



29.—AN INCIDENT OF AN AUTHOR'S LIFE. 1859.

The extraordinary cartoon in No. 27 is a very clever thing by Leech. It represents Napoleon III. as a porcupine, bristling with French bayonets in place of quills, and the cartoon refers to the contradiction between Napoleon's words "L'Empire c'est la paix" [The Empire is Peace], and the fact that simultaneously with the expression of this peaceful sentiment, a large increase was being made in the military armament of France. This military growth in France naturally attracted our attention, and Leech drew this very clever cartoon, which is additionally interesting as a *tour de force* by Leech, for he proposed the idea and drew the picture in two hours, time being very scant that week in March, 1859, owing to an exceptional postponement of the usual Wednesday *Punch*-dinner, at which the forthcoming cartoon is chosen.

Passing Nos. 28, 29, and 30, we come to the cartoon in No. 31, which was published March 5, 1859, just forty years ago. But we have



THE QUEEN IN HER STORE-ROOM.

HER MAJESTY (TO HER FAITHFUL SERVANT). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAY HAPPEN, MR. BULL, BUT 'KEEP OUR POWDER DRY!'"

31.—FORTY YEARS AGO. PUBLISHED MARCH 5, 1859.

He has not had to do so, as regards any of his Continental neighbours, since that day of March, 1859, when *Punch* published this picture we are now looking at—and may another forty years be added to those forty which have gone without dimming the sense of this picture, before Mr. Bull has to weigh out his "dry powder" upon a large pair of scales.

No. 32 shows to us the bucolic apprecia-



30.—A ROUGH'S SARCASM OF 1859.

the same Queen who is here seen in her Store-Room, and that Queen has the same Faithful Servant to whom she says to-day, as she said forty years ago, "I don't know what may happen, Mr. Bull, but 'Keep our Powder Dry.'" And Mr. Bull, of Her Majesty's [War] Store Room, may be trusted to obey his Queen's order, although he heartily wishes that he may not have to unpack his stores for many a year to come.



tion of curaçoa by Lord Broadacres' farmer-tenant, who wants "zum o' that in a Moog."

Leech's picture in No. 33 introduces the Duke of Edinburgh for the first time, I believe, into the pages of *Punch*. This cartoon was published May 14, 1859, when it was proposed to increase our Navy, and the young Prince Alfred was then entered on the books of the *Euryalus*. The Duke was at that time fifteen years of age, and Leech has, for some reason not known to me, represented him as quite a small boy of five or six years old.

The very funny picture, No. 34, which comes next, is probably a representation by Leech of his own sufferings from noise of all sorts. Leech had an absolute horror of street and other noises, and Mr. F. G. Kitton has recorded, in his Biographical Sketch of John Leech, that when

who had gone into the country to have a quiet night.

I have compared a good portrait of Leech with the distracted face of the man in bed, and it seems to me that Leech has here drawn a portrait of himself.



33.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON ENTERING THE NAVY. BY LEECH, 1859.



34.—BY LEECH. 1859.

(To be continued.)

"Biggest on Record."

BY GEORGE DOLLAR.

I.



OL. TAPLEY, who lives in Spencerberg, Missouri, has the longest beard on record. It measures 10ft. 8in. in length, and reaches to the ground, where it lies extended in a snake-like curl. The owner of this remarkable hirsute curiosity is a wealthy farmer and prominent citizen of Missouri, born in 1831. Thirty-five years ago he let his beard begin to grow, and as he comes of a long-lived family and enjoys splendid health, the beard promises to reach a length of 20ft. In fact, when the photo. shown herewith was taken on August 31st, 1896, the beard was but 9ft. 2in. in length.

Where does Mr. Tapley keep his beard? Inside his shirt bosom, of course, but carefully rolled up in a silk bag, from which he extracts it when surrounded by admirers. He dresses it with the best of oils, and combs it with a specially-made wooden comb. It is related that on a certain occasion, in Chicago, Mr. Tapley took his beard out to show to some small boys on the street, when he was immediately surrounded by a throng that blocked the traffic and necessitated the police.

A dime museum proprietor now offered Mr. Tapley an enormous salary to enter his exhibit as a star attraction, but the long-bearded man was too good a citizen and too

well-to-do to accept such an offer, and his life is now spent in quiet at Spencerberg.

Regarding the genuineness of the beard, we ourselves possess excellent proof, but on this point Mr. Tapley himself writes: "There would be no use in trying to palm off anything that was not genuine here, as

I am known by almost every man, woman, and child in the neighbourhood, and as I am now living within one mile of the place where I was born."

It is the intention of this short series of articles thus to illustrate some of the more remarkable oddities in the world, which may fairly claim the title under which we write. We shall spurn nothing which is well known, provided it is bigger than something else of the same kind. We shall, in short, have a little of everything, and the variety of stuff will probably amaze our readers as much as it amazed us when we first began to handle the material.

Let us then jump at once from whiskers to primroses. We have at the top of the next page an illustration of a curious bunch containing over seventy primroses all on one stem, which, according to Mr. Thomas W.

Collins, of Bugbrooke, grew on an ordinary single red primrose in the garden of Miss Frost of that place. Until we hear of something larger than this beautiful bunch of lavish blooms we shall make bold to class it amongst the largest things yet known.



THE LONGEST BEARD ON RECORD.
From a Photograph.



From a] THE LARGEST BUNCH OF PRIMROSES. [Photograph.

Nearly everyone who goes to Jersey brings home a walking-stick made of the dried stalks of Jersey cabbages; and those who live far away from Jersey, and have never been to it, will take it with a grain of salt that cabbages *do* grow up in the air. But here is a picture for proof. Some of the vegetables grow to the amazing height of 10ft., and the figure in the foreground of our illustration gives an approximate idea



From a] THE TALLEST CABBAGES. [Photograph.

of the comparative sizes of a man and a Jersey cabbage. The man does not eat the cabbage. It is, in simple language of the primers, eaten by animals; and although it has nothing to do with the subject, we might add that these cabbages cannot be made to grow at Guernsey.

In dealing with these vegetable record growths we must not forget that soil and climate have much to do with the subject. Therefore it would not be unusual

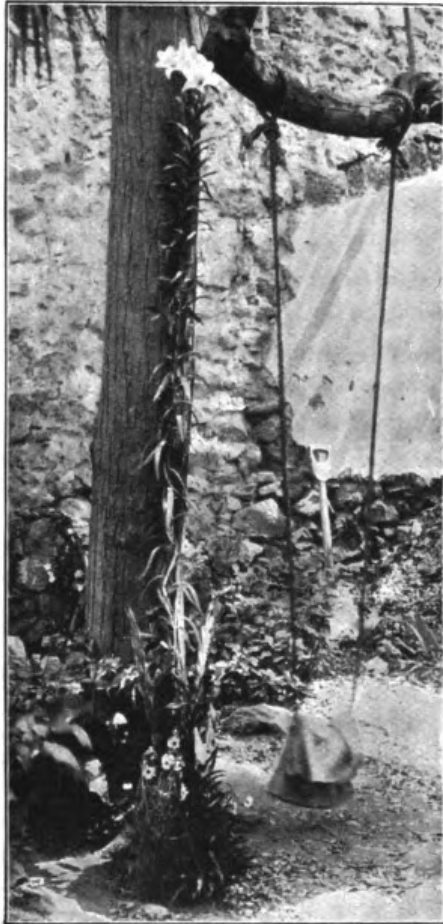


From a] THE TALLEST SUNFLOWER. [Photograph.

to find sunflowers growing in the Canary Islands to a height of 10ft. or 12ft. The sunflower shown in the illustration above, sent by Miss J. de Forssmann, of Arguïjon, Puerto Cruz, Teneriffe, Canary Isles, was but four months old when cut down in the middle of August last, and measured 12ft. 7in. in height. When photographed it had one hundred and twenty-three single flowers, with brown centres, all in

bloom. Two feet from the ground the stem measured 6in. in circumference. No cause is known for its abnormal growth, as it was self-sown, like many others.

On this page we have the biggest lily and the biggest thistle yet photographed. The first of these, photographed by E. L. Jackson, of Oakbank, St. Helena, grew at Oakbank.



From a] THE TALLEST ST. JOHN'S LILY. (Photograph.

Unfortunately, it was not possible to photograph it where it grew, as it was blocked by a hedge of jasmine and camellia. It was taken out and tied to a banana tree, by which change the height of this beautiful plant is more easily to be seen. It stood over 8ft. above ground, the usual height of these St. John's lilies being from 2½ft. to 3ft.

About this size, also, is the ordinary thistle. But here is one 5ft. in height, which, on account of its unusual growth, was secured by the Ipswich Scientific Society, and presented to the Ipswich Museum. It was



From a Photo. by] THE TALLEST THISTLE. [Wm. Vick, Ipswich.

photographed by Mr. William Vick, of London Road, Ipswich, and consists of a number of stems all from one root, fasciated in one stem 7in. broad and about 1in. thick. It had twenty-two flower heads, and, as Mr. Vick writes, "a head somewhat like the common cockscomb of our gardens." It is on account of the absence of any standard of measurement in the photo. that we are particular in this case, as in others, to give the exact measurements.

He who has sent in the next photograph, Mr. William P. Skelton, of *The Lakes Herald*,



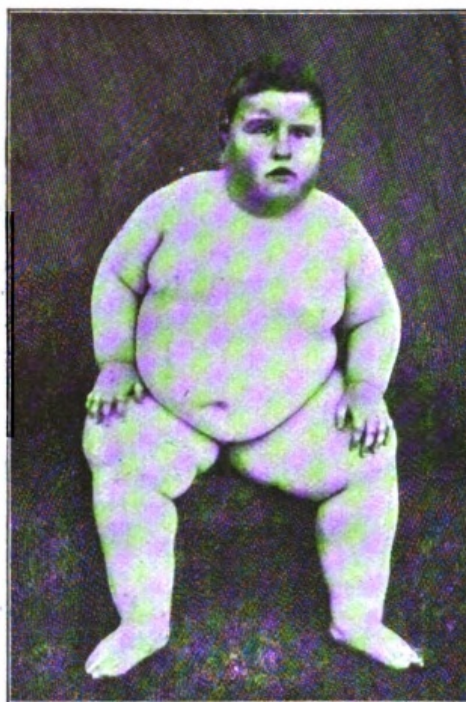
From a Photo. by]

THE BIGGEST SHOE.

[Frank Robinson, Bowness,

Windermere, says: "It is not on record whether Wordsworth in his boyhood at ancient Hawkshead ever made this clog the subject of a sonnet—it is worth it!" We might disagree with this verdict, but not with the probability that the famous clog of Hawkshead is the biggest shoe on record. It is now on view at an old-fashioned hostelry, "The Brown Cow," and used to be worn by a mole-catcher named John Waterson, of Outgate, near Windermere Lake. Waterson lived to a great age, and had a most remarkable foot. The clog measures 20in. in length, over 8in. wide at the bottom, 16in. from welt to welt across the front, 22in. around the back, from tab to tab, and the length of the heel 7in. One would suppose that any living man would be able to get his foot into such an inclosure, but suppositions cannot always be trusted. It was not before Mr. Waterson had cut the boot down in front, and inserted laceholes to make it wider, that he was able to put his foot in it.

Ipswich, by the way, contains not only the biggest thistle, but the biggest boy on record—at least, the biggest boy for his years. He is the son of Mr. Arthur Partridge, a farm-

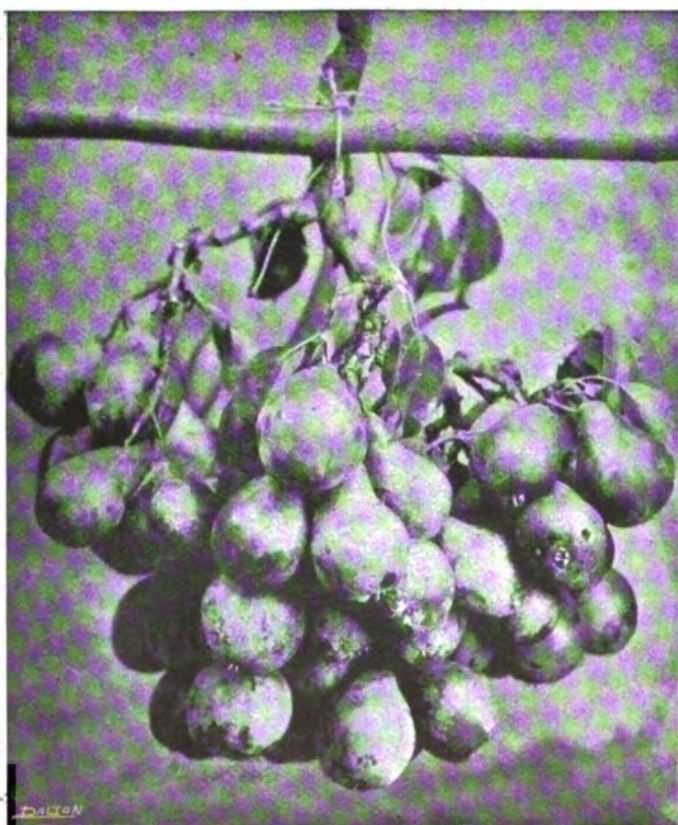


THE LARGEST BOY.
From a Photo. by John Gooderham & Son, Ipswich.

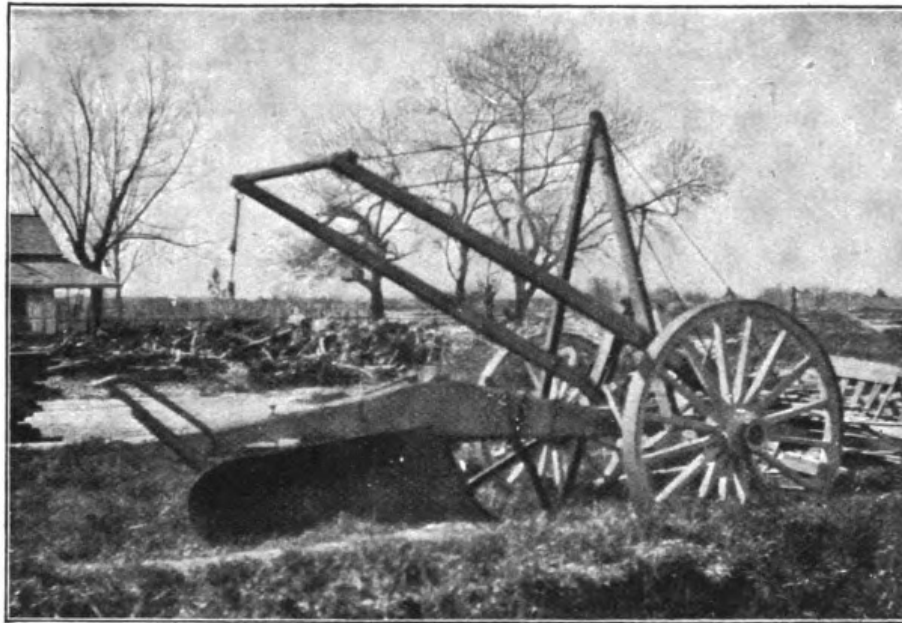
bailiff, of Washbrook, and his measurements were lately taken by about twenty doctors, who examined him in the Ipswich Hospital. Master Partridge is over six years and eight months of age, and his net weight at the age of six and a half years was 9st. 3lb. (129lb.). He measures 3ft. 10in. around the chest, 42in. round the body, around the calf of leg 17in., and round the thigh 27in. To a certain extent he might be considered abnormal, but he is both healthy and intelligent, and has rarely needed the services of a doctor.

The enormous bunch of pears shown in the accompanying illustration was grown at Gaddesden Place, Herts, by T. F. Halsey, Esq., M.P. There were over a hundred pears on the bunch, which was photographed after a few of the pears had dropped off. Hundreds who saw this on exhibition were of the opinion that it was the largest bunch ever grown. But as we have no statistics from California and other fruit-growing countries on which to base an opinion, we dare only to say that it is the biggest bunch on record in England.

The everyday farmer will be astonished at the largest single-furrow plough in the world, which we illustrate



THE LARGEST BUNCH OF PEARS.
From a Photo. by J. Dunn, Hemel Hempstead.



From a)

THE BIGGEST PLOUGH.

[Photograph.

herewith, and will wonder what the giant was ever created for. According to Mr. W. R. Mason, of Bakersfield, Kern Co., California, who sent in the photograph, the plough cuts a furrow 4ft. wide, and was originally built for the purpose of making irrigation canals. It was, however, found to be too unwieldy for the purpose, as it took eighty teams of oxen to draw it. Those who are curious to see this Californian folly will find it in the possession of the Kern County Land Company. It certainly deserves a place in our lively category of immensities.

We now approach a more "meaty" subject — Nature's bovine noblemen, or the finest yoke of mammoth-matched oxen in the world. We are indebted for the photograph to Mrs. E. N. Holt, of Orlando, Florida. The oxen are owned

by a resident of Buckland, Mass., who with just pride has exhibited them at numerous agricultural shows and state fairs in the United States and Canada, and the manner in which these Titans have walked off with first prizes is wonderful indeed. They are like elephants in size, their actual weight at the age of eight years

being 7,300lb., 17 hands high, 10ft. in girth, 15ft. in length, and 15ft. 11in. from tip to tip. They are unequalled for size, quality, mating, and beauty. They have a record for hauling on the ground on a drag a dead weight of 11,061lb. Had this mammoth pair been put in front of the Kern County plough, it is not unlikely that the irrigation canals would have been cut and the largest plough in the world saved from destruction and decay.



From a)

THE LARGEST TEAM OF OXEN.

[Photograph.



BY BASIL MARNAN.

I.
N DARE not risk it, Mrs. Orme! The river is running strong now. Those five poor beasts would be nowhere in mid-stream."

And Reuben Jessop pointed with his long whip to the outspanned bullocks that stood knee-deep in the rising waters of the Molopa River. Sorry beasts they were, and scraggy indeed, with no tails, with but patches of hair on their hard, polished hides, their mouths dripping, their eyes red and fierce. For "lung-sick" had reduced the transport rider's team of sixteen to the five doomed remnant now before him. His face was gloomy enough in the strong glare of the mid-day sun as he looked over the river and scanned the surrounding country, with ever and again a furtive glance at the woman at his side. Mile after mile the veld swept on, a rolling, billowy sea of freshening grass; up above a sky utterly cloudless, pitiless in its strenuous burning light; the river rolling on placidly enough as yet at their feet, yet with a suspicious tinge as of mud in its blue waters, and a faint singing hum in the laughter of its ripples—a hum that, to the trained ear of Reuben, spoke of wild torrents racing, foaming, bubbling down

the hollows and creeks and hill-sides, turbulent with the flood and menace of the first rains of the season.

In the tent of his waggon was a wounded trooper on the way to Mafeking, and the woman by his side was a nurse who had volunteered for the front, only to be sent back with the first victim of Galiswe's rebellion. The escort had left them two days back. And now they were in the angle of the slight spur that borders the Transvaal State, the angle that Bechuanaland makes with the River Molopa, whose head waters rise in the kloofs and kopjes that surround the little township of Zeemst. And that river they had to cross.

There is something infinitely mournful in the aspect of a waggon outspanned by a river in the midst of a great stretch of veld. The battered, travel-stained tarpaulin of the tent, the dirt-choked wheels, the bit of sacking or the frayed edge of a tattered garment that marks the driver's seat, the pole lying inert on the ground, the weary, listless look of the tired beasts—everything seems to accentuate the insignificance of man and the illimitable character of his surroundings.

And as they stood now taking in the scene, Reuben Jessop looked and felt very anxious.

"Is it so very necessary to cross at once?" Mrs. Orme asked him. She was a pretty little woman, whose sad face and grey hair contrasted strangely with her youthful appearance.

"Absolutely necessary," said Reuben. "It's this way, Mrs. Orme. Any one of these smooth-looking billowy crests we have been crossing may conceal an impi who have struck our spoor. The last three days' rain has flooded the up-waters. Watch the river and see the signs of driftwood in it—twigs, grasses, and things of that kind. By dawn to-morrow it will be a banker with twenty feet of water in mid-stream, and we shall be landed here for a month perhaps, which won't give poor Corporal Borman much chance."

"But how *can* you get any more cattle?" asked the nurse, anxiously.

"How, indeed!" echoed Jessop. "There's not a kraal within twenty miles inhabited. The men are away to the Great Place with Jantje. The women are up in the kloofs with such beasts as the rinderpest has spared."

"But the Boers? Could you not ride into the Transvaal? There used to be a farm near here. I remember the spot so well."

"You! Mrs. Orme!" exclaimed Reuben. "I had no notion you had been here before."

"It was here that in flying from the Boers in the war before '84 I lost my husband and daughter. Oh, you can't think how I hate and dread these African drifts, Mr. Jessop. Our waggon overturned, and my darlings were swept away in that great, rushing, yellow flood." Ruth Orme's pale face grew even paler at the memory. "My husband was discovered later with his head all laid open, but my little daughter Ruth was never found."

"Ruth!" repeated Jessop, a sudden gleam lighting up his eyes. "How old would your daughter be now if she had lived?" he inquired. "Twenty? Ah!" and he began loading his pipe meditatively.

At that juncture the wounded man demanded Mrs. Orme's attention, and she did not notice the strange expression which had come into the transport rider's rugged face. He was of the type that has made South Africa. A big, clean-limbed, broad-shouldered Yorkshireman he was, hard and tireless and undaunted as his native scars, with a face tanned to a dusky red, and set round with a beard and hair of that mellow gold one sees on the harvest wains as the reapers chant

the sun's requiem. The long, tawny locks gave an almost leonine look to the face in spite of its leanness and length. But with all his grimness and size, and lithe, steel-like swing of limb and body that seemed to indicate a character stark and dour, the eyes of the man betrayed a treasure store of tenderness somewhere in his nature. And now as he looked over the river their limpid, soft brown was glowing with a light very tender indeed, as he murmured to himself, with a swift look after the retreating figure of the nurse:—

"By Jove! How curious it would be! I had no idea she was Fred Orme's widow. Why, I used to fag for him at Giggleswick. And little Ruth! 'Twenty years, eh? And I always felt dead certain she never came of that Boer stock. She has given me 'no' twice; but now I'll look in there again, and on pretence of getting cattle see if she has changed her mind, and try and pump Oom Bothe as to her parentage."

"Bring me the horse, Sammy," he called out to the Fingo leader, the one boy he always took with him as driver or leader of the team. He walked over to the waggon, which was standing at the entrance of the gap leading down to the drift or ford. On one side the plain rolled away westwards following the bend of the river, on the other the bank rose up some thirty or forty feet. He had driven his waggon well under this bank, and as near to the water as possible in order to provide as efficient defence as was practicable against any attack. Nor were his precautions ill-advised, for as Sammy appeared with the horse, a party of some twenty Bechuanas came into sight on the top of one of the ridges, to drop down instantly into the grass, and vanish from sight. With a muttered curse Reuben took down the three Lee-Metfords and loaded the magazines.

"Are you a good shot?" he asked Mrs. Orme.

"Yes," she said, simply, as she took the carbine from him. Frontier women are rarely fussy.

"Hand a gun up here," came in a weak voice from the tent. "I've just got a nigger's head in lovely target. I can fire all right lying down. Don't you trouble, nurse. I sha'n't move more than if our friend's bullocks were tossing me between the back rails."

It had been the work of a moment to secure the horse in front of the waggon, so that he was covered from the rebels. Sammy



"A PARTY OF SOME TWENTY BECHUANAS CAME INTO SIGHT."

was armed with an old Snider. With it he had once hit an ant-heap at about a hundred yards, and had contemplated the devastation with a joy and pride nothing had ever since eradicated. No persuasion would have induced him to exchange a weapon which could make a wound about 2ft. across for one whose bullet only made a hole like a dart. So Sammy hugged his Snider, lying under the waggon, with his black eyes glistening and his teeth showing—for all the world, a human spaniel on the watch.

The attack was not long in coming. A rustle in the grass, the upleaping of a score of black forms, a wild yell, the clash of assegai blades, the whirr of their flight, and the little band of rebels dashed across the eighty yards that separated them from the booty that seemed so easy of conquest.

"Hold your fire, boys," said Reuben. "Lie down, Mrs. Orme, behind the awning. I'll give you the word. Don't hurry yourself. Sammy, you silly devil, take your gun from between my legs. Now! Let 'em have it!"

The savages were within forty yards before Reuben gave the word. Sammy had forgotten to take his trigger off half-cock, and in a curiously pidgin English was trying to blaspheme. But from the Lee-Metfords the deadly hail of lead poured forth with startling precision. At the first three reports, three Bechuanas rolled over biting at the grass. But that was to be expected, and the rest

came on. But guns that fire for ever! Wow! As shot after shot pinged into the ochred bodies with that little deadly sizzle as the bullet bit the flesh, the rebels paused, broke, and then incontinently fled, leaving seven of their number dead.

"Excellent, Mrs. Orme!" exclaimed Reuben. "You were cool as a cucumber."

"I hope I didn't hit any of the poor things," was the answer. "But do you see they have driven off the cattle?"

"Yes!" Reuben replied. "And it means that now I *must* ride in to Bothe's, and see if they will lend or sell me a team. But those brutes would think it a joke to leave some English people to be chewed up by the Kaffirs. However, I must do my best. It's an hour's ride in, nearly. I reckon I shall be back in about two hours."

And as he swung himself on his horse, Reuben turned to Mrs. Orme and said:—

"Keep a sharp look-out for natives, though they won't attack now till nightfall, if then. And, Mrs. Orme, I hope to have some news for you when I return."

And with a wave of his hand he dug his heels into his horse and dashed off over the veld.

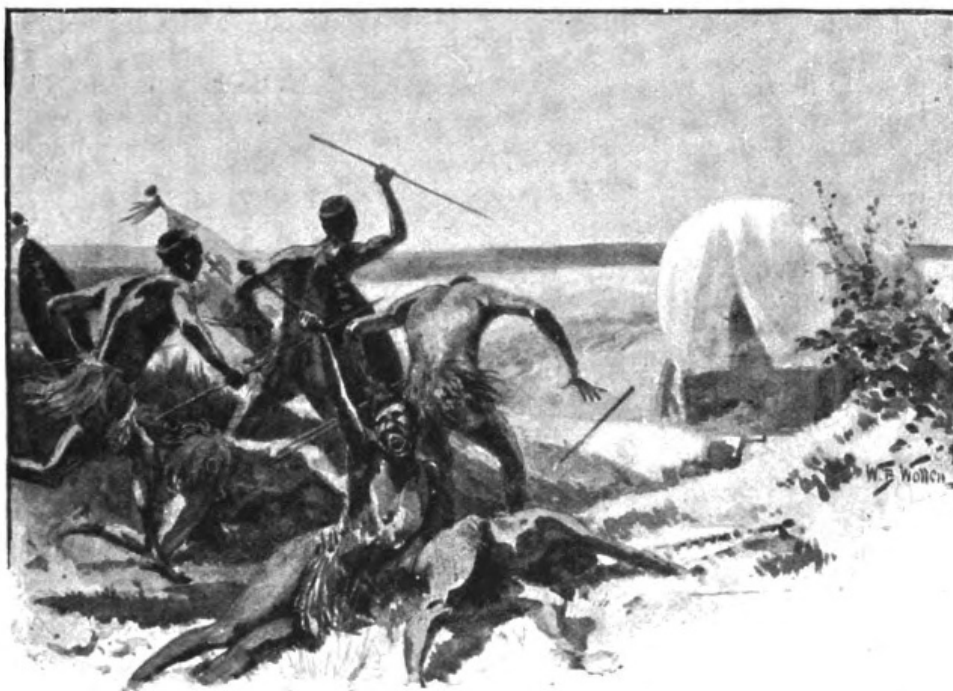
II.

BOTHE'S FARM near Langeberg was *en fête*. Few farmers beyond the Vaal had a goodlier yard of cattle and a fatter store of grain than had Oom Bothe. His cattle "ran" for

miles around, and it was only lately that he had built a new brick residence destined for his son and his son's intended bride. This last was none other than the girl Ruth, the invocation of whose name had stirred Reuben Jessop to such a glow of tenderness. Known all round as Ruth Bothe, it was, nevertheless, common knowledge that Ruth was no child of the old farmer, though he claimed her for

tiny little dimple that looked like a laugh of a Cupid bubbling through a rose leaf, and with eyes, large, dark, flashing, tender, soft, and pleading, showing a hundred fleeting moods in every hour—Ruth was indeed at once the tyrant and dispute of that part of the Transvaal.

Of all her suitors, Oom Bothe's son, Carl, she loathed perhaps most. Carl acted as



"THREE BECHUANAS ROLLED OVER."

niece, having brought her in one day during the war thirteen years before. Among the callow and somewhat camel-faced maidens of the Transvaal Ruth shone as a star amid turnips. Not that she was particularly beautiful. She wasn't. But she was alive, with a vivid, electrifying, communicative vitality which made all those around her feel in her presence as though the sunshine were chasing the wind over the laughter of blue waters. Neither tall nor short, with a figure whose full, round curves were yet perfectly harmonious with the lithe, lissom swing of youth, she was just a healthy, well-developed, womanly girl of nearly twenty summers, with very little nonsense in her head, and a fresh, maidenly heart beneath a breast ever prone to beat in sympathy with the cause of the oppressed. With dark, wavy hair and olive complexion, a rather pert nose and chin, a mouth generous, mischievous, by turns wistful and wooing, and turning up at the corners, and hovering in the most distracting way over a

field cornet to his district, and looked upon himself as the angel the Lord had designed for the protection and patronage of President Kruger. He was a long, thin, weedy young man, whom excessive dissipation in Johannesburg bars and among the kraals of the natives had reduced to a state of dilapidated dandy-dom. His father looked on him as a model of wisdom and intelligence, and in private had long decided to bestow on him the hand of Ruth. That Ruth should dream of resisting never occurred to the Boer. He looked on her as a pet slave. He had picked her up a wet, unconscious child on the banks of the Molopa thirteen years ago—a waif, a pauper. Who was she to question his disposition of her, and to his son, too? He had noticed with no little suspicion and resentment the attentions of the roinek Jessop. He was not half satisfied at the casual way they appeared to have met and chatted at the banks of the drift, and did not see the necessity of the Englishman's confounded impudence

in subsequently escorting Ruth home. And though in courtesy bound to offer him coffee, he always cursed the sight of him. It was four years since Reuben had first met the girl, and three since he first proposed to her. But Ruth had always laughed at him and sent him away, yet never without such a lingering flash of tenderness as served to fan the fires of his hope till the next trip brought him to her again. And now the old Boer had put his house *en fête*, having that day asked his friends to come over and witness the betrothal of his son to Ruth.

Ruth had spent the morning since receiving the intimation partly in crying over the long silence of a big Yorkshireman, the remembrance of whose eyes somehow made her blush, making her feel curious, curling little thrills in her toes, and partly in savagely wondering how she could acquaint Oom Bothe with the fatuity of his hopes.

It was, therefore, a very radiant face that welcomed the entry of Reuben Jessop as,

"I'm quite willing to buy the cattle, if you won't lend them," he added, a hot flush mounting his face.

"The roinek asks for cattle, father!" sneered Carl Bothe, who stood a few feet off Reuben, surveying him insultingly.

A chorus of grunts rose up.

"The roinek asks for cattle! He! He!" cackled the women-folk, and again a chorus of grunts.

"Oom Bothe," said Reuben, "I have an English lady and a wounded man in my waggon. The river is rising, the natives have already attacked us, and will return for certain in force to-night. If you do not let me have beasts, we shall be murdered."

"He! He! He!" cackled the women. "The roineks will be murdered."

"I have no cattle to lend the roineks," said the old man, puffing stolidly at his pipe.

"And the nearest place is Krugersdorp," added his son, with a sneer. "Dead cattle," he added, with a grin. "And if there are not enough there, you will find more at Majuba."

Reuben gave him a look and turned towards the door, where Ruth, with a pale face, was standing. Brandy, exultation, innate cruelty, and conceit combined to form in Carl Bothe's mind a sudden impulse to evince his prowess and contempt of England before his guests at the expense of the roinek. And as Reuben turned he lifted his sjambok and flicked him lightly on the back. The snigger that went round the room, the fatuous smile on his own loose lips, was suddenly frozen, however. For Reuben swung round, a light like glowing steel in his sombre eyes.

"You!" he gasped



"A RADIANT FACE WELCOMED THE ENTRY OF REUBEN JESSOP."

tethering his steaming horse at the gate, he strode in among the guests. Some ten or twelve were there, standing round the big fire in the great hall that served as general room. A dead silence greeted Reuben's request for cattle and assistance.

between his clenched teeth. A couple of swift strides and then, before the weedy, emasculated youth could still his paling, quivering lips, Reuben had seized him by his throat and belt, lifted him high in the air, swung him round, and hurled him clean

across the hall into the great hearth, where he fell, scattering right and left the blazing logs.

As he made for his horse he felt Ruth's hand slip under his arm, and stopped to see her face turn anxiously to him, a new light in her eyes that made his pulses beat high.

"Quick! Go!" she said. "They will shoot you. At any cost, go! You *shall* have the

and that of a Sardinian bandit. Carl himself was being ministered to by his mother and aunts, who were picking off his burnt clothes and discussing his blisters, in that style of discursive and comprehensive

comment on the maternal relations of his enemy which the Boer lady shares with the pious Hindu.

Having averted both the immediate danger of pursuit of her lover and betrothal of herself, Ruth withdrew into a lodge overlooking the cattle kraal, to enjoy the vent of her laughter and happiness. She cordially hated Carl, regarding him as a cruel libertine and spiteful bully, and she had all a woman's capacity for glorying in a deed of strength her soul confirmed as righteous. She was therefore enjoying herself very much when the sound of voices approaching her



"HE FELL SCATTERING RIGHT AND LEFT THE BLAZING LOGS."

cattle, if I bring them myself. Yes, before midnight. Go. No!" she cried, breaking loose from him, as he attempted to convey more closely the warmth of his gratitude. "Not yet!" she added, demurely, as he sprang into his saddle, and dashed off just as Bothe and his guests came running out, their rifles in hand. As Reuben lay on the neck of his horse, the last he saw of Ruth before dipping into the hollow was her figure with extended arms standing before the gate of the kraal, where Bothe kept his horses tethered.

And, indeed, he was gone none too soon. Bothe and his friends were furious. The old man with his pipe in his mouth, his grey beard twitching, his red, rheumy eyes blinking at the sweltering glare of the veld, his right hand, hairy and horny, gripping at his rifle, his old slouch hat slightly cocked over his ear, mingled in a manner irresistibly ludicrous the aspect of a primitive Puritan

retreat disturbed her. As the door opened, she glided through the open French window and stood one moment on the veranda, thinking. Her face had grown suddenly pale. For in the intruders she had recognised one of Galiswe's indunas with Oom Bothe; and such a companionship foreboded mischief to the man she was beginning to feel she could not live without loving.

For more than an hour the two haggled and bargained, ravelling as Kaffirs and Boers love to ravel the thread of each argument. But when they finally departed, and Ruth saw the chief gliding away over the plain westwards, the fulness of the plot was only too startlingly plain.

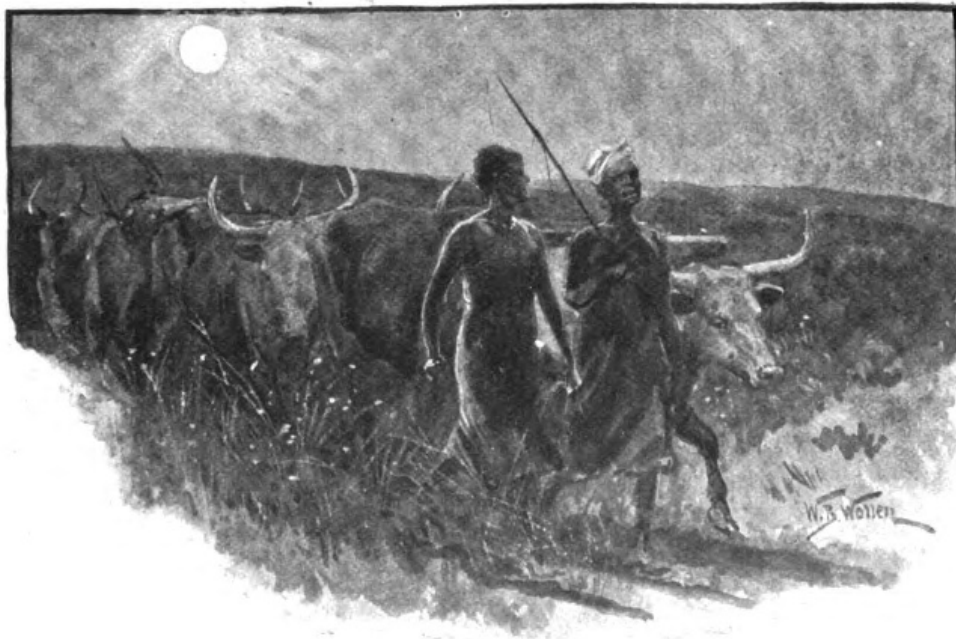
For thus had the Boer arranged with the Kaffir for the destruction of the Englishman. That night Oom Bothe would send a team of cattle to Jessop on the pretence of helping him. As soon as the team were inspanned, they should overturn the waggon by driving

it up the bank; the Bechuanaas should then run in and spear the Englishmen, and share the booty with Oom Bothe. It was so simple and so natural, and so very easy; and if any questions were asked at Pretoria! Bah! When Oom Paul fiddled, did not the English lion dance?

"The best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," murmured Ruth, quoting her lover's frequent remark on her own perverse refusal of him, as creeping quietly down to the native kraal, a few hundred yards beyond the farm, she held a long conversation with a Fingo girl whose jolly countenance, after undergoing every contortion of amazement and incredulity, settled into a bubbling, overflowing grin of suppressed appreciation as of an excellent, if unmentionable, joke. Presently the same girl might have been seen to enter the Boer's house and proceed to Ruth's room, when, to judge by the sound of

seasoned, perfectly trained animals, whose pull was like the persuasion of a traction engine. With such bullocks in his kraal the old man could really enjoy seeing some neighbourly waggon stuck in the mud. One by one the team were gathered together and inspanned silently and with no word spoken. One of the natives took the leading rope, the other stood by the kraal gate till the team were led out, after which she waited patiently till the team had noiselessly vanished beyond the nearest dip, when she quietly drove all the other beasts out of the kraal in the opposite direction, repeated the same operation with the horses; then, breaking into the long lob trot at which natives can travel so far, soon rejoined her companion.

The team needed little persuasion to travel fast. The girl who had remained behind took the leading rope, and the oxen followed her, running with a lumbering, swinging gait



"THE OXEN FOLLOWED HER WITH A LUMBERING, SWINGING GAIT."

muffled merriment, the joke, whatever it was, was being further elaborated.

III.

ABOUT two hours previous to the time agreed upon by Bothe to send out the cattle to Reuben's undoing, there might have been seen in the great stone kraal two natives going in and out among a mob of cattle and picking out a peculiar lot of sturdy black beasts, with white faces and beautiful curved horns. These were the joy of Bothe's heart—draught bullocks such as no other man had in all Africa. Twenty strong, well-

strangely similar to her own. The veld was very silent and deserted. Not even a dog disturbed the night silence. The field cornet being safely in bed with his blisters, no one would trouble to be patrolling. Soon in the distance the glisten of the river could be seen, and twice a native rose in the path to vanish again, silent, spectral, at the magic whisper "roinek." The faint thud of the team's hoofs beat a rhythmic measure on the turf, that seemed to one of the two accompanying them to swing into a strange lilt of a Yorkshire name. The stars

blinked quietly down, ridge after ridge of billowy grass glided back into the night; hollow after hollow echoed softly to the muffled peal of hoofs; the black bodies of the oxen swung like waving shadows in the warm night air; their white faces, the glistening vapour of their panting breath, seemed like the weird pulsing of some great uncouth machine. There was such a silence about it all, and yet such an alluring sense of lilt in it, the whole scene was as a dream one might weave by moonlight over the noiseless heave of the ocean. The two girls, enveloped in their brown blankets, their hair in corkscrew wisps, their feet and legs bare to the knee, their blankets just covering their breasts, leaving the chests and arms bare; beneath the starlight even they, too, seemed like phantoms.

At last, before them loomed the dim shadow of the waggon. Again there rose up from the veld two shadowy figures, assegais and shields in hand, only to sink as if swallowed into the earth, before the magic of the whispered word, "roï-nek." As they were within a few yards of the waggon, the voice of Reuben rang out bidding them halt. "Come down, O Koos, and hear a message," said the native girl, speaking in the Kaffir tongue. The other girl looking round

saw the gleam of two assegais in the grass. The sense of danger destroyed the sense of shame. "Stay where you are, Reuben," she whispered, in English. "There is an ambush all round you. Tell Sammy to hook the cattle in and gallop the drift. There is a plot to let the cattle overturn the waggon. I overheard it, and we are two hours before the time.. But the river is very high—we must be quick. Get the rifles ready."

"You darling!" said Reuben. "Stand by to come on board. Are you ready, Sammy? Jump in, now—quick—Yek!

Yek, there! Oop lads! Yek!" And as the girls scrambled in over the tail-board the long whip lashed round, circling the heads, finding the tender spots of each beast. With a jolt and a bound the waggon swung down into the drift, and before the natives could realize what had happened, was well in mid-stream. That they were none too soon was evident; it was all the team could do to keep their legs, and the water swirled up in angry, humming eddies on to the very tail-board of the waggon. Mrs. Orme shivered as she looked at it, and Reuben, thinking of the freight of love he bore, plied his whip with a crackle and swish that assuredly astonished the prize team of Oom Bothe. The centre once passed, however, the danger was over. A spur of beach, running out into mid-stream, made the approach to the bank on the other side calm and easy. But they had still the natives to reckon with, and so Reuben urged the straining beasts up the steep incline at a gallop,



"REUBEN URGED THE STRAINING BEASTS UP THE STEEP INCLINE."

till the waggon was safe from all possibility of flood. Along the stream on this side the banks were steep, and pursuit was only possible by the road in which they were. From where they had halted some forty feet above the river, where the level plain dipped into the cutting leading into the drift, the back of the waggon commanded the whole of the gap to the water's edge. A volley plashed into the water brought home this fact to the Bechuanas on the other side. These, indeed, were quite nonplussed. The new development was altogether beyond their

instructions, and in their doubt they decided to watch and send off a runner to their induna, who by that time should be with Oom Bothe.

But the delay meant the loss of two hours, and when the old Boer and the Bechuanas rode up to the drift, midnight had gone by, and the river was moaning now, a surging, yellow torrent no horse could stem nor man stand in. The old Boer stood in his stirrups shaking his rifle, gesticulating and yelling across the noisy waters. His cattle and his son's promised bride! The pride of his kraal and his home! And he had spent all the night in scouring the country for them, and almost cut a Kaffir boy in pieces with his sjambok for letting the cattle escape. In his madness and fury he urged his horse at the flood, beating it on the head with his rifle and tearing its flanks with his savage spurs. But his fury was vain. Like Balaam's ass his steed feared the sword of that flood-song in front of him, and goaded at last by his master's brutal senselessness, turned and bolted back to Langeberg. By dawn there was half a mile of water between the banks, and the river, thirty feet in depth now, was whirling down branches and veld drift, a foaming, racing, exultant torrent, impassable for weeks.

"Bothe's oxen will take us to Mafeking within a week," said Reuben, as early the next morning he stood talking to Ruth and Mrs. Orme. They two, with arms twined round each other, formed a pretty picture of glad peace. For the strange, mysterious voice of Nature had drawn mother and child into a swift embrace at the first glance. The disguise of a Kaffir dress, of a little staining and red-ochreing, of a blanket which only revealed a figure distractingly sweet—they could not conceal the voice, the eyes; could not alter the lips

that had nestled against the mother's breast. And in the hungry, yearning silence of that embrace, when Mrs. Orme drew the girl into her arms, in the wonderful glow that flushed the weary eyes and sad, worn face of the Red Cross nurse, Ruth felt all her heart go out to this woman whose tremulous, passionate whisper bade her call her "Mother."

And memories once evoked soon grew and multiplied, and Ruth recalled many childish recollections at her mother's suggestion. Doubt was impossible. And, indeed, the two looked strangely alike in their nurse's dress. For Ruth had hastily discarded her native attire and stood now in one of her mother's gowns, the picture of demure reluctance and shy expectation. And when Mrs. Orme was giving the wounded trooper his breakfast, it was a very blushing face and eyes somewhat shyly frightened that hid on the broad expanse of Reuben's massive chest. And when he teasingly whispered to her that he thought he would have the wedding in a Kaffir costume, the glance she gave him made him feel as though all his seventy-three inches had curled into his boots and then leaped to the stars. Just such a glance and blush, in

fact, as he got when some months later he and his bride stood gazing into the mystery the moonlight made under the mountain pines, and Reuben bent down to take the winsome, fearless face in his hands and asked her:—

"Now tell me why it was you risked all that night—even that dress—for me!"

"It was because I loved you," Ruth said, with a little smile, her eyes shining, as she cuddled up into the curve of his great, muscular arm, clasping her two little hands over his brown, massive wrist. "And," she added, "because I just worshipped you for the way you threw Carl Bothe into his own fire!"



"IT WAS BECAUSE I LOVED YOU," RUTH SAID.

In Nature's Workshop.

III. — PLANTS THAT GO TO SLEEP.

BY GRANT ALLEN.



PLANTS sleep almost as truly as animals. To be sure, their sleep is a trifle less obtrusive—plants never snore: but it is quite real for all that, and its reality can be shown, as I hope to show it here, in a great many instances. Perhaps the best-marked form of slumber in the vegetable world is that of the great winter rest, when so many species retire altogether under the sheltering soil, and there lie dormant, side by side with the slumbering animals. We all know that when winter approaches the sleek dormouse retreats into his snug nook, a woven nest of warm grasses just above the ground, where he dozes away the cold weather in a state of unconsciousness. Squirrels similarly hibernate in the holes of tree-trunks; while bears grow fat in autumn, and after sleeping the winter through, emerge in April mere wasted shadows of their October selves. As to the cold-blooded animals, such as newts and lizards, snakes and adders, they dream away the chilly months, like the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, coiled up in tangles among the banks and hedges. The lesser creatures—snails, and beetles, and grubs, and so forth—hibernate underground or conceal themselves in the crannies of rocks and walls. But how does this long winter rest of animals differ, after all, from the winter rest of the crocus or the hyacinth, which withdraw all the living material from their leaves in autumn, and bury themselves inches deep in the soil in the shape of a bulb, till February rains or April suns tempt leaves and flowers out again? The whole vast class of bulbous and tuberous plants, indeed—the lilies, orchids, daffodils, narcissi, tulips, squills, blue-bells, and snow-drops—are they not just hibernating creatures, which retire underground in autumn with the slugs and the queen wasps, to reappear in spring about the same time with the return to upper air of the moles, the tortoises, and the fritillary butterflies?

In the case of pond plants and pond animals, in particular, this close similarity of habit is especially evident. I have pointed out in this magazine already how the frogs and newts betake themselves to the depths before the surface freezes over; and how at the same time, when the whirligig beetles and the tapering pond-snails go below to hibernate, the buds of the frogbit and the growing shoots of the curled pondweed similarly detach their ends from the dying stems so as to bury themselves safely in the unfrozen mud of the oozy bottom. But it may not strike everyone that much the same sort of winter sleep, for plants as for animals, is common on land too. When the squirrel retires into winter quarters in the trunk of the oak, where he has stored up his hoard of acorns against the dead season, does not the life of the oak itself do just the same thing? Does not the tree, too, fall asleep till the succeeding summer? I say "the life of the oak" in the most literal sense: for, remember, the protoplasm or living matter in the green leaves is withdrawn, before they fall, into the vital layer just below the bark; and there it sleeps away the winter, protected by its overcoat of cork-like material from the fierce frosts that would otherwise kill it. Indeed, it is only the dead skeleton of the leaf that drops on the ground: the life remains and hides in the trunk or branches. The withered leaf is like the sloughed skin of the snake, the cast shell of the lobster, the empty pupa-case of the butterfly. Nay, more, one may say roughly that almost all trees and shrubs or perennial herbs hibernate—become dormant in winter: but some of them conceal their living protoplasm in bulbs or tubers which they bury underground, while others store it in the stem or trunk, wrapped warmly up in a thick vegetable blanket.

Even evergreens sleep, though not quite so openly. Take two familiar contrasted cases. The Scotch fir and the larch are closely related: but the larch, a native of windswept heights in central Europe and northern

Asia, would have its slender branches broken and its swaying trunk snapped by the weight of snow which they would be compelled to sustain if the leaves persisted on the tree through the winter, besides running a good chance of being blown down in every big storm; so it has acquired the habit (very unusual among conifers) of shedding its cast-off leaves in autumn like the oak and the elm, after it has hidden away their vital contents in the living layer. In this way, it comparatively escapes the heavy load of snow it must otherwise bear, and also presents a far smaller expanse of resisting surface to the wintry Tyrolese and Siberian tempests. The Scotch fir, on the other hand, a stouter tree with stronger branches, can endure the heavy load of snow, which it shifts often enough as the wind strikes it; so it has evergreen leaves, like most of its class: but these needle-like leaves are thick-skinned and covered with a protective glassy glaze which effectually guards the living matter within from the frosts of January. Large-leaved evergreens, like the common laurel and the rhododendron, have a similar glassy layer to protect their foliage: but they are more southern types; our northern winter tries them often, and in severe seasons they get terribly frost-bitten. Even these evergreens themselves thus sleep, though unobtrusively: that is to say, their life is really suspended more or less during the winter months, though the living material is then exposed in the leaves, instead of being withdrawn into the bark as in the larch, or into a bulb or tuber as in the tulip and the crocus.

But besides this yearly winter sleep or hibernation a great many plants also sleep every night: in other words, they suspend more or less their usual activities, and devote themselves to rest and recuperation. For what do we mean by sleep? Well, Mr. Herbert Spencer has admirably defined it as "the period when repair predominates over

waste." During our waking times, we walk, work, waste—use up the living material of the body: in our sleeping hours, we rebuild and restore it. Now this is not quite true to the same extent of plants: though even plants in certain senses grow more by night than by day. Yet it *is* true in the main that plants suspend in their sleeping hours a great many functions which they carry on while they wake: and that the sleeping time is mostly devoted to repair and growth, not to active intercourse with external nature. By day, plants eat: by night, they utilize and arrange what they have eaten.

My illustration No. 1 shows the leaf of a mimosa bush in its waking moments. You would call it at first sight rather a branch than a leaf, no doubt; but in that you would be mistaken: it is really one much-divided leaf, though not by any means a simple one: and when it falls off, it falls off from the base like a single structure. It is, in point of fact, a very compound leaf, split up into

four main parts, each of which is again subdivided into many opposite pairs of leaflets. Now, in No. 1 here, the leaf is seen as it looks when expanded in the broad daylight: it is hard at work eating and drinking for the benefit of the plant: it absorbs, by all its hundred little mouths or leaflets, the carbonic acid of the surrounding air, which it converts, under the influence of sunlight, into suitable plant-food. It thus *works* in the daylight just as truly as the busy bee works when it



1.—BRANCH OF MIMOSA, THE LEAF AWAKE.

gathers honey: just as truly as the ant works when it collects dead meat and scraps of ant-provender: just as truly as the kingfisher works when it darts down upon the trout, or as the fly-catcher works when it swoops upon the flies that flit about in the garden. All these are diurnal plants and animals; they utilize, as Dr. Watts succinctly puts it, "each shining hour": and they rest when night comes from their daily labours. For remember, a plant can only eat its proper food, carbonic acid,

while the light falls upon it ; at night it must sleep, digest, and distribute what it has eaten.

No. 2 shows us a larger branch of the same mimosa bush, with two such compound leaves, seen as they look when folded up in sleep during the dark hours of the evening. Not only the famous and well-known Sensitive Plant sleeps like this, but also many other kinds of mimosa and acacia much cultivated in our green-houses. It is a pretty sight to see them falling gradually asleep — dozing off, if I may be allowed that familiar expression. First of all the opposite pairs of leaflets fold together upward, so as to present a single combined surface, like that of a hinged tablet when you shut its halves together. Then the four main leaf-stalks on which the leaflets are fixed sink slowly down like a sleepy child, and double themselves away out of the range of danger. Last of all, the principal leaf-stalk or main mid-rib of the whole branch-like leaf itself droops and drops drowsily, and the entire structure hangs limp, as if dead,

against the branch that supports it. In No. 2 you can see a pair of such four-branched leaves sound asleep in their pendent attitude. Each of these, when expanded, would resemble the open and active leaf in No. 1. You can see for yourself that the waking leaf is obviously equipped for work and action, while the sleeping leaves are quite as obviously arranged for rest and recuperation. You can also observe in No. 2 the main leaf-stalk or mid-rib of a third leaf, which is hanging down unseen, out of the field of the drawing.

The machinery for producing these curious sleep-movements is situated in certain very irritable little knobs at the base of the leaf-stalk, one of which you can observe close to the stem in the case of the lowest leaf-stalk (with its leaf unseen) in No. 2. The mechanism acts much like a nervous system :

Vol. xvii.—36.

it governs the movements and attitudes of the leaf by night or day. In the true Sensitive Plants, the leaflets fold up out of harm's way when touched. In most mimosas and acacias, however, they only fold at night, or

in very cold or dark weather. Their folding is partly effected for the sake of warmth, because they then expose only one surface of each leaf ; it may be compared to the way in which mice and other animals curl up in their nests, or to the habit of snakes in lying coiled up in holes, knotted together one with the other. But it is partly also done for physiological reasons : the plant rebuilds itself in sleep just as truly as the animal, and this posture seems to suit its growing and redistributing activities.

In No. 3 we have a branch of that common and beautiful little English wild-flower, the wood-sorrel. The plant is here represented wide awake in the daytime, its blossom expanded to court the insects that fertilize it, and its leaves wide open, drinking in its gaseous

food as fast as they can drink it. Wood-sorrel is a tender and thin-textured spring herb ; a chill is therefore highly prejudicial to its health : without being exactly delicate—for in a certain sense wood-sorrel may even be called hardy—it feels the need for taking care of itself. Severe cold nips it up : even gentle frosts have a bad effect upon it. But the wise herb has arranged against such adverse chances by the peculiar disposition of its dainty wan foliage. The leaves are composed of three leaflets each, and even at a casual glance, something about their mid-ribs might suggest to you the idea that they were intended for folding. And so they are. They fold quaintly downward—not one against the other, as in the mimosa, but half of each leaflet against the other half. In the sunshine and the warmth they expand to the utmost, as you see in No. 3 ; when



2.—BRANCH OF MIMOSA, THE LEAVES FAST ASLEEP.



3.—WOOD-SORREL ; THE FLOWER AND LEAVES BOTH AWAKE.

night falls they fall too, as you can observe in No. 4, where both leaves and flowers are fast asleep, resting after the arduous labours of the day in a profound slumber.

If you consider what the parts are doing in each case you will realize that day differs from night for the plant exactly as it differs for the animal—the one being a period of direct intercourse with external nature, and the other a period of repose, growth, and internal restoration. For during the daytime, the wood-sorrel swallows or sucks in with its leaves such carbonic acid as the wind brings its way, and then exposes it in the full sunlight to be assimilated and rendered useful: but by night it folds its leaves, just as the shopkeeper puts up his shutters or the mill stops work; it keeps them warm by contact with one another; and it begins to use up the material it has eaten for growth and development. Similarly with the dainty white lilac-streaked flowers: during the day they open their slender petals, hold up their heads, and receive the visits of the insects upon whom they depend for fertilization: but when night comes, and the insects have gone to bed, it is no use hanging out the sign any longer, so to speak—for the petals are just sign-boards to attract the eyes of the insect customers. Various misfortunes might happen to the flower in the cold spring nights, if it still kept open. The frost might nip up and wilt the petals: rain might fall and wash away the honey or the pollen: wind might disperse the fruitful golden grains, intended for the seed-vessels of sister blossoms. So the prudent plant imitates the little beasts

which curl themselves up in their holes: it makes the flower hang its head and close its petals, so as to imprison warm air within its bell-shaped hollow. In this position, it is safest from rain, which can neither fill the cup so as to break the stem, nor dilute the honey, nor waste the pollen. Thus, all night long, the wood-sorrel suspends its business intercourse with the outer world, and retires upon itself for rest and recuperation; when morning comes again, it opens its leaflets to drink in the air and the sun, and lifts its flowers once more to attract the insects. Alike for warmth, for safety, and for economy, it sleeps by night; it wakes by day, and engages actively in the business of its existence.

I may add that we know otherwise how particularly necessary is heat to the wood-sorrel. If you examine the under-side of the winter leaves—I mean those few old leaves which manage to struggle on from the preceding year through an English January—you will find that they are distinctly reddish or purple. Now, chemists have shown us that this red or purple colouring matter which is spread on the under-side of the foliage in many plants is a substance with a curious power of catching the remnant of such light-rays as pass unused through the green cells of the leaf, and transforming them into heat-rays. To put it plainly, the red pigment is a warmth-catcher, a machine for transmuting light into heat. You therefore find it most often on



4.—WOOD-SORREL ; THE FLOWER AND LEAVES BOTH ASLEEP.

the under-side of many early spring plants, which naturally need all the heat they can get, as well as on aquatic herbs like the water-lilies, whose under-surface is constantly

chilled (even in summer) by contact with the cold water. For example, the cyclamens so commonly grown in drawing-room windows in winter have bright purple under-sides to their leaves, because they grow and flower in the coldest months: so has an exotic wood-sorrel, which is a favourite pot-plant with cottagers, and which goes to sleep every night of its life, even more conspicuously than our wild English species. In every case where you light upon purple or red colouring matter abundantly present in leaves or shoots (as in sprouting peonies, and spring growth of rose-bushes), you may at least suspect that warmth is its principal purpose. Nature does nothing in vain: there is always a reason in the merest detail.

But you may ask, "Why do not all leaves equally go to sleep at night? Why have you thus to pick out a few select examples?" The answer is, all leaves do; but some of them sleep more conspicuously and visibly than others. The cases in which you can see that they sleep are those of plants with thin and delicate foliage, where the leaves or leaflets gain mutual protection against radiation and cold by putting themselves, so to speak, two layers thick. Very dainty spring foliage shows sleep most obviously: very thick and coarse leaves, like those of the cyclamen, the rhododendron, the Siberian saxifrage, or the common laurel, sleep without folding; they have warmth enough or glassy covering enough to resist injury. Here again we can see the analogy between the nightly and the winter sleep: thin-leaved trees shed their leaves in autumn: thick-leaved kinds, such as laurustinus, spruce-fir, and laurel, retain them unshed through the entire winter.

The sleep of flowers is even more conspicuous and more readily aroused than the sleep of leaves. Blossoms are delicate and much exposed. Foliage for the most part sleeps by night only: but flowers take casual naps now and again when danger looms in the daytime. This is only what one might expect; for the flower is usually the part of the plant which does the most varied external business and holds the most specialized intercourse with the rest of nature. The leaf has relations with the sun and the air alone; but the flower has to attract and satisfy all sorts of fastidious and capricious insect assistants: it has to produce pollen, honey, and seeds: it has to provide for its own fertilization and that of its neighbours. Hence, it may have to wake or sleep in accordance with the convenience of the outer world: just as a railway

porter or a club servant must get up and go to bed, not when he chooses himself, but when his employers choose to make him. The rule with flowers is this: they open the shop when customers are most likely to drop in; they shut it when there is nobody about and when valuable goods like honey and pollen run a risk of getting damaged.

The purple crocus, illustrated in its working hours in No. 5, is an early spring flower which has to open under considerable disadvantages. It lays by material during the previous summer in an underground bulb, sleeps the winter through, and pushes up its head in the very early spring, at a time when frost and snow are still extremely probable. All such early spring plants, I need scarcely say, are naturally hardy: they also wrap themselves up warm in blankets and overcoats. The crocus bud when it first emerges is folded tight (like an Indian pappoose or an Italian bambino) in a neat and commodious papery coverlet: it only peeps out of its close-fitting mummy-case when the weather promises a chance of successful flowering. A little break of warmth in February or March, however, suffices for its purpose. It will unfold its purple corolla gaily in the sun, and flaunt its golden-yellow stigma in the midst of the blue cup to allure its winged allies to the store of honey.

These allies are all of them bees, dozens of whom venture out on the prowl on sunny days through the whole winter. It is for them that the gorse hangs out its nutty-scented flowers: for them that the crocuses, golden or purple, expand their chalice. As long as the sun shines, in spite of cold east winds, the bees bury themselves deep in the tempting blossoms, dust their hairy thighs with quantities of pollen, and rub it off against the feathery and sticky stigmas of the next flower they visit. But spring sunshine is not a joy to count upon. Great white clouds roll up and obscure the clear blue sky; a cold wind accompanies them; the bees hurry off, full-laden, to their hives or their underground nests; rain, sleet, or snow threatens. The prudent crocus perceives that all chance of business is over for the present, and, like a booth-keeper at a fair, when the crowd has gone, it proceeds to shut up its shop and take care of its merchandise. And it is well advised, for its shape renders it peculiarly liable to damage from rain or sleet when open; so it closes its corolla, as you see in No. 6, making the folded lobes do duty as an umbrella. If rain or snow comes, it is thus effectually protected: the pollen is not washed

away, nor is the large and fleshy stigma ruined. You will find these tactics common among cup-shaped or chalice-shaped flowers like the crocus and the tulip: they never occur



5.—PURPLE CROCUS, OPEN IN SUNSHINE.

among bell-shaped hanging flowers, like the harebell or the wild hyacinth, where the whole blossom, being turned downward and entered from below, forms a perpetual umbrella to guard its own pollen and its own honey from stress of weather. These last are a higher and more evolved type, belonging for the most part to very advanced and progressive families.

Most spring flowers, however, in their anxiety to attract the few insect visitors who are about at that treacherous period of the year, keep open door, and spread their blossoms, cup-like, upward. Examples, other than the crocus and the tulip, are the winter aconite, the buttercup, the wood-anemone, the Alpine gentians, the globe-flower, and the hepatica. Most of these early flowers shut up for every passing cloud, and open again for every gleam of sunshine. They are hard at work all the time, opening and shutting as the weather changes. On a typical April day I have often noticed the yellow crocuses expand and close half-a-dozen times over.

A great many flowers which have the honey and pollen openly exposed in this cup-like way are much given to closing, even in summer, for every cloud that passes, because they are naturally so afraid of being

spoiled by a wetting. This is particularly the case with the wheel-shaped forms—those, I mean, with open flat saucers like the common pimpernels. An old English name for our little red pimpernel is "shepherd's weather-glass," because it opens its eyes in the broad sunlight, but closes them at once in shade or when a cloud passes. Plants of this type sleep all night long habitually, but also take a gentle doze every now and again when danger lowers. So fowls have been known to go to roost during a total eclipse of the sun, and many small birds settle themselves to sleep in dark and gloomy weather.

In No. 7 we have a branch of the common wild geranium or herb-robert, a well-known English weed, which exhibits this peculiarity in a marked degree. Here you see three flowers awake and expanded, with their pretty purple petals (marked by darker lines or honey-guides) flaunting in the sun as advertisements to the insects. The lines on the petals are not there for mere ornament: they point straight to the honey, and so save the time of the visitor, by showing him at once where he should stick his inquisitive proboscis in search of it. But No. 8 exhibits the very same branch in the evening or when clouds are obscuring the sun. Danger now looms: a shower threatens. So what does the frightened wild geranium do? Observe that the



6.—A CLOUD PASSES; THE CROCUS CLOSES TO PROTECT ITS POLLEN.

overblown flowers, the buds, and the leaves retain their positions as before: rain cannot hurt them. But the three open flowers bend their heads against the storm, instead

of closing their petals: they convert themselves into an umbrella, thus temporarily imitating the tactics of the bluebells and the snowdrops. By this simple device, the honey and pollen are secured from danger. When day or sunshine returns, the geranium raises its lolling heads again, because its flowers are small and inconspicuous: they depend upon minor insect visitors—flies or the like—and cannot afford to do without the display of their purple upper-side, like the far more noticeable hyacinths and harebells.

A different method of compassing the same result is seen in that queer English weed, the carline thistle. It is a very common plant on our chalk downs, and on many dry hillsides: it abounds, for example, on Box Hill: and yet, if you are not a botanist, I greatly doubt whether you will ever have noticed it. For it is a curious creature which always looks dead, even when it is most alive: you can see it in No. 9 much as in real life, only you must remember that its colour is almost that of a dry dead thistle. Its leaves are cottony; its flowers are dingy in hue; and its general aspect is suggestive of death, decay, and dissolution. Yet it is really very much alive: and its form is so admirably adapted to its place in nature, that I think before I describe its mode of sleeping I must first devote a few lines in passing to its other dodges for picking up an honest livelihood.

The carline grows only on dry fields, high open sheep-walks, and sandhills by the sea. All these places are, of course, much liable to be browsed over by sheep, cattle, donkeys, and other animals, not forgetting the destructive rabbit and that strangest of all grazers, the goose—a bird which puts itself into



7.—WILD GERANIUM, LAYING ITSELF OUT TO ATTRACT INSECTS.

competition with the herbivorous ruminants, and crops the meadows with its bill shorter and closer than any of them with their teeth. Now, all plants which live under such conditions are obliged to adopt protective measures against animal depredators. Most of them are prickly: such are gorse, blackthorn, and the common thistles: nay, there are even certain herbs, like the pretty pink rest-harrow, which are unarmed when they grow in inclosed meadows, but

which produce a special prickly variety when they occupy spots exposed to donkeys, rabbits, and geese, the worst and deadliest of grazing enemies. Other plants defend themselves in subtler ways, by bitter juices, or by unpleasant hairs dotted about over their surface. Yet others, like the subterranean clover, bury their ripening pods underground, so that their seeds at least may escape the keen-eyed depredators. The thistles of rich meadows have long stalks and rise a foot or two high:

but on the fine sward of chalk downs, a special species has been developed, known as the Stemless Thistle, which consists simply of a rosette of prickly leaves, in whose midst a compact head of flowers lies pressed close to the ground, and well protected by the prickly points of the leaves around it. Indeed, the whole nibbled turf of the downs consists everywhere of creeping or low-growing plants, specially designed to flower and fruit, and so reproduce their kind, in spite of the murderous assaults of animals to



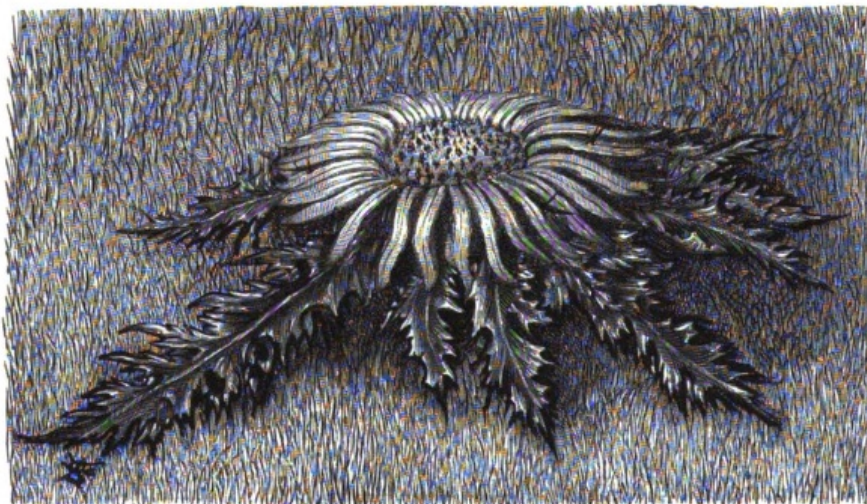
8.—WILD GERANIUM, AT NIGHT OR IN CLOUDY WEATHER, MAKING EACH FLOWER INTO AN UMBRELLA FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE POLLEN.

which they are continually subjected.

It is in the midst of such a stunted world as this that the carline has to carve itself out a niche in nature. Its leaves, as you can see in No. 9, are pressed flat against the

ground, looking almost as if they had been trodden into it—a peculiarity still more noticeable in the specialized form of plantain evolved in chalk country, on whose lawns it is a weed much hated by gardeners. These leaves are intensely prickly, with long and rigid spines protecting them at all angles from the attacks of nibblers. The whole carline plant is remarkably rigid and juiceless; in winter it looks absolutely

florets of a daisy or a chrysanthemum. But when the air becomes damp, the bracts, which are highly sensitive to moisture, curl up of themselves, as you see in No. 10, and form a sort of hut or shed above the true flowers in the centre. The conical tent or pent-house thus produced makes a shelter against the impending rain, which would wash away the pollen and dissolve the honey. The illustration shows you very well the general arrange-



9.—CARLINE THISTLE, ITS BRACTS OPEN AND ACTING LIKE PETALS TO ALLURE INSECTS.

dead, but revives again in spring as if by a miracle. In the centre of the rosette of spiny leaves a flower-head develops, looking at first sight like a single flower, but consisting really of many tubular bells, clustered together in a round group, and inclosed by an involucre or prickly basket of bracts. The inner bracts of this basket are long, slender, and ray-like: in texture they are thin and shining like straw, while in hue they are of a pale straw-colour, so that they add altogether to the dead-alive aspect of the plant. But when these shining straw-coloured bracts are spread out horizontally in the sunlight, forming a crown about the true flowers or little bells in the centre, they produce precisely the effect of petals, and serve the same purpose in attracting the notice of the fertilizing insects. No. 9 shows you the aspect of the carline in these its most alluring moments, when it is laying itself out to be agreeable to visitors.

That is the attitude it always adopts in bright dry weather, when the winged guests on which it depends for fruiting are around and active. Its bracts then spread out like the rays of a star, and mimic the true ray-

ment of the plant and its parts, consisting outside of a rosette of spinous leaves, and inside of a basket or involucre to guard the flowers: this involucre itself being once more composed of two distinct parts; the outer layer of prickly and protective bracts, designed to ward off browsing enemies, and the inner layer of thin, dry bracts, with a shiny texture like that of everlasting, designed in dry weather to play the part of petals, and in wet to rise up as an umbrella or rain-shelter.

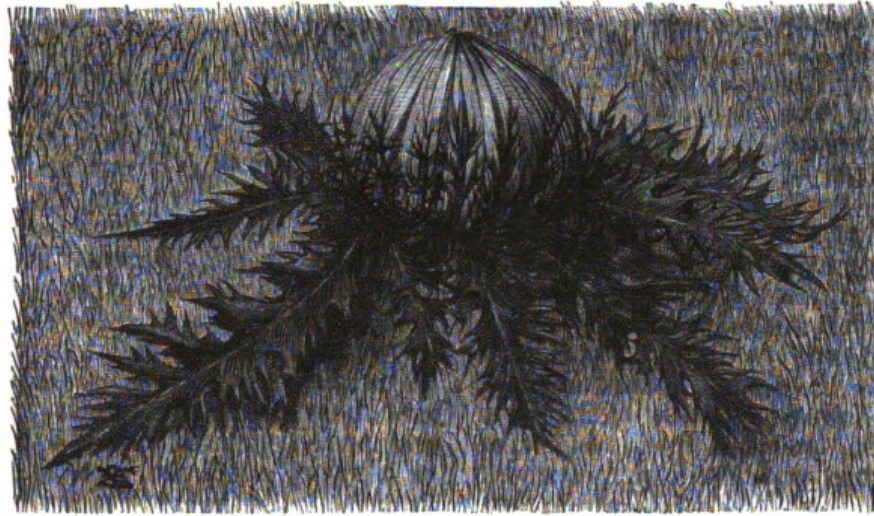
The word carline is good old English for a withered old woman, a wizened witch, and it is very aptly applied to this curious and tattered grey weather-beaten species. Robert Burns applies it to the hags whose orgies were interrupted by Tam o' Shanter.

Most plants and most animals sleep by night and wake by day. But there are of course a number of kinds, both in the animal and vegetable world, which find it pays them best to be nocturnal. Day is the time when most enemies are abroad: therefore, to get the better of the enemies, it may be well to sleep by day and turn out in the twilight. Defenceless species, no doubt, begin the game: they fly abroad in the dusk to secure safety

from birds and other aggressive foes. That is the policy of the moths, the fireflies, the mosquitoes, and many other night-flying insects. Then the bats and the night-jars discover in turn that it is worth while to prowling about at night, in order to swoop down upon the insects which have thus tried to escape from the swifts, the swallows, the martins, and the fly-catchers. Similarly, the smaller mammals, such as mice and shrews,

greater certainty than if it had to compete with the ruck that opens every morning. So a great many flowers have taken the hint and laid themselves out for this twilight blossoming. I will give you one simple example first, and then pass on to more complex cases.

Everybody knows the common English red campion—the day lychnis, or Robin Hood as it is often called in the country.



10.—CARLINE THISTLE: CLOUDY WEATHER OR NIGHT: THE BRACTS CLOSE AND FORM A PENT-HOUSE TO PROTECT THE FLOWERS.

go out by night in search of beetles: and the owls follow in search of mice and shrews. Thus the larger half of nature is by habit diurnal, while the smaller half has become nocturnal, either to escape its enemies or to capture its prey. It is like the human case of guns and armour: we make armour-plated ironclads so thick that no gun can pierce them; then we invent new guns which can pierce even the impenetrable armour. Nature is one vast game of check and counter-check: it consists of devices intended to outwit other devices, and themselves outwitted in turn by devices still more stringent or more marvellously cunning.

Now plants too have followed the general fashion of producing nocturnal types, wherever the circumstances rendered it desirable for them to do so. The night-flying moths are in many cases honey-eaters, therefore they may be utilized as carriers of pollen by any enterprising plant that chooses to lay itself out for securing their services. Here are so many Pickford's vans, as it were, going begging: the plant that chooses to flower at night and close by day will be able to get its fertilization done cheap, with

It is a pretty pink flower, scentless and somewhat weedy, and it grows abundantly in hedgerows all over England. It is pink, because it is principally fertilized by day-flying butterflies, which love bright colour: it needs no perfume, because its brilliant hue is sufficient advertisement for all practical purposes. But it has a very near relation, almost exactly like it save in two respects: and this relation is the white evening lychnis or night-flowering campion. It differs from the red campion, first in colour, and second in being delicately and pervasively scented. Why? Because it opens its blossoms about five or six in the evening, in order to catch the night-flying moths. These moths are chiefly attracted by white flowers, which show up best in the grey dusk of evening: and they are also guided very largely by scent, so that blossoms which lay themselves out for the patronage of moths are almost always heavily perfumed.

A few more examples will show you some other peculiarities of this group of night-blooming moth-alluring blossoms. Everybody now knows the so-called "tobacco-plant" or *Nicotiana glauca*, so greatly cultivated of late

in gardens. This beautiful and graceful flower closes during the day, but opens at nightfall, when its pure white blossoms become strongly scented. If you are at all in the habit of noticing flowers, too, you must have observed that the "tobacco-plant" is almost self-luminous in the dusk: it glows with a strange phosphorescent light, as if illuminated from within. This is the

case with many nocturnal flowers, and I suspect (though I do not know) that the property is connected with their insect-eating habits, about which more by-and-by. Again, you may note that there are a large number of similar night-flowering plants, all of them moth-fertilized, such as gardenia, white jasmine, tuberose, stephanotis, night-flowering cereus, and so forth. All of these are pure white, and all of them are heavily scented with very similar perfumes. Moreover (and this is a curious coincidence), none of them have any streaks, spots, or lines on their petals. The reason is simple. Such streaks or lines are always honey-guides, to lead the insect straight to the nectary. Day insects see such lines and are greatly influenced by them: but at night they would be useless, so their place is taken by scent and by deep tubes, which make a dark spot near the centre of the blossom. What night flowers need most is a bright white surface which will reflect all the small light they can get: and this I suspect they sometimes supplement by a faint phosphorescence.

The Nottingham Catchfly, which you see asleep by day in No. 11, is a highly developed



11.—CATCHFLY, A NOCTURNAL PLANT, SLEEPING BY DAY, WHEN ITS MOTHS ARE ABSENT.

insects as well? Because they are not the ones specially fitted to do its work: their heads are not of the right shape: the Nottingham Catchfly has laid itself out for special moths, and has so formed its blossoms that those moths can fertilize it most easily and most economically. It is a good example of a highly developed type, specially fitted for a particular visitor.

The name of Catchfly, again, it owes to an odd peculiarity which it shares with many other nocturnal flowers. The top of the stem at the flowering period is covered with sticky hairs, which have glands at their tips: and these glands exude a peculiar viscid liquid. Small flies light on the stem, and are caught by the sort of bird-lime thus prepared for them; the plant then digests them and sucks their juices. I do not know whether my next guess is correct or not—I am not chemist enough myself to verify it: but I am inclined to conjecture that the plant uses up the phosphates in the bodies of the insects in order to produce the peculiar luminous appearance of the petals in the twilight. I leave this hint for those of my readers whose chemical skill may be greater than mine is.



12.—CATCHFLY, OPENING ITS WHITE PETALS AT NIGHT, WHEN ITS MOTHS ARE FLYING.



BY E. M. JAMESON.

DUSK had fallen upon the lonely stretches of Dartmoor. Grey mists swept round the summits of the tors and lay thick and impenetrable in the valleys below, and little by little the landmarks were blotted from view.

Something as grey as the shadows crawled from a cleft in one of the tors and, as if with every nerve quickened, stood upright to listen. Not a sound broke the stillness; in the whole of that vast solitude not a creature seemed to stir, and the man in grey, as he looked around him, drew a long breath of relief.

All day, from his eyrie in the furrowed side of the rock, he had seen men scouring the moor, beating about as if for game, and passing within a few yards of their quarry's hiding-place. So close, indeed, that once he cowered back with a sick apprehension that sent great drops of moisture coursing down his face, enduring the torture of the eternally lost at the thought of recapture.

The searchers had gone, but the convict knew that, for a certainty, the kingdom must be ringing with his miraculous escape, and that far and near he would be looked for. Better a thousand times to die here in the

open than be retaken. He glanced around him desperately. The wide road that traversed the moor was hardly distinguishable in the gloom. He must keep away from the beaten track and trust in Providence.

Providence! He smiled at the word; but it was easier of belief here in the open, with the keen, pure atmosphere setting his senses quivering with the joy of living, than *there*. His eyes turned in the direction of Princetown, not many miles away, and he shuddered.

To the luxurious man of the world, twelve months of a convict's life had seemed a century, and there would be many and many and many a year to follow. His hand sought mechanically in his breast for the fragment of rope he had picked up near his hiding-place. There were other means of escape after all. To rid himself of his tell-tale apparel was the problem.

He crept down the rugged side of the tor half fearfully, every rustle of the heather against his foot making him start. The hunger which all day had been so acute as to be painful had now become an aching sensation that did not greatly trouble him.

He felt almost gay by the time he had tramped a few miles, and with difficulty kept

from breaking into a whistle. He was young and strong, and the shame and degradation fell away from him. He kept as close as he could to the road, and presently, seeing a fairly wide footpath, he passed down it and came to a large iron gate. He pressed his face against the bars and looked in, making out the form of a long, low house against the lighter glimmer of the sky. Coming towards him was the light of carriage-lamps.

He crouched among the brake; a groom got down, and the gate swung open. In the momentary pause the watcher heard a pleasant, cultivated man's voice, either that of the driver or his companion, say:—

"Then the little chap doesn't mind being left to his own devices? It's rather dull for him, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," replied another voice, irritably; "but he's used to it, poor little beggar. After all, a man must dine out now and then."

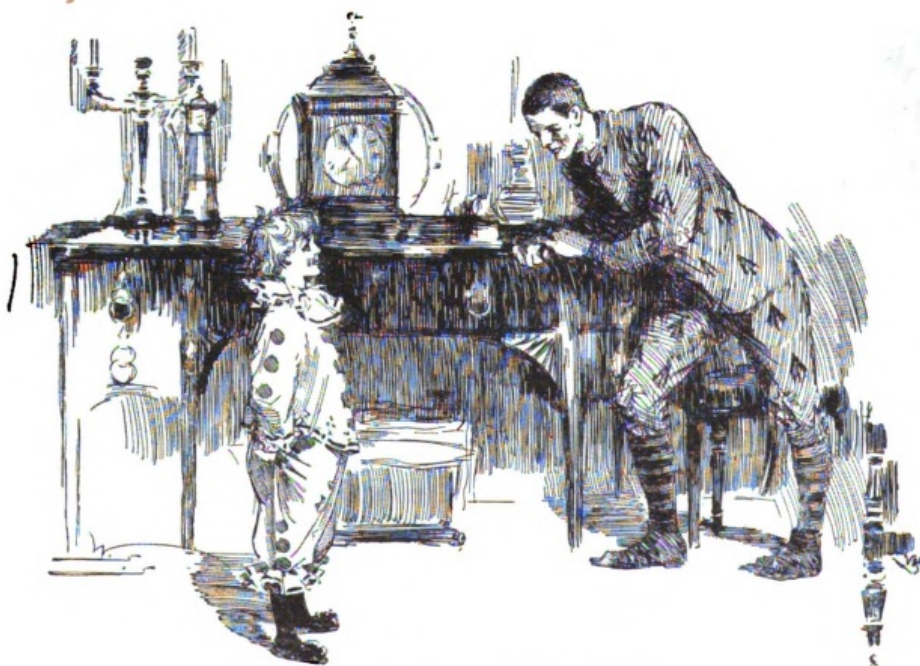
The mare plunged forward and the gate swung to with a click. The listener's pulses beat at lightning speed. Here was his opportunity.

He made his way rapidly up the drive,

room. He stood in the middle of the floor, his face puckered into a perplexed frown. He was dressed in the most incongruous fashion, like a miniature clown. Though time-pressed, Geoffrey Borradaile could not refrain from looking at the child, his behaviour was so funny. He bowed to an imaginary audience, then, giving a sudden twirl, endeavoured to stand on his head. Again and again he tried, only to fail as many times, and the onlooker grew quite excited over the performance. So much so, indeed, that, forgetting where he was, he leant too heavily against the long French window, and it suddenly opened inward and precipitated him into the room.

He found himself confronting the astonished acrobat, from whom he momentarily expected to hear a cry of alarm. In former days Geoffrey had been beloved of animals and children, and this characteristic stood him in good stead now. The boy looked at him gravely, then his little face broke into a smile.

"Why, *you're* dressed up, too," he said, thrusting his hands into his baggy trousers as he surveyed the man in grey; "what fun!



"WHY, YOU'RE DRESSED UP, TOO!"

listening at intervals. As he neared the house he saw a light glimmering from a long window at the left of the hall-door. The blind was only partly drawn, and he looked in.

A little boy was the sole occupant of the

Now there'll be two to pretend. It's so dull by myself, though I make up a good deal as I go along."

The visitor took the cue at once. "So it is," he replied, at the same time looking

round cautiously ; "but is there no one here to play with you ?"

As he spoke he lowered the blind, an action which Teddy did not notice. The child shook his head.

"Father's gone out to dinner, and so has Uncle Jack—Uncle Jack only came the day before yesterday. Nurse and cook are in the kitchen ; Kate—that's the housemaid—has gone to see her mother at Post Bridge ; and Courtman's out with the dog-cart. Courtman's really nicer than any of them."

"Perhaps you are accustomed to playing by yourself?"

Tears suddenly rose in Teddy's eyes, but he tried to blink them away before the visitor could see them.

"There—there used to be mother, you know. Fathers are different somehow, aren't they? They haven't time, I suppose?" looking with wistful eyes at his visitor for confirmation of the fact.

"Quite different ; there's nothing in the whole world like a mother." Geoffrey was thinking of his own boyhood's days.

A tear fell from Teddy's down-bent face on the carpet at the speaker's feet, but as it soaked in at once, Teddy hoped it had not been noticed. He rumbled his curly pate and heaved a sigh.

"I say, what shall we play at?"

"You choose," replied the man in grey, his hearing always painfully on the alert for surprises. "I must say that I'm rather tired of this get-up—yours is so much better than mine."

"Well, yours *is* rather hideous," said Teddy, endeavouring to mingle candour with politeness ; "but then I suppose it's more uncommon than mine. I had it for a fancy dress ball, and I'm going to another soon, when they make a new mayor, you know, and I do so want to be able to turn a somersault."

"It would be useful."

"I shall have to manage to learn *some-how*," said Teddy, with portentous gravity. "Bob Smith can turn beauties. I say," his eyes travelling afresh over the other's costume, "what *are* those things? Something like the tops of toasting-forks."

He broke into an infectious splutter of laughter, and Borradaile smiled in response, despite the torture of inaction.

"I can't imagine why I chose this rig-out," he replied, keeping up the farce. "I wish I'd something else to put on."

Teddy suddenly sprang into the air, his face red with excitement.

"Why, there are *heaps* and *heaps* of things

upstairs ; let's go and get some, and then perhaps you'd teach me to turn a somersault? I can nearly do it—you'd only have to give me a shove at the right time. Do come along, only *very* quietly, or nurse will come, and I don't want her to."

Nor did Borradaile ; and they stole across the hall and up the staircase, he taking off his heavy boots and carrying them under his arm, upon which Teddy, with a silent, burglarious chuckle of enjoyment, sat on the bottom stair and removed his little patent leather house shoes, tucking them under his capacious scarlet and white sleeve.

They had reached the top of the flight, when a voice from the hall below sent a sickening wave of terror over Borradaile.

"Master Theodore, where are you?"

Teddy held up his finger, warningly, and advanced to the top of the stairs.

"I'm here, nurse ; I've only come to get something out of father's room ; he said I could have it."

"It's getting on for your bedtime, so don't be long up there. I'll put your supper in the study, unless you'd like to have it with cook and me in the kitchen."

"I'm just not *going* to have it in the kitchen ; put it in the study, and father said I could have some chicken if I liked."

The steps retreated again, to the accompaniment of muttered remarks, and Teddy, having routed the enemy, led the way triumphantly to his father's room.

"Nurse is so cross," he explained, trying at the same time to drag a heavy box forward. "I'm too old for a nurse now. Bob Smith says it's rediclus. When we go home I shall be eight, and then I'll ask father if I can do without one."

"Isn't this your home?" asked Borradaile, his eyes glancing quickly round the dimly-lighted, untidy bedroom.

"One of 'em," replied Teddy ; "the other's ever so much bigger ; but I had fever, and the doctor said I was to come here for change. Hasn't my hair grown? You look as if you'd had fever, yours is so short."

Borradaile reddened, and passed his hand over his close-cropped head.

"I like short hair, Theodore."

Teddy began to laugh again, but fortunately, both in his utterances and his mirth, he kept up the *role* of burglar, and was very mysterious and silent.

"So does father and Uncle Jack. Uncle Jack wears his nearly as short as you. But, I say, everybody except the servants, and even some of them, call me Teddy."

He had opened the trunk and now displayed its contents, a heterogeneous collection of costumes, for Teddy's father was great at theatricals, and in his time had played many parts. There was a box of cosmetics, at sight of which Borradaile's face brightened. Luck seemed superlatively good, so far; surely it would not desert him now. Teddy, who had been watching his face, chuckled silently with pleasure.

"Choose whatever you like," he said,

revolver lying upon a side-table; he looked at it longingly, hesitated, then put it in his pocket. Then he stole to the head of the stairs and listened. The house was very quiet. He could hear Teddy humming softly to himself.

He made his way to the study, and held up his hand just in time to prevent the boy's exclamation.

"You're so like Uncle Jack," he said, walking round his guest, "and he just has



"CHOOSE WHATEVER YOU LIKE."

smoothing a laced satin coat that lay uppermost, "then, when you're ready, we'll pretend." Borradaile had already made his choice.

"Go down and wait for me, Teddy; you see I want to surprise you," as the boy's face lengthened. "Don't say a word to anyone, and I'll be with you in no time."

Teddy nodded, and ran off cheerfully enough, his parti-coloured raiment flapping round him as he ran.

In that other life which seemed so far away, Geoffrey Borradaile had also taken part in amateur theatricals. He changed characters now with a celerity he had never attained to in those days, donning the entire costume of a country gentleman which he found lying upon the bed just as his host had flung it, and leaving in exchange under the raiment in the trunk a suit of grey adorned with the broad arrow. There was a loaded

that *browny* look. But why *did* you choose such a stupid get-up? Let's have some supper, though, and then you'll teach me the somersault, won't you? Nurse is all right, because one of Farmer Giles's men has come in. The one she likes. Do be quick."

There was chicken on the table, and bread-and-butter and new milk. Teddy was far too excited to eat, and at no time had he a large appetite, yet to this day nurse tells how a little boy of seven disposed of half a chicken and unlimited bread-and-butter at one meal.

Geoffrey Borradaile ate hastily. There was the somersault instruction to be given, and he had a code of honour still which made it difficult to disappoint and break faith with a child. Yet it was madness to stay. He rose, went to the door, and listened. A subdued chatter, broken by a shout of laughter, came from the kitchen. He returned to Teddy,

who had watched his movements with interest.

"I believe you're afraid of her yourself!" he remarked, trying to balance a salt-spoon on the tip of his nose; "she's a beast to *me*, but then she couldn't do *you* any harm."

Borradaile made a sudden resolve. He placed the spoon on the table, and sitting down drew the boy to his knee. He seemed to have taken another character with his tweeds and immaculate linen, and something in his expression reduced Teddy to preternatural gravity.

"See here, Teddy, one man ought to help another out of a fix?"

can harm your father, Teddy, or it wouldn't be fair to ask you—but I'm in danger. What is your father's name, by the way?"

"Brooke, Captain Brooke."

"Ronald Brooke, of the —th?"

"Yes; he's not in the Army now. Do you know him?"

Borradaile's face had grown rigid and stern. He half put the boy away from him.

"I met him—once," he said, in a strained, hard voice that made Teddy tremble; "what was your mother's name?"

"Theodora," Teddy spoke almost timidly; "isn't it pretty?"

But the listener was listening no longer.



"SEE HERE, TEDDY, ONE MAN OUGHT TO HELP ANOTHER?"

Teddy nodded, his eyes fastened on the handsome, haggard face near his own.

"That's what father said one day to Uncle Jack, only *he* said a tight place. It's the same as a fix, perhaps?"

"Exactly the same. Well, I'm in a tight place, a *very* tight place, my boy, and you're the man to help me out of it."

Teddy's grey eyes darkened with pride; he nodded.

"Now," resumed Borradaile, "I don't want anybody to know I've been here, not even your father if you can help it, for a few days. I'm afraid he'll have to, though, on account of his clothes. However, in a few hours I hope to be with friends. It is nothing that

His thoughts had flown back over the space of a decade, to the time when his life had been bounded by a Theodora, the only girl he ever loved. She would have been faithful enough to the young lover whose wild oats were so plentiful a crop, but Ronald Brooke was rich and steady, even though he had the temper of a devil, and Theodora's constancy was overruled.

He broke in upon his own thoughts by taking Teddy's face between his hands and searching with hungry, longing eyes for a trace of resemblance. Teddy wriggled himself free. Borradaile rose to his feet hurriedly.

"I must go, Teddy. Do you mind post-

poning the somersault? I'm sorry, but I have so far to go to-night."

"I don't mind a bit about the somersault," said Teddy, "but I wish you hadn't to go. We've had such fun, haven't we?"

Borradaile forced a smile. After all, what had been fun to the boy might mean death to him, and he could not agree very heartily. He opened the window quietly.

"Good-bye, Teddy," he said; "I shall never forget."

But Teddy was fumbling in a corner of the cupboard, and only nodded over his shoulder in response. Borradaile made way rapidly down the drive, and had reached the gate, when he heard quick, pattering footsteps hastening after him.

It was Teddy, out of breath. He thrust something into Borradaile's hand.

"Here—I want you—to take this—you might be short. When Uncle Jack's in a tight place—he means he hasn't any money—and I thought—you mightn't either. It's mine—every bit, to do as I like with."

Teddy felt himself swung up into a pair of strong arms and literally hugged, and in his surprise at finding something wet upon his cheek forgot to wish that his visitor's face had been less prickly.

He was glad he had remembered what a tight place meant, but he stood for a moment somewhat forlornly in the drive swallowing a lump in his throat before turning to face nurse's probable scolding. What did he care for a scolding, when he had helped another man out of a tight place with his pillar-post money-box?

Geoffrey Borradaile had said he would not forget, and he never did.

Each year there comes to Teddy on a certain date a red pillar-post money-box containing a remembrance, trifling at first, but growing in value year by year.

And in the sanctum of one of the richest Australian sheep farmers, on a bracket above his easy-chair, stands the original red pillar-post, the founder of his fortunes.



"IT WAS TEDDY, OUT OF BREATH."

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XLIX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

MR. GLADSTONE'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

WRITING in the August number of *THE STRAND* about Mr. Gladstone's first speech in the House of Commons, I quoted a passage from a private letter, drawn from him on perusal of Mr. McCarthy's preface to White's "Inner Life of the House of Commons." The historian of "Our Own Times" asserted that the speech fell utterly unnoticed. Mr. Gladstone, jealous for the fame of the young member for Newark, corrected this statement with the remark: "My maiden speech was noticed in debate in a marked manner by Mr. Stanley, who was in charge of the Bill."

Reading over again the memoirs of the Earl of Albemarle, published more than twenty years ago, and now forgotten, I came upon a passage vividly illustrating contemporary opinion about this, now famous, then, in the main, uneventful, epoch in Parliamentary history.

"One evening, on taking my place," Lord Albemarle writes, "I found on his legs a beardless youth, with whose appearance and manner I was greatly struck. He had an earnest, intelligent countenance, and large, expressive, black eyes. Young as he was he had evidently what is called 'the ear of the House,' and yet the cause he advocated was not one likely to interest a popular assembly—that of the Planter *versus* the Slave. I had placed myself behind the Treasury Bench. 'Who is he?' I asked one of the Ministers. I was answered, 'He is the member for Newark—a young fellow who will some day make a great figure in Parliament.' My informant was Edward Geoffrey Stanley, then Whig Secretary for the Colonies, and in charge of the Negro Emancipation Bill, afterwards Earl of Derby. The young Conservative orator was William Ewart Gladstone—two statesmen who each subsequently became Prime Minister and Leader of the Party to

which he was at this time diametrically opposed."

A CONCEALED ERROR.

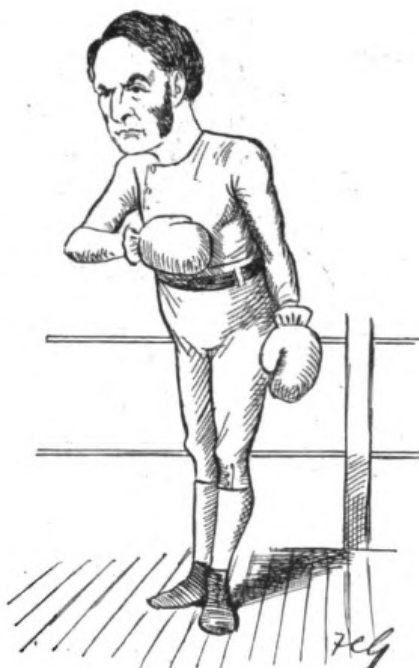
It is curious to note that Mr. Gladstone, adopting Mr. McCarthy's version, long current without question, speaks of this discourse as "my maiden speech." It was, as contemporary records show, so accepted by the House. As a matter of fact, supported by the irrefragable testimony of the *Mirror of Parliament*, his first speech was delivered on the 21st of February, 1833, the subject being the alleged discreditable state

of things in Liverpool at Parliamentary and municipal elections. The speech of the 3rd of June in the same Session, to which Mr. McCarthy alludes, was delivered in Committee, upon consideration of resolutions submitted by Stanley, Colonial Secretary, as a preliminary to the emancipation of the West Indian slaves.

On turning back to the *Hansard* of the day, Mr. Gladstone's recollection of the Ministerial compliment is fully justified. Evidently it made a deep impression on the mind of the young member, remaining with him for more than sixty years. "If the hon. gentleman will permit me to make the observation," said the Colonial Secretary, "I

beg to say I never listened with greater pleasure to any speech than I did to the speech of the hon. member for Newark, who then addressed the House, I believe, for the first time. He brought forward his case and argued it with a temper, an ability, and a fairness which may well be cited as a good model to many older members of this House, and which hold out to this House and to the country grounds of confident expectation that, whatever cause shall have the good fortune of his advocacy, will derive from it great support."

It will be observed that the Minister spoke without contradiction of Mr. Gladstone's



AN EARLY APPEARANCE IN THE PARLIAMENTARY RING.

speech as his first appearance on the Parliamentary scene, a circumstance which probably did much to crystallize the error.

Last month when the Speaker, having as he observed "for greater accuracy" obtained a copy of the Queen's Speech, read it from the Chair, members with few exceptions uncovered, sitting bare-headed whilst the Speaker lent to the bald sentences the music of his voice. In the heyday of Irish obstruction the Parnellites were wont to assert their national independence by stubbornly keeping their hats on whilst the Saxon on these occasions bared his aggressively loyal brow. This contumacy excited profound indignation among British members, suffusing a corresponding gleam of satisfaction over the expressive countenance of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar and his colleagues from Ireland.

The member for Cavan would turn in his grave with mortification if he only knew—perhaps by this time he has learned—that in this designedly overt breach of order and decorum the Irish members were right, the loyal Saxons being in error. The rule which governs the House in these matters is that when the Sovereign—as in case of a reply to an address—dispatches a message personally and directly to the Commons, they sit uncovered to hear it read. But the reading by the Speaker of the Queen's Speech does not constitute the delivery of a message direct from Her Majesty to the Commons. As a matter of fact, the Speech is addressed to Lords and Commons collectively, with one paragraph exclusively addressed to the Commons. The message they receive standing at the Bar of the House of Lords.

In earlier Parliamentary times, when there were no special editions of evening papers forthcoming with verbatim reports of the Speech from the Throne, it was found a matter of convenience for the Speaker to read the document for the edification of those who had not been able to attend the ceremony in the other House. The custom, like many others that have become ana-

chronisms, is still observed. But it does not import the necessity of removing the hat. Last Session note was taken in one of the newspapers of the fact that Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman kept on his hat whilst the Queen's Speech was read from the Chair. He was strictly following the manner of the *vieille école*, observing a custom common when he first entered the House.

PICTURES
IN AN OLD
PARLIA-
MENT.

More than a hundred years ago a young Prussian clergyman, Moritz by name, visited this country, travelling on foot from London through Oxford as far north as Derby and home by Nottingham. He described his impressions in a series of homely letters written to a friend. The book found modest publication, appearing in this

country in a slim volume bearing date 1795. Moritz visited the House of Commons, and in his quiet, matter-of-fact way paints the scene in which Pitt, Fox, and Burke loomed large.

"Passing through Westminster Hall," he reports, "you ascend a few steps at the end, and are led through a dark passage into the House of Commons." Westminster Hall remains to-day as it was when the quiet-mannered, observant Prussian passed through it. The steps at the end are there, but the House

of Commons, to which he presently obtained entrance, was, more than half a century later, burned to the ground. Entrance to the Strangers' Gallery in those days was approached, as it is now, by a small staircase.

"The first time I went up this small staircase," says the ingenuous visitor, "and had reached the rails, I saw a very genteel man in black standing there. I accosted him without any introduction, and I asked him whether I might be allowed to go into the gallery. He told me that I must be introduced by a member, or else I could not get admission there. Now, as I had not the honour to be acquainted with a member, I was under the mortifying necessity of retreating and again going downstairs, as I did much chagrined. And now, as I was sullenly marching back,



A GLEAM OF SATISFACTION ON MR. BIGGAR'S FACE.

I heard something said about a bottle of wine which seemed to be addressed to me. I could not conceive what it could mean till I got home, when my obliging landlady told me I should have given the well-dressed man half a crown or a couple of shillings for a bottle of wine. Happy in this information, I went again the next day; when the same man who before had sent me away, after I had given him only two shillings very politely opened the door for me, and himself recommended me to a good seat in the gallery."

Strangers visiting the House of Commons will know how far we have advanced beyond the level of morality here indicated.

Mr. Moritz found the House of Commons "rather a mean-looking building, not a little resembling a chapel. The Speaker, an elderly man with an enormous wig with two knotted kind of tresses, or curls, behind, in a black cloak, his hat on his head, sat opposite to me on a lofty chair." The Speaker of the House of Commons long ago removed his hat, which in modern Parliamentary proceedings appears only when he produces it from an unsuspected recess and uses it pointing to members when he counts the House. "The members of the House of Commons," he notes, "have nothing particular in their dress. They even come into the House in their great-coats with boots and spurs," which to-day would be thought a something very particular indeed. "It is not at all uncommon to see a member lying stretched out on one of the benches whilst others are debating. Some crack nuts, others eat oranges, or whatever else is in season."

We have changed all that. During the all-night sittings in the heyday of the Land League Party an Irish member brought a paper bag of buns with him, and proceeded to

refresh himself in the intervals of speech-making. This outrage on the Constitution was swiftly and sternly rebuked from the Chair, and was never repeated. Another old-world custom of the House noted by the stranger who looked down from the gallery

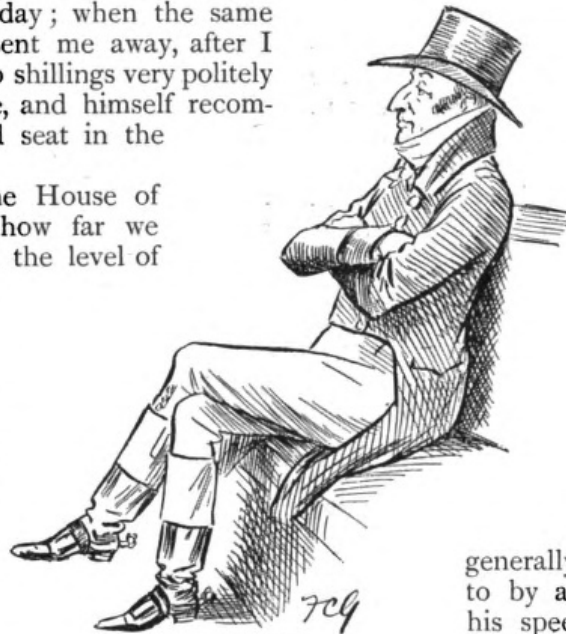
a hundred and seventeen years ago was that members addressing their remarks to the Speaker prefaced them, as they do at this day, with the observation "Sir." "The Speaker on being thus addressed generally moves his hat a little, but immediately puts it on again." The Speaker not now wearing a hat cannot observe this courteous custom. But it exists to this day among members

generally. A member referred to by another in the course of his speech always lifts his hat, in recognition of the attention, complimentary or otherwise.

In the House of Lords, more conservative of old customs than the Commons, the Lord Chancellor is upon certain occasions seen of men with a three-cornered hat crowning his full-bottomed wig. This happens when new peers take the oath and their seat. As the new peer is conducted on his quaint peregrination and salutes the Lord Chancellor from

the Barons' or Earls' bench, to which he has been inducted, the Lord Chancellor responds by thrice gravely uplifting his three-cornered hat. Another time when he wears his hat in the House is when acting with other Royal Commissioners at the opening of Parliament, at its Prorogation, or at the giving the Royal Assent to Bills.

The Prussian chanced to visit the House on the historic occasion when proposal was made for doing honour to Admiral Rodney, the



M.P., OLDEN TIME.



CHARLES JAMES FOX.
(From an Old Portrait.)

gallant victor at Cape St. Vincent. "Fox," Mr. Moritz reports, "was sitting to the right of the Speaker, not far from the table on which the gilt sceptre lay. He now took his place so near it that he could reach it with his hand and, thus placed, he gave it many a violent and hearty thump, either to aid or to show the energy with which he spoke. It is impossible for me to describe with what fire and persuasive eloquence he spoke, and how the Speaker in the Chair incessantly nodded approbation from beneath his solemn wig. Innumerable voices incessantly called out, 'Hear him! hear him!' and when there was the least sign that he intended to leave off speaking they no less vociferously exclaimed 'Go on.' And so he continued to speak in this manner for nearly two hours."

"Charles Fox," writes this precursor of "Pictures in Parliament," "is a short, fat, and gross man, with a swarthy complexion, and dark; and in general he is badly dressed. There certainly is something Jewish in his looks. But upon the whole he is not an ill-made, nor an ill-looking, man, and there are strong marks of sagacity and fire in his eyes. Burke is a well-made, tall, upright man, but looks elderly and broken. Rigby is excessively corpulent, and has a jolly, rubicund face."

"STRANGERS WILL WITHDRAW." This command of the Speaker to-day precedes every division in the House of Commons.

But it is peremptory only with the few otherwise favoured strangers who have obtained seats beneath the gallery. The reason for this is obvious. Being actually on the floor of the House, they might, by accident or design, stray into the division lobby, leading to grievous complications in the voting. Mr. Moritz makes the interesting note that when the division on the Rodney vote was pending, members, turning their faces towards the gallery, called aloud, "Withdraw! Withdraw!" "On this," he writes, "the strangers withdraw, and are shut up in a small room at the foot of the stairs till the voting is over, when they are again permitted to take their places in the gallery."

In our time, strangers in the gallery, despite the order to withdraw, retain their seats. Only those who, with pride of port, have been conducted to the special seats under the gallery are marched out, conducted across the lobby, and left outside the locked doors till the division is over. According to Mr. Moritz's testimony, the Strangers' Galleries were not exclusively allotted to men, ladies mingling in the closely-packed company. The old House of Commons had no Ladies' Gallery, though in addition to permission to enter the ordinary Strangers' Gallery, ladies were admitted to a sort of cage in the roof, railed off from the aperture provided for the escape of hot air generated by the candles. It was from this place that Mr. Gladstone, in his first Session of the House of Commons, saw a fan flutter down in the middle of an important debate.

REPORTERS IN THE HOUSE. There was, of course, no such thing as a Press Gallery in the days before the earlier Revolution in France. "Two shorthand writers," says the stranger in the gallery, whose quick glance nothing escapes, "have sat sometimes not far distant from me, who, though it is rather by stealth, endeavour to take down the words of the speaker. Thus all that is very remarkable in what is said in Parliament may generally be read in print the next day."

Dr. Johnson often sat in this gallery, though he did not use shorthand in reporting the speeches. The omission would doubtless be to the advantage of some speakers. Mr. Moritz heard that those in constant attendance with the object of reporting the debates paid the door-keeper a guinea for the privilege of the Session. The fee was paid in advance.

There was no Strangers' Gallery in the House of Peers at that time, but the irresistible Prussian seems to have gained admission. He writes: "There appears to be much more politeness and more courteous behaviour with the members of the

Upper House. But he who wishes to observe mankind and to contemplate the leading traits of the different characters most strongly marked, will do well to attend



DR. JOHNSON WATCHING PARLIAMENT.

frequently the lower rather than the upper House." Those familiar with both Houses of Parliament will know how admirably this shrewd advice pertains to the present day.

The Session is already three weeks old, but the lobby has "FERDY." not yet lost a certain sense of desolateness since Baron Ferdy Rothschild comes not any more. He was not, in the ordinary sense of the term, a Parliamentary figure. I have no recollection of hearing him make a speech. He was not given to sitting up late at night in order to save the State or (the same thing) serve his party. But he was a man of wide human sympathies, and the House of Commons, microsm of humanity, irresistibly attracted him.

His habit of an afternoon was to enter the lobby, generally after questions were over. With one hand in his pocket, and a smile on his face, he made straightway for a friend, standing in an accustomed spot by the doorkeeper's chair, and "wanted to know" everything that had happened since the House met, and what was going on next. Baron Ferdy, otherwise a distinct individuality in his notable family, had, in marked degree, their characteristic of acquiring information. He always "wanted to know." This habitude was indicative of the universality of his sympathy. He was one of the most unaffectedly kind-hearted men I ever knew. Looking in upon him one morning in his study at Waddesdon, I found him seated before two heaps of opened letters, one very much smaller than the other. "All begging letters," he said, glancing, with a faint smile, towards the larger bundle.

Undeterred by their predominance and persistency, Baron Ferdy had, in accordance with his custom, spent an early hour of the morning in going through them himself, fearful lest he might miss a genuine case of distress that he could alleviate.

HIS WAYS OF CHARITY. It was not money only he bestowed. Out of its abundance a cheque more or less was nothing. More self-sacrificing, he gave time and personal attention, not shrink-

ing from putting himself under a personal obligation in order to assist someone who really had no claim upon him. The longest letter I ever had from him begged me to obtain an appointment on the London Press for a country journalist. He followed it up with renewed personal applications, impatiently treating my plea that, there being no vacancy within my knowledge, it would not be possible violently to supersede any one of the leading contributors to London journals in order to make room for his *protégé*. Judging from the ardour of the pursuit, I concluded the gentleman in question must in some way be closely connected with the Baron or his establishment. On inquiry I found he had never seen him—knew nothing about him save particulars set forth in a letter the youth had written to him. It was the old story of unrest and yearning ambition, familiar to all of us who have served on the treadmill of the Press. It was new to Baron Ferdy. It touched his kind heart, and he espoused the youth's cause with fervour that could not have been excelled had he been a kinsman.

"A CUP OF WATER." Another of his quiet kindnesses, of which I had personal knowledge, befell on the day of the wedding of the Duchess

of York. He had invited a few friends to view the scene from the balcony of his mansion in Piccadilly. The crowd at this favoured spot, commanding the *débouchement* from Constitution Hill, was enormous. The day was intensely hot, men and women fainting in the crowd, gasping for water. Baron Ferdy, observing this from the balcony, ran downstairs, ordered the servants to bring buckets of fresh water into the barricaded space before the house, and stationed two of them in a position overlooking the barricade, whence they could hand down tumblers of water to the thirsty and grateful crowd. Last year but one, on the occasion of the Queen's Golden Jubilee, Baron Ferdy, never neglectful of opportunity to do a kindness, made, in advance, preparations for relieving the discomfort of the crowd at his gates. Finding in the



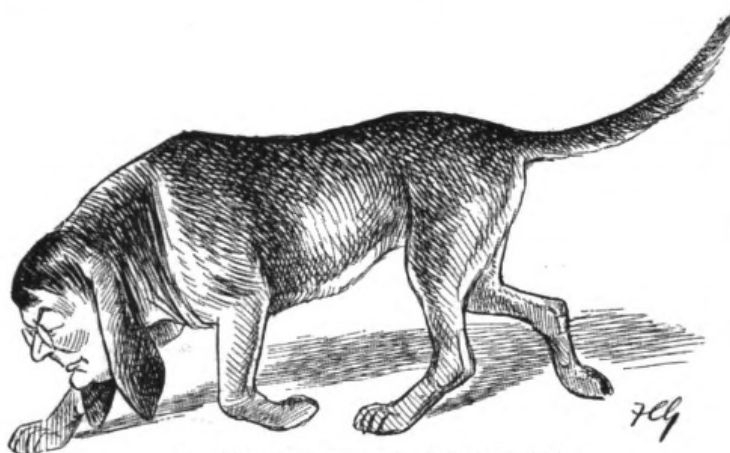
BARON "FERDY."

course of the day that the police on duty had had nothing to eat since they turned out in the morning, he, as soon as the business of the day was over, sent out into the highways and by-ways, and compelled the not unwilling police to come in and partake of the sumptuous banquet he had prepared by way of luncheon for his personal friends, watching the scene from the balcony.

These are but trifling things. I tell them as happening to have come under my personal observation. They are indicative of the sweetness of Baron Ferdy's nature, the boundless charity of his disposition. The catalogue would be indefinitely extended if everyone who knew him were to contribute his item. The House of Commons could better have spared a more prominent politician, a more frequent contributor to its daily debates.

THE HERITABLE USHER OF SCOTLAND. It would be interesting to know whether, in all respects, Scotland stands where it did since the salary of its Heritable Usher is no longer carried on the books of the Consolidated Fund. What were precisely the duties of the Heritable Usher is not known. Long ago the inheritor did his last ushering, his heirs selling for a considerable mess of pottage the salary pertaining to the office. It was created in the year 1393, and by solemn Act of the Parliament of Scotland was conferred upon Alexander Cockburn, of Langton, and his heirs. Subsequent Acts of the Scottish Parliament, passed in 1681 and 1686, confirmed the original grant, the latter Act attaching a salary of £250 a year to the office. When the union of England and Scotland was effected the Heritable Usher, with many similar useful persons, was established in possession of his dignity and emoluments by a special clause in the Treaty of Union providing that "all heritable offices, superiorities, etc., being reserved to the owners thereof as rights of property in the same manner as they are now enjoyed by the laws

of Scotland, notwithstanding of this treaty." At the beginning of the century the office with the salary, being a marketable commodity, was acquired by one Sir Patrick Walker, who, with nice precision, paid a sum equivalent to thirty-one and a quarter years' purchase. The office and, what is much more important, the salary finally came into the possession of the Dean and Chapter of the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Mary's, Edinburgh. Mr. Hanbury, who, in his capacity of Financial Secretary to the Treasury, has a keen scent for these ancient jobs, has concluded a transaction for the computation of the salary. The Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral of



A KEEN SCENT FOR JOBS (MR. HANBURY).

St. Mary's will pouch a trifle under £7,000, and the Heritable Usher of Scotland will be ushered into final obscurity.

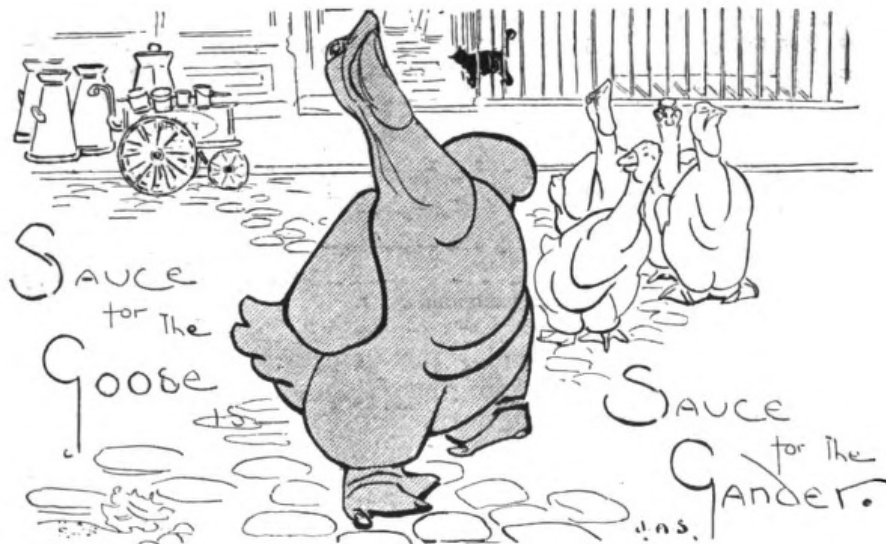
It will be a nice task for any boy home for the holidays to reckon up with compound interest what the Heritable Usher of Scotland has cost Great Britain since he stepped on the scene in the year of Our Lord 1393.

This transaction has been conducted in pursuance of a Treasury Minute founded upon the report of a House of Commons' Committee which met twelve years ago to consider the subject of perpetual pensions. They recommend that holders of pension allowances or payments which the Law Officers of the Crown consider to be permanent in character, but to which no obligation of an onerous kind attaches, should be invited to commute.

Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. We shall be glad to receive similar anecdotes, fully authenticated by names of witnesses, for use in future numbers. While the stories themselves will be matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist will treat the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.

XI.



THIS is a tale of shameful persecution of the Metropolitan police by a lawless gander and his abetting wives.

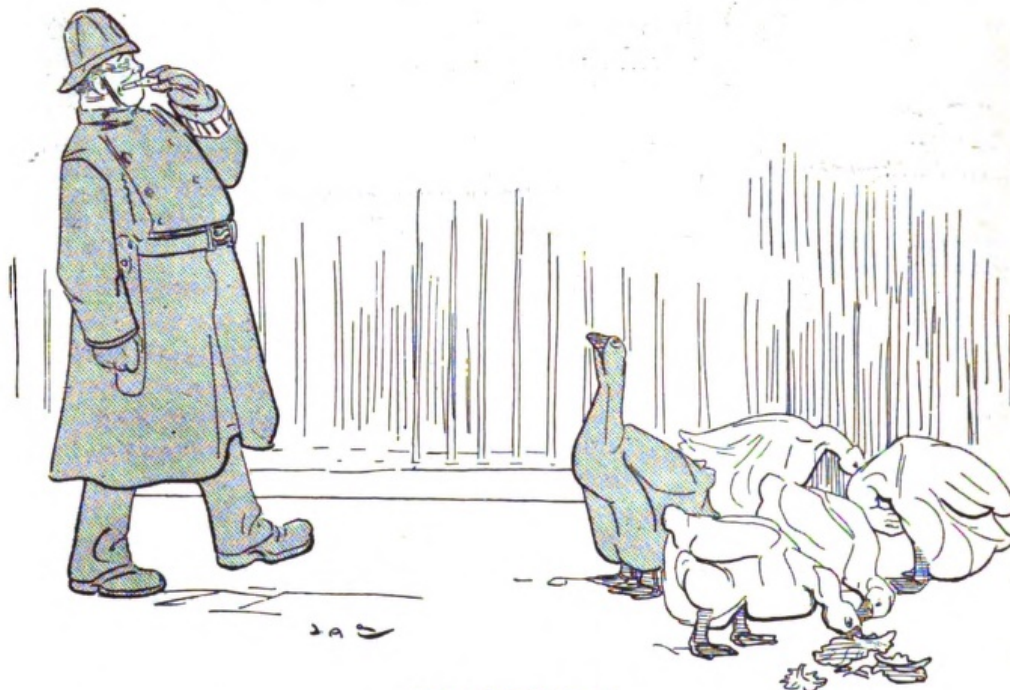
In New Road, Mile End, there was a dairy where poultry was kept. Most eminent among this poultry, and chiefly notorious in the neighbourhood, were a gander and four geese. The gander was a large and athletic bird, great in enterprise and immensely venerated by his consorts. It was the way of the troop to form a solemn procession which perambulated the New Road in ponderous state, seeking what or whom it might devour, and during these expeditions the outdoor life of Mile End never lacked for humorous incident. For some time the family enterprise was chiefly directed toward the maltster's opposite the

dairy, and the constant procession of the dignified gander, followed in single file by his harem, strictly in order of precedence, toward the grain-sacks, and the equally constant retreat of the lot, as fast as they could go, with quacks of injured dignity and no order at all, when repelled by the maltster's men, brightened the faces of the passers-by and filled the humorous souls of Mile End boys with gladness. For the gander was apt to be aggressive, his wives followed his example, and the maltster's men disapproved.

Persistently repelled from the grain-sacks, the gander and his ladies began a stately parade of the streets. There are area-gratings flush with the pavement in the New Road, and one day it occurred to somebody in an area to thrust a crust between the bars. The

gander absorbed the crust, but the significance of the hint was absorbed in equal quantities by the entire *cortège*, and the next morning the same area was decorated with the same fringe of geese, who declined to

biscuit as he went. There were a few loose crumbs and pieces in his hand, and in an evil moment he caught sight of the birds. Little suspecting what would be the terrible consequences to the Force,

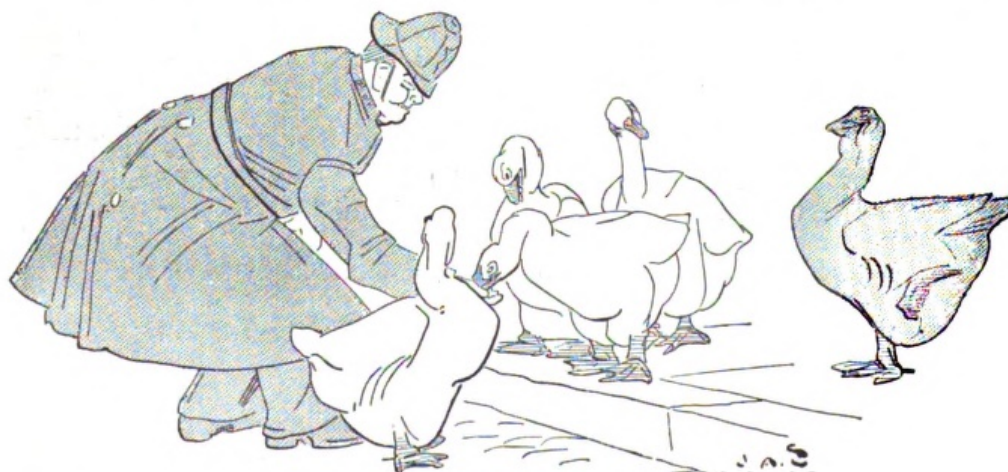


THE BEGINNING OF IT.

leave till yesterday's dose had been repeated. Then they tried every grating in the street in succession, and before long had succeeded in levying a sort of area-tax on the suffering ratepayers of Mile End, returning home after every collection heavily laden, waddling, but preposterously dignified as ever, a source of joy to any onlooker capable of laughter.

But one day a policeman passed on his beat—a policeman whose notions of official dignity did not prevent him munching a

that unlucky policeman bestowed the broken pieces on the gander and his consorts, and went placidly on his beat, unconscious of ill. Mr. Ward, of 67, New Road, had observed this from his window, and saw also the horrible sequel. For on the following day that policeman passed again (but this time with no biscuits), and the geese knew him, and rushed at him with outstretched necks, flapping wings, and wild screeches. And not at this policeman alone, but at every



THE FATAL STEP.



THE SERGEANT.

other policeman who ventured to perform his duty in New Road, Mile End. Words cannot express the terrific scene when a more than usually ponderously-important sergeant was mobbed by this subversive gang. They came at him with yells and flaps, and waited expectantly about him. The sergeant took no notice, but walked on, even more vastly magnificent than before. And behind him, in single file, came the geese, solemn and dignified, too, in their own way. This wouldn't do. An important

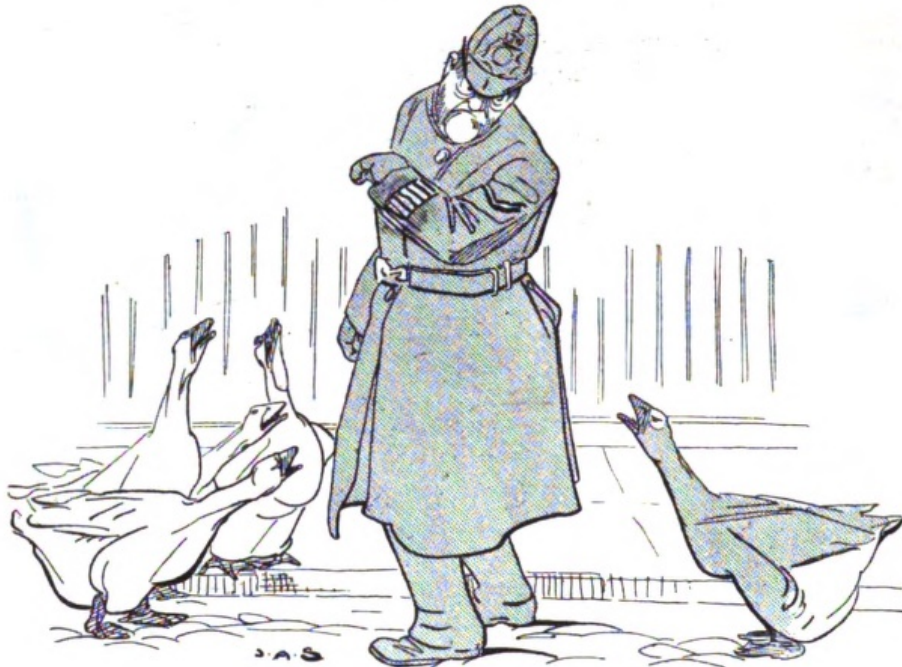
the creatures away; whereat they gave a simultaneous quack and grew more eager. That wouldn't do, either. The sergeant turned to walk on, and instantly the geese lined up behind him again, and the pageant recommenced. It was very awkward. The sergeant stopped, and the geese made an expectant, long-necked circle about him, quacking indignantly at this delay in producing the desired biscuits. The sergeant looked abstractedly at the house-chimneys, folded his hands as though about to begin a



THE PROCESSION.

sergeant of police, stalking first in a procession the other members of which were a large gander and his four wives in order of seniority, was an object inconsistent with the dignity of the Force. So he turned to drive

long period of meditation, did everything he could think of to suggest to the minds of his persecutors that they had drawn him blank, and had best go away. Not they, however. The longer they waited, the more im-



BESET.

portunate they grew, and, when the unhappy sergeant made to move on, the procession formed again! A small crowd had collected, and it soon occurred to some small boy to yell "Who stole the goose?" And so the poor victim was harried the length of two long and derisive streets, till someone came from the dairy and drove the birds back.

It was a terrible affliction, and not this sergeant alone, but every policeman who

ventured into New Road in uniform was an equal sufferer. People in the interiors of their houses heard a burst of quacks and flaps, and said one to another, "Here comes a policeman." Nothing could rid the Force of the terror, and the cause of law and order seemed in a fair way to be wholly overset. Till at last urgent representations from the police-station led to the confinement of the birds within the dairy-yard.



RESCUED AT LAST!



BY
HENRY A. HERING.

1675.



CAVALANCI DA SALÒ was one day in his workshop opposite the old Palace of the Podestà in Brescia. On the shelves around were numerous examples of his work, their rich gold varnish, for which he was afterwards so famous, glistening in the sunlight. But Cavalanci sat on a bench disconsolate.

"Diavolo," he at length exclaimed, letting a half-purled scroll fall unheeded from his hand, "is this to be the end of Brescian dreams? Here is music lying dead, enough to charm the ears of half Italy, and yet, forsooth, he who wants viol or violin must needs hasten to Cremona for the imitations of the Amanti, Guarneri, or of Antonio Stradivari. Times are indeed changed that I, Gasparo's grandson, must offer my work and find no purchasers, unless it be the mountebanks of the village fairs. Truly, I pay dearly for a father's folly. Instead of roaming Western seas, why stayed he not at home to earn the mantle which fell on Maggini's shoulders, from whom I had to learn all a father should have taught? And his son Carlo, in like manner, is content to merce flimsy silk rather than pursue immortal work. We are ingrates here, while in Cremona loyalty, at any rate, thrives, and son succeeds father to Brescian hurt."

Then he rose and paced the room savagely, kicking what tools or wood fell in his way.

Vol. xvii.—39.

"But what mends it," he muttered, "mouthing of fallen hopes? Present claims are more urgent. Sixteen lire were due to Carlo for rent more than a month ago. His grace expires to-morrow, and well I know no memories of the past will stay his hand. My stock and tools alone are worth a hundred lire; therefore old Tubal would give me ten. Perchance I might haggle the whole sixteen, and then—Corpo di Bacco, that it should come to this!—Gasparo's grandson an outcast, while Guarneri and Stradivari, base copiers, flourish! By all that is unholy, I swear I'd sell my soul to the Evil One himself could I but outdo them in fame."

There was a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a fearful thunder-peal, and then, sulphurous darkness filled the shop. When light came Cavalanci was conscious of the presence of another. He half-hoped, half-dreaded, to see the Devil on whom he had so impiously called—but it was seemingly only a chance customer. Yet it was afterwards said that he was something more, for Cavalanci paid his rent next day, the fame of his instruments increased forthwith, and he died a rich, though not a happy, man.

1875.

"DEAR SIR,"—the letter ran,—"We are instructed by Messrs. Ware and Foster, executors under the will of the late Mr. Josephus Wilson, to intimate to you that the testator bequeathed to you his violin. We are send-

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ing it you by special messenger herewith, and will thank you to sign inclosed acknowledgment of receipt.

"Yours respectfully,

"DANES AND DANES."

I handed the letter to Dawson.

"Well, I've heard of heaping coals of fire on your enemy's head," he remarked, when he had read it, "but I never came across such a remarkable instance of the operation as this. Are you going to take it?"

"Why not? I will accept it as the peace-offering for which it was obviously intended. As a matter of fact, a post-mortem reconciliation was the only one I would have agreed to. Yes, certainly I will take it."

So I signed the receipt and accepted the bequest.

I undid the parcel and took the violin from its battered case.

"Why, it's as yellow as a guinea," I exclaimed, in surprise; I had never seen such a light one.

"Wilson was uncommonly proud of the colour," said Dawson, "and he was simply infatuated with the instrument. Latterly they couldn't tear him away from it. He never would play it before anyone, though. That was another of his cranks. He used to shut himself up with it all day long, and play both it and the piano simultaneously."

I expressed my doubts as to this possibility.

"At any rate, Wilson did it: I've heard him myself, though I never actually saw the operation." Saying which, Dawson sat down on the stool and resumed the interrupted nocturne.

Then a remarkable thing happened. He had not played half-a-dozen chords before a long-drawn-out note came from the violin

I was still fingering. I nearly dropped it in my amazement.

"Here, stop that," said Dawson, wheeling round.

"I did not touch a string. It made that noise of itself."

"Humbug! Don't do it again, that's all," he replied, snappishly, resuming his interrupted piece.

Again, as he struck the keyboard, the violin sounded. Without stopping Dawson turned his head, and when he saw me a couple of yards away from the violin, his expression of annoyance changed to one

of open-eyed amazement, for he was still playing the piano, and the notes that continued to proceed from the violin were in harmony with his piece.

He stopped suddenly, and with him the violin.

"Did you hear that?" he asked, in a scared voice.

I was too much astonished to reply, and we both stared at the instrument for some minutes in absolute silence.

"It's a sympathetic fiddle," I said, at length, for the mere sake of saying something.

"It seems a bit that way," replied Dawson, drily; "but I never heard one so sympathetic as all that."

He turned round to the piano and commenced afresh, and again the violin joined in. This time Dawson did not stop, and the duet continued in absolute harmony.

I bent over the instrument. The varnish seemed brighter than before. The sun glinted topaz lights upon it, with changing gleams of purple and brown; the strings quivered as though touched by an unseen bow. I felt a cold shiver run down my



"I UNDID THE PARCEL AND TOOK THE VIOLIN FROM ITS CASE."

spine as I watched ; it was altogether too uncanny.

The piano stopped : simultaneously the violin. Dawson wheeled round and gazed at it.

"Well, of all the extraordinary things !" he ejaculated. "What on earth does it mean?"

"Let's see if it will follow me," I said, irrelevantly, taking his seat.

Once I learnt to play on the piano, and I still remember the treble of two tunes—"Haydn's Surprise" and "God bless the Prince of Wales." I played the first, but the violin remained impassive. Maybe the bass I improvised puzzled it : at any rate, it did not join in. Then I tried the second air, and with no better success. Then Dawson played with his right hand only, and it struck in at once.

"It isn't particularly respectful to its owner," I remarked. "It seems to me, Dawson, this fiddle has taken an altogether unnecessary liking for you. Wilson should have left it to you instead."

"If you want to part with it I shall be glad to offer it a home," said Dawson with what appeared to me indelicate haste.

"You can take it away now, Dawson," I rejoined. "I want no unwilling visitor here."

He seemed singularly pleased with the present, and he left me that evening with the fiddle-case in his hand.

Immediately after this I made a long foreign tour, and it was nearly twelve months before I saw him again. I wrote advising him of my return, and asked him to look me up, but as he neither did so nor wrote, I called upon him.

He lived in rooms in Bloomsbury. The servant told me he was in, but added that she did not think he would see me.

"Is he ill?" I asked.

"No, sir, but he's playing ; and he won't ever see anyone then."

This was a new development in his character. Telling the servant it would be all right, I made my way upstairs.

Yes, Dawson was undoubtedly playing, and someone was helping him, for there were piano and violin.

I tapped and then turned the handle, but the door was locked. I knocked loudly and called to Dawson to open it.

There was a moment's pause—or rather the piano stopped, but the violin went on.

"Who's there?" shouted Dawson, in a peevish voice.

"Saunders!"

"Wait a minute," was the curt reply ; and on the piano galloped as if to overtake its companion. I don't think it accomplished this, for the violin shrieked as if in anger at

the delay, and the piano rushed on blindly and apologetically. Then in a fierce crescendo of disgust the fiddle ceased. The piano put on the brake, slowed down, and stopped.

The door opened and Dawson bade me enter. He was alone.

"Where's your friend?" I asked ; and then, catching sight of a yellow violin on the table, I suddenly remembered : I had just been listening to another duet between Dawson and my self-acting legacy.

Dawson made no reply, but sank into a chair and wiped the perspiration from his face

with trembling hands. He seemed altogether out of condition.

"What's the matter, old man?" I asked.

"You don't seem well."

Dawson gloomily pointed to the fiddle.

"That's what's the matter," he replied, with a ghastly smile.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD MAN?"

"What, my sympathetic fiddle? You don't mean to say you've had too much of it already? I'll take it back if you don't like it."

"You can't take it back. It's a Cavalanci."

"Well, it won't bite, will it?"

"When a man once gets a Cavalanci and plays to it, it sticks to him like the Old Man of the Sea, and no power on earth can take it away from him," said Dawson, sententiously.

"Humbug!"

"Look at the wreck I am," he replied. "There's no humbug about that, is there? And I've only the Cavalanci to thank for it."

"You do look bad," I admitted. "But tell me all about it. What do you mean by a Cavalanci?"

Dawson leaned back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling.

"Cavalanci," said he, slowly, "was a competitor of Stradivarius, and he determined to outshine his rival. According to the legend, which I for one now implicitly believe, he sold his soul to the Devil to gain his ends. His instruments became all the rage, till it was found that their owners invariably went mad, as I am going. Then the demand ceased and bonfires were made of them whenever possible. I have learnt that there are only four extant now, and this cursed thing is one of them."

"Why not burn that as well, if it annoys you?"

"I dare not. Its owner can only destroy his Cavalanci on his death-bed. Wilson could have done it, but as he owed you a grudge he passed it on to you instead. Would to Heaven you'd been the first to play in its diabolic presence."

"I'll destroy it, if you won't," I said. I grabbed at it, and was about to break it across my knee when Dawson sprang forward with a terrible cry.

"No, no, Saunders. You'd kill me if you did it." He caught the instrument in his hands and huddled it to him as if it were a child.

It was a painful spectacle. I watched him pityingly.

"Saunders," he said, at length, "you don't know what a time of it I've had since I got hold of this infernal thing."

"You seemed pleased enough to get it at the time."

"And so I was. It seemed scarcely credible, but as I played with the thing in your room, an overwhelming desire for possession came over me. I pretty well

asked for it, and if you had refused to give it me, I think I should have taken it by main force. I simply craved for that fiddle."

"Then if you wanted it so badly, why does its possession worry you?"

"Because, Saunders, it makes my life a perfect misery. Man, I'm its slave. It takes the lead now. When it wishes to play—and it is always wishing it—I have to accompany it wherever I am. Distance makes no difference, and I have to play till it is satisfied. I found that out about a week after I got it. I was at the Venables'. In the middle of dinner I felt a terrible longing stealing over me. I wanted to play. I tried to control myself, but play I must or go mad. Scarcely apologizing, I left the table, ran into the drawing-room, and sat down at the piano. I don't know what I played, but the moment my fingers touched the keys I was filled with a feeling of content and delight. I was still playing when the ladies entered. Mrs. Venables must have thought me mad, for I did not stop. She sent for her husband, who came and asked me to return to the table. I nodded to him and went on. Suddenly my feelings changed, and I was only aware that I was making a terrible fool of myself. The full force of my social enormity fell upon me, and, livid with confusion, I made some incoherent apology and fled from the house."

"From that night my reputation for eccentricity was firmly established, and I have added to it from time to time, for I am never safe, and can go nowhere without the danger of a similar occurrence. The following Sunday I went to the Wilmers'. There were plenty of delightful people there, and for a time I forgot my wretched position. Suddenly the same mad impulse came over me. There was a long-haired German at the piano, but it didn't matter. I flicked him off the stool, and, surrounded by a gaping crowd, went through Heaven knows what composition. But I did not care: I was happy. Then when my master was satisfied again the terrible awakening came, and I flung myself out of the room like a madman—they all thought I was. It's just fiendish, Saunders. I rarely can go anywhere without making a fool of myself. It's just maddening to think of the ignominy of it all."

"But, my dear chap, why don't you lose it? Put it in an express train, with a fictitious address, and wash your hands of it."

"I've tried it," said Dawson, wearily. "Before I knew all I have since learnt from bitter experience, I packed it off by P. and O. boat, addressed to the Grand Llama of



"I FLICKED HIM OFF THE STOOL."

Tibet. I thought he might be able to deal with it if he ever got it. I suffered agonies from the separation, and it must have been very lively on the journey. For I had to play to it just the same. And then, after all, it came back to me marked 'Gone—Left no address,' and I don't know what I hadn't to pay for carriage. How they found out the sender, goodness only knows. I have left it in trains, but it *never fails* to come back, and I have always suffered during its absence. I took it to a pawnshop and destroyed the ticket, but the yearning for it was so fearful I had to get it out by making a false declaration about the ticket before a magistrate. I can't bear to be away from it. When I play its accompaniments a feeling of intense happiness and satisfaction steals over me, but afterwards the sense of the ignominy of it all is terrible. I can do nothing in life but minister to the caprices of a Cavalanci violin—and finally go crazy."

Just as he ended there was a tap at the door, and the servant appeared with a parcel. It was a disreputable-looking object. The

paper was ragged and dirty, the string knotted and loosely tied.

Dawson looked at it doubtfully.

"Are you sure it's for me?" he asked. "Who brought it?"

"He looked like a circus man, sir," replied the maid, "and he was most particular in saying it was for you."

"A circus man," muttered Dawson, as he tore off the wrapper. A violin-case was exposed to view. He opened it, and then gave vent to a yell of dismay. I looked at the contents. It was a yellow violin.

"What, another Cavalanci!" I exclaimed.

"It looks like it," said Dawson, bitterly. "One's quite enough for any family. I don't know to whom I'm indebted for this particular attention, but I should like to wring his precious neck." Then he banged the lid to.

"Here, Saunders," said he, "you can do me this good turn at any rate. Take this outside—leave

it in a 'bus or pitch it into a dust-bin; do anything you like with it, only take it away, and it will work its passage to its owner. But do it at once. I may have to play any minute to satisfy my own fiddle, and I don't know what complication would result. Take it, man, this minute."

To satisfy him I look hold of the thing, put on my hat and opened the door. I nearly fell over the servant, who was about to knock; behind her was a tall, fur-coated man whom I did not remember to have seen before. And, good heavens! in his hand was a violin-case! The place seemed infested with fiddles.

I was brushing past him, but he laid a heavy hand on my shoulder and forced me back into the room. He himself followed, closed the door, and placed himself before it.

"Excuse my roughness, sir," said he, with a strong nasal twang, "but air you James Dawson?"

"No," I replied; "that's the gentleman," pointing to Dawson, who was standing with

eyes staring out of his head, fixed on the stranger's violin-case.

"Don't stay, Saunders," he almost shrieked, "take it away. There's not a moment to be lost."

But the new-comer effectually barred the way.

Dawson was almost beside himself. He grabbed hold of the poker, but the stranger coolly threw his case on the table and from his breast produced a tiny revolver.

"Two can play at that pertic'ler game, sir," said he, "and I reckon the betting's on my side to-day."

And there we stood.

"Perhaps you'll kindly explain what you mean by this intrusion?" I said, hotly.

"No objection at all," said the American, for so I judged him to be. "I'd have done so at once if James Dawson hadn't been so demonstrative. You see, Colonel, it's thish-yer way. That infernal cuss, Cavalanci——"

Again the door opened, and this time a heavily muffled foreigner with spectacles and long hair appeared, and, ye gods! he also had a violin-case.

"Goot," said the latest arrival, "I see dat I am joost in de nick off time. Goot evenings, shentlemens all," and with this he placed his case and hat on the table and proceeded to divest himself of his wraps.

"Bravo," said the Yankee, "I'm glad to see you, Bloomstein. We are now complete—the four extant Cavalanci and the four owners."

"I'm not an owner," I said, in alarm, for I did not at all like the turn things were taking.

"You're the Baboo from Benares, ain't you?" asked the American.

"No, sir, I'm not. I'm a friend of Mr. Dawson. I was simply calling upon him, and I think I'll go now. I don't wish to intrude on your proceedings."

"No, you don't, sir," said he, turning the

key in the door and pocketing it. "Not till I'm clear on the subject. Whose fiddle's that?" pointing to the one I held.

"It's just come in a parcel," said I.

"Allow me to look at it, please," said the Yankee, still toying with his revolver.

He placed the case on the table, opened it, and drew forth the violin. Underneath it was a letter.

"Ah, thishyer's thingumy's fist," said he, "and no doubt it will explain. Here, Colonel, you look like an Oriental scholar, so, perhaps, you'll decipher it." And he handed me the letter.

The handwriting was like a copy-book heading, but the composition was peculiar. This is what I read:—

"Honoured Sir,—It mortifies me deeply not to intrude at happy conversazione. I have made blue in the Wiski of Scotland the rupees obligingly forwarded so there is no ability in me to pay for a transit. To-day the Gangees receives a solid addition but my fiddle of spanking yellow will reach you timely by a holy gentleman of Shore-ditch. — Faithful and truly, "DONNERGEE

JUGGERNAUT."

"The cur!" exclaimed the Yankee, when I had finished reading this singular epistle. "Why didn't he destroy his Cavalanci before he committed suicide instead of passing it on here? Someone will

have to own it or the whole scheme will fall through. Here, Colonel," addressing me, "you're the odd man out. You've got to take possession of that Cavalanci."

"I beg to decline the honour," I replied, firmly.

The Yankee lifted his revolver threateningly.

"Nein, nein," broke in the German, "do not shet his blood. Egsblain de matter to de shentlemans und he vill understand."

"Right," said the Yankee, seating himself astride of a chair with his back to the



"I RECKON THE BETTING'S ON MY SIDE TO-DAY."



"I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, BLOOMSTEIN."

door, revolver still in hand. "It's thishyer way, and maybe if I had told you at first I should have had a warmer reception from James Dawson. My name is Masters—Simpson K. Masters, of Tontine, Dak. I am the unfortunate owner of this instrument, and I need hardly tell you what its possession entails."

A groan broke from the German. "Ja, ja; dat is so," he said.

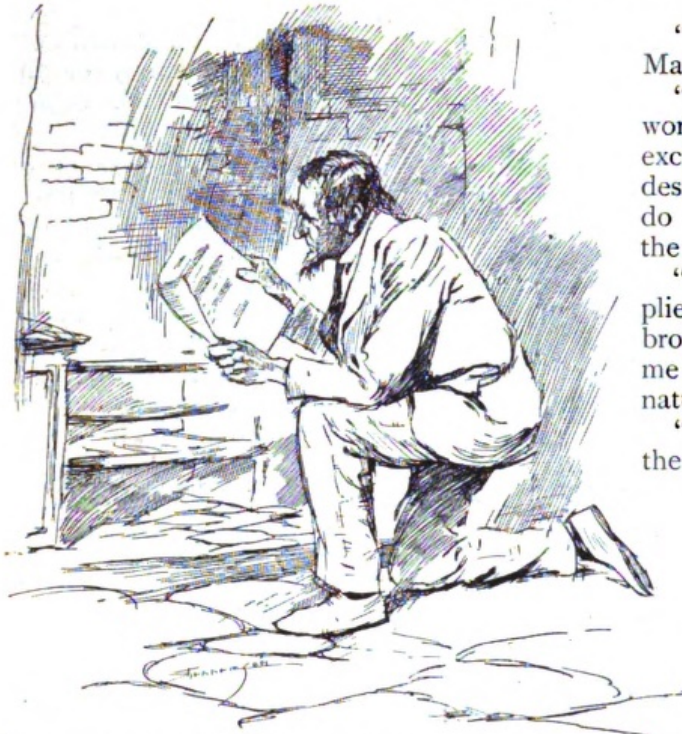
"It was left me about five years ago by a lady who had lost her breach of promise action against me, and when I fully realized that I should probably grow woolly if I could not get rid of it, I determined to devote what leisure the infernal instrument left me to making inquiries about Cavalanci and his curse—for, as most poisons have their antidote, I reckoned the same arrangement held good for curses. I spent all last year at Brescia, where these things were manufactured. I bought up every vestige of a relic of Cavalanci, took his shop for a spell of 999 years, and was prepared to stay my lease out unless I got what

I wanted. I searched every corner and cranny of that air shop after the manner prescribed by the late E. A. Poe. I spent days in the chimneys, and wasted a power of time in the roof; I took his old tester-bed to bits, and probed every inch of its wood; and worked at the anatomy of the building till the authorities sent word it was likely to fall, but all to no purpose.

"I had about given up hope when I chanced upon a lineal descendant of Cavalanci—a decayed Italian nobleman in the retail macaroni business. From him I learnt of the existence of a tradition that Cavalanci on his death-bed was annoyed to think of the trouble he had started, and got the Devil to promise that, when a combined band of all his fiddles played a certain air, the Curse should be removed. Why the Old Gentleman agreed to this arrangement my informant couldn't guess, unless he did it to soothe

his friend's last moments, no doubt feeling pretty certain that the combined band would never play till he'd got a lot of fun out of the Curse.

"It sounded like a cock-and-bull tale, but the Italian nobleman seemed so certain about it, and was so much hurt when I doubted him, that I sort of began to believe in it myself. As luck had it, I had discovered a roll of manuscript music up the shop chimney, of which I had taken no pertic'ler account, but which now assumed considerable importance. As I had no piano handy in those days, I had been playing to my fiddle on a concertina, and it rather seemed to take to the instrument; so the very next time it wanted me to accompany it, I started to work through that bunch of tunes on the same article. Now, whether it was the concertina it suddenly took a dislike to, or whether the tunes didn't agree with it, I don't pretend to say, but it turned sulky and wouldn't take a hand in noway, that is until I came to one pertic'ler air. It was a weird affair—a sort of mixture of the 'Dead March in Saul' and 'Hail, Columbia!' It



"I DISCOVERED A ROLL OF MANUSCRIPT MUSIC UP THE SHOP CHIMNEY."

struck in from the first note in a nasty nagging way, and if ever a fiddle played unwillingly that one did. It lagged behind and put in commas and full-stops where they were not wanted, and in every other bar it screeched out a note of exclamation that wasn't down in my part. But I took it out of that Cavalanci, gentlemen, and made it sit up, for when I'd run through the ditty I started it all over again, and that instrument followed me like a whipped cur. And then another remarkable thing happened. It changed colour—from yellow to orange and then to a dirty brown. I guess I'd touched it up at last; and when I saw this I closed the concert and gave that Italian nobleman an order for macaroni that surprised him.

"Although it regained its old colour, I was firmly convinced from the behaviour of my violin that the nobleman was right, and that if I could get the whole extant Cavalanci together the Curse could be broken; and the last few months I have spent in tracing Bloomstein, the Baboo, and our friend James Dawson, and in making arrangements for this happy meeting. I thought it better to keep the notion from you, James, until now, for fear of incredulity on your part. And now, Colonel," turning to me, "you must assume possession of that Baboo's fiddle. It won't take ten minutes to break that air Curse."

"But if it doesn't break?" I urged.

"It will break," said Simpson K. Masters.

"Saunders," said Dawson, who had worked himself up into a state of great excitement, "I implore you to help us destroy this Curse. You owe it to me to do so, for it's all through you I got into the trouble at all."

"I'm awfully sorry, Dawson," I replied, "but I cannot. I was very strictly brought up, and my family would not like me to mix myself up in anything of this nature. You must respect my scruples."

"And you must respect this, sir," said the Yankee, holding his revolver at an extremely unpleasant angle.

There was no help for it. "All right," I said, "I'll do it for my old friend Dawson's sake. Nothing else would have induced me. But I can't play any instrument," I added, triumphantly.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the German.

"Why, I have heard you play 'Haydn's Surprise,'" said Dawson.

"Only on one finger," I modestly urged.

"Try it, sir, with your toes if you like," said the Yankee. "And I shall be surprised if that fiddle don't respond. A Cavalanci ain't pertic'ler when it wants an owner."

I sat down at the piano and played what I knew of the air. A shadow of despair came over Dawson's face, and the German put his fingers in his ears, but Simpson K. Masters encouraged me to persevere.

"Keep it up, Colonel," said he. "Put the pedal on, it'll help you round the corners."

Before I had played a dozen notes a sound came from the table.

"Hurrah!" cried Dawson.

"The Baboo's fiddle has bit," said Simpson K. Masters.

Sure enough the violin had joined in, and I turned cold at the thought that I was now the owner of a Cavalanci violin.

I played all I knew of the air and then stopped. The violin ceased as well.

"It would not let you off so easily in a week or two, Colonel," said the Yankee, grimly. "Now, gentlemen, here we are—the four extant Cavalanci and the four owners. All we have to do is to run through Cavalanci's Antidote and our troubles are over."

With eager impatience Dawson sat down at the piano, the German produced a flageolet, and Masters a flute.

"What am I to play?" said I, in dismay.
 "You mustn't leave me out."

"Haven't you got anything, James?" said the Yankee. "A drum would do."

"I've nothing that I know of," replied Dawson.

"Then we must send out for something."

"I have it," said Dawson. "I bought a triangle some years ago, and ought to have it still."

"A driangle—goot!" said Mr. Bloomstein, and Masters nodded his satisfaction.

After some little delay the triangle was found, and when I had received a few instructions on the manipulation of this simple instrument Dawson sat down, and the quartet—or rather octet—commenced.

I don't think it was a success from a musical point of view, for we were all excited. Even the flute was off-colour. Still, we hung together pretty well, and stuck to the notes as well as we could. I tapped my triangle with considerable effect.

The four Cavalanci joined in from the first note. It was a weird and mournful composition, and the violins kept up the pathos of the thing with remarkable effect. It was like the prolonged wail of a soul in torment, with sudden outbursts of Satanic joviality. Our feelings were strung to the highest pitch, for we were playing for our lives. The sweat rolled off Bloomstein's face, and Dawson's hands trembled like aspen leaves. Simpson K. Masters tried to appear unconcerned—and failed.

The others were intent on the notes, but as I played from ear I was able to observe the fiddles. I could feel my heart thump-

ing as I watched them. Would the "Antidote" act, or was it all a delusion of the Yankee's? Was I not saddled for life with a fearful monstrosity which would finally undermine my reason?

Ha! it was touching them. Masters was right. They were changing colour! They were a rich yellow when we started, but with every bar their hue deepened through varying shades of orange, brown, walnut, darker, darker still, till at last four coal-black violins lay upon the table. As the final bars came their notes shrieked out as if in terrible protest, and as the last chord was struck sixteen strings snapped with one crack.

"Gentlemen," said the Yankee, "I guess Signor Cavalanci's Curse is off."



"SIGNOR CAVALANCI'S CURSE IS OFF."

The Site of the Garden of Eden.

BY GENERAL GORDON.

[The following article was written, and illustrated with maps, by General Gordon, in 1882, in the form of a letter to a friend, a missionary, and now sees the light for the first time. It is of unique interest, not only on account of the eminence of the writer, but also because of the fact that he was probably the most competent person in the world to deal with this fascinating subject, owing to the extent of his researches as an archaeologist in the Orient, combined with the deep religious feeling which was the keynote of all his actions.]



THE following are the reasons for the theory that the Garden of Eden is at or near Seychelles. I could even put it at Praslin, a small isle twenty miles north of Mahé.

Allow that Genesis is not allegorical, that Eden, its garden, its two trees, did exist on this earth. Eden is a district, the garden is a spot chosen in that district, the trees were actual trees, imbued for a time with spiritual qualities; these trees, the bush, the ark, the tabernacle, and temple differed nothing from the same things in the world except for the time during which they were spiritually consecrated or set apart for manifestations of God, or Satan. God's consecration made things which were equally clean, clean and unclean; therefore, I see no reason for doubting that God did set apart the two trees to be one of Life, the other of Knowledge; or that God, when these two trees had fulfilled their purpose, should have relegated them back to their former ordinary tree position. We see this in the way the temple is no more than another building; in the way the Philistines and Titus and Nebuchadnezzar carried off the holy things of God which, at one time, it was death to touch. I therefore maintain that there is no reason to doubt but that two trees of the earth were used as mystical or sacramental trees in Eden's garden, or that they were destroyed when they had fulfilled their mission; they were, I think, relegated back to their position as trees.

Allowing this, what was the temptation of man? Here is his soliloquy. "It must be good to eat; it looks nice. I wonder what would be the effect of eating it, just a little bit." In this, we must put ourselves in man's position. He then could have no other temptation but this: he could only be tempted by his belly's appetite; he could desire no carriages, dress, or jewels; he had no one to be spiteful to, to be jealous of, to hate; he could be greedy and he could be curious; he was as a child, curious and greedy, so that the temptation was necessarily, I think, that which it was. We ever have many doors open to temptation, for the increase of man increases the doors by which we can be tempted. The temptation was, in

its result, distrust of God, a feeling that God withheld something from man. In man is implanted by nature the spirit of inquiry. We all know this: tell a child not to open a certain book, he immediately has an immense longing to open that book, which he would not have noticed if he had not been forbidden to touch it. You can test it yourself: leave a dozen lozenges on your table, tell a child not to eat them, let the child see them constantly, tell him only once, and add to your telling that, if he eats, something unknown to him will happen. Keep treating the child kindly, so that he will not fear you: some day you will find eleven lozenges—at least, I think so. Therefore I think the forbidding of the tree was even, to our own reason, a fair test to man, and that the very fact of this distrust and forgetfulness of God was virtually a communion with Satan, a sacrament with Satan; a mystical eating, though material, which led to Satan communicating or inoculating man with evil, poisoning, tainting him.

Now, with respect to the other tree, the Tree of Life, there is no reason to doubt but that man often had ate of it; before his banquet on the forbidden tree, man had communed with God, when he named the animals, etc., and there is every probability he did eat of the Tree of Life. I do not go into detail on this, for you know the Scriptures and you know what is written of the Bread of Life, the fruit of the Tree of Life, etc., which, eventually, in the last chapter of Revelation, appears again alone, not with the Tree of Knowledge; therefore, I think man often partook of the Tree of Life in the garden. When he had eaten of the Tree of Knowledge, he was prevented from so doing, for he had acquired a taint from thus eating, which, if he had after eaten of the Tree of Life, would have given him immortality; in his degraded state, he would have mixed God with Satan in their attributes, which cannot be: God will not serve with Satan. I do not go into all this, for I have not time, but I believe that the Tree of Life, spiritually, exists, also the Tree of Knowledge; that we eat sometimes of one, some often of the other; that the fiery cherubim is the law which guards the Tree of Life, and it is only through the broken body, the veil of Christ,

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FACSIMILE OF THE OPENING SENTENCES OF THE MS.

we can approach to eat the fruit of the Tree of Life, which is Christ.

I am now relating to you how these thoughts first struck me, and in the order in which they did.

Well, I thought there were two trees—actual trees—which had been sacramental, and had ceased to be so; and in Praslin near Seychelles, and only there in the whole world, is a magnificent tree, curious beyond description, called the Prince of the Vegetable Kingdom; it is unique in its species, and on earth. The Laodicean Seychellarum, or Coco di Mir. This, I believe, was the Tree of Knowledge. I then thought if the one tree is to be found, so is the other, and this I think is the *Artocarpus incisa*, or bread-fruit; it is a humble tree, of no great distinction, yet to an observer it is as unique in its kind and among trees as the other. This last tree is only found in the Indian Ocean. It is a life-sustaining tree, and, like the other, it is full of Scriptural types.

Having thought that these were the two trees, then the question arose: where was the Garden of Eden? And first came the information that Seychelles is of granite, and all other isles out here are volcanic, granite being the more ancient formation. Then Rev. D. Bury mentioned casually that the verse Genesis ii., 10., could be read that the four rivers flowed into Eden, not out of it. I have been at the sources of Euphrates, Tigris, etc., etc., and unless the rivers were forced to flow backwards, no spot could agree to a central basin in those lands, while a flood does not change features of 10,000ft. high. So I took the rivers *Euphrates*—as Euphrates, on which is Babylon; *Hiddekel*—as Tigris, on which is Nineveh (*vide* Daniel). They meet and flow into the Persian Gulf.

Babylon oppressed Israel—Nineveh oppressed Israel. Required two other rivers connected with oppression of Israel.

The question of whether ever a river came down the Valley of Jordan into the Red Sea is one which has been much discussed. That an immense crevasse exists from the source of the Jordan to the Red Sea is the case; the depression of the Dead Sea is the difficulty; the ravines of Kedron and Gihon are very deep.

Taking my ground spiritually, and the similarity of the name Gihon with the brook of Jerusalem, I think that they are the same.

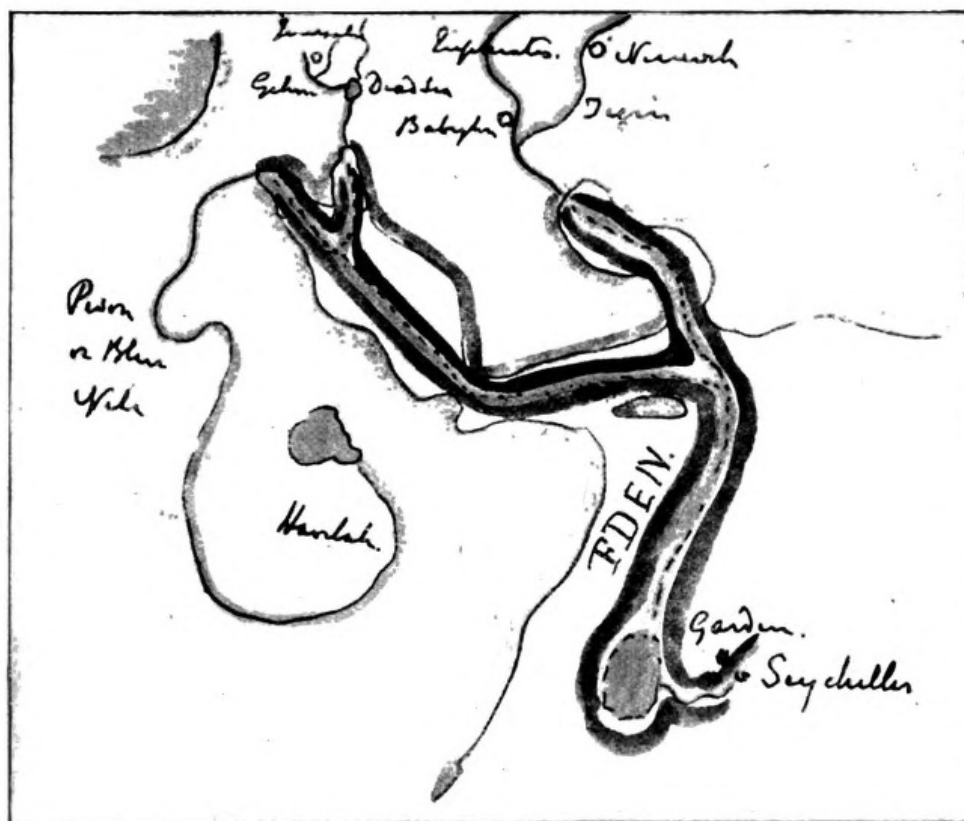
The Pison, or Nile, flowed into the Red Sea, the Gihon or Gihon Brook flowed into the Red Sea, joined, flowed down, met the Euphrates and Tigris, united near Socotra,

and the soundings shown end in a deep basin 2,600 fathoms deep, which is close to Seychelles. *Cush* is written *in margin* for Ethiopia. *Cush* was son of Nimrod*; his land was probably near Babylon, now Bab el Mandeb. *Perim* means *Bab* (gate) *el* (of) *Mandeb* (the world).

Pison means overflowing—the Nile overflows. Egypt oppressed Israel. The Nile is believed now to flow into the Red Sea; the Blue Nile encompasses Godjam, a province of Abyssinia, in which there is gold. Havilah, son of Joktan, son of Shem, went with Sheba and Ophir to Mesha (Sale's Koran says)

This is about the substance of everything about Eden—its garden and its trees; quite useless unless it tended to illustrate a great truth. The first word God utters to man is "*Thou shalt not eat*"; the last injunction Christ gives is "*Take, eat*." To the world at large the history of the Fall is foolishness: such effects could never come from so small a cause as eating of a tree. So the large proportion of professing Christians, they believe the first, but put aside the second, eating, as impossible to produce any such effects.

What was the forbidden fruit? It was fruit of the ground. What is the bidden fruit?



THE SITE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN: A FACSIMILE OF GORDON'S MAP.

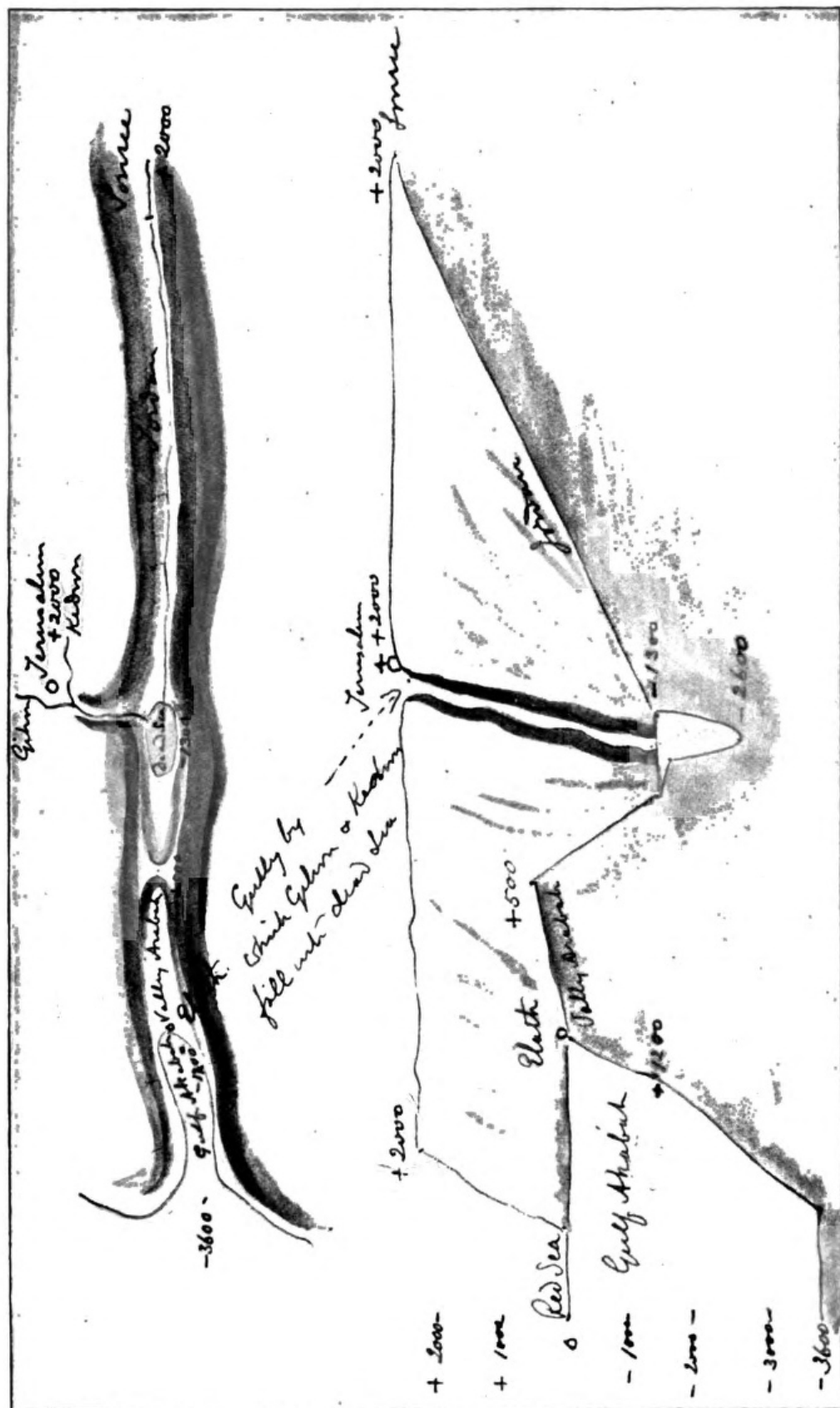
and spread along the Red Sea. The Sea of Zugla, opposite Aden, is called Sirius Havilah Sheba, and Ophir is generally connected with Abyssinia, so I think *Pison* is *Nile*.

Gihon means "bursting forth"; the brook Gihon is southern side of Jerusalem; it meets Kedron and flows, when it does flow, to the Salt Sea (Dead Sea), by the Valley of Fire; it is Tophet, Hinnom, the Valley of Slaughter, the sewer of Jerusalem, the site of all abominable sacrifices; it is connected with Jerusalem in an evil way; it has the same name as Genesis. Now comes a difficulty. †

* This appears to be an oversight. See Genesis x. 8: "And Cush begat Nimrod."

† Here follow the maps reproduced on the opposite page.

It is fruit of corn and juice of grape. Both nothing yet one caused great things. May not the other cause greater? The sequence of the one eating was not known; the sequence of the other may not be known in its fulness. Yet it may be believed to be far, infinitely far greater. A child and the highest angel can understand that by eating a poison one is ill, by eating an antidote one is cured. Yet the highest angel could not understand the depths of either eating. Are we, therefore, to wait for that understanding? We ate in Adam *in distrust*, let us eat *in trust*. Let even curiosity lead us to do so. We are bidden. Why not try it?



Baron Brampton of Brampton.

By "E."



PERHAPS no living lawyer filled the public eye in a more complete manner than Sir Henry Hawkins, to call him for the moment by the long-familiar title. Famous as an advocate, celebrated as a judge, distinguished alike by catholicity of tastes, vast experience of life, and knowledge of the principles and details of law, it might not unreasonably be thought that of all men he has the most frequently fallen a prey to the pen of the interviewer. But such is not the case; for, though interviewers of all sorts and conditions have endeavoured to secure his attention, he has invariably turned a deaf ear to the journalistic charmer, and refused to assist in the publication of his interesting record. If he would write it, or allow it to be written, what a history it would be of nearly sixty years of intellectual life!

When discussing this subject one day, Lord Brampton told me that he had preserved no reports, kept no diary, and was entirely dependent on his memory for the facts of a successful career.

"I have often been asked to write my memoirs," he said; "but, apart from the trouble of doing so, I do not like the idea. You see, if I said anything good of myself, my unkind critics would write me down vain, and—well, I am certainly not going to point out my defects to an over-discriminating public."

Lord Brampton was born on the 14th of September, 1817, at Hitchin, in the County of Hertford. His father was a much respected and esteemed family solicitor, and his son was at one time destined to follow him in that honourable profession. How-

ever, this was not to be, for the future judge aspired to a greater fame than was attainable by the practice of the law in a small country town, and determined to try his fortune in the more uncertain branch of the legal profession—the Bar.

Accordingly, as soon as he could do so, he turned towards London, and entered as a student at the Middle Temple. During his student days he studied unremittingly, in grim and serious earnest, catching but few glimpses of pleasure, and striving unceasingly to prepare himself for the desperate battle which success at the Bar entails. In 1841 he went into the chambers of a special pleader, and after his term had expired as a pupil, he set up for himself, and did a good practice "under the Bar."

In a year or two he tired of the solitude of a pleader's chambers, and while acknowledging his great indebtedness to the system of pleading then in vogue, as a never-to-be-surpassed teacher of law, he entered the wider field of advocacy, and in May, 1843, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple.

Every man worth his salt has enemies, and unscrupulous they oftentimes are; but it is certain that not even the most venomous of personal foes would deny that the cup of success was well filled for Lord Brampton during the thirty-three years when, either as Junior or Queen's Counsel, he was a prominent figure at the Bar.

No success chronicled in the pages of history was ever more honestly won, no success was ever more complete; it was founded on a basis of combined ability and determination, and, therefore, stood on the soundest of all foundations.

And here let me correct a very erroneous



BARON BRAMPTON OF BRAMPTON—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

impression which, although never prevalent, has been voiced by many whom ignorance or envy has led astray. It is absolutely untrue that Lord Brampton received any assistance from his relations: his father gave him no work, for the simple reason he had none to give; he could, it is true, introduce his son to his friends in the county, but any professional assistance was out of his power. And thus it may be truly said that Lord Brampton owes the whole of his successful career, both socially and professionally, to his own unaided efforts.

The work of his early life was severe, and on one occasion Lord Brampton, when speaking of his entering the profession, used words that will awake a responsive echo in many a junior's heart: "If I had known what was before me, what the awful uncertainty of success at the Bar really was, I don't think I should ever have dared to face it, and I certainly would advise no young man to embark in it without ample means at his back to support the possibility of failure."

The work was indeed severe, but his career was unprecedentedly successful. As a junior, he was engaged in many great trials. At the Old Bailey, in 1853, when Strahan, Paul, and Bates, the bankers, were tried for embezzling securities belonging to their customers, before Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Willes, Lord Brampton appeared with Serjeant Byles for Sir John Dean Paul.

Despite his efforts, his client, with the other prisoners, was

convicted and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

Before this, in 1847, he had defended a man named Pollard, who was charged with defrauding Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French, and had the duty cast upon him of cross-examining at Bow Street the future Sovereign, who, it has been stated by Lord Brampton, gave his evidence clearly and well. In 1858 he successfully defended, with Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., Serjeant Simon, and others, Simon Bernard, who was charged with being an accessory to Orsini's conspiracy against the life of Napoleon III., and he figured in many other great cases. But it was when he "took silk" that he startled the whole professional world by developing a practice which has never been excelled, and rarely equalled.

Among some of the great cases he was engaged in as a Q.C. was the case of *Saurin*

v. Starr, known as the Convent case; the Lord St. Leonard's will case; the Gladstone and the Van Reable divorce suits; the Westminster Election Petition, in which he defended Mr. W. H. Smith's seat; the Roupell case and the Tichborne case; and the charge against Colonel Valentine Baker, whom he defended at Croydon Assizes in 1875; all of which are landmarks in the history of the law, and stages in the progress of a great advocate.

Lord Brampton was created a Queen's Counsel in 1858. For a very long time he had what is technically termed "led in stuff," that is, he did a large "leading" business as a



From a Photo. by LORD BRAMPTON—PRESENT DAY. (Elliott & Fry.)

junior. The reason for this was that it had been intimated to the Bar that no more "silks" would be made for some time; for in those days, unlike the present, a silk gown was deemed to be a proof of exceptional position at the Bar, and was much more difficult to obtain than at the present day.

The number was consequently very limited. This pressed very hardly on Lord Brampton, for he practically was forced to do a Q.C.'s business for stuff gownsman's fees. However, directly Sir Frederick Thesiger became Lord Chelmsford and Lord Chancellor, one of his first official acts was to recommend for "silk" the counsel who had long merited it.

Sixty years have gone since Lord Brampton attended for the first time a criminal trial. He had not then been "called," and the case was a very terrible one. The place was Hertford, the occasion the Assizes, and the prisoners two boys named Roche and Fletcher, who were indicted before Mr. Justice Vaughan for wilful murder.

The reported facts of the case were that the prisoners and some other boys—one of whom was named Taylor—had attacked and robbed an old man, whom they finally left, exhausted but not fatally injured, in the road. When they had proceeded some little way, Taylor, without mentioning his intention to his companions, returned to the place of the robbery and gave the old man a fatal kick. Roche and Fletcher had apparently nothing more to do with the murder; but, in the result, they were convicted, sentenced to death, and ultimately hanged. The scene in court was so painful as to make an ineffaceable impression on one at least of the bystanders. When the verdict of the jury was given, the prisoners fell helplessly over the front of the dock, and had to be carried to their cells. The man who had really been the cause of the old man's death

escaped for a time, and enlisted in a line regiment. The police, however, intercepted a letter from him to his relatives, opened it, and found his address. He was speedily arrested, was tried at the Hertford Assizes, and was also hanged.

Lord Brampton began his legal life in the days when Sir F. Pollock and Sir W. Follett, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Adolphus, and others, were practising barristers. Those, too, were the days of Charles Phillips, Clarkson, Bodkin, Payne, and others of a bygone generation, whose names will readily suggest themselves to the lawyer on criminal trials at the Old Bailey. They used to sit then from 9 a.m. till 9 p.m.; there were two dinners, one at three o'clock, the other at five, at which judges, barristers, and friends of the Lord Mayor and officials used to dine. Those days and their customs have gone—and so much the better.

Lord Brampton was never a mere criminal lawyer, though he certainly defended many prisoners both in London and on the Home Circuit, but he never attached himself in any way to the Criminal Courts.

He is fond of telling the story of a trial which took place on his first visit to the Old Bailey, and which may be summarized as follows: Montague Chambers was defending a man for murder and robbery. I do not know the name of the prisoner, but the crime was committed in Pocock Fields, Islington. The evidence was strong, but somehow or other Chambers succeeded in getting him off, and after the trial the man left the court with his friends, who had arranged to send him out of the country. Unfortunately for him, that same evening he went into a public-house, and under the influence of drink, not only confessed, but even stated that he had thrown the piece of wood he had used in committing the crime into a pond, which he specified. One of the bystanders noted what he said and then



LORD BRAMPTON—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

communicated with the police, who went to the pond and there discovered the piece of wood. The result was that the man was arrested on board the ship that was to have taken him to Australia, and being tried for robbery, he was sentenced to be transported for life.

I may add, for the benefit of the ordinary reader, that, having once been acquitted of murder, the miscreant could not be tried again for that offence, but as on that trial he could not have been found guilty of the robbery he had committed, he had never been in peril of conviction for that crime, and so was properly tried and sentenced.

The much-debated question whether, if a prisoner has confessed his guilt to his counsel, that counsel should afterwards defend him, came prominently to the front in court in the trial of Courvoisier.

The facts of that notorious case are, shortly, as follows: Courvoisier was the valet of Lord William Russell, who, on May the 6th, 1840, was found murdered at his house in Park Lane. As the result of investigation, Courvoisier was apprehended, and on June 18th he was tried for the murder at the Old Bailey before three judges, of whom the late Mr. Baron Parke was one. Charles Phillips, a very celebrated advocate, defended, and the first two days of the trial were on the whole not hopeless to the

prisoner. But before the third day arrived, it was discovered that certain plate which had disappeared from Lord William's house had been deposited at a house in or near Leicester Square soon after the murder by Courvoisier. On this discovery being made known to the prisoner, he had an interview with his counsel and practically confessed his guilt. Phillips then went to Mr. Baron Parke and asked what he should do, and that learned judge told him to continue the defence. This Phillips did, and in his speech to the jury he made use of certain expressions which were thought by some to convey a positive falsehood. For this he was greatly blamed, not only in the Press, but by a large section of the Bar.

I once heard Lord Brampton speak of this, and he emphatically and without any reservation took the side of Phillips, and his

views on the matter are identical with those that are now expressed.

"In the first place, Phillips had been charged with telling a lie: this was a most unfair and stupid accusation. It is true that, having reason to believe that Courvoisier had killed Lord William Russell, he said, 'The Almighty God above alone knows who did this deed of darkness,' but that didn't mean that neither the prisoner nor his counsel knew. Phillips was an advocate, and was fully entitled to insist on preserving his character as such. He had a right to refuse to regard the case outside of the evidence given. It is also said that, knowing what he did, he tried to fix the crime on a servant girl, who was clearly innocent. He did no such thing; what he did say was, 'If this fact'—alluding to one of the incidents of the trial—'is relied on by the prosecution

it might equally well be relied on against the girl, who did the same thing, and might equally well be advanced to prove she committed the murder'; but Phillips never suggested guilt in her."

Some time after, when speaking of that case to Lord Brampton, I trespassed on his forbearance and asked him: "Assuming that a prisoner confesses his guilt to his advocate, I gather that it is in your opinion the duty of counsel to go on with the defence?"

"Most certainly; the prisoner makes a statement to his counsel for the purpose of his defence, and not to manufacture a witness against himself. It is an advocate's duty to confine himself to the task of pointing out to a jury that the evidence before the Court is not sufficient to warrant a conviction. He has no business to go beyond it. An advocate should not lie, and should not impute a crime to an innocent person; but short of that he ought, as an advocate in dealing with the evidence, to do all in his power to bring about the liberation of his client. But he has no right to express his own opinion upon the guilt or innocence of his client. An advocate should free himself from his own individuality as a private citizen directly he assumes the character of an advocate."

Another story, which Lord Brampton tells with profound effect, is that of his first defence



LORD BRAMPTON AS A Q.C., 1860.
From a Photo. by Maull & Polyblank.

in a murder case, which, in addition to being interesting, throws light on the subject I have just been discussing. Some time after he was "called," he was at Maidstone Assizes. He had been retained to defend three people who were accused of wilful murder. They were all of one family—a father, mother, and son—and their alleged victim was a poor servant girl, who had undoubtedly been killed for the sake of the very small sum of money she possessed. After dinner, on the day he arrived in the town, he was sitting in his lodgings just about to begin working at his brief, when the solicitor instructing him came in. He said:—

"Mr. Hawkins, I have a rather strange question to put to you, and one which I am not sure you will answer."

"What is it?" he replied.

"I have just seen the female prisoner; she wishes me to ask you whether, in the event of her pleading guilty to the murder, you will be able to save her husband and her son. She is perfectly willing to admit the whole charge, and take the full responsibility for her crime. She will say that she, and she alone, did the murder, if you think she will, by so doing, save her husband and son."

Lord Brampton replied that he hadn't read his brief, and couldn't say. "Is it a bad case?" he asked.

"A terribly bad case; it could not be worse!" was the answer, which clearly showed him that the woman's plea of "guilty" would be a true plea, and the men's pleas of "not guilty" untrue.

"Have you told her that if she does plead guilty she will be hanged?"

"Yes, she knows that. She is prepared to take the consequences if she can free her husband and her son."

Lord Brampton promised to read the brief and tell him in the morning his opinion of his clients' position. After reading the brief he came to the conclusion that they were all three guilty or all innocent. In the result they all pleaded "not

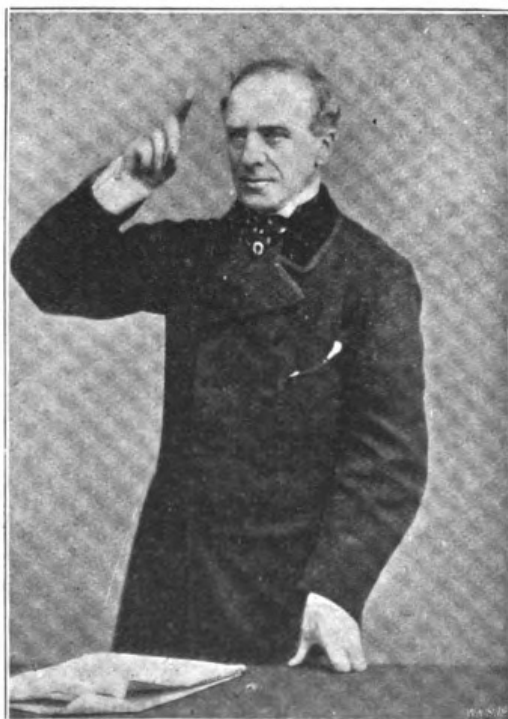
guilty," and he defended them successfully *on the evidence*.

When the series of lawsuits which culminated in the trial at Bar of the Claimant to the Tichborne Estates was first launched, Lord Brampton was a Queen's Counsel in possession of a practice which in retainers alone amounted to hundreds a year.

The magnitude of such a practice can only be properly appreciated by those who were acquainted with it, and it must suffice to say that very few of our most heavily-fed counsel have ever come within measurable distance of it. At the time when Arthur Orton first startled the country by preferring a claim to estates bringing in over twenty thousand a year, Lord Brampton found himself in the happy position of being retained both for the Claimant and for the trustees of one of the estates. It was obvious that he could not act for both parties, so he arranged to appear for the defendants. Want of space prevents me from recalling even the salient points of that great case, or of Lord Brampton's part in it, but it is generally admitted in legal circles that his conduct throughout the Tichborne litigation was of pre-eminent excellence.

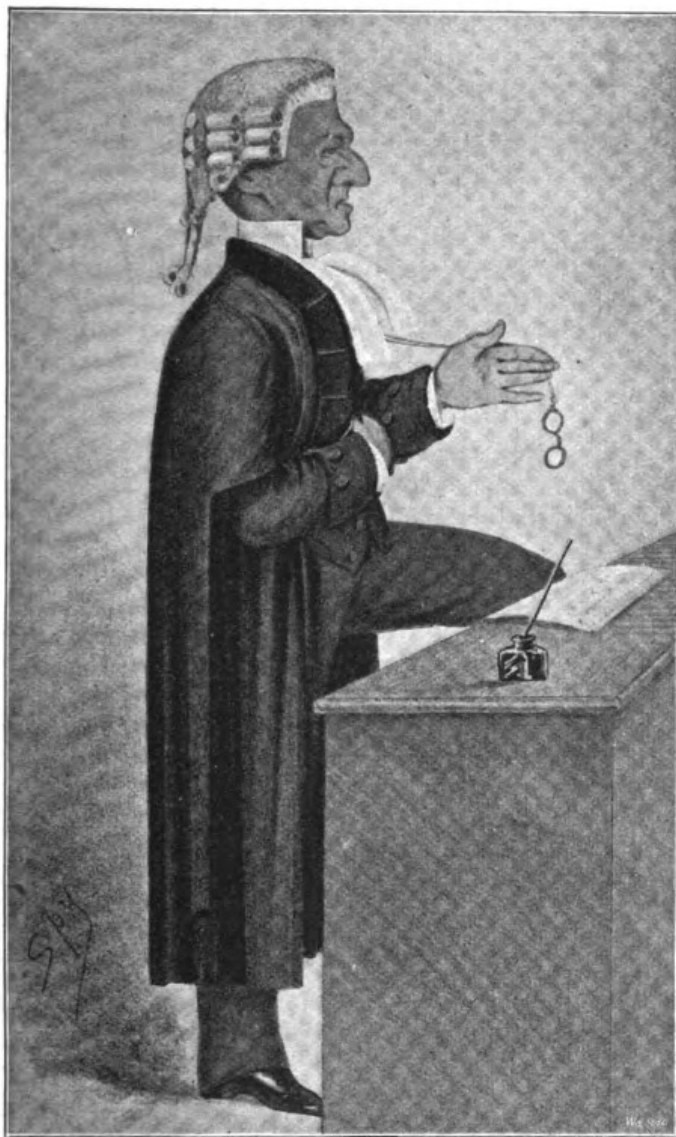
On the 2nd of November, 1876, Lord Brampton was raised to the Bench. This appointment created some surprise, not because the new judge was not everywhere considered worthy of the honour, but for the very—in

these days—singular reason that, having already refused a judgeship, it was thought that he did not desire promotion. However, Time can do a great deal, and Time, in this connection, reconciled Lord Brampton to the surrender of the great position he held among English advocates. He accordingly exchanged the successful, troublesome labours of the Bar for the dignified leisure of a judge's career. At the end of this article, my views of my subject as a judge will be found shortly expressed, and now I am concerned with history. But, still, let me once and for all



LORD BRAMPTON, 1864.

From a Photo. by Maull & Polyblank.



LORD BRAMPTON AS DEPICTED BY "VANITY FAIR" DURING THE
TICHBORNE TRIAL, 1873.
By special permission of the Proprietors of "Vanity Fair."

say this: that to identify severity with Lord Brampton is to attempt to range under a common classification things that are essentially different.

Those who have experience of Law Courts will know that Lord Brampton was ever on the side of the weak, and, to my mind, took an even exaggerated view of the dignity of humanity.

It is well known that he is entirely opposed either to birching or flogging. He holds and has publicly stated that such a punishment "brutalizes the person who suffers it, and tends to brutalize the person inflicting it; that it is cruel and barbarous, and only tends to excite a spirit of dogged revenge in the culprit." He does not believe that flogging put down garroting, and has often condemned the system of giving a man a

short sentence and a flogging as radically bad. The man suffers his punishment—he argues—and by the time he has served his term, has forgotten all about it. "The fear of such another punishment again is, experience tells us, insufficient to be really deterrent; so the result is that you turn a man into a devil, and have not one atom of good to show for the sacrifice."

Only once has he sentenced a person to be flogged, and then it was a very brutal case, which was tried *many years* ago at Leeds. The prisoner got his victim down, and deliberately ground his iron-heeled boot into his eye. It was an exceptionally bad case, but even then the punishment was indefensible in principle. He objected to ordering children to be birched, for the idea of sending a poor little fellow to be flogged by a prison warder in a prison yard was repulsive to him; and, besides, he deemed the punishment both cruel and useless. He was of opinion that a birching not only degrades the child, but it, so to speak, stereotypes the fault in his nature, leaving a painful memory to the end of his life. The criminal population owe a great deal to Lord Brampton, for he was the foremost in insisting on the speedy trial of prisoners, and the propriety of allowing bail in all but the most serious cases. In many other respects, too, he advocated the more enlightened and merciful treatment of prisoners.

He defends the ticket-of-leave system as one which, while assisting in the preservation of prison discipline by encouraging good conduct, renders the convict's life less hopeless and less dreary; but he condemns the system of "police supervision," whose evils he has too often seen evidenced.

A man when he leaves prison should be able to begin life afresh, and it would have been bad for a policeman proved guilty of interfering with a ticket-of-leave man who was doing his best to gain an honest livelihood, had Lord Brampton been called upon to speak his mind.

It is well known that he does not disapprove of the capital sentence, which he would limit to cases of murder other than infanticide and "constructive murder" by a mother. This view seems imperative, for

if death were not the punishment for murder, every burglar would carry his revolver and argue: "If I kill my victim I may escape; if I don't, five or ten years more may be my fate—it is worth trying." The criminal classes don't joke with their necks, but they will always risk a given term of penal servitude. "There is no doubt," he said to me when speaking on this subject, "that the capital sentence is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the community."

In meting out punishment, Lord Brampton took all the circumstances of the case into consideration, and never punished a mere momentary lapse into crime with severity, unless attended with deliberate cruelty. He believes that the proper end of punishment is to *deter*, and not merely to inflict pain. He approves of long terms for habitual offenders convicted of serious crimes, but not for the man or woman who has through some great temptation or weakness momentarily lapsed.

Among the chief criminal cases over which he has presided was the Penge mystery. This case was tried at the Old Bailey in 1877, and ended in the four prisoners being sentenced to death. It is common knowledge that the whole batch was subsequently reprieved, and Lord Brampton's opinion as to the propriety of the intervention of the Home Secretary is also well known.

At the Old Bailey, in 1879, a woman named Hannah Dobbs was tried for murder before Lord Brampton—strange to say, at the same time that Kate Webster was being tried in an adjoining court for a similar crime by Mr. Justice Denman. The facts, shortly, are as follows: A Miss Hacker lodged in Euston Square with a certain married couple. She was an eccentric old lady, and always kept a large sum of money in a cash-box in her bedroom. Hannah Dobbs was a servant in the house. One Sunday, Dobbs told her master and

mistress that Miss Hacker had left the house. Four days afterwards, her master and mistress went up to Miss Hacker's room, found it empty, and on the carpet a stain of blood, which had been partially washed out. A few days afterwards, Dobbs was seen with a book of dreams, which had belonged to Miss Hacker; she gave the lid of Miss Hacker's cash-box to a child for a plaything, and was noticed to be wearing a watch and chain she had not worn before—and which were proved to have been Miss Hacker's. In her box, also, were found several articles which were identified as having belonged to Miss Hacker. Seven or eight months afterwards,

the body of Miss Hacker was found in the cellar, and Dobbs was put on her trial for murder. The circumstantial evidence against her was very strong, but the defence was that another person—a suggested lover—had killed the woman, and had given the things to Dobbs. This line was successful and Dobbs was acquitted. The other person was soon afterwards put upon his trial for perjury arising out of this case, and was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour by Lord Brampton. Hannah Dobbs owed a great deal to Lord Brampton, who always took the view that, although the evidence against a prisoner may be strong,

the punishment of death is such a terrible and irrevocable one, that it ought only to be pronounced on the very clearest evidence. The evidence in this case was not such as to exclude a reasonable doubt, and so Mr. Mead (the present police magistrate) succeeded in getting his client off.

Referring for a moment to the trial of the Muswell Hill burglars, it is reported that when someone asked Lord Brampton, "Was there not a doubt as to the complicity of Milson in the murder?" he replied, "Not the very slightest; what made you think so?" "The reports in the newspapers seemed just compatible with the theory of the defence."



LORD BRAMPTON AT THE TIME OF THE TICHBORNE TRIAL, 1873. [From a Photo. by] [Maull & Fox.]

"Yes," said Lord Brampton, in a convincingly humorous tone; "but *I* try a case on the evidence given in court; and on that evidence no reasonable person could doubt that Milsom was quite as guilty as Fowler."

Lamson, whose guilt was never in doubt, was another criminal tried by Lord Brampton; and the thief and murderer Charles Peace was also brought before him at the Old Bailey, in 1878. He was charged with shooting at a constable with intent to murder him, and on being convicted he made a long, passionate, tearful appeal for mercy, the while he literally "grovelled" before the judge. Mr. Montagu Williams's account of this incident is well worthy of reproduction:—

"This harangue seemed to have an effect upon everybody in court except the man to whom it was addressed. It was a great treat to watch the face of Mr. Justice Hawkins during the speech. When it was over, his Lordship, without any sort of comment, promptly sentenced the delinquent to penal servitude for life"; and thus, I may add, dealt with him as he deserved.

Another important murder trial over which Lord Brampton presided was that of the poisoner, Neill Cream, a few years ago.

It is frequently a subject of debate in legal circles as to whether and how far evidence bearing only on motive, state of mind, previous or subsequent conduct as tending to prove system or guilt in the particular case, can be given by the Crown on the trial of a prisoner. It is too technical a question to discuss here, but in Cream's case Lord Brampton admitted evidence of subsequent administration of poison by the prisoner to persons other than the woman for whose murder he was then standing his trial. There is no doubt that this was a correct ruling; and in order to illustrate the necessity of having occasionally to try other issues than the main issue, in order to establish the latter, the following account may be given. Somewhere about 1880, a farmer living in Essex was awakened one night by a noise in his courtyard. He opened the window, and put out his head to see who or what it was. As he did so, a man outside discharged a gun full in his face, and killed him on the spot. The murderer then broke and entered the house and stole some valuables. He then disappeared, leaving no apparent clue. The next day a chisel which had been used for the purpose of effecting an entrance was found in the farmhouse. Some time after, a discharged gun was found

in a copse near the house. Inquiries were set on foot, and it was found that the gun had been stolen some weeks previously from another house in the neighbourhood, and, strange to say, it was also ascertained that the thief had in that case also left behind him a *chisel*, similar to the one found in the farmhouse. The police then set to work to find out where the chisels came from, and they found that they had been stolen from a blacksmith's forge in a village near the farmhouse. As the result of further inquiries, a man was arrested, and was tried before Lord Brampton at Chelmsford, for wilful murder. The main issue, of course, was: "Did the prisoner kill and murder the farmer?" The subordinate issues were: "Did the prisoner steal the gun? Did he steal the chisels?" If he did, it was almost of itself conclusive of his guilt. The jury found that he did steal the gun, that he did steal the chisels, and further that he did shoot at and murder the farmer. The result was that the prisoner was convicted, sentenced to death, and executed, after a trial which was described by the judge as "highly satisfactory."

Counsel frequently complain that—to speak plainly—judges take sides, and they argue that a judge's duty is merely to preside and take notes, and dispassionately sum up the facts. This view I have myself on occasions countenanced. Now, one of our strongest judges was Lord Brampton; and as his power of marshalling facts was very great, he has frequently been the subject of discussion. Without entering into an analytical disquisition on the point, one thing is certain, and that is that he always took the greatest care to study the proof and effect of every alleged fact before he dealt with any case, be it civil or criminal. But when he dealt with it he did so with an earnest desire to arrive at the truth. He interfered with counsel as little as possible, but was, of course, bound to prevent them leading the jury off on a side issue, the while they might well hesitate to approach the main question. After all, a judge is a judge, and should remember that he sits not to perform the mechanical duties of an automaton, but to see, to the best of his ability, that justice is done.

Lord Brampton's love of animals is well known, and no article, even written from a strict professional standpoint—such as this is—would be complete without a reference to his dog Jack, of whom Lord Brampton wrote: "I can say that a more intelligent, faithful, and affectionate creature never had existence, and to him I have been indebted



LORD BRAMPTON WHEN FIRST MADE A JUDGE, 1876.
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

for very many of the happiest years of my life."

Poor Jack is now no more, but his master is faithful to his servant even in death. None supplies his place. He was given to Lord Brampton by his friend the late Lord Falmouth, and after thirteen years' close companionship, Lord Brampton felt his loss very deeply. The mutual affection existing between Jack and his master is not an unfaithful index to the character of Lord Brampton.

During Lord Brampton's career at the Bar his success was remarkable. In the words of Mr. Montagu Williams: "He was not only the greatest and most astute advocate of his time in ordinary civil cases, but he had the largest practice in compensation claims." And here, by the way, it may be mentioned

that he was retained to defend in nearly all the claims made by owners of the property on which the Royal Courts of Justice are built.

His power of dealing with every case before him was at the Bar unrivalled; and the imperturbable coolness, the thoroughness, the great personal individual force, the lucidity, the persuasiveness which he has ever brought to bear on his work, rendered him as deadly an opponent and as powerful a friend as could be found in a Court of Justice. In cross-examination, his powers may be described in the words of the late Chief Baron Kelly, which were spoken at a dinner, soon after Lord Brampton became a judge:—

"Of my friend Mr. Hawkins, I can only say this: that no man ever surpassed and few have equalled him as a cross-examiner; I place him on a level with Garrow and with Scarlett, whom no one has ever excelled," and

this re-echoes the opinion which those who knew Lord Brampton at the Bar universally hold.

As a judge, he had his critics, but not even the sourest would venture to assert that as a lawyer he was not excellent. That he held the scales of Justice evenly balanced between party and party, and Queen and citizen, is as well known as the most elementary axiom of arithmetic.

One who knew him well wrote of him as "the kindest man in the world where women, children, and animals are concerned," and that description is true. Whatever may be Lord Brampton's faults he stands confessed as an upright and fearless judge, and the owner of a name which as long as records last will always proudly shine forth from the pages devoted to the great ones of the Law.

object to which, as I judged, she was devoting her life quite as single-mindedly as Sebastian himself had devoted his to the advancement of science.

"Why did she become a nurse at all?" I asked once of her friend, Mrs. Mallet. "She has plenty of money, and seems well enough off to live without working."

"Oh, dear, yes," Mrs. Mallet answered. "She is independent, quite; has a tidy little income of her own—six or seven hundred a year—and she could choose her own society. But she went in for this mission fad early; she didn't intend to marry, she said, so she would like to have some work to do in life. Girls suffer like that, nowadays. In her case, the malady took the form of nursing."

"As a rule," I ventured to interpose, "when a pretty girl says she doesn't intend to marry, her remark is premature. It only means——"

"Oh, yes, I know. Every girl says it; 'tis a stock property in the popular masque of Maiden Modesty. But with Hilda it is different. And the difference is—that Hilda means it."

"You are right," I answered. "I believe she means it. Yet I know one man at least——" for I admired her immensely.

Mrs. Mallet shook her head and smiled. "It is no use, Dr. Cumberledge," she answered. "Hilda will never marry. Never, that is to say, till she has attained some mysterious object she seems to have in view, about which she never speaks to anyone—not even to me. But I have somehow guessed it."

"And it is?"

"Oh, I have not guessed what it is: I am no Œdipus: I have merely guessed that it exists. But whatever it may be, Hilda's life is bounded by it. She became a nurse to carry it out, I feel confident. From the very beginning, I gather, part of her scheme was to go to St. Nathaniel's. She was always bothering us to give her introductions to Dr. Sebastian; and when she met you at my brother Hugo's, it was a preconcerted arrangement; she asked to sit next you, and meant to induce you to use your influence on her behalf with the Professor. She was dying to get there."

"It is very odd," I mused. "But, there!—women are inexplicable!"

"And Hilda is in that matter the very quintessence of woman. Even I, who have known her for years, don't pretend to understand her."

A few months later Sebastian began his

great researches on his new anæsthetic. It was a wonderful set of researches. It promised so well. All Nat's (as we familiarly and affectionately style St. Nathaniel's) was in a fever of excitement over the drug for a twelvemonth.

The Professor obtained his first hint of the new body by a mere accident. His friend the Deputy Prosector of the Zoological Society had mixed a draught for a sick racoon at the Gardens, and, by some mistake in a bottle, had mixed it wrongly. (I purposely refrain from mentioning the ingredients, as they are drugs which can be easily obtained in isolation at any chemist's, though when compounded they form one of the most dangerous and difficult to detect of organic poisons. I do not desire to play into the hands of would-be criminals.) The compound on which the Deputy Prosector had thus accidentally lighted sent the racoon to sleep in the most extraordinary manner. Indeed, the racoon slept for thirty-six hours on end, all attempts to awake him by pulling his tail or tweaking his hair being quite unavailing. This was a novelty in narcotics: so Sebastian was asked to come and look at the slumbering brute. He suggested the attempt to perform an operation on the somnolent racoon by removing, under the influence of the drug, an internal growth, which was considered the probable cause of his illness. A surgeon was called in, the growth was found and removed, and the racoon, to everybody's surprise, continued to slumber peacefully on his straw for five hours afterward. At the end of that time he awoke and stretched himself, as if nothing had happened; and though he was, of course, very weak from loss of blood, he immediately displayed a most royal hunger. He ate up all the maize that was offered him for breakfast, and proceeded to manifest a desire for more by most unequivocal symptoms.

Sebastian was overjoyed. He now felt sure he had discovered a drug which would supersede chloroform—a drug more lasting in its immediate effects, and yet far less harmful in its ultimate results on the balance of the system. A name being wanted for it, he christened it "lethodyne." It was the best pain-luller yet invented.

For the next few weeks, at Nat's, we heard of nothing but lethodyne. Patients recovered, and patients died: but their deaths or recoveries were as dross to lethodyne. An anæsthetic that might revolutionize surgery, and even medicine! A royal road through

disease, with no trouble to the doctor and no pain to the patient! Lethodyne held the field. We were all of us, for the moment, intoxicated with lethodyne.

Sebastian's observations on the new agent occupied several months. He had begun with the racoon: he went on, of course, with those poor scapegoats of physiology, domestic rabbits. Not that in this particular case any painful experiments were in contemplation: the Professor tried the drug on a dozen or more quite healthy young animals—with the strange result that they dozed off quietly, and never woke up again. This nonplussed Sebastian. He experimented once more on another racoon with a smaller dose; the racoon fell asleep and slept like a top for fifteen hours, at the end of which time he woke up as if nothing out of the common had happened. Sebastian fell back upon rabbits again, with smaller and smaller doses. It was no good: the rabbits all died with great unanimity, until the dose was

will find them discussed at length in Volume 237 of the "Philosophical Transactions." (See also "Comptes Rendus de l'Académie de Médecine": *tome 49, pp. 72 and sequel.*) I will restrict myself here to that part of the inquiry which immediately refers to Hilda Wade's history.

"If I were you," she said to the Professor one morning, when he was most astonished at his contradictory results, "I would test it on a hawk. If I dare venture on a suggestion, I believe you will find that hawks recover."

"The deuce they do!" Sebastian cried. However, he had such confidence in Nurse Wade's judgment that he bought a couple of hawks and tried the treatment on them. Both birds took considerable doses, and, after a period of insensibility extending to several hours, woke up in the end quite bright and lively.

"I see your principle," the Professor broke out. "It depends upon diet. Carnivores and birds of prey can take lethodyne with impunity: herbivores and fruit-eaters cannot recover, and die of it. Man, therefore, being partly carnivorous, will doubtless be able more or less to stand it."

Hilda Wade smiled her sphinx-like smile. "Not quite that, I fancy," she answered. "It will kill cats, I feel sure: at least, most domesticated ones. But it will *not* kill weasels. Yet both are carnivores."

"That young woman knows too much!" Sebastian muttered to me, looking after her as she glided noiselessly with her gentle tread down the long white corridor. "We shall have to suppress her, Cumberledge. . . . But I'll wager my life she's right, for all that. I wonder, now, how the dickens she guessed it!"

"Intuition," I answered.

He pouted his under lip above the upper one, with a dubious acquiescence. "Inference, I call it," he retorted. "All woman's so-called intuition is in fact just rapid and half-unconscious inference."

He was so full of the subject, however, and so utterly carried away by his scientific



"IT WAS NO GOOD: THE RABBITS ALL DIED."

so diminished that it did not send them off to sleep at all. There was no middle course: apparently, to the rabbit kind, lethodyne was either fatal or else inoperative. So it proved to sheep. The new drug killed, or did nothing.

I will not trouble you with all the details of Sebastian's further researches: the curious

ardour, that I regret to say he gave a strong dose of lethodyne at once to each of the matron's petted and pampered Persian cats, which lounged about her room and were the delight of the convalescents. They were two peculiarly lazy sultanas of cats—mere jewels of the harem—Oriental beauties that loved to bask in the sun or curl themselves up on the rug before the fire, and dawdle away their lives in congenial idleness. Strange to say, Hilda's prophecy came true. Zuleika settled herself down comfortably in the Professor's easy chair, and fell into a sound sleep from which there was no awaking; while Roxana met fate on the tiger-skin she loved, coiled up in a circle, and passed from this life of dreams, without knowing it, into one where dreaming is not. Sebastian noted the facts with a quiet gleam of satisfaction in his watchful eye, and explained afterwards, with curt glibness to the angry matron, that her favourites had been "canonized in the roll of science, as painless martyrs to the advancement of physiology."

The weasels, on the other hand, with an equal dose, woke up after six hours as lively as crickets. It was clear that carnivorous tastes were not the whole solution, for Roxana was famed as a notable mouser.

"Your principle?" Sebastian asked our sybil, in his brief, quick way.

Hilda's cheek wore a glow of pardonable triumph. The great teacher had deigned to ask her assistance. "I judged by the analogy of Indian hemp," she answered. "This is clearly a similar, but much stronger, narcotic. Now, whenever I have given Indian hemp by your direction to people of sluggish or even of merely bustling temperament, I have noticed that small doses produce serious effects, and that the after-results are most undesirable. But when you have prescribed the hemp for nervous, overstrung, imaginative people, I have observed that they can stand large amounts of the tincture without evil results, and that the after-effects pass off rapidly. I, who am mercurial in temperament, for example, can take any amount of Indian hemp without being made ill by it, while ten drops will send some slow and torpid rustics mad drunk with excitement—drive them at once into homicidal mania."

Sebastian nodded his head. He needed no more explanation. "You have hit it," he said. "I see it at a glance. The old antithesis! All men and all animals fall, roughly speaking, into two great divisions of type: the impassioned and the unimpassioned,

the vivid and the phlegmatic. I catch your drift now. Lethodyne is poison to phlegmatic patients, who have not active power enough to wake up from it unhurt: it is relatively harmless to the vivid and impassioned, who can be put asleep by it, indeed, for a few hours more or less, but are alive enough to live on through the coma and reassert their vitality after it."

I recognised as he spoke that this explanation was correct: the dull rabbits, the sleepy Persian cats, and the silly sheep had died outright of lethodyne: the cunning, inquisitive racoon, the quick hawk, and the active, intense-natured weasels, all most eager, wary, and alert animals, full of keenness and passion, had recovered quickly.

"Dare we try it on a human subject?" I asked, tentatively.

Hilda Wade answered at once with that unerring rapidity of hers, "Yes, certainly; on a few—the right persons. I, for one, am not afraid to try it."

"You?" I cried, feeling suddenly aware how much I thought of her. "Oh, not *you*, please, Nurse Wade. Some other life—less valuable!"

Sebastian stared at me coldly. "Nurse Wade volunteers," he said. "It is in the cause of science. Who dares dissuade her? That tooth of yours? Ah, yes. Quite sufficient excuse. You wanted it out, Nurse Wade. Wells-Dinton shall operate."

Without a moment's hesitation, Hilda Wade sat down in an easy chair, and took a measured dose of the new anæsthetic proportioned to the average difference in weight between racoons and humanity. My face displayed my anxiety I suppose, for she turned to me, smiling, with quiet confidence. "I know my own constitution," she said, with a reassuring glance that went straight to my heart. "I do not in the least fear."

As for Sebastian, he administered the drug to her as unconcernedly as if she were a rabbit. Sebastian's scientific coolness and calmness have long been the admiration of younger practitioners.

Wells-Dinton gave one wrench. The tooth came out as though the patient were a block of marble. There was not a cry or a movement, such as one notes when nitrous oxide is administered. Hilda Wade was to all appearance a mass of lifeless flesh. We stood round and watched. I was trembling with terror. Even on Sebastian's pale face, usually so unmoved save by the watchful eagerness of scientific curiosity, I saw signs of anxiety.

After four hours of profound slumber—breath hovering, as it seemed, between life and death—she began to come to again. In half an hour more she was wide awake; she opened her eyes and asked for a glass of hock, with beef essence or oysters.

That evening, by six o'clock, she was quite well, and able to go about her duties as usual.

"Sebastian is a wonderful man," I said to her, as I entered her ward on my rounds at night. "His coolness astonishes me. Do you know, he watched you all the time you were lying asleep there as if nothing were the matter."

"Coolness?" she inquired, in a quiet voice. "Or cruelty?"

"Cruelty?" I echoed, aghast. "Sebastian cruel! Oh, Nurse Wade, what an idea! Why, he has spent his whole life in striving against all odds to alleviate pain. He is the apostle of philanthropy!"

"Of philanthropy, or of science? To alleviate pain, or to learn the whole truth about the human body?"

"Come, come now," I cried. "You analyze too far. I will not let even *you* put me out of conceit with Sebastian." (Her face flushed at that "*even you*"; I almost fancied she began to like me.) "He is the enthusiasm of my life: just consider how much he has done for humanity!"

She looked me through, searchingly. "I will not destroy your illusion," she answered, after a pause. "It is a noble and generous one. But is it not largely based on an ascetic face, long white hair, and a moustache that hides the cruel corners of the mouth? For the corners *are* cruel. Some day, I will show you them. Cut off the long hair, shave the grizzled moustache—and what then will remain?" She drew a profile hastily. "Just that," and she showed it me. 'Twas a face like Robespierre's, grown harder and older, and lined with observation. I recognised that it was in fact the essence of Sebastian.

Next day, as it turned out, the Professor

himself insisted upon testing lethodyne in his own person. All Nat's strove to dissuade him. "Your life is so precious, sir: the advancement of science!" But the Professor was adamant.

"Science can only be advanced if men of science will take their lives in their hands," he answered, sternly. "Besides, Nurse Wade has tried. Am I to lag behind a woman in my devotion to the cause of physiological knowledge?"

"Let him try," Hilda Wade murmured to me. "He is quite right. It will not hurt him. I have told him already he has just the proper temperament to stand the drug. Such people are rare: *he* is one of them."

We administered the dose, trembling. Sebastian took it like a man and dropped off instantly, for lethodyne is at least as instantaneous in its operation as nitrous oxide.

He lay long asleep. Hilda and I watched him.



"HE LAY LONG ASLEEP."

After he had lain for some minutes senseless, like a log, on the couch where we had placed him, Hilda stooped over him quietly and lifted up the ends of the grizzled moustache. Then she pointed one accusing finger at his lips. "I told you so," she murmured, with a note of demonstration.

"There is certainly something rather stern or even ruthless about the set of the face and the firm ending of the lips," I admitted, reluctantly.

"That is why God gave men moustaches," she mused, in a low voice; "to hide the cruel corners of their mouths."

"Not *always* cruel," I cried.

"Sometimes cruel, sometimes cunning, sometimes sensuous; but nine times out of ten, best masked by moustaches."

"You have a bad opinion of our sex!" I exclaimed.

"Providence knew best," she answered. "*It* gave you moustaches. That was in order that we women might be spared from always seeing you as you are. Besides, I said 'Nine times out of ten.' There are exceptions—*such* exceptions!"

On second thought, I did not feel sure that I could quarrel with her estimate.

The experiment was that time once more successful. Sebastian woke up from the comatose state after eight hours, not quite as fresh as Hilda Wade, perhaps, but still tolerably alive, less alert, however, and complaining of dull headache. He was not hungry. Hilda Wade shook her head at that. "It will be of use only in a very few cases," she said to me, regretfully; "and those few will need to be carefully picked by an acute observer. I see resistance to the coma is, even more than I thought, a matter of temperament. Why, so impassioned a man as the Professor himself cannot entirely recover. With more sluggish temperaments, we shall have deeper difficulty."

"Would you call him impassioned?" I asked. "Most people think him so cold and stern."

She shook her head. "He is a snow-capped volcano," she answered. "The fires of his life burn bright below. The exterior alone is cold and placid."

However, starting from that time, Sebastian began a course of experiments on patients, giving infinitesimal doses at first, and venturing slowly on somewhat larger quantities. But only in his own case and Hilda's could the result be called quite satisfactory. One dull and heavy, drink-sodden navvy, to whom he administered no more than one-tenth of a grain, was drowsy for a week, and listless long after; while a fat washerwoman from West Ham, who took only two-tenths, fell so fast asleep, and snored so stertorously, that we feared she was going to doze off into eternity, after the fashion of the rabbits. Mothers of large families, we noted, stood the drug very ill: on pale young girls of the consumptive tendency its effect was not marked: but only a patient here and there of exceptionally imaginative and vivid temperament seemed able to endure it. Sebastian was discouraged. He saw the anæsthetic was not destined to

fulfil his first enthusiastic humanitarian expectations.

One day, while the investigation was just at this stage, a case was admitted into the observation-cots in which Hilda Wade took a particular interest. The patient was a young girl named Isabel Huntley—tall, dark, and slender, a markedly quick and imaginative type, with large black eyes which clearly bespoke a passionate nature. Though distinctly hysterical, she was pretty and pleasing. Her rich, dark hair was as copious as it was beautiful. She held herself erect, and had a finely poised head. From the first moment she arrived, I could see Nurse Wade was strongly drawn towards her. Their souls sympathized. Number Fourteen—that is our impersonal way of describing *cases*—was constantly on Hilda's lips. "I like the girl," she said once. "She is a lady in fibre."

"And a tobacco-trimmer by trade," Sebastian added, sarcastically.

As usual, Hilda's was the truer description. It went deeper.

Number Fourteen's ailment was a rare and peculiar one, into which I need not enter here with professional precision. (I have described the case fully for my brother practitioners in my paper in the fourth volume of Sebastian's "Medical Miscellanies.") It will be enough for my present purpose to say in brief that the lesion consisted of an internal growth, which is always dangerous and most often fatal, but which nevertheless is of such a character that if it be once happily eradicated by supremely good surgery it never tends to recur, and leaves the patient as strong and well as ever. Sebastian was, of course, delighted with the splendid opportunity thus afforded him. "It is a beautiful case!" he cried, with professional enthusiasm. "Beautiful! Beautiful! I never saw one so deadly or so malignant before. We are indeed in luck's way. Only a miracle can save her life. Cumberledge, we must proceed to perform the miracle."

Sebastian loved such cases. They formed his ideal. He did not greatly admire the artificial prolongation of diseased and unwholesome lives which could never be of much use to their owners or anyone else; but when a chance occurred for restoring to perfect health a valuable existence which might otherwise be extinguished before its time, he positively revelled in his beneficent calling. "What nobler object can a man propose to himself," he used to say, "than to raise good men and true from the dead, as it were, and return them whole and sound to

the family that depends upon them? Why, I had fifty times rather cure an honest coal-heaver of a wound in his leg than give ten years more lease of life to a gouty lord, diseased from top to toe, who expects to find a month of Carlsbad or Homburg once every year make up for eleven months of over-eating, over-drinking, vulgar debauchery, and under-thinking." He had no sympathy with men who lived the lives of swine: his heart was with the workers.

Of course, Hilda Wade soon suggested that, as an operation was absolutely necessary, Number Fourteen would be a splendid subject on whom to test once more the effects of lethodyne. Sebastian, with his head on one side, surveying the patient, promptly coincided. "Nervous diathesis," he observed. "Very vivid fancy. Twitches her hands the right way. Quick pulse, rapid perceptions, no meaningless unrest, but deep vitality. I don't doubt she'll stand it."

We explained to Number Fourteen the gravity of the case, and also the tentative character of the operation under lethodyne. At first, she shrank from taking it. "No, no," she said, "let me die quietly." But Hilda, like the Angel of Mercy that she was, whispered in the girl's ear, "If it succeeds, you will get quite well, and—you can marry Arthur."

The patient's dark face flushed crimson.

"Ah, Arthur," she cried. "Dear Arthur! I can bear anything you choose to do to me—for Arthur!"

"How soon you find these things out!" I cried to Hilda a few minutes later. "A mere man would never have thought of that. And who is Arthur?"

"A sailor—on a ship that trades with the South Seas. I hope he is worthy of her. Fretting over Arthur's absence has aggravated the case. He is homeward-bound now. She is worrying herself to death, for fear she should not live to say good-bye to him."

"She *will* live to marry him," I answered, with confidence like her own, "if *you* say she can stand it."

"The lethodyne — oh, yes, *that's* all right. But the operation itself is so extremely dangerous. Though Dr. Sebastian says he has called in the best surgeon in London for all such cases—they are rare,

he tells me—and Nielsen has performed on six, three of them successfully."

We gave the girl the drug. She took it, trembling, and went off at once, holding Hilda's hand, with a pale smile on her face, which persisted there somewhat weirdly all through the operation. The work of removing the growth was long and ghastly, even for us who were well seasoned to such sights, but at the end Nielsen expressed himself as perfectly satisfied. "A very neat piece of work!" Sebastian exclaimed, looking on. "I congratulate you, Nielsen. I never saw anything done cleaner or better."

"A successful operation, certainly!" the great surgeon admitted, with just pride in the Master's commendation.

"*And* the patient?" Hilda asked, wavering.

"Oh, the patient? The patient will die," Nielsen replied, in an unconcerned voice, wiping his spotless instruments.

"That is not *my* idea of the medical art," I cried, shocked at his callousness. "An operation is only successful if——"

He regarded me with lofty scorn. "A certain percentage of losses," he interrupted, calmly, "is inevitable, of course, in all surgical operations. We are obliged to average it. How could I preserve my precision and accuracy of hand if I were always bothered by sentimental considerations of the patient's safety?"

Hilda Wade glanced up at me with a sympathetic glance. "We will pull her through yet," she murmured, in her soft voice, "if care and skill can do it. *My* care and *your* skill. This is now *our* patient, Dr. Cumberledge."

It needed care and skill. We watched her for hours, and she showed no sign or gleam



"SHE SHOWED NO SIGN OF RECOVERY."

of recovery. Her sleep was deeper than either Sebastian's or Hilda's had been. She had taken a big dose, so as to secure immobility: the question now was, would she recover at all from it? Hour after hour we waited, and watched: and not a sign of movement! Only the same deep, slow, hampered breathing, the same feeble, jerky pulse, the same deathly pallor on the dark cheeks, the same corpse-like rigidity of limb and muscle.

At last, our patient stirred faintly as in a dream; her breath faltered. We bent over her. Was it death, or was she beginning to recover?

Very slowly, a faint trace of colour came back to her cheeks. Her heavy eyes half opened. They stared first with a white stare. Her arms dropped by her side. Her mouth relaxed its ghastly smile. . . . We held our breath. . . . She was coming to again!

But her coming to was slow—very, very slow. Her pulse was still weak. Her heart pumped feebly. We feared she might sink from inanition at any moment. Hilda Wade knelt on the floor by the girl's side and held a spoonful of beef essence coaxingly to her lips. Number Fourteen gasped, drew a long, slow breath, then gulped and swallowed it. After that, she lay back with her mouth open, looking like a corpse. Hilda pressed another spoonful of the soft jelly upon her: but the girl waved it away with one trembling hand. "Let me die," she cried. "Let me die! I feel dead already."

Hilda held her face close. "Isabel," she whispered—and I recognised in her tone the vast moral difference between "Isabel" and "Number Fourteen." "Is-a-bel, you must take it. For Arthur's sake, I say, you *must* take it."

The girl's hand quivered as it lay on the white coverlet. "For Arthur's sake!" she murmured, lifting her eyelids dreamily. "For Arthur's sake! Yes, nurse, dear!"

"Call me Hilda, please! Hilda!"

The girl's face lighted up again. "Yes, Hilda, dear," she answered, in an unearthly voice, like one raised from the dead. "I will call you what you will. Angel of Light, you have been so good to me."

She opened her lips with an effort, and slowly swallowed another spoonful. Then she fell back, exhausted. But her pulse improved within twenty minutes.

I mentioned the matter, with enthusiasm, to Sebastian later. "It is very nice in its way," he answered; "but . . . it is not nursing."

I thought to myself that that was just what

it *was*: but I did not say so. Sebastian was a man who thought meanly of women: "A doctor, like a priest," he used to declare, "should keep himself unmarried. His bride is medicine." And he disliked to see what he called *philandering* going on in his hospital. It may have been on that account that I avoided speaking much of Hilda Wade thenceforth before him.

He looked in casually next day to see the patient. "She will die," he said, with perfect assurance, as we passed down the ward together. "Operation has taken too much out of her."

"Still, she has great recuperative powers," Hilda answered. "They all have in her family, Professor. You may, perhaps, remember Joseph Huntley, who occupied Number Sixty-seven in the Accident Ward some nine months since—compound fracture of the arm—a dark, nervous engineer's assistant—very hard to restrain—well, *he* was her brother: he caught typhoid in the hospital, and you commented at the time on his strange vitality. Then there was her cousin, again, Ellen Stubbs—we had *her* for stubborn chronic laryngitis—a very bad case—anyone else would have died—yielded at once to your treatment, and made, I recollect, a splendid convalescence."

"What a memory you have!" Sebastian cried, admiring against his will. "It is simply marvellous! I never saw anyone like you in my life . . . except once. *He* was a man, a doctor, a colleague of mine—dead long ago. . . . Why——" he mused, and gazed hard at her. Hilda shrank before his gaze. "This is curious," he went on slowly, at last. "Very curious. You—why, you resemble him."

"Do I?" Hilda replied, with forced calm, raising her eyes to his. Their glances met. That moment, I saw each had recognised something; and from that day forth I was instinctively aware that a duel was being waged between Sebastian and Hilda. A duel between the two ablest and most singular personalities I had ever met. A duel of life and death—though I did not fully understand its purport till much, much later.

Every day after that, the poor, wasted girl in Number Fourteen grew feebler and fainter. Her temperature rose; her heart throbbed weakly. She seemed to be fading away. Sebastian shook his head. "Lethodyne is a failure," he said, with a mournful regret. "One cannot trust it. The case might have recovered from the operation, or recovered from the drug; but she could not recover from both together. Yet the operation



"THEIR GLANCES MET."

would have been impossible without the drug; and the drug is useless except for the operation."

It was a great disappointment to him. He hid himself in his room, as was his wont when disappointed, and went on with his old work at his beloved microbes.

"I have one hope still," Hilda murmured to me by the bedside when our patient was at her worst. "If one contingency occurs, I believe we may save her."

"What is that?" I asked.

She shook her head waywardly. "You must wait and see," she answered. "If it comes off, I will tell you. If not, let it swell the limbo of lost inspirations."

Next morning early, however, she came up to me with a radiant face, holding a newspaper in her hand. "Well, it *has* happened!" she cried, rejoicing. "We shall save poor Isabel—Number Fourteen, I mean; our way is clear, Dr. Cumberlandge."

I followed her blindly to the bedside, little guessing what she could mean. She knelt down at the head of the cot. The girl's eyes were closed: I touched her cheek: she was in a high fever. "Temperature?" I asked.

"A hundred and three."

I shook my head. Every symptom of fatal relapse. I could not imagine what card Hilda held in reserve. But I stood there, waiting.

She whispered in the girl's ear: "Arthur's ship is sighted off the Lizard."

The patient opened her eyes slowly, and rolled them for a moment as if she did not understand.

"Too late!" I cried. "Too late! She is delirious—insensible!"

Hilda repeated the words slowly, but very distinctly. "Do you hear, dear? Arthur's ship . . . it is sighted. . . . Arthur's ship . . . at the Lizard."

The girl's lips moved. "Arthur! Arthur! . . . Arthur's ship!" A deep sigh. She clenched her hands. "He is coming?" Hilda nodded and smiled, holding her breath with suspense.

"Up the Channel now. He will be at Southampton to-night. Arthur . . . at Southampton. It is here, in the papers. I have telegraphed to him to hurry on at once to see you."

She struggled up for a second. A smile flitted across the worn face.

Then she fell back wearily.

I thought all was over. Her eyes stared white. But ten minutes later she opened her lids again. "Arthur is coming," she murmured. "Arthur . . . coming."

"Yes, dear. Now sleep. He is coming."

All through that day and the next night she was restless and agitated; but still, her pulse improved a little. Next morning, she was again a trifle better. Temperature falling—a hundred and one, point three. At ten o'clock Hilda came in to her, radiant.

"Well, Isabel, dear," she cried, bending down and touching her cheek (kissing is forbidden by the rules of the house). "Arthur has come. He is here . . . down below . . . I have seen him."

"Seen him!" the girl gasped.

"Yes, seen him. Talked with him. Such a nice, manly fellow, and such an honest, good face! He is longing for you to get well. He says he has come home this time to marry you."

The wan lips quivered. "He will *never* marry me!"

"Yes, yes, he *will*—if you will take this jelly. Look here—he wrote these words to you before my very eyes: 'Dear love to my Isa!' . . . If you are good and will sleep he may see you—to-morrow."

The girl opened her lips and ate the jelly greedily. She ate as much as she was desired.

In three minutes more her head had fallen like a child's upon her pillow, and she was sleeping peacefully.

I went up to Sebastian's room, quite excited with the news. He was busy among his bacilli. They were his hobby, his pets. "Well, what do you think, Professor?" I cried. "That patient of Nurse Wade's——"

He gazed up at me abstractedly, his brow contracting. "Yes, yes; I know," he interrupted. "The girl in Fourteen. I have discounted her case long ago. She has ceased to interest me. . . . Dead, of course! Nothing else was possible."

I laughed a quick little laugh of triumph. "No, sir; *not* dead. Recovering! She has fallen just now into a normal sleep; her breathing is natural."

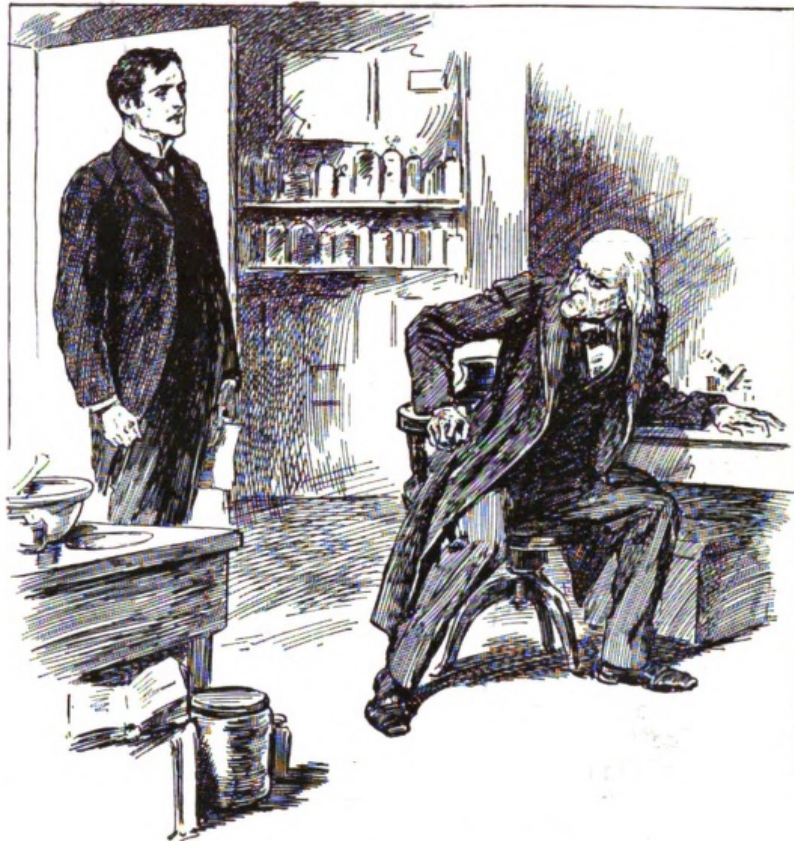
He wheeled his revolving chair away from the germs, and fixed me with his keen eyes. "Recovering?" he echoed. "Impossible! Rallying, you mean. A mere flicker. I know my trade. She *must* die this evening."

"Forgive my persistence," I replied; "but—her temperature has gone down to ninety-nine and a trifle."

He pushed away the bacilli in the nearest watch-glass quite angrily. "To ninety-nine!" he exclaimed, knitting his brows. "Cumberland, this is disgraceful! A most disappointing case! A most provoking patient!"

"But surely, sir——" I cried.

"Don't talk to *me*, boy! Don't attempt to apologize for her. Such conduct is unpardonable. She *ought* to have died. It was her clear duty. *I said* she would die, and she should have known better than to fly in the face of the faculty. Her recovery is an insult to medical science. What is the staff about? Nurse Wade should have prevented it."



"SHE OUGHT TO HAVE DIED."

"Still, sir," I exclaimed, trying to touch him on a tender spot, "the anæsthetic, you know! Such a triumph for lethodyne! This case shows clearly that on certain constitutions it may be used with advantage under certain conditions."

He snapped his fingers. "Lethodyne! pooh! I have lost interest in it. Impracticable! It is not fitted for the human species."

"Why so? Number Fourteen proves——"

He interrupted me with an impatient wave of his hand: then he rose and paced up and down the room testily. After a pause he spoke again. "The weak point of lethodyne is this: nobody can be trusted to say *when* it may be used—except Nurse Wade. Which is *not* science."

For the first time in my life, I had a glimmering idea that I distrusted Sebastian. Hilda Wade was right—the man was cruel. But I had never observed his cruelty before—because his devotion to science had blinded me to it.

Pigs of Celebrities.

BY GERTRUDE BACON.



HERE is ever a fascination in collections, and ours is, perhaps, a more essentially collecting age than any other. We collect all the things that our forefathers used to—pictures, books, plate, and other articles of *vertu*; and we have added to them a number of quite new ideas of our own—stamps, post-cards, railway-tickets, buttons, and what not, whose chief value would appear to lie in their strange character and utter uselessness.

But now, as always, the palm of collections is universally accorded to those of personal relics of the great, and the fact that these are hard to come by only enhances their value; which value too is immensely increased on the death of the original owners. Very often indeed it is then only that they acquire any worth at all. For example, Lord Nelson's coat may now be well-nigh priceless, may form a worthy gift to the Sovereign herself; while the coats that the great sailor gave away during his lifetime descended to the rag-man in natural course, as those of his humblest lieutenant. This is one of the difficulties in the way of those who would fain form collections of mementos of yet living celebrities, and to the great majority of these, as in past days, the only course open is autograph-hunting.

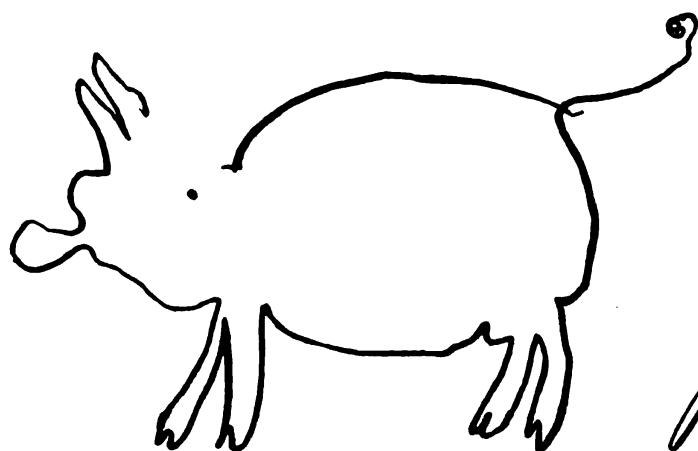
Autographs possess certainly a very great advantage over many other souvenirs. They are lasting, they are portable, and they are eminently characteristic, which is more than can be said of snuff-boxes and old clothes. They, moreover, lie more or less within the reach of those whose worldly means may not be great, but who possess a fair amount of perseverance and self-assurance. The name of these is legion, as every celebrity knows only to his cost, and we may well believe that the information regarding autograph-hunters, which might be supplied by distinguished people, would be not only extremely interesting, but also somewhat startling in its nature.

Of course, there are various species of autograph collections. There is the autographed book, with "the author's compliments" on the fly-leaf. This is particularly

attractive and valuable, and not to be lightly come by; but then all geniuses are not literary men, any more than all literary men are geniuses. There is likewise the autographed photograph, most delightful form of all, for besides perpetuating the face as well as the handwriting, its possession usually indicates a certain amount of personal friendship between giver and receiver. The following pages are intended to show yet another variety that the collection may assume, and which, among other advantages, may, at least, claim for itself a share of novelty and originality.

It consists, in short, of a number of drawings of that familiar animal the pig, drawn with the eyes shut, by leading representatives of science, art, literature, society, etc., whose world-wide renown is only equalled by their ready kindness and courtesy in ministering to the pleasure and benefit of those around them, and their exceeding indulgence in yielding to an audacious request. The idea, of course, originates in the old drawing-room game, though as a *bonâ-fide* collection is less often seen than its obvious advantages would seem to warrant.

Carlyle says that, given a hero, or in other words a genius, it is only a question of his environment whether he will develop "into a poet, prophet, King, priest, or what you will." The vital spark is there, and will assert itself, no matter into what lines it falls. In a similar manner, granted a man of genius and strong personality, then everything about him and every action, however slight, he performs will bear the unmistakable imprint of his great characteristic. It is no hard task to read a man's character in his face, but, as has been before exemplified in these pages, it is equally possible to do so from his hands and ears. To those who make a study of calligraphy it seems that the handwriting affords an index to character to be almost implicitly relied on, and to these students, as well as in a lesser degree the casual observer, a glance at the drawings which accompany these words will, I think, sufficiently satisfy them that, in an almost greater degree, the blindfold pigs exemplify the teaching of the autographs below.



LORD ROBERTS'S FIG.

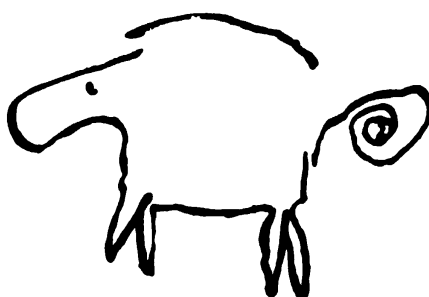
that he has consented to draw a pig at all is only another proof that, besides one of the bravest, he is likewise among the most courteous of men.

Equally distinctive is the pig of Sir Francis Jeune. Its judicial characteristics are apparent to all, even without the aid of the

Robert

Take the first specimen for example, which Lord Roberts so graciously consented to draw for this article. Is it possible to conceive an animal more endowed with the martial spirit of its noble artist? It is essentially and above all a *fighting* pig. Note the firmly planted feet, the aggressively forward sloping ears, the quick eye, the stubborn, determined face, and pug-nacious tail. The whole attitude is instinct with pluck and defiance. This animal is "game" to the last; he has also undoubtedly "got his back up." That Lord Roberts has paid particular and unusual attention to the "trotters" indicates a careful and observant eye, a keen sense of what is right and fitting, and an untiring attention to details, while the fact

familiar initials beneath. It is in all respects a "carefully balanced" animal, and there is no mistaking the shrewdness and penetration of the eye. There is no wandering from the point, no unnecessary digressions and flourishes. The very gait suggests the even course of justice, not prone to jump to rash conclusions, not to be unduly hastened, but with patient and cautious footsteps progressing slowly and surely and impartially to the goal of equity and truth.



S. F. J.

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE'S FIG.

The companion drawing is by the famous judge's equally famous wife. Those among

Lady Jeune's admirers (and who are they who do not reckon themselves in that great army?) will welcome its presence as a fresh instance of her ladyship's never-failing kindness and graciousness; while recognising in it indications of those social and intellectual gifts that render her alike the model hostess, the leader of society, the greatest authority on every

branch of women's life and work, and the prime mover in every good scheme for the ameli-



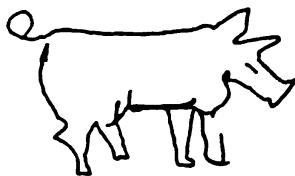
May Jeune

LADY JEUNE'S FIG.

oration and benefit of her poorer neighbours. A peculiarity about this animal, shared only by Professor Ramsay's, is that it turns its head to the right, the reverse position to that naturally given to a pig when drawn with the right hand.

The kindness of the Bishop of Brechin in allowing his pig to adorn these pages will be appreciated by all. The popular and revered Primus of Scotland displays in his drawing those kindly and genial traits which have endeared him to all throughout an active and varied career.

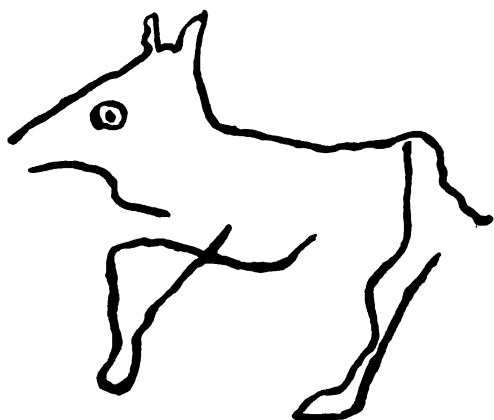
Turn we now to the "pig scientific,"



William Ramsay

PROFESSOR RAMSAY'S FIG.

Arch W. MacArthur



THE BISHOP OF BRECHIN'S FIG.

luckily represented in the two great branches of Astronomy and Chemistry, by Sir Robert Ball and Professor Ramsay. The renowned astronomer, author, lecturer, and most genial of men draws us a pig, in which he himself would be the first to trace its Irish antecedents. The keen eye of the star-gazer is there, and the fine, tapering snout that indicates the man of letters. Sir Robert

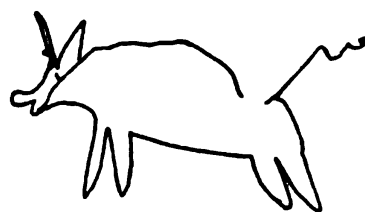


Robert Ball

SIR ROBERT BALL'S FIG.

seems to have forgotten the ears, as, too, oddly enough, has Sir Francis Jeune, a curious omission in his case, for if justice be blind it is certainly not deaf.

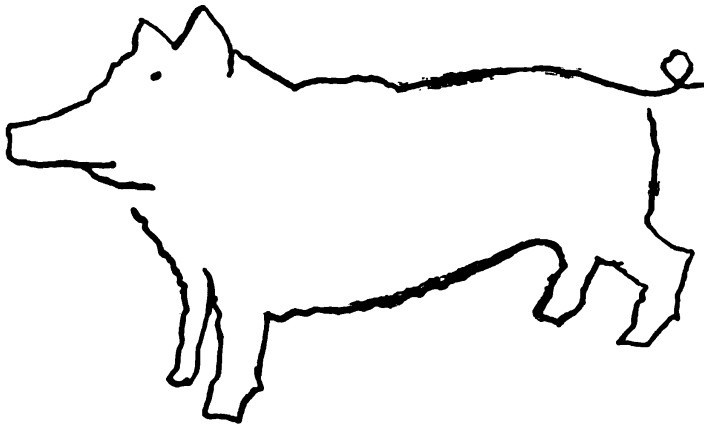
The extreme excellence of Professor Ramsay's pig leads one almost to the suspicion that the great chemist had a corner of one eye open when he drew it, or else possessed a Röntgen-ray-like power of seeing through closed lids; but in this I may be doing him injustice. That his animal possesses a most fascinating personality no one will deny. There are indications of extreme modesty about the lowered head, downward sloping ears, and half-shut eye, while a capacity for taking infinite pains, minute attention to details, and the power of laborious research is as plainly evident in the talented little sketch as in the famous discoverer of Argon, Krypton, and the other rare constituents of the atmosphere himself.



Henry Irving

SIR HENRY IRVING'S FIG.

Again, in the "pig histrionic" what can be more apparent than the tragic tendency it has unconsciously received from the hand of the greatest of tragedians? Sir Henry Irving has instilled a pathos and despair into the expression of his pig that the jocund and



John Tenniel

SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S PIG.

light-hearted animal can scarcely display in real life. But to Sir Henry himself it is the tail that appeals most. "It may be vanity," he writes, "but I cannot help regarding it as a masterpiece," and in this opinion admiring and grateful beholders will readily acquiesce.

An unfortunate diffidence has robbed this article of another famous actor's pig, Mr. Wyndham writing in response to an appeal that he "cannot draw with his eyes open, let alone if they were closed." Sir Evelyn Wood too replied in almost the same words. These gentlemen unfortunately did not know that the less capable you are of drawing a pig with eyes open the better one you will probably produce with eyes shut. An ardent collector will never accept as an excuse an alleged incapacity for drawing. Very frequently the objector possesses a latent talent which he either conceals from modesty or else is unconscious of; and in any case the chances are that he will produce an animal that will surprise him very much by its excellence.

Certain it is that, the better a man draws, the harder work it is to coax a pig out of him. To get a blindfold pig from a celebrated artist is rare indeed, and I doubt whether an R.A. has ever been known to draw one. We may feel the more grateful, then, to that famous veteran, Sir John Tenniel, for his unexampled goodness in giving us a specimen from his own unrivalled

pencil. It is the work of an artist, indeed, and even Sir John himself seems rather proud of it; for he writes: "I have much pleasure in sending you my picture of a 'Piggee,' drawn in pencil (blindfold), and duly signed. The result, as I need hardly say, fills me with wonder and admiration. It is simply an amazing fluke." He further adds that he will never attempt another, but we will venture to disagree with him as to the fluke, believing that whatever comes from that deft pen will inevitably be the best possible.

Turning to the "pig literary," he must be wanting in imagination indeed who fails to trace

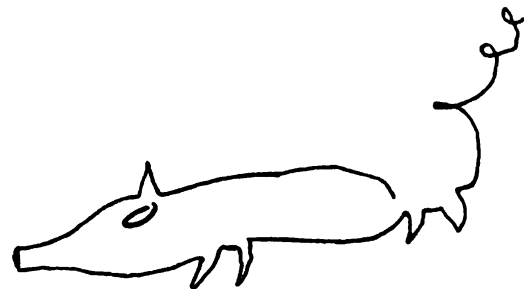
in Dr. Conan Doyle's spirited little sketch the resemblance to the immortal and lamented Sherlock Holmes. That pig is evidently "on the scent" of some baffling mystery. Note the quick and penetrating snout, the alert ears, thrown back in the act of listening, the nervous, sensitive tail, and the expectant, eager attitude. The spirit of the great detective breathes in every line and animates the whole.

Nor is the indication of patient and deep research, literary skill, and subtle imagination less apparent in the animal Sir Walter Besant has favoured us with. The absence of the



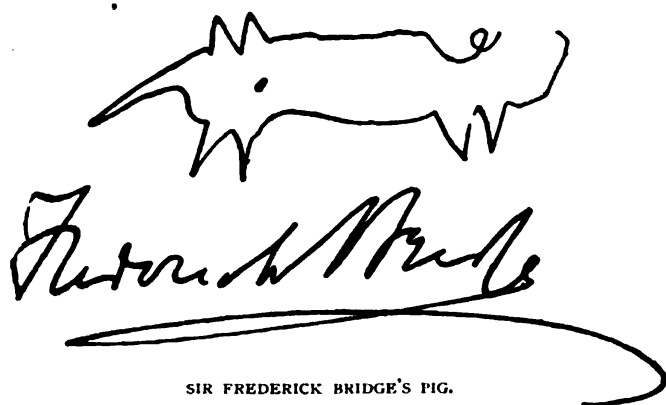
A Conan Doyle

DR. CONAN DOYLE'S PIG.



Walter Besant.
Dec 5. 1895.

Original from
SIR WALTER BESANT'S PIG.
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE'S PIG.

second ear is, doubtless, to be accounted for by its being directly behind the other.

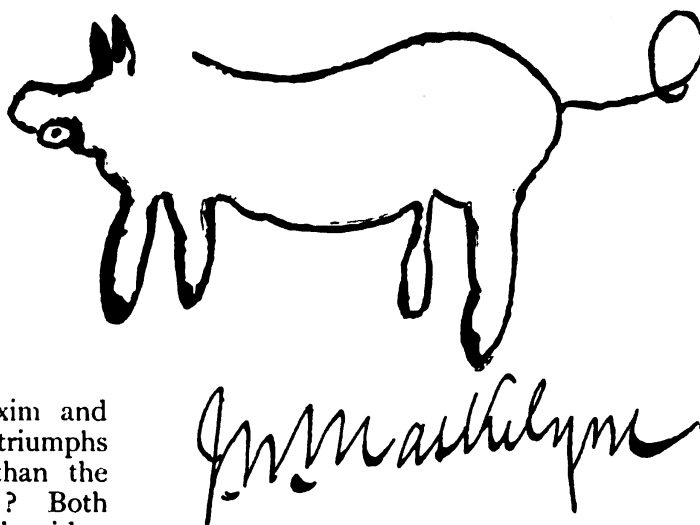
On the contrary, the ears drawn by Sir Frederick Bridge are both well defined. This, of course, is only what would be looked for in the animal of a composer. Note the deep-set eye. That in a human being is generally considered a mark of a mathematical mind, and music and mathematics are proverbially associated. The gait of this pig, too, is undoubtedly "andante."

In the "pigs mechanical" we have been lucky, indeed, in securing the work of two such mighty masters of their art as Mr. Maxim and Mr. Maskelyne. What two greater triumphs of human ingenuity can we find than the Maxim gun and the "Box trick"? Both are mechanical problems, for which either

mechanician may well envy the other, while the ordinary intellect stands amazed before such inventive genius.

Referring to his pig, Mr. Maxim writes: "I have just a suspicion that the pigs that are so well drawn in your album are by people who had their eyes partly open. The trouble with my pig is that my eyes were too tightly closed." But nobody will find fault with Mr. Maxim's animal on this score or on any other. It bears

the imprint of his matchless genius, and is certainly suggestive of the action of his incomparable gun.



MR. MASKELYNE'S PIG.

That Mr. Maskelyne had the box trick in his mind when he drew his shapely pig is evident from the resemblance it bears to the incomprehensible creature known generally as the "monkey," but sometimes credited with being something more, that emerges from that unfathomed mystery. The animal otherwise is eminently characteristic of one of the most ingenious, genial, and generous of men.

We have also received a remarkably good pig from Mr. Harry Furniss, together with a most interesting letter in which Mr. Furniss reveals a secret of his own for drawing pigs blindfold almost as well as when the eyes are open. As we do not wish to give away this secret before our readers have had an opportunity of trying what they can do in the ordinary way, we reserve Mr. Furniss's letter and drawings for publication next month.



Harry S. Maxim

MR. MAXIM'S PIG.

Vegetable Vagaries.

By THOMAS E. CURTIS.

(Illustrations from Photographs.)



WITH a penknife and pin, a few twigs and leaves, and some acorns and mast, these odd little men and women have been made. Some of them are full of grace and action, as befits the characters they are supposed to represent. Others are warped and ungainly, as if life to them were a hard and weary struggle; while others bear in their countenances an airy dignity that betokens a mind above the wear-and-tear of daily existence.

That much, at least, any æsthetically-minded person will be able to see in our illustrations. The great public, however, will see only a few curious inanimate pigmies, and will almost refuse to believe that the materials of which they are made are as simple as we have said them to be. But there is no doubt upon that point. The figures represent a few characters well known in fiction and drama, and it is to the facile fancy of Mr. W. Kershaw Davies, of West Dome House, Bognor, that their creation is due.

In our magazine some time back we showed a few heads made of antirrhinum seed, and these little snap-dragon images were quaint enough to delight thousands of our readers; but Mr. Davies, in his unique gallery of vegetable oddities, has brought

to complete fruition the possibilities of these tiny garden favourites.

In the choice of subjects for his tableaux, Mr. Davies is certainly ambitious. The first photograph represents no other than the scene from "Othello," when Iago convinces the Moor of Desdemona's faithlessness. Othello is the figure on the left in a

picturesque robe of antirrhinum lichen, with his twig arms uplifted in an attitude of despair. He is racked with anguish, having decided that Desdemona shall die, and is saying, "O, the pity of it, Iago." Judging from the attitude of Iago's hair (made from Spanish chestnut), one might suppose that he was rather frightened at the intensity of his victim's sufferings.

In dealing with our second picture we are strongly tempted to ask again the question put by Banquo to Macbeth:—

What are these,
So wither'd and so wild
in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants of the earth,
And yet are on 't?
For in this group the artist in leaves and twigs has attempted to represent the three weird sisters. Their heads are made of beech mast, and their garments of dried leaves, the eyes being represented with beads of glass. These, with the addition of the hats which figure in the "Temperance Lecture" soon to follow,



OTHELLO AND IAGO.



THE THREE WITCHES FROM "MACBETH."



ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY.



A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

are the only artificial means which Mr. Davies has adopted in his expression of personality. Small wonder that if the noble Macbeth saw such apparitions as these he was instantly amazed, to say nothing of his doubts regarding their sex.

We now come to a graphic representation from the immortal history of Robinson Crusoe. It is needless to ask the youth of the present day what these things represent, for the answer would be forthcoming in a trice. Better is it to describe the personal apparel of the doughty Crusoe and his valiant Friday. The snap-dragon, lichens, and twigs are again used with skill, and Friday's hair, which would arouse jealousy in the breast of any *coiffeur*, is expressed with the seed of the corn-flower. Note the progressive movement of Robinson as he advances with his huge umbrella.

Hunger, we may see, had already set in and attenuated Friday's manly frame.

In the "Temperance Lecture" the hats are made of paper, the umbrella from winter cherry, the clothing from lichen, and the faces of snap-dragon. As all temperance lectures are best embodied in the persons of those who take too much, it is needless for us to enforce the moral of this group.

The pose shown in "The Last of the Mohicans" is worthy of the artist, and one instantly calls to mind the lone appearance of mummies from Indian land, which we may see in any museum. The despair centred in the last of a great tribe is here only equalled by the aptness with which mere twigs have been utilized for the bones of the abject survivor.

Those who have had the pleasure of seeing



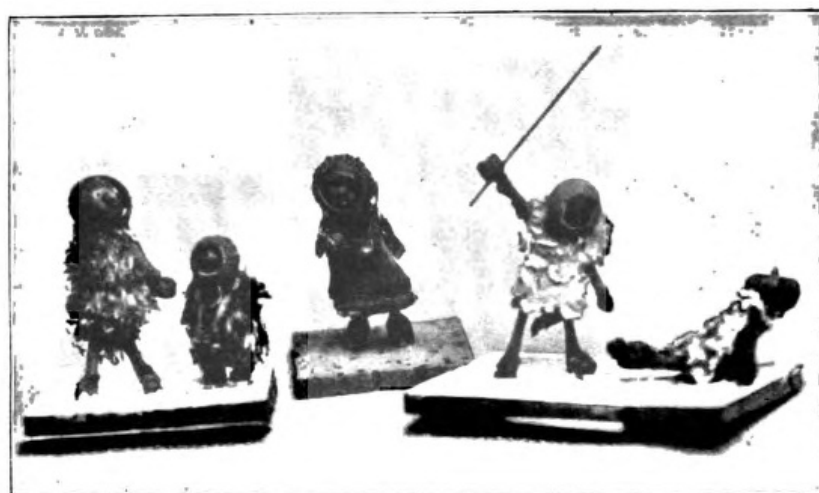
THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

an Ojibbeway dance will find in the next illustration a fairly faithful reproduction of that curious Indian ceremony, but will miss the cries and howls which are a necessary accompaniment. It does seem as if a little fire-water had stirred these figures up, for their movements are most fantastic and their snap-dragon faces fearful to behold. In the composition of this group the same materials have been used as in "The Three Witches." Mark the energetic dance of the right Ojibbeway, which is the right way for an Ojibbeway to do it.

Our subject ends with a miscellaneous collection of humorous and geographical objects. The first of these, shown in the second



OJIBBEWAY DANCE.



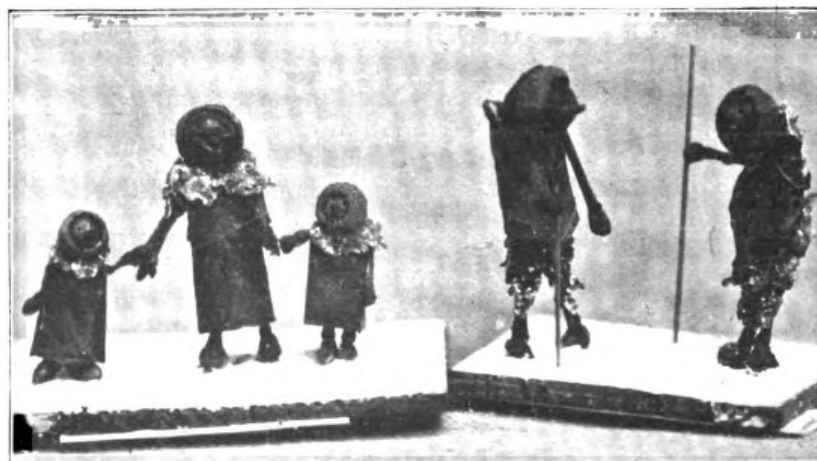
"MY WIFE, SIR!"

ESKIMO WOMAN.

A GOOD THRASHING.

furry robe, and the man who does the thrashing, in the last sad group, handles his rod like a school-teacher. In the illustration below we find an Eskimo woman and her daughters; and two men, one of whom, with a worldly look upon his acorn face, is supposed to be saying to the other, "I know a trick worth two of that." The pose of the first group is as clever as any in the collection.

illustration on this page, is composed of three groups: (1) "My Wife, Sir!" (2) "An Eskimo Woman"; and (3) "A Good Thrashing." These are made of acorns, lichens, and twigs. In the first the acorn husband, who might have become a strong oak, introduces his little acorn wife with a courteous wave of the hand. The Eskimo woman stands alone in a fine,



AN ESKIMO WOMAN AND HER BABIES.

"I KNOW A TRICK WORTH TWO OF THAT."



By E. NESBIT.

I.—THE BOOK OF BEASTS.

HE happened to be building a Palace when the news came, and he left all the bricks kicking about the floor for Nurse to clear up—but then the news was rather remarkable news. You see, there was a knock at the front door and voices talking downstairs, and Lionel thought it was the man come to see about the gas which had not been allowed to be lighted since the day when Lionel made a swing by tying his skipping-rope to the gas-bracket.

And then, quite suddenly, Nurse came in, and said, "Master Lionel, dear, they've come to fetch you to go and be King."

Then she made haste to change his smock and to wash his face and hands and brush his hair, and all the time she was doing it Lionel kept wriggling and fidgeting and saying, "Oh, don't, Nurse," and, "I'm sure

my ears are quite clean," or, "Never mind my hair, it's all right," and "That'll do."

"You're going on as if you was going to be an eel instead of a King," said Nurse.

The minute Nurse let go for a moment Lionel bolted off without waiting for his clean handkerchief, and in the drawing-room there were two very grave-looking gentlemen in red robes with fur, and gold coronets with velvet sticking up out of the middle like the cream in the very expensive tarts.

They bowed low to Lionel, and the gravest one said:—

"Sire, your great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, the King of this country, is dead, and now you have got to come and be King."

"Yes, please, sir," said Lionel; "when does it begin?"

"You will be crowned this afternoon," said the grave gentleman who was not quite so grave-looking as the other.

"Would you like me to bring Nurse, or what time would you like me to be fetched, and hadn't I better put on my velvet suit with the lace collar?" said Lionel, who had often been out to tea.

"Your Nurse will be removed to the Palace later. No, never mind about changing your suit; the Royal robes will cover all that up."

The grave gentlemen led the way to a coach with eight white horses, which was drawn up in front of the house where Lionel lived. It was No. 7, on the left-hand side of the street as you go up.

Lionel ran upstairs at the last minute, and he kissed Nurse and said:—

"Thank you for washing me. I wish I'd let you do the other ear. No—there's no time now. Give me the hanky. Good-bye, Nurse."

"Good-bye, ducky," said Nurse; "be a good little King now, and say 'please' and 'thank you,' and remember to pass the cake to the little girls, and don't have more than two helps of anything."

So off went Lionel to be made a King. He had never expected to be a King any more than you have, so it was all quite new to him—so new that he had never even thought of it. And as the coach went through the town he had to bite his tongue to be quite sure it was real, because if his tongue was real it showed he wasn't dreaming. Half an hour before he had been building with bricks in the nursery; and now—the streets were all fluttering with flags; every window was crowded with people waving handkerchiefs and scattering flowers; there were scarlet soldiers everywhere along the pavements, and all the bells of all the churches were ringing like mad, and like a great song to the music of their ringing he heard thousands of people shouting, "Long live Lionel! Long live our little King!"

He was a little sorry at first that he had not put on his best clothes, but he soon forgot to think about that. If he had been a girl he would very likely have bothered about it the whole time.

As they went along, the grave gentlemen, who were the Chancellor and the Prime Minister, explained the things which Lionel did not understand.

"I thought we were a Republic," said Lionel. "I'm sure there hasn't been a King for some time."

"Sire, your great-great-great-great-great-grandfather's death happened when my grandfather was a little boy," said the Prime

Minister, "and since then your loyal people have been saving up to buy you a crown—so much a week, you know, according to people's means—sixpence a week from those who have first-rate pocket-money, down to a half-penny a week from those who haven't so much. You know it's the rule that the crown must be paid for by the people."

"But hadn't my great-great-however-much-it-is-grandfather a crown?"

"Yes, but he sent it to be tinned over, for fear of vanity, and he had had all the jewels taken out, and sold them to buy books. He was a strange man—a very good King he was, but he had his faults—he was fond of books. Almost with his latest breath he sent the crown to be tinned—and he never lived to pay the tinsmith's bill."

Here the Prime Minister wiped away a tear, and just then the carriage stopped and Lionel was taken out of the carriage to be crowned. Being crowned is much more tiring work than you would suppose, and by the time it was over, and Lionel had worn the Royal robes for an hour or two and had had his hand kissed by everybody whose business it was to do it, he was quite worn out, and was very glad to get into the Palace nursery.

Nurse was there, and tea was ready: seedy cake and plummy cake, and jam and hot buttered toast, and the prettiest china with red and gold and blue flowers on it, and real tea, and as many cups of it as you liked. After tea Lionel said:—

"I think I should like a book. Will you get me one, Nurse?"

"Bless the child," said Nurse, "you don't suppose you've lost the use of your legs with just being a King? Run along, do, and get your books yourself."

So Lionel went down into the library. The Prime Minister and the Chancellor were there, and when Lionel came in they bowed very low, and were beginning to ask Lionel most politely what on earth he was coming bothering for now—when Lionel cried out:—

"Oh, what a worldful of books! Are they yours?"

"They are yours, your Majesty," answered the Chancellor. "They were the property of the late King, your great-great—"

"Yes, I know," Lionel interrupted. "Well, I shall read them all. I love to read. I am so glad I learned to read."

"If I might venture to advise your Majesty," said the Prime Minister, "I should not read these books. Your great—"

"Yes," interrupted Lionel, quickly.

"He was a very good King—oh, yes, really a very superior King in his way, but he was a little—well, strange."

"Mad?" asked Lionel, cheerfully.

"No, no"—both the gentlemen were sincerely shocked. "Not mad; but if I may express it so, he was—er—too clever by half. And I should not like a little King of mine to have anything to do with his books."

Lionel looked puzzled.

"The fact is," the Chancellor went on, twisting his red beard in an agitated way, "your great—"

"Go on," said Lionel.

"Was *called* a wizard."

"But he wasn't?"

"Of course not—a most worthy King was your great—"

"I see."

"But I wouldn't touch his books."

"Just this one," cried Lionel, laying his hands on the cover of a great brown book that lay on the study table. It had gold patterns on the brown leather, and gold clasps with turquoises and rubies in the twists of them, and gold corners, so that the leather should not wear out too quickly.

"I *must* look at this one," Lionel said, for on the back in big letters he read: "The Book of Beasts."

The Chancellor said, "Don't be a silly little King."

But Lionel had got the gold clasps undone, and he opened the first page, and there was a beautiful Butterfly all red, and brown, and yellow, and blue, so beautifully painted that it looked as if it were alive.

"There," said Lionel, "isn't that lovely? Why—"

But as he spoke the beautiful Butterfly fluttered its many-coloured wings on the yellow old page of the book, and flew up and out of the window.

"Well!" said the Prime Minister, as soon as he could speak for the lump of wonder that had got into his throat and tried to choke him, "that's magic, that is."

But before he had spoken the King had turned the next page, and there was a shining bird complete and beautiful in every blue feather of him. Under him was written, "Blue Bird of Paradise," and while the King gazed enchanted at the charming picture the Blue Bird fluttered his wings on the yellow page and spread them and flew out of the book.

Then the Prime Minister snatched the book away from the King and shut it up on the blank page where the bird had been, and put it on a very high shelf. And the Chancellor gave the King a good shaking, and said:—

"You're a naughty, disobedient little King," and was very angry indeed.

"I don't see that I've done any harm," said Lionel. He hated being shaken, as all boys do; he would much rather have been slapped.

"No harm?" said the Chancellor. "Ah—but what do you know about it? That's the question. How do you know what might have been on the next page—a snake or a worm, or a

centipede or a revolutionist, or something like that."

"Well, I'm sorry if I've vexed you," said Lionel. "Come, let's kiss and be friends." So he kissed the Prime Minister, and they



FRANK
1897.

"THE CHANCELLOR GAVE THE KING A GOOD SHAKING."

settled down for a nice quiet game of noughts and crosses, while the Chancellor went to add up his accounts.

But when Lionel was in bed he could not sleep for thinking of the book, and when the full moon was shining with all her might and light he got up and crept down to the library and climbed up and got the "Book of Beasts."

He took it outside on to the terrace, where the moonlight was as bright as day, and he opened the book, and saw the empty pages with "Butterfly" and "Blue Bird of Paradise" underneath, and then he turned the next page. There was some sort of red thing sitting under a palm tree, and under it was written "Dragon." The Dragon did not move, and the King shut up the book rather quickly and went back to bed.

But the next day he wanted another look, so he got the book out into the garden, and when he undid the clasps with the rubies and turquoises, the book opened all by itself at the picture with "Dragon" underneath, and the sun shone full on the page. And then, quite suddenly, a great Red Dragon came out of the book, and spread vast scarlet wings and flew away across the garden to the far hills, and Lionel was left with the empty page before him, for the page was quite empty except for the green palm tree and the yellow desert, and the little streaks of red where the paint brush had gone outside the outline of the Red Dragon.

And then Lionel

felt that he had indeed done it. He had not been King twenty-four hours, and already he had let loose a Red Dragon to worry his faithful subjects' lives out. And they had been saving up so long to buy him a crown, and everything!

Lionel began to cry.

Then the Chancellor and the Prime Minister and the Nurse all came running to see what was the matter. And when they saw the book they understood, and the Chancellor said:—

"You naughty little King! Put him to bed, Nurse, and let him think over what he's done."

"Perhaps, my Lord," said the Prime



Minister, "we'd better first find out just what he *has* done."

Then Lionel, in floods of tears, said:—

"It's a Red Dragon, and it's gone flying away to the hills, and I *am* so sorry, and, oh, do forgive me!"

But the Prime Minister and the Chancellor had other things to think of than forgiving Lionel. They hurried off to consult the police and see what could be done. Everyone did what they could. They sat on committees and stood on guard, and lay in wait for the Dragon, but he stayed up in the hills, and there was nothing more to be done. The faithful Nurse, meanwhile, did not neglect her duty. Perhaps she did more than anyone else, for she slapped the King and put him to bed without his tea, and when it got dark she would not give him a candle to read by.

"You are a naughty little King," she said, "and nobody will love you."

Next day the Dragon was still quiet, though the more poetic of Lionel's subjects could see the redness of the Dragon shining through the green trees quite plainly. So Lionel put on his crown and sat on his throne and said he wanted to make some laws.

And I need hardly say that though the Prime Minister and the Chancellor and the Nurse might have the very poorest opinion of Lionel's private judgment, and might even slap him and send him to bed, the minute he got on his throne and set his crown on his head, he became infallible—which means that everything he said was right, and that he couldn't possibly make a mistake. So when he said:—

"There is to be a law forbidding people to open books in school or elsewhere"—he had the support of at least half of his subjects, and the other half—the grown-up half—pretended to think he was quite right.

Then he made a law that everyone should always have enough to eat. And this pleased everyone except the ones who had always had too much.

And when several other nice new laws were written down he went home and made mud-houses and was very happy. And he said to his Nurse:—

"People will love me now I've made such a lot of pretty new laws for them."

But Nurse said: "Don't count your chickens, my dear. You haven't seen the last of that Dragon yet."

Now the next day was Saturday. And in the afternoon the Dragon suddenly

swooped down upon the common in all his hideous redness, and carried off the football players, umpires, goal-posts, football, and all.

Then the people were very angry indeed, and they said:—

"We might as well be a Republic. After saving up all these years to get his crown, and everything!"

And wise people shook their heads and foretold a decline in the National Love of Sport. And, indeed, football was not at all popular for some time afterwards.

Lionel did his best to be a good King during the week, and the people were beginning to forgive him for letting the Dragon out of the book. "After all," they said, "football is a dangerous game, and perhaps it is wise to discourage it."

Popular opinion held that the football players, being tough and hard, had disagreed with the Dragon so much that he had gone away to some place where they only play cats' cradle and games that do not make you hard and tough.

All the same, Parliament met on the Saturday afternoon, a convenient time, when most of the members would be free to attend, to consider the Dragon. But unfortunately the Dragon, who had only been asleep, woke up because it was Saturday, and he considered the Parliament, and afterwards there were not any members left, so they tried to make a new Parliament, but being a member had somehow grown as unpopular as football playing, and no one would consent to be elected, so they had to do without a Parliament. When the next Saturday came round everyone was a little nervous, but the Red Dragon was pretty quiet that day and only ate an Orphanage.

Lionel was very, very unhappy. He felt that it was his disobedience that had brought this trouble on the Parliament and the Orphanage and the football players, and he felt that it was his duty to try and do something. The question was, what?

The Blue Bird that had come out of the book used to sing very nicely in the Palace rose-garden, and the Butterfly was very tame, and would perch on his shoulder when he walked among the tall lilies: so Lionel saw that *all* the creatures in the Book of Beasts could not be wicked, like the Dragon, and he thought:—

"Suppose I could get another beast out who would fight the Dragon?"

So he took the Book of Beasts out into the rose-garden and opened the page next



"THE DRAGON ONLY ATE AN ORPHANAGE."

to the one where the Dragon had been, just a tiny bit to see what the name was. He could only see "cora," but he felt the middle of the page swelling up thick with the creature that was trying to come out, and it was only by putting the book down and sitting on it suddenly, very hard, that he managed to get it shut. Then he fastened the clasps with the rubies and turquoises in them and sent for the Chancellor, who had been ill on Saturday week, and so not been eaten with the rest of the Parliament, and he said:—

"What animal ends in 'cora'?"

The Chancellor answered:—

"The Manticora, of course."

"What is he like?" asked the King.

"He is the sworn foe of Dragons," said the Chancellor. "He drinks their blood. He is yellow, with the body of a lion and the face of a man. I wish we had a few Manticoras

here now. But the last died hundreds of years ago—worse luck!"

Then the King ran and opened the book at the page that had "cora" on it, and there was the picture—Manticora, all yellow, with a lion's body and a man's face, just as the Chancellor had said.

And under the picture was written, "The Manticora."

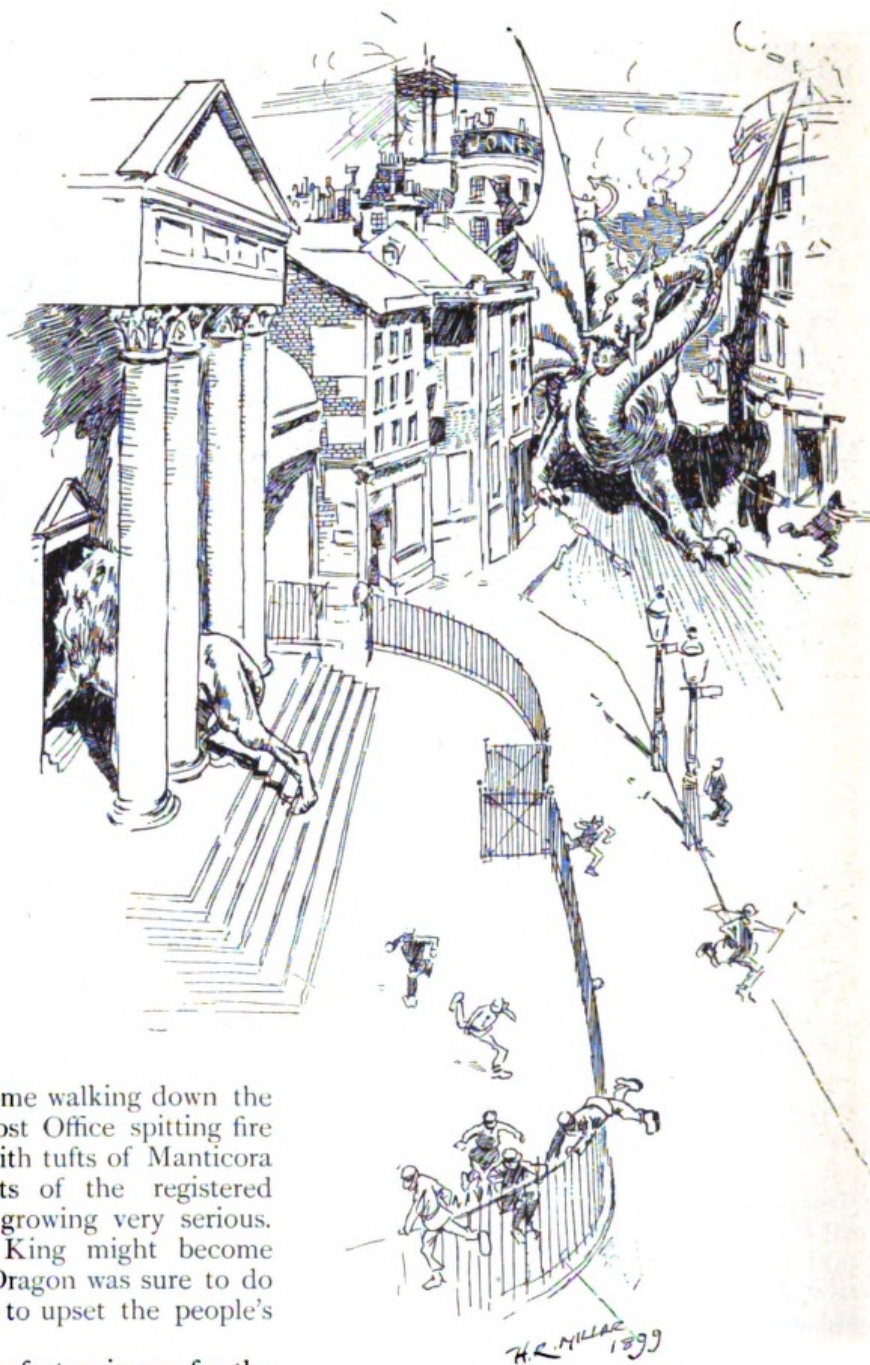
And in a few minutes the Manticora came sleepily out of the book, rubbing its eyes with its hands and mewing piteously. It seemed very stupid, and when Lionel gave it a push and said, "Go along and fight the Dragon, do," it put its tail between its legs and fairly ran away. It went and hid behind the Town Hall, and at night when the people were asleep it went round and ate all the pussy-cats in the town. And then it mewed more than ever. And on the Saturday morning, when people were a little timid about going out, because the Dragon had no regular hour for calling, the Manticora went up and down the streets and drank all the milk that was left in the cans at the doors for people's teas, and it ate the cans as well.

And just when it had finished the very last little can of milk, which was a short measure,

because the milkman's nerves were quite upset, the Red Dragon came down the street looking for the Manticora. It edged off when it saw him coming, for it was not at all the Dragon-fighting kind; and, seeing no other door open, the poor, hunted creature took refuge in the General Post Office, and there the Dragon found it, trying to conceal itself among the ten o'clock mail. The Dragon fell on the Manticora at once, and the mail was no defence. The mewings were heard all over the town. All the pussies and the milk the Manticora had had seemed to have strengthened its mew wonderfully. Then there was a sad silence, and presently the people whose windows looked that way saw the Dragon come walking down the steps of the General Post Office spitting fire and smoke, together with tufts of Manticora fur, and the fragments of the registered letters. Things were growing very serious. However popular the King might become during the week, the Dragon was sure to do something on Saturday to upset the people's loyalty.

The Dragon was a perfect nuisance for the whole of Saturday, except during the hour of noon, and then he had to rest under a tree or he would have caught fire from the heat of the sun. You see, he was very hot to begin with.

At last came a Saturday when the Dragon actually walked into the Royal nursery and carried off the King's own pet Rocking-Horse. Then the King cried for six days, and on the seventh he was so tired that he had to stop. Then he heard the Blue Bird singing among the roses and saw the Butterfly fluttering among the lilies, and he said: -



"THE MANTICORA TOOK REFUGE IN THE GENERAL POST OFFICE."

"Nurse, wipe my face, please. I am not going to cry any more."

Nurse washed his face, and told him not to be a silly little King. "Crying," said she, "never did anyone any good yet."

"I don't know," said the little King, "I seem to see better, and to hear better now that I've cried for a week. Now, Nurse, dear, I know I'm right, so kiss me in case I never come back. I *must* try if I can't save the people."

"Well, if you must, you must," said Nurse; "but don't tear your clothes or get your feet wet."

So off he went.

The Blue Bird sang more sweetly than ever, and the Butterfly shone more brightly as Lionel once more carried the Book of Beasts out into the rose-garden, and opened it—very quickly—so that he might not be afraid and change his mind. The book fell open wide, almost in the middle, and there was written at the bottom of the page, "The Hippogriff," and before Lionel had time to see what the picture was, there was a fluttering of great wings and a stamping of hoofs, and a sweet, soft, friendly neighing; and there came out of the book a beautiful white horse with a long, long, long mane and a long, long white tail, and he had great wings like swan's wings, and the softest, kindest eyes in the world, and he stood there among the roses.

The Hippogriff rubbed its silky-soft, milky-white nose against the little King's shoulder, and the little King thought: "But for the wings you are very like my poor, dear, lost Rocking-Horse." And the Blue Bird sang very loud and sweet.

Then suddenly the King saw coming through the sky the great straggling, sprawling, wicked shape of the Red Dragon. And he knew at once what he must do. He caught up the Book of Beasts and jumped on the back of the gentle, beautiful Hippogriff, and leaning down he whispered in the sharp white ear:—

"Fly, dear Hippogriff, fly your very fastest to the Pebbly Waste."

And when the Dragon saw them start, he turned and flew after them, with his great wings flaming like clouds at sunset, and the Hippogriff spread his wide wings, and they were snowy as clouds at the moon rising.

When the people in the town saw the Dragon fly off after the Hippogriff and the King they all came out of their houses to look, and when they saw the two disappear they made up their minds to the worst, and began to think what would be worn for Court mourning.

But the Dragon could not catch the Hippogriff. The red wings were bigger than the white ones, but they were not so strong, and so the white-winged horse flew away and away and away, with the Dragon pursuing, till he reached the very middle of the Pebbly Waste.

Now, the Pebbly Waste is just like the parts of the seaside where there is no sand—

all round, loose, shifting stones, and there is no grass there and no tree within a hundred miles of it.

Lionel jumped off the white horse's back in the very middle of the Pebbly Waste, and he hurriedly unclasped the Book of Beasts and laid it open on the pebbles. Then he clattered among the pebbles in his haste to get back on to his white horse, and had just jumped on when up came the Dragon. He was flying very feebly, and looking round everywhere for a tree, for it was just on the stroke of twelve, the sun was shining like a gold guinea in the blue sky, and there was not a tree for a hundred miles.

The white-winged horse flew round and round the Dragon as he writhed on the dry pebbles. He was getting very hot: indeed, parts of him even had begun to smoke. He knew that he must certainly catch fire in another minute unless he could get under a tree. He made a snatch with his red claws at the King and Hippogriff, but he was too feeble to reach them, and besides, he did not dare to over-exert himself for fear he should get any hotter.

It was then that he saw the Book of Beasts lying on the pebbles, open at the page with "The Dragon" written at the bottom. He looked and he hesitated, and he looked again, and then, with one last squirm of rage, the Dragon wriggled himself back into the picture, and sat down under the palm tree, and the page was a little singed as he went in.

As soon as Lionel saw that the Dragon had really been obliged to go and sit under his own palm tree because it was the only tree there, he jumped off his horse and shut the book with a bang.

"Oh, hurrah!" he cried. "Now we really *have* done it."

And he clasped the book very tight with the turquoise and ruby clasps.

"Oh, my precious Hippogriff," he cried, "you are the bravest, dearest, most beautiful—"

"Hush," whispered the Hippogriff, modestly. "Don't you see that we are not alone?"

And indeed there was quite a crowd round them on the Pebbly Waste: the Prime Minister and the Parliament and the Football Players and the Orphanage and the Manticora and the Rocking-Horse, and indeed everyone who had been eaten by the Dragon. You see, it was impossible for the Dragon to take them into the book with him—it was a tight fit even for



"HE SHUT THE BOOK WITH A BANG."

one Dragon—so, of course, he had to leave them outside!

They all got home somehow, and all lived happy ever after.

When the King asked the Manticora where he would like to live he begged to be allowed to go back into the book. "I do not care for public life," he said.

Of course he knew his way on to his own page, so there was no danger of his opening the book at the wrong page and letting out a Dragon or anything. So he got back into his picture, and has never come out since: that is why you will never see a Manticora as long as you live, except in a picture-book. And of course he left the pussies outside,

because there was no room for them in the book—and the milk-cans too.

Then the Rocking-Horse begged to be allowed to go and live on the Hippogriff's page of the book. "I should like," he said, "to live somewhere where Dragons can't get at me."

So the beautiful, white-winged Hippogriff showed him the way in, and there he stayed till the King had him taken out for his great-great-great-grandchildren to play with.

As for the Hippogriff, he accepted the position of the King's Own Rocking-Horse—a situation left vacant by the retirement of the wooden one. And the Blue Bird and the Butterfly sing and flutter among the lilies and roses of the Palace garden to this very day.

Curiosities.*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A DUCK WITH A SEA-WEED TAIL.

The photo. we here reproduce shows a very curious freak of Nature, found July 31st, 1898, on the beach near the Cliff House, San Francisco. It is a young bird known as a "ruddy" duck—a sea-fowl which is very common along the North Pacific coast. Instead of feathers, the duck wears a tail of sea-weed—growing sea-weed—fine and soft, and dark green in colour.



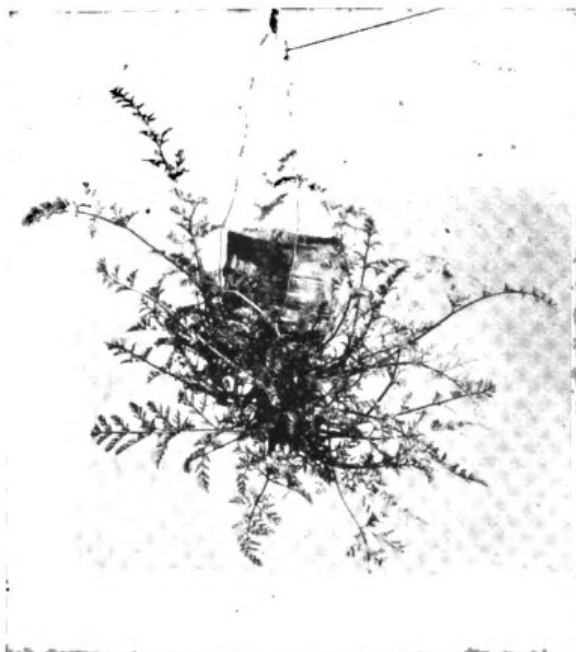
The bird was caught on the beach by Mr. Henry Schmidt, proprietor of a resort near the Cliff House, and was taken by him to the office of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, where it was examined and photographed. The theory is that when the duck was quite young, seeds or spores of the weed found lodgment in the fissures of the tail-feather stems (which are exceedingly tender in the young of these birds), and that the marine growth has supplanted the natural feathery covering of the stems.

A TICKLISH MOMENT.

The uses of snap-shot photography are many and various. Without its beneficent aid it would be impossible to obtain impressions of such scenes as that depicted in the photo. here reproduced. The boy in the air has just reached the extreme limit of his upward flight, and is about to descend. Notice the uneasy look on his face, and the convulsive clutching of his outstretched hand. The group below are waiting to catch him as he falls, every muscle tense and rigid. If anyone had sneezed, or if one of them had caught sight of the photographer, the result might have been disaster for the lad in the air. Our photo. was sent in by Mr. Edmond Garneau, 113, Stewart Street, Ottawa, Canada.

HOW TO GROW CARROT-FERNS.

The beautiful fern-embosomed basket seen in the accompanying illustration is good enough to ornament any greenhouse or drawing-room. Nothing more is required to produce it than an ordinary large-sized carrot, the *modus operandi* being as follows: Cut off the end of the carrot and



scoop out the inside. Attach wires to this and hang it up, filling the hollow part with fresh water daily. Shoots will very soon appear, covering the carrot almost completely, and resembling a pretty fern. A few flowers judiciously placed in the water will convert the whole into a perfect dream of beauty. We are indebted to Mr. A. H. Bridge, of Sussex Lodge, Sussex Road, Southsea, for the photo. and "notion."





THE HAND OF DESTINY.

This photo. does not show a curious cloud, such as you might suppose, but is the result of an amusing accident, which must at some time or other have happened to most photographic amateurs. While Cadet M. C. Bomford, of H.M.S. *Britannia*, was being ferried in a boat from the shore to his ship, he suddenly took it into his head to secure a snap-shot of the shore. Just as he made the exposure, however, the boatman held out his hand for the fare, and the nebulous shadow seen in the sky of our photo. was the result. The shape of the open hand and arm can be easily traced when you know what it is.

SCULPTURE IN SAND.

The accompanying photo. was taken on the beach at Atlantic City, New Jersey, in the spring of last year. It represents "Sorrow, mourning over the brave hearts lost in the battleship *Maine*." In spite



of its solid appearance, it is fashioned in no more permanent material than sand. The sculptor made a heap of damp sand, and then, with a piece of wood, turned out the figure in relief shown in our photo. in a very few minutes. The photo. was sent us by Mr. R. Percival Campbell, of "The Sherbrooke," Montreal, Canada. We shall be glad to receive other photographs of sand art.



A LONG-ARMED BOY.

The boy seen in this reproduction lives in Cranford, New Jersey, and while he is broad-shouldered and high-chested, he is yet able to throw his arms right round his back and make his fingers overlap, as you see here. His arms, although long, do not attract attention; the great size of the hands seen in our photo. being due to their proximity to the camera. The photo. was sent in by Mr. A. L. Brown, 117, Wall Street, New York.



SAVED BY A BOOT.

This boot is made on what is known as the "Standard Screw" principle; the sole and the upper being fastened together by means of brass screw-wire in precisely the same manner as ordinary screws are turned into wood. While wearing this boot one day, a porter in the service of the Great Eastern Railway was knocked down by a goods train, his foot getting caught in the points. Fortunately for him, however, so strongly was the boot made that although several heavily-laden waggons passed over it, not a screw moved, the boot remaining solid and so saving the man from an accident which might otherwise have rendered him a cripple for life. Photo. sent in by Mr. R. Percival Campbell, of "The Sherbrooke," Montreal, Canada.

THE MYSTERIOUS POSTER.

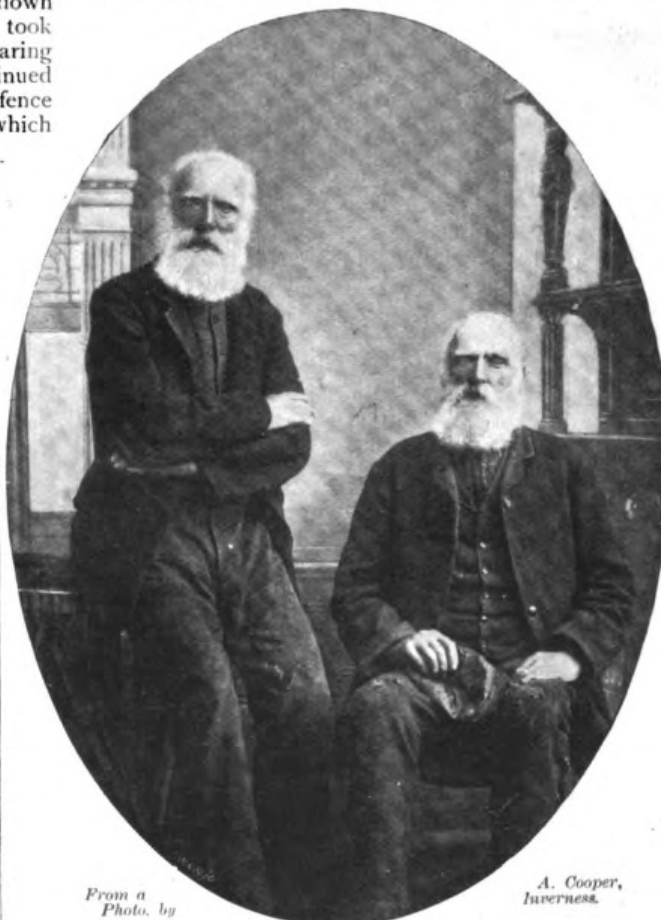
This striking advertisement was exhibited at Blackpool in 1897. It was about 27ft. long and 9ft. high. In case any of our readers should experience difficulty in solving the problem, we append a translation: "Before you are too late, secure a front seat to see the Flying Lady. If you are wise you will not miss it (hit)." This photo. of the poster was sent in by Mr. H. Bowker, Pacific Place, Radcliffe, Lancs.



"SPONG'S LEAP."

Mr. Spong, of Rochester, was one day riding down the High Street at Brompton, when his horse took fright and dashed away at a frightful pace. Tearing through the arch at Brompton Barracks, it continued on its mad career in the direction of the iron fence at the other side of the barrack yard, beyond which was a fall of 42ft. It was while crossing the yard that Mr. Spong arrived at a full sense of his fearful position; the dwarf-like appearance of a large tree beyond the iron rails indicated the great depth. The animal presently arrived at the 5ft. fence, which it at once took, and horse and rider disappeared, the animal carrying away some seventeen or eighteen of the iron bars into the chasm below. Fortunately a flight of steps intercepted the fall, and on these the horse alighted after falling a distance of 17ft. The distance from the spot where the

horse took his leap to the spot he arrived on below was 36ft. Singularly enough, neither horse nor rider was seriously hurt. Mr. Spong, who stuck to his saddle all the time, afterwards rode the animal home.

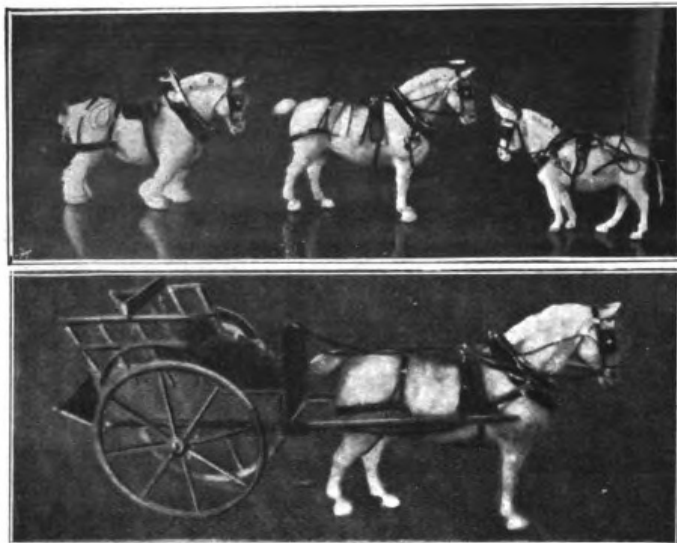


From a Photo. by

A. Cooper, Inverness.

VENERABLE TWINS.

These two old gentlemen were weavers, and so alike that it was impossible to tell them apart. Indeed, when they were young their own mother found the task so difficult that she made one of them grow a tuft of hair as a distinguishing mark. In their old age the two made their way north, dying at the Inverness Workhouse within a very short time of one another. During the whole of their long lives these twins had never been separated, and they always slept under the same roof. Photo. sent in by Mr. W. M. Snowie, Jun., 36, Church Street, Inverness.



NOVEL USE FOR CANDLE-ENDS.

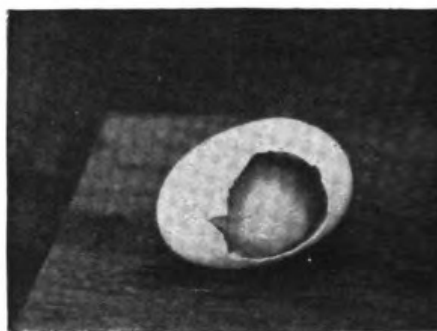
The figures in this photo. are interesting as being modelled out of ordinary candle-grease. The draught-horse seen in our illustration weighs about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and stands 10 in. high. The figures were not cast in a mould, but worked entirely by hand, the harness being ingeniously made of American cloth, with silver paper to imitate the mounting. We are indebted for our photo. to the maker of the figures, Miss W. A. Ogilvie, Holefield, Kelso, N.B.

A MONSTER MOUSE-TRAP.

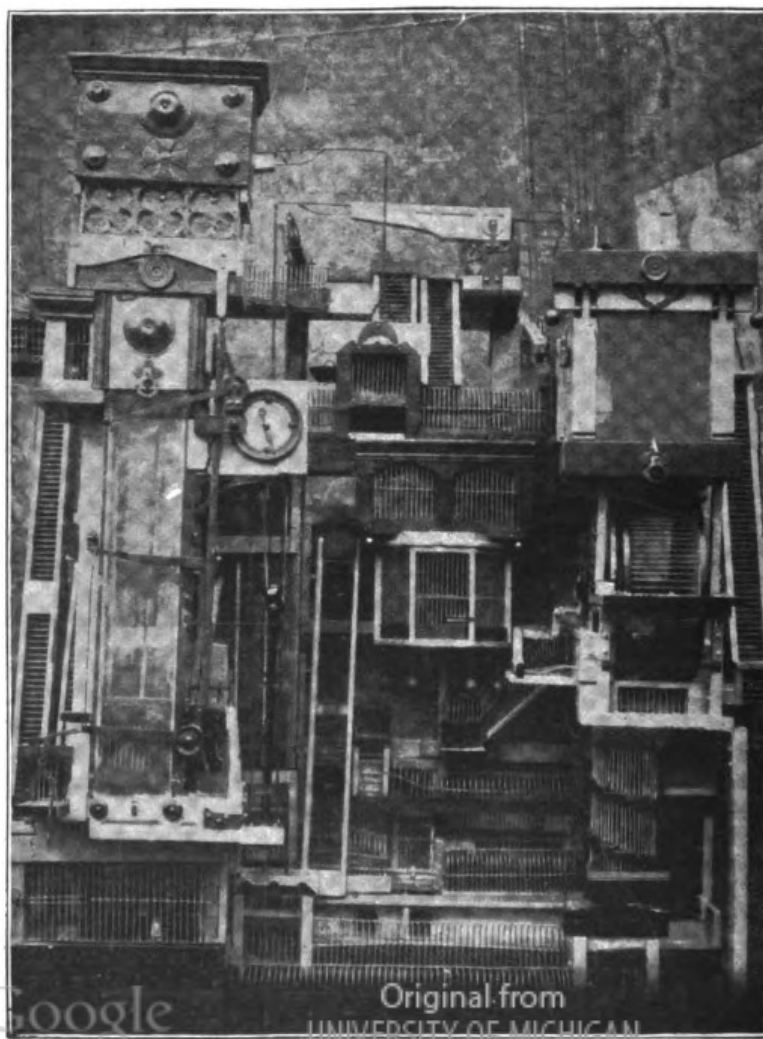
The weird-looking structure here shown is nothing more or less than the biggest, most complicated, and most ingenious mouse-trap in the world. The poor little mousey enters it by way of an ordinary penny mouse-trap. Once inside, a veritable inferno of baffling intricacies awaits him. He sees a long gallery ahead, and, scenting freedom, bolts down it, setting all the hidden machinery of the awful place to work. He is taken up towers by automatic lifts; he loses himself in a cunning maze; he climbs up interminable ladders only to find himself brought down once more by a descending lift. Then he starts on his weary journey over again, only to find himself presently a prisoner inside a gigantic wheel, which his own weight causes to revolve. He is hurried from chamber to chamber by the various mechanical contrivances, which keep him always on the move in his vain search for an exit. There are over a hundred separate traps in this terrifying creation, which occupied a man during his spare time for thirty years. The trap stands 5 ft. 6 in. high, by 4 ft. 6 in. long, and 3 ft. wide. Its estimated value is £75. Photo. sent in by Mr. F. Rogers, Beulah House, Hartley Road, Nottingham.

A HEN WITH ORIGINAL IDEAS.

There is a hen at Antingham, Norfolk, with original ideas about eggs. She thinks, apparently, that the world is tired of the ordinary type of egg, and by way of a much-needed change she has taken to laying eggs surrounded by a large-sized protective shell, such as the one seen in the accompanying photo. This weighs over 7 oz., and, as will be seen, there is a perfectly-formed egg of normal size within the outer covering. Two of these "pro-



tected" eggs were laid within a month. Photo. sent in by the Rev. F. G. Davies, of Antingham Rectory, North Walsham, Norfolk.



Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



CUTTING UP A SHARK.

This photo. shows Captain Rivers, of the American ship *A. G. Ropes*, in the act of cutting up a shark 9ft. in length, which is lashed on the port-quarter of the vessel. The dissecting instrument is a keen Japanese sword. Seventy-three sharks were caught by Captain Rivers on one voyage in 1897. To be seen properly the illustration should be held cornerwise, the faint line above the captain's head being the horizon. We are indebted for the photo. to Mr. W. H. Yorke, of 93, Belgrave Road, St. Michael's, Liverpool.

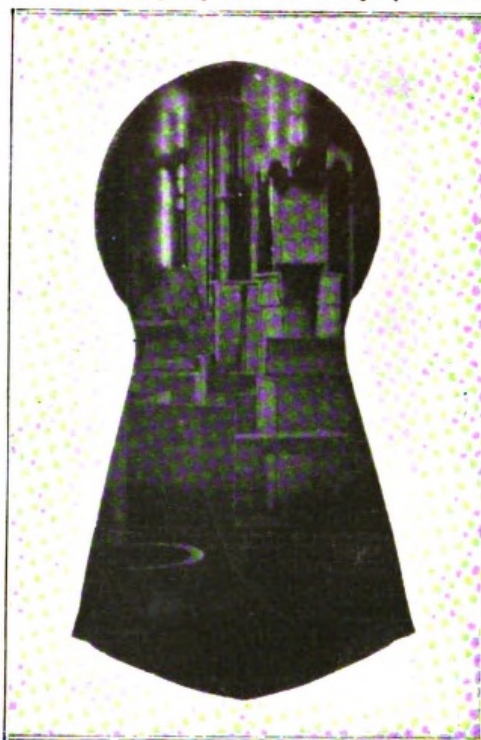
A THRUSH'S LARDER.

The dry summer of 1898 caused the thrushes to search diligently for their favourite summer food—snails. In a garden at Hayward's Heath, Sussex, close to a potato-bed and only two yards from the road, there were stacked some fagots. These fagots gave shelter to any amount of snails, until the birds found them out and proceeded to hammer them upon a large stone to break their shells. This done, Mr. Snail promptly disappeared, and the thrushes felt pretty full. After our photo. was taken (Aug. 31st), the shells were counted and weighed. There were upwards of 180, the weight being 17oz. Mr. W. Herrington, of Church House, Cuckfield, Hayward's Heath, Sussex, who sent us the photo., says that he often saw and heard the birds at work breaking up the shells, but was never successful in obtaining a snap-shot of them.



A KEYHOLE PHOTOGRAPH.

The Rev. Geo. Eyre Evans, of Ochr-y-Bryn, Aberystwith, in sending us this unique photo., writes: "This is the interior of the famous Norman Chapel at Kirkstead, Lincs, where preached the Rev. John Taylor, D.D., the great Hebraist. Service has long since ceased in the building, the massive door being screwed up by order of the owner. Being very desirous of having a photo. of the pulpit, I had no



other alternative but to apply the 'nose' of my camera to the keyhole, with this result. The pulpit, sounding-board, reading-desk, and font have all come out splendidly." Which shows conclusively that photography, like love, laughs at locksmiths. But does not this open up grave potentialities?



A FALLING STEEPLE.

Some time ago it was decided to pull down the old First Presbyterian Church at Chillicothe, Ohio, and it became quite a problem as to how the steeple was to be taken down without danger to life and limb. It was the tallest in the city, and being roofed with slate, was very heavy. Finally, it was decided to attach steel cables to it and pull it over bodily. This operation was successfully performed, and Mr. Charles H. Doty, an enthusiastic amateur, secured the splendid snap-shot here reproduced. "For three days," he says, in describing the feat, "I sat on a roof at the back of the chapel, waiting for the workmen to pull the steeple over. As it was in August, you can be sure I had a broiling time of it." We are indebted for this unique snap-shot to Mr. B. E. Stevenson, of the *Advertiser*, Chillicothe, Ohio.

AN AERIAL TRAVELLER.

The young man seen in this photo. is twenty-two years of age, and he is engaged in binding the heavy trunk line cable to a strong supporting wire. Seated on a travelling cross-seat suspended from a wheel, he travels from pole to pole, carrying with him the implements of his work. He has journeyed thousands of miles in this way - so far without a mishap. In the picture he is seen suspended some 60ft. above the railway, which runs below in a deep, rocky cutting. Our photo. was taken by Mr. W. H. Howson, of

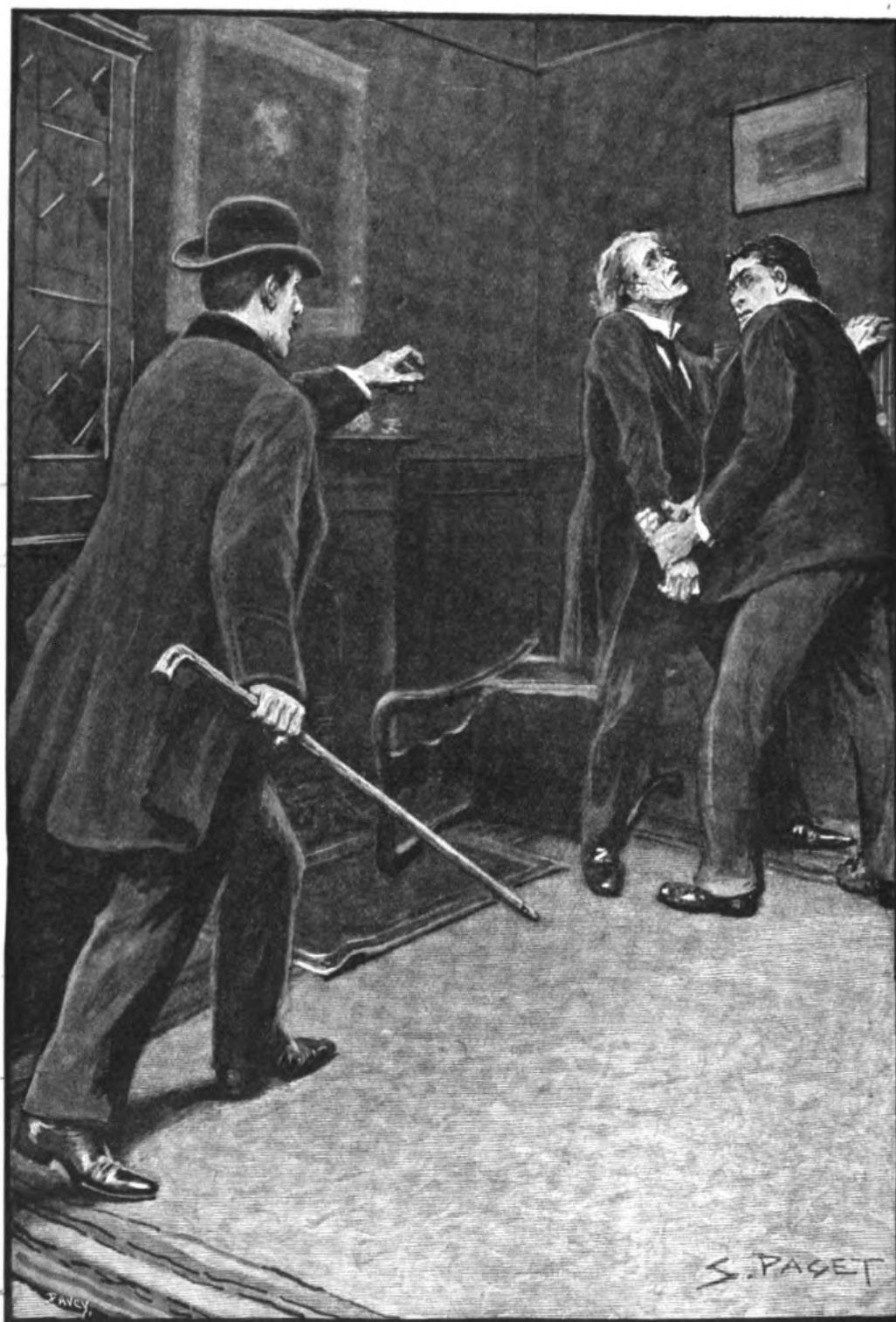


Mount Vernon, New York, from the roof of his studio. The daring young traveller had never before been photographed at work, and was quite delighted with the picture. Photo. sent in by Mr. W. R. Yard, 156, Fifth Avenue, New York City.



A TOP-HEAVY YOUTH.

Here we have a curious snap-shot taken "from above." Mr. F. G. Taylor, of 11, College Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, who sent us the photo., writes as follows: "On developing the print I was surprised to behold the proportions of the head, which appears to be about as large as the rest of the body put together. Looked at from above, the feet and hands seem to be an enormous distance off, and the expression on the face is also worth noticing. It might represent anything, from concentrated thought to acute indigestion."



“‘YOU VILLAIN!’ I CRIED, ‘LET HIM GO!’”

(See page 372.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xvii.

APRIL, 1899.

No. 100.

The One Hundredth Number of "The Strand Magazine."

A CHAT ABOUT ITS HISTORY BY SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.

WHEN I was told that the Hundredth Number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE was due in April this year, I could hardly realize its truth. How time flies! It seems only the other day that the first number of a Magazine on the lines that I had always wanted, with an illustration on every page, was published, and with such far-reaching results.

THE STRAND to some extent revolutionized Magazines in this country, and it is a fitting thing that on this Birthday something should be written as to its history.

This will not be done in any boastful spirit, but with a feeling of friendship, loyalty, and affection towards the "good old STRAND" which I am sure is shared by many thousands of people.

First of all let me talk about the name. At one time we thought of calling it "The Burleigh Street Magazine," because our offices were then situated in that thoroughfare. But that was rather long, and as we were so very near the Strand we thought that to call it after the historic thoroughfare would be justifiable. But the name of a periodical does not really matter so much as people imagine. If you can put such material into the pages as will attract the public, they become so accustomed to the name, that after a while it really signifies very little whether the title be a good or a bad one. But still I am very glad the Magazine was christened THE STRAND; and now this celebrated street—perhaps the most widely known of any in the world—is permanently associated with this pioneer Magazine.

What has happened since everybody knows. Most Magazines are now modelled upon the plan of THE STRAND. By the way, I commenced by saying I would not be boastful, but this sounds rather like it. Is it not, however, a fact? It is not a source of annoyance, but of gratification to

me, and those associated with me, that our model should have been made the type of others.

At the time when THE STRAND MAGAZINE first appeared, I have no hesitation in saying that British Magazines were at a low ebb. American Magazines were coming here, and, because they were smarter and livelier, more interesting, bright and cheerful, they were supplanting those of native birth. THE STRAND MAGAZINE checked that, and established a new record of sales in this country.

It is easy to get a good idea in journalism, but the carrying out of it is most important. I have been very fortunate in having as the Literary Editor Mr. Greenhough Smith, and as the Art Editor Mr. W. H. J. Boot, and I do not want to allow this hundredth monthly birthday to go past without acknowledging the ability, the faithfulness, and the loyalty that they have displayed towards the Magazine. I have had in a busy experience to deal with a great many people, and to ask a great many for co-operation, and I have never been associated with any who gave me less trouble and more assistance than Mr. Greenhough Smith and Mr. Boot. In any gossip or chat about THE STRAND I could not omit that reference.

I also wish to say how much we have appreciated the work done by authors and artists, of whom we have a large circle of valued friends.

The providing of the world's thought and reading, whether it is of a light or serious type, is one of the most important professions; and it is a source of satisfaction with regard to THE STRAND that, whilst the tone has always been high, the interest has been continually retained. Its sale in America has also become very large. The American Edition is specially edited for that market by Mr. James Walter Smith. The International News Co., who are the W. H. Smith and Sons of America, always liked THE STRAND, and have taken much interest in its welfare, and to this fact it is doubtless largely due that the American success has been achieved.

THE STRAND during all these years has maintained and continues to maintain its position.

It even did so whilst I was myself writing some articles for it, and if a Magazine can stand a test like that it can stand anything; and to show my confidence in its hold upon the public, I am going to put it to the further test of writing some fiction for it, but out of kindness to the staff and mercy for the subscribers I am putting off the evil day as long as possible.

And now, gentle reader, forgive the egotism of these lines. I have been asked by the staff to write something on the Hundredth Monthly Birthday, and here is this little bit of gossip, which will conclude with a wish, that will probably be responded to by all its subscribers, that THE STRAND will be at its Thousandth Monthly Birthday as vigorous and flourishing as it is at its Hundredth.

Round the Fire.

XI.—THE STORY OF THE LATIN TUTOR.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



R. LUMSDEN, the senior partner of Lumsden and Westmacott, the well-known scholastic and clerical agents, was a small, dapper man, with a sharp, abrupt manner, a critical eye, and an incisive way of speaking.

"Your name, sir?" said he, sitting pen in hand with his long, red-lined folio in front of him.

"Harold Weld."

"Oxford or Cambridge?"

"Cambridge."

"Honours?"

"No, sir."

"Athlete?"

"Nothing remarkable, I am afraid."

"Not a Blue?"

"Oh, no."

Mr. Lumsden shook his head despondently and shrugged his shoulders in a way which sent my hopes down to zero. "There is a very keen competition for master-ships, Mr. Weld," said he. "The vacancies are few and the applicants innumerable. A first-class athlete, oar, or cricketer, or a man who has passed very high in his examinations, can usually find a vacancy—I might say always in the case of the cricketer. But the average man—if you will excuse the description, Mr. Weld—has a very great difficulty, almost an insurmountable difficulty. We have already more than a hundred such names upon our lists, and if you think it worth while our adding yours, I daresay that in the course of some years we may possibly be able to find you some opening which——"

He paused on account of a knock at the door. It was a clerk with a note. Mr. Lumsden broke the seal and read it.

"Why, Mr. Weld," said he, "this is really rather an interesting coincidence. I understand you to say that Latin and English are

your subjects, and that you would prefer for a time to accept a place in an elementary establishment, where you would have time for private study?"

"Quite so."

"This note contains a request from an old client of ours, Dr. Phelps McCarthy, of Willow Lea House Academy, West Hampstead, that I should at once send him a young



"YOUR NAME, SIR?" SAID HE.

man who should be qualified to teach Latin and English to a small class of boys under fourteen years of age. His vacancy appears to be the very one which you are looking for. The terms are not munificent—sixty pounds, board, lodging, and washing—but the work is not onerous, and you would have the evenings to yourself."

"That would do," I cried, with all the eagerness of the man who sees work at last after weary months of seeking.

"I don't know that it is quite fair to these gentlemen whose names have been so long upon our list," said Mr. Lumsden, glancing down at his open ledger. "But the coinci-

dence is so striking that I feel we must really give you the refusal of it."

"Then I accept it, sir, and I am much obliged to you."

"There is one small provision in Dr. McCarthy's letter. He stipulates that the applicant must be a man with an imperturbably good temper."

"I am the very man," said I, with conviction.

"Well," said Mr. Lumsden, with some hesitation, "I hope that your temper is really as good as you say, for I rather fancy that you may need it."

"I presume that every elementary school-master does."

"Yes, sir, but it is only fair to you to warn you that there may be some especially trying circumstances in this particular situation. Dr. Phelps McCarthy does not make such a condition without some very good and pressing reason."

There was a certain solemnity in his speech which struck a chill in the delight with which I had welcomed this providential vacancy.

"May I ask the nature of these circumstances?" I asked.

"We endeavour to hold the balance equally between our clients, and to be perfectly frank with all of them. If I knew of objections to you I should certainly communicate them to Dr. McCarthy, and so I have no hesitation in doing as much for you. I find," he continued, glancing over the pages of his ledger, "that within the last twelve months we have supplied no fewer than seven Latin masters to Willow Lea House Academy, four of them having left so abruptly as to forfeit their month's salary, and none of them having stayed more than eight weeks."

"And the other masters? Have they stayed?"

"There is only one other residential master, and he appears to be unchanged. You can understand, Mr. Weld," continued the agent, closing both the ledger and the interview, "that such rapid changes are not desirable from a master's point of view, whatever may be said

for them by an agent working on commission. I have no idea why these gentlemen have resigned their situations so early. I can only give you the facts, and advise you to see Dr. McCarthy at once and to form your own conclusions."

Great is the power of the man who has nothing to lose, and it was therefore with perfect serenity, but with a good deal of curiosity, that I rang early that afternoon the heavy wrought-iron bell of the Willow Lea House Academy. The building was a massive pile, square and ugly, standing in its own extensive grounds, with a broad carriage-sweep curving up to it from the road. It stood high, and commanded a view on the one side of the grey roofs and bristling spires of Northern London, and on the other of the well-wooded and beautiful country which fringes the great city. The door was opened by a boy in buttons, and I was shown into a well-appointed study, where the principal of the academy presently joined me.

The warnings and insinuations of the agent had prepared me to meet a choleric and over-bearing person—one whose manner was



"THE PRINCIPAL OF THE ACADEMY."

an insupportable provocation to those who worked under him. Anything further from the reality cannot be imagined. He was a frail, gentle creature, clean-shaven and round-shouldered, with a bearing which was so courteous that it became almost deprecating. His bushy hair was thickly shot with grey, and his age I should imagine to verge upon sixty. His voice was low and suave, and he walked with a certain mincing delicacy of manner. His whole appearance was that of a kindly scholar, who was more at home among his books than in the practical affairs of the world.

"I am sure that we shall be very happy to have your assistance, Mr. Weld," said he, after a few professional questions. "Mr. Percival Manners left me yesterday, and I should be glad if you could take over his duties to-morrow."

"May I ask if that is Mr. Percival Manners of Selwyn's?" I asked.

"Precisely. Did you know him?"

"Yes, he is a friend of mine."

"An excellent teacher but a little hasty in his disposition. It was his only fault. Now, in your case, Mr. Weld, is your own temper under good control? Supposing for argument's sake that I were to so far forget myself as to be rude to you or to speak roughly or to jar your feelings in any way, could you rely upon yourself to control your emotions?"

I smiled at the idea of this courteous, little, mincing creature ruffling my nerves.

"I think that I could answer for it, sir," said I.

"Quarrels are very painful to me," said he. "I wish everyone to live in harmony under my roof. I will not deny that Mr. Percival Manners had provocation, but I wish to find a man who can raise himself above provocation, and sacrifice his own feelings for the sake of peace and concord."

"I will do my best, sir."

"You cannot say more, Mr. Weld. In

that case I shall expect you to-night, if you can get your things ready so soon."

I not only succeeded in getting my things ready, but I found time to call at the Benedict Club in Piccadilly, where I knew that I should find Manners if he were still in town. There he was sure enough in the smoking-room, and I questioned him, over a cigarette, as to his reasons for throwing up his recent situation.

"You don't tell me that you are going to Dr. Phelps McCarthy's Academy?" he cried, staring at me in surprise. "My dear chap, it's no use. You can't possibly remain there."

"But I saw him, and he seemed the most



"MY DEAR CHAP, IT'S NO USE."

courtly, inoffensive fellow. I never met a man with more gentle manners."

"He! oh, he's all right. There's no vice in him. Have you seen Theophilus St. James?"

"I have never heard the name. Who is he?"

"Your colleague. The other master."

"No, I have not seen him."

"He's the terror. If you can stand him, you have either the spirit of a perfect Christian or else you have no spirit at all. A more perfect bounder never bounded."

"But why does McCarthy stand it?"

My friend looked at me significantly through his cigarette smoke, and shrugged his shoulders.

"You will form your own conclusions about that. Mine were formed very soon, and I never found occasion to alter them."

"It would help me very much if you would tell me them."

"When you see a man in his own house allowing his business to be ruined, his comfort destroyed, and his authority defied by another man in a subordinate position, and calmly submitting to it without so much as a word of protest, what conclusion do you come to?"

"That the one has a hold over the other."

Percival Manners nodded his head.

"There you are! You've hit it first barrel. It seems to me that there's no other explanation which will cover the facts. At some period in his life the little Doctor has gone astray. *Humanum est errare*. I have even done it myself. But this was something serious, and the other man got a hold of it and has never let go. That's the truth. Black-mail is at the bottom of it. But he had no hold over me, and there was no reason why I should stand his insolence, so I came away—and I very much expect to see you do the same."

For some time he talked over the matter, but he always came to the same conclusion—that I should not retain my new situation very long.

It was with no very pleasant feelings after this preparation that I found myself face to face with the very man of whom I had received so evil an account. Dr. McCarthy introduced us to each other in his study upon the evening of that same day immediately after my arrival at the school.

"This is your new colleague, Mr. St. James," said he, in his genial, courteous fashion. "I trust that you will mutually agree, and that I shall find nothing but

good feeling and sympathy beneath this roof."

I shared the good Doctor's hope, but my expectations of it were not increased by the appearance of my *confrère*. He was a young, bull-necked fellow about thirty years of age, dark-eyed and black-haired, with an exceedingly vigorous physique. I have never seen a more strongly built man, though he tended to run to fat in a way which showed that he was in the worst of training. His face was coarse, swollen, and brutal, with a pair of small black eyes deeply sunken in his head. His heavy jowl, his projecting ears, and his thick bandy legs all went to make up a personality which was as formidable as it was repellent.

"I hear you've never been out before," said he, in a rude, brusque fashion. "Well, it's a poor life: hard work and starvation pay, as you'll find out for yourself."

"But it has some compensations," said



"I HEAR YOU'VE NEVER BEEN OUT BEFORE," SAID HE."

the principal. "Surely you will allow that, Mr. St. James?"

"Has it? I never could find them. What do you call compensations?"

"Even to be in the continual presence of youth is a privilege. It has the effect of

keeping youth in one's own soul, for one reflects something of their high spirits and their keen enjoyment of life."

"Little beasts!" cried my colleague.

"Come, come, Mr. St. James, you are too hard upon them."

"I hate the sight of them! If I could put them and their blessed copybooks and lexicons and slates into one bonfire I'd do it to-night."

"This is Mr. St. James's way of talking," said the principal, smiling nervously as he glanced at me. "You must not take him too seriously. Now, Mr. Weld, you know where your room is, and no doubt you have your own little arrangements to make. The sooner you make them the sooner you will feel yourself at home."

It seemed to me that he was only too anxious to remove me at once from the influence of this extraordinary colleague, and I was glad to go, for the conversation had become embarrassing.

And so began an epoch which always seems to me as I look back to it to be the most singular in all my experience. The school was in many ways an excellent one. Dr. Phelps McCarthy was an ideal principal. His methods were modern and rational. The management was all that could be desired. And yet in the middle of this well-ordered machine there intruded the incongruous and impossible Mr. St. James, throwing everything into confusion. His duties were to teach English and mathematics, and how he acquitted himself of them I do not know, as our classes were held in separate rooms. I can answer for it, however, that the boys feared him and loathed him, and I know that they had good reason to do so, for frequently my own teaching was interrupted by his bellowings of anger, and even by the sound of his blows. Dr. McCarthy spent most of his time in his class, but it was, I suspect, to watch over the master rather than the boys, and to try to moderate his ferocious temper when it threatened to become dangerous.

It was in his bearing to the head master, however, that my colleague's conduct was most outrageous. The first conversation which I have recorded proved to be typical of their intercourse. He domineered over him openly and brutally. I have heard him contradict him roughly before the whole school. At no time would he show him any mark of respect, and my temper often rose within me when I saw the quiet acquiescence of the old Doctor, and his patient tolerance

of this monstrous treatment. And yet the sight of it surrounded the principal also with a certain vague horror in my mind, for supposing my friend's theory to be correct—and I could devise no better one—how black must have been the story which could be held over his head by this man and, by fear of its publicity, force him to undergo such humiliations. This quiet, gentle Doctor might be a profound hypocrite, a criminal, a forger possibly, or a poisoner. Only such a secret as this could account for the complete power which the young man held over him. Why else should he admit so hateful a presence into his house and so harmful an influence into his school? Why should he submit to degradations which could not be witnessed, far less endured, without indignation?

And yet, if it were so, I was forced to confess that my principal carried it off with extraordinary duplicity. Never by word or sign did he show that the young man's presence was distasteful to him. I have seen him look pained, it is true, after some peculiarly outrageous exhibition, but he gave me the impression that it was always on account of the scholars or of me, never on account of himself. He spoke to and of St. James in an indulgent fashion, smiling gently at what made my blood boil within me. In his way of looking at him and addressing him, one could see no trace of resentment, but rather a sort of timid and deprecating good will. His company he certainly courted, and they spent many hours together in the study and the garden.

As to my own relations with Theophilus St. James, I made up my mind from the beginning that I should keep my temper with him, and to that resolution I steadfastly adhered. If Dr. McCarthy chose to permit this disrespect, and to condone these outrages, it was his affair and not mine. It was evident that his one wish was that there should be peace between us, and I felt that I could help him best by respecting this desire. My easiest way to do so was to avoid my colleague, and this I did to the best of my ability. When we were thrown together I was quiet, polite, and reserved. He, on his part, showed me no ill-will, but met me rather with a coarse joviality, and a rough familiarity which he meant to be ingratiating. He was insistent in his attempts to get me into his room at night, for the purpose of playing euchre and of drinking.

"Old McCarthy doesn't mind," said he. "Don't you be afraid of him. We'll do what

we like, and I'll answer for it that he won't object." Once only I went, and when I left, after a dull and gross evening, my host was stretched dead drunk upon the sofa. After that I gave the excuse of a course of study, and spent my spare hours alone in my own room.

One point upon which I was anxious to gain information was as to how long these proceedings had been going on. When did St. James assert his hold over Dr. McCarthy? From neither of them could I learn how

long my colleague had been in his present situation. One or two leading questions upon my part were eluded or ignored in a manner so marked that it was easy to see that they were both of them as eager to conceal the point as I was to know it. But at last one evening I had the chance of a chat with Mrs. Carter, the matron — for the Doctor was a widower — and from her I got the information which I wanted. It needed no questioning to get at her knowledge, for she was so full of indignation that she shook with passion as she spoke of it, and raised her hands into the air in the earnestness of her denunciation, as she described the grievances which she had against my colleague.

"It was three years ago, Mr. Weld, that he first darkened this doorstep," she cried. "Three bitter years they have been to me. The school had fifty boys then. Now it has twenty-two. That's what he has done for us in three years. In another three there won't be one. And the Doctor, that angel of patience, you see how he treats him, though he is not fit to lace his boots for him. If it wasn't for the Doctor, you may be sure that I wouldn't stay an hour under the same

roof with such a man, and so I told him to his own face, Mr. Weld. If the Doctor would only pack him about his business—but I know that I am saying more than I should!" She stopped herself with an effort, and spoke no more upon the subject. She had remembered that I was almost a stranger in the school, and she feared that she had been indiscreet.

There were one or two very singular points about my colleague. The chief one was that he rarely took any exercise. There was a playing-field within the college grounds, and that was his furthest point. If the boys went out, it was I or Dr. McCarthy who accompanied them. St. James gave as a reason for this that he had injured his knee some years before, and that walking was painful to him. For my own part I put it down to pure laziness upon his part, for he was of an obese, heavy temperament. Twice however I saw him from my window stealing out of the grounds late at night, and the second time I watched him return in the grey of the morning and slink in

through an open window. These furtive excursions were never alluded to, but they exposed the hollowness of his story about his knee, and they increased the dislike and distrust which I had of the man. His nature seemed to be vicious to the core.

Another point, small but suggestive, was that he hardly once during the months that I was at Willow Lea House received any letters, and on those few occasions they were obviously tradesmen's bills. I am an early riser, and used every morning to pick my own correspondence out of the bundle upon the hall table. I could judge therefore how few were ever there for Mr. Theophilus



"THREE BITTER YEARS THEY HAVE BEEN TO ME."

St. James. There seemed to me to be something peculiarly ominous in this. What sort of a man could he be who during thirty years of life had never made a single friend, high or low, who cared to continue to keep in touch with him? And yet the sinister fact remained that the head master not only tolerated, but was even intimate with him. More than once on entering a room I have found them talking confidentially together, and they would walk arm in arm in deep conversation up and down the garden paths. So curious did I become to know what the tie was which bound them, that I found it gradually push out my other interests and become the main purpose of my life. In school and out of school, at meals and at play, I was perpetually engaged in watching Dr. Phelps McCarthy and Mr. Theophilus St. James, and in endeavouring to solve the mystery which surrounded them.

But, unfortunately, my curiosity was a little too open. I had not the art to conceal the suspicions which I felt about the relations which existed between these two men and the nature of the hold which the one appeared to have over the other. It may have been my manner of watching them, it may have been some indiscreet question, but it is certain that I showed too clearly what I felt. One night I was conscious that the eyes of Theophilus St. James were fixed upon me in a surly and menacing stare. I had a foreboding of evil, and I was not surprised when Dr. McCarthy called me next morning into his study.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Weld," said he, "but I am afraid that I shall be compelled to dispense with your services."

"Perhaps you would give me some reason for dismissing me," I answered, for I was conscious of having done my duties to the best of my power, and knew well that only one reason could be given.

"I have no fault to find with you," said he, and the colour came to his cheeks.

"Yet you send me away at the suggestion of my colleague."

His eyes turned away from mine.

"We will not discuss the question, Mr. Weld. It is impossible for me to discuss it. In justice to you, I will give you the strongest recommendations for your next situation. I can say no more. I hope that you will continue your duties here until you have found a place elsewhere."

My whole soul rose against the injustice of it, and yet I had no appeal and no redress.

I could only bow and leave the room, with a bitter sense of ill-usage at my heart.

My first instinct was to pack my boxes and leave the house. But the head master had given me permission to remain until I had found another situation. I was sure that St. James desired me to go, and that was a strong reason why I should stay. If my presence annoyed him, I should give him as much of it as I could. I had begun to hate him and to long to have my revenge upon him. If he had a hold over our principal, might not I in turn obtain one over him? It was a sign of weakness that he should be so afraid of my curiosity. He would not resent it so much if he had not something to fear from it. I entered my name once more upon the books of the agents, but meanwhile I continued to fulfil my duties at Willow Lea House, and so it came about that I was present at the dénouement of this singular situation.

During that week—for it was only a week before the crisis came—I was in the habit of going down each evening, after the work of the day was done, to inquire about my new arrangements. One night, it was a cold and windy evening in March, I had just stepped out from the hall door when a strange sight met my eyes. A man was crouching before one



"A MAN WAS CROUCHING BEFORE ONE OF THE WINDOWS."

of the windows of the house. His knees were bent and his eyes were fixed upon the small line of light between the curtain and the sash. The window threw a square of brightness in front of it, and in the middle of this the dark shadow of this ominous visitor showed clear and hard. It was but for an instant that I saw him, for he glanced up and was off in a moment through the shrubbery. I could hear the patter of his feet as he ran down the road, until it died away in the distance.

It was evidently my duty to turn back and to tell Dr. McCarthy what I had seen. I found him in his study. I had expected him to be disturbed at such an incident, but I was not prepared for the state of panic into which he fell. He leaned back in his chair, white and gasping, like one who has received a mortal blow.

"Which window, Mr. Weld?" he asked, wiping his forehead. "Which window was it?"

"The next to the dining-room—Mr. St. James's window."

"Dear me! Dear me! This is, indeed, unfortunate! A man looking through Mr. St. James's window!" He wrung his hands like a man who is at his wits' end what to do.

"I shall be passing the police-station, sir. Would you wish me to mention the matter?"

"No, no," he cried, suddenly, mastering his extreme agitation; "I have no doubt that it was some poor tramp who intended to beg. I attach no importance to the incident—none at all. Don't let me detain you, Mr. Weld, if you wish to go out."

I left him sitting in his study with reassuring words upon his lips, but with horror upon his face. My heart was heavy for my little employer as I started off once more for town. As I looked back from the gate at the square of light which marked the window of my colleague, I suddenly saw the black outline of Dr. McCarthy's figure passing against the lamp. He had hastened from his study then to tell St. James what he had heard. What was the meaning of it all, this atmosphere of mystery, this inexplicable terror, these confidences between two such dissimilar men? I thought and thought as I walked, but do what I would I could not hit upon any adequate conclusion. I little knew how near I was to the solution of the problem.

It was very late—nearly twelve o'clock—when I returned, and the lights were all out save one in the Doctor's study. The black, gloomy house loomed before me as I walked

up the drive, its sombre bulk broken only by the one glimmering point of brightness. I let myself in with my latch-key, and was about to enter my own room when my attention was arrested by a short, sharp cry like that of a man in pain. I stood and listened, my hand upon the handle of my door.

All was silent in the house save for a distant murmur of voices, which came, I knew, from the Doctor's room. I stole quietly down the corridor in that direction. The sound resolved itself now into two voices, the rough, bullying tones of St. James and the lower tone of the Doctor, the one apparently insisting and the other arguing and pleading. Four thin lines of light in the blackness showed me the door of the Doctor's room, and step by step I drew nearer to it in the darkness. St. James's voice within rose louder and louder, and his words now came plainly to my ear.

"I'll have every pound of it. If you won't give it to me I'll take it. Do you hear?"

Dr. McCarthy's reply was inaudible, but the angry voice broke in again.

"Leave you destitute! I leave you this little gold-mine of a school, and that's enough for one old man, is it not? How am I to set up in Australia without money? Answer me that!"

Again the Doctor said something in a soothing voice, but his answer only roused his companion to a higher pitch of fury.

"Done for me! What have you ever done for me except what you couldn't help doing? It was for your good name, not for my safety, that you cared. But enough talk! I must get on my way before morning. Will you open your safe or will you not?"

"Oh, James, how can you use me so?" cried a wailing voice, and then there came a sudden little scream of pain. At the sound of that helpless appeal from brutal violence I lost for once that temper upon which I had prided myself. Every bit of manhood in me cried out against any further neutrality. With my walking-cane in my hand I rushed into the study. As I did so I was conscious that the hall-door bell was violently ringing.

"You villain!" I cried, "let him go!"

The two men were standing in front of a small safe, which stood against one wall of the Doctor's room. St. James held the old man by the wrist, and he had twisted his arm round in order to force him to produce the key. My little head master, white but resolute, was struggling furiously in the grip of the burly athlete. The bully glared over his shoulder at me with a mixture

of fury and terror upon his brutal features. Then, realizing that I was alone, he dropped his victim and made for me with a horrible curse.

"You infernal spy!" he cried. "I'll do for you anyhow before I leave."

I am not a very strong man, and I realized that I was helpless if once at close quarters. Twice I cut at him with my stick, but he

looked about me he gave a great cry of relief. "Thank God!" he cried. "Thank God!"

"Where is he?" I asked, looking round the room. As I did so, I became aware that the furniture was scattered in every direction, and that there were traces of an even more violent struggle than that in which I had been engaged.

The Doctor sank his face between his hands.

"They have him," he groaned. "After these years of trial they have him again. But how thankful I am that he has not for a second time stained his hands in blood."

As the Doctor spoke I became aware that a man in the braided jacket of an inspector of police was standing in the doorway.

"Yes, sir," he remarked, "you have had a pretty narrow escape. If we had not got in when we did, you would not be here to tell the tale. I don't know that I ever saw anyone much nearer to the undertaker."

I sat up with my hands to my throbbing head.

"Dr. McCarthy," said I, "this is all a mystery to me. I should be glad if you could explain to me who this man is, and why you have tolerated him so long in your house."

"I owe you an explanation, Mr. Weld—and the more so since you have, in so chivalrous a fashion, almost sacrificed your life in my defence. There is no reason now for secrecy. In a word, Mr. Weld, this unhappy man's real name is James McCarthy, and he is my only son."

"Your son?"

"Alas, yes. What sin have I ever committed that I should have such a punishment? He has made my whole life a misery from the first years of his boyhood. Violent, headstrong, selfish, unprincipled, he has always been the same. At eighteen he was a criminal. At twenty, in a paroxysm of passion, he took the life of a boon com-



"I CUT AT HIM WITH MY STICK."

rushed in at me with a murderous growl, and seized me by the throat with both his muscular hands. I fell backwards and he on the top of me, with a grip which was squeezing the life from me. I was conscious of his malignant yellow-tinged eyes within a few inches of my own, and then with a beating of pulses in my head and a singing in my ears, my senses slipped away from me. But even in that supreme moment I was aware that the door-bell was still violently ringing.

When I came to myself, I was lying upon the sofa in Dr. McCarthy's study, and the Doctor himself was seated beside me. He appeared to be watching me intently and anxiously, for as I opened my eyes and

panion and was tried for murder. He only just escaped the gallows, and he was condemned to penal servitude. Three years ago he succeeded in escaping, and managed, in face of a thousand obstacles, to reach my house in London. My wife's heart had been broken by his condemnation, and as he had succeeded in getting a suit of ordinary clothes, there was no one here to recognise him. For months he lay concealed in the attics until the first search of the police should be over. Then I gave him employment here, as you have seen, though by his rough and overbearing manners he made my own life miserable, and that of his fellow-masters unbearable. You have been with us for four months, Mr. Weld, but no other master endured him so long. I apologize now for all you have had to submit to, but I ask you what else could I do? For his dead mother's sake I could not let harm come to him as long as it was in my power to fend it off. Only under my roof could he find a refuge—the only spot in all the world—and how could I keep him here without its exciting remark unless I gave him some occupation? I made him English master therefore, and in that capacity I have protected him here for three years. You have no doubt observed that he never during the daytime went beyond the college grounds. You now understand the reason. But when to-night you came to me with your report of a man who was looking through his window, I understood that his retreat was at last discovered. I besought him to fly at once, but he had been drinking, the unhappy fellow, and my words fell upon deaf ears. When at last he made up his mind to go he wished to

take from me in his flight every shilling which I possessed. It was your entrance which saved me from him, while the police in turn arrived only just in time to rescue you. I have made myself amenable to the law by harbouring an escaped prisoner, and remain here in the custody of the inspector, but a prison has no terrors for me after what I have endured in this house during the last three years."

"It seems to me, Doctor," said the inspector, "that, if you have broken the law, you have had quite enough punishment already."

"God knows I have!" cried Dr. McCarthy, and sank his haggard face upon his hands.



"DR. MCCARTHY SANK HIS HAGGARD FACE UPON HIS HANDS."

Letters of Burne-Jones to a Child.



STATELY, great men unbend before little children. Thackeray loved them, wrote to them, and drew pictures for them. Dickens played with the little ones as if he, too, were young; and the story of Lewis Carroll's

for rest and recuperation. They extended over a period of several years, and were written either in the style and spelling of youth, or in more stately diction and orthography, just as it suited his whim to write. None of them are dated, but one of them, we believe, was written shortly before he died.

The first letter which we select introduces us to one or two persons and places figuring throughout the correspondence. It is ornamented on the first page with a picture of a cat with twenty-two hairs on her body, and underneath is the inscription, "This is ole." Two other drawings in the letter are reproduced on this page. Here is the letter:—

The Grange, West Kensington, W.

My dearest —,—here is the tickets i said i would send i enjoyed my vissit so much such a much may i come again i liked that book about you i want to see it again this is ole i want to play with ole I wish you lived in the next stret i am cross to-day (1)

Your effectxionett dear frend

e b j.

I thought your drawings was very nice in that book and the prefferer said so in his roport this (2) is the grang i remain your lovig

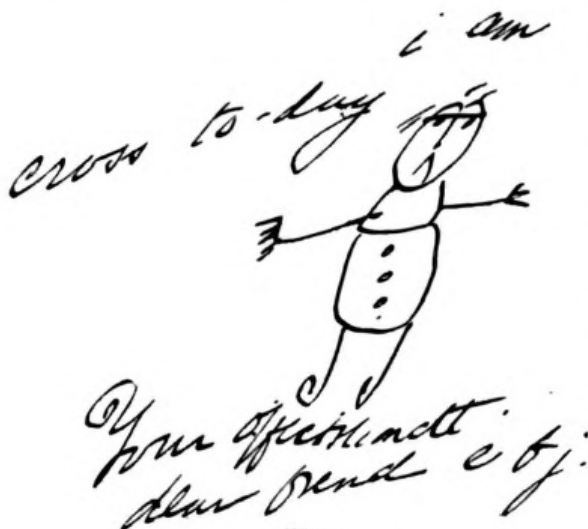
e b j.

I sine my drawings now e b j.

buoyant youthfulness and sympathy with the tots of the nursery was recently told in this Magazine, and showed a new phase of a beautiful life.

To-day we are able to print a few letters written by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones to a child, in which the mind and the pen of the great artist, now still, were lavish in youthful tenderness and humour. Few will be surprised that the imaginative creator of "The Briar Rose" and "The Golden Stairs"—the quiet, earnest painter—possessed this sweet side to his nature, but many will now look upon the evidence of it for the first time.

The letters passed between him and a little girl who lived in London. Some of them were composed at The Grange, West Kensington, the old-fashioned brick house which Richardson, the novelist, once inhabited. Others were written at Rottingdean, whither the artist went



NO. 1.



NO. 2.

Original from
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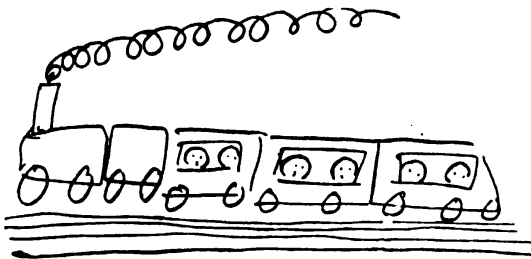
It is noticeable that one of the principal personages in the correspondence is not mentioned in the first letter. We refer to the nightmare, or "nitemare," variously spelled but always potent. We get his picture in a letter soon to follow. The present epistle shows the artist to have been a man of exquisite skill in the pictorial representation of the British railway system, while his knowledge of the topography of Kew Gardens is beyond reproach. He writes:—


My darling —

i can wright without ruling lines butt i am older than you i liked your letter very much i am quit well i hope you are quit well and ole and all of you is quit well i am drawing to day i had nitemare in the nite an was fritened but i wos very brave and didnt mind becorse i am a man, it may come agen if it likes but i hope it won't row i dont know what to say but i hope you are quit well i mean to come and see you some day very soon

(3) that is Kew gardns i shall come by railway —if you havent seen a railway it is like this (4) and a tunel is like this (4) and is horrerble but it doesnt friten me because I am a man

Your affeextnet frend
e burne jones



and a tunel is like
this  and is horrerble

but it doesnt friten
me because I am a
man

Your affeextnet frend
e burne jones

NO. 4.

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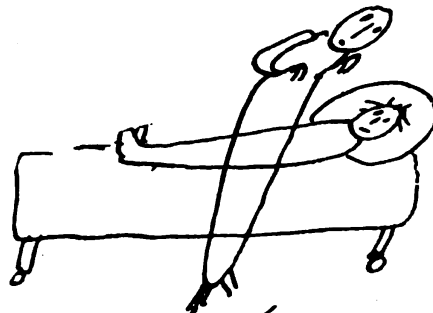
About this time it appears the artist was tired of his surroundings and decided to make a "foreign" trip. Possibly it was a recurrent visit of our old friend the nightmare, whom we see in the following letter standing in spectre-like fulness of might over the artist's couch. He announced his intentions as follows:—

The Grange,
West Kensington, W.
my darling —

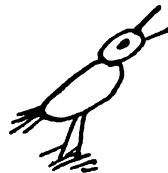
i am going away abroad
to rotting dean which is
near brighten i am going on
Fridy i dont want to go
—i like playing with

paints in lundon best perhaps I shall not see you
byfour I go will you write to me when i am there and
amuse me and say how you are i will draw you a
picture of rottindene when i am there i can't do it
away nobody can draw things away

i had nitemayor last
nite and the nite before



i hav not been quit
well



a blakbird

NO. 5.

i shall probly be away a long time i like the hot
wether i had nitemayer last nite and the nite
before (5)

i hav not been quit well

(5) a blakbird

now i must conclude i send you my love i hope you
are quit well and your ma ma is better

Your affextly
e burne jones

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

At last he got away from the gloominess of London, and lost no time in detailing to his little correspondent the stirring events of a perilous trip from London to Brighton.

I got here quite safe—after a dangerous crossing—the Thames was very rough at Grosvenor road but in about two minutes our train had crossed & we came into Clapham Junction not much the worse for the journey—there we stayed about a minute, and entered the Redhill Tunnel punctually at 11.45.

Redhill has a pop. of 15,000 souls, mostly Non-conformist—it boasts a chapel of yellow brick with a slate roof and a stucco front and is remarkable for the vigour of its political opinions.

It was about one o'clock when we neared Rottingdean—as we drove into the village as many as four of the inhabitants rushed to the doors to witness the event. For the last fourteen hundred years social life has stagnated in Rottingdean—and the customs of the folk are interesting to the antiquarian and repay his investigation to a remarkable degree—I myself have contributed some unusual customs.

O but I wish you would both—you and your mama—take train tomorrow & come here & be made much of—I do.

Perhaps it will rain tomorrow & then you wont go on the river—of course I dont want you disappointed—but if it were to rain—and rain is very seasonable now & good for turnips & seeds generally—you would not go.

Farewell—and the softest & sweetest of times for you both—I am likely to be away for a long period—but its no use coming so far unless I am prepared to rest & take advantage of the change—at the earliest I am not likely to be back before about the middle of Tuesday—and may possibly be delayed till towards the end of the afternoon . . .

Yours aff. e b j.

Alas! The outing was evidently not a happy one. Crowing cocks and bad weather played havoc with a sensitive nature, yet could not entirely kill a dainty humour. Thus the artist wrote to his little correspondent:—

Rottingdean
Nr Brighton.

O my dear —

I'm going back to pretty London tomorrow—havent liked this time at all—cold—windy—gray—

-Vol. xvii.—46.

not nice watery gray but cross sulky even gray—havent like it a bit.

I have improved in drawing I think—here is a portrait of my chief enemy here—a fool of a cock, (6) really shaped like this who crows & crows & when doesn't he crow! at 11½ at night—at 2 in the morning—at 2 in the afternoon—at 7 in the evening—at any time he likes, but not when poets say he crows—no sunrise for him . . . him and . . . him and b . . . th . . . r him. And amongst his wives he's like Herod the Great and Henry the Eighth—he's very wicked dear—he's like some men & I hate him.

The page now turns over, and at the top we are startled by the appearance of a great, sleepy porker (7) sprawling out in all his affluence of flesh on the seashore. Jubilantly the artist writes:—

But this is a friend of mine & does no harm—grunts a little when he's happy, but is very good & unpretending, & bears his fate cheerfully for pork pies he has to be. Fare-very-well dear

Your old friend

e b j.

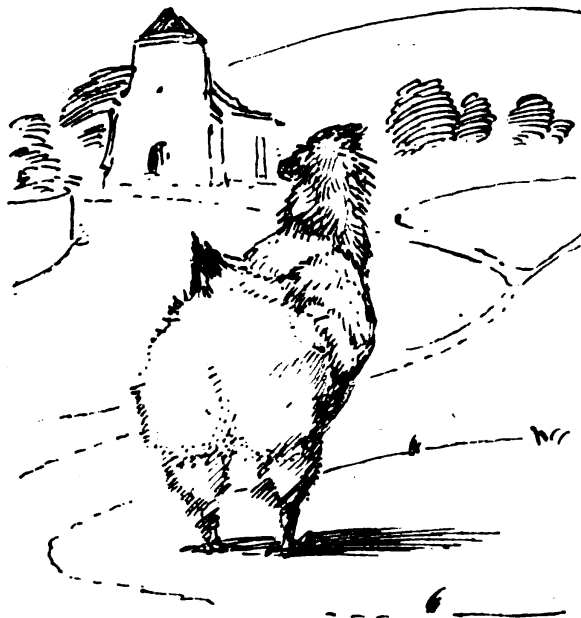
The childish spelling adds a wonderful interest to these remarkable letters. From The Grange he once wrote:—

i like your lettrs very much i like firworks i am to be taken to Sidnam to see them at the Cristal Pals i am quit well i wish you were in london nobody is in london except tradspeople and i am not to play with them because i am above them in rank so there is nobody to play with but i am aloud to paint all day with callers and i like that at rotting dean there is a cok with no tail he does look silly . . .

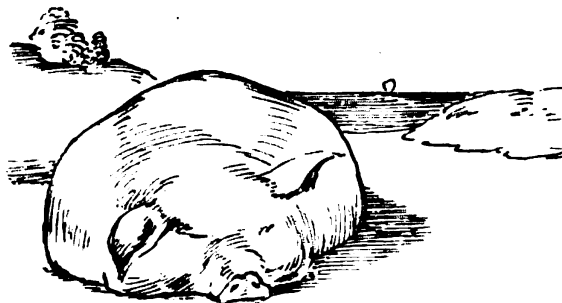
The letter ends with a small pen drawing of the silly cock, and an equestrian drawing of "the duke of Wellanton," in which the big nose of the

hero is prominently displayed. Evidently the "duke" was a favourite with both artist and child, for he figures in several letters.

We catch several glimpses in the letters of the artist in his grey moods. He has a horror of bad weather, and when business calls him back to London he longs for the



NO. 6.



NO. 7.

bright skies of Rottingdean. On a Sunday he writes from The Grange :—
dear —.

Back I am here & a nice day you have prepared for me—Oh do you expect me to endure such days—& I left bright sunshine and blue sky & green hills & myriads of rooks in the air—& tiled floors, & black oak & white walls, & log fires, to come back to this nasty black sooty damp filthy hole of a place.

So will you be very kind to me & spoil me, for all I endure? & a parcel of books & paint rags has come thank your ever blessed mammy for them. Mighty useful will the rags be—such a heap—just as many rags again & I would begin trying to rub London out with them. I have come back so fat & well & ever
Your affte. (8)

*I have come back so fat
& well.*

& Ever

*Your
affte.?*



NO. 8.

Later, the fogs oppress him and he cries :—

Oh——. I am so bad—such a sore throat—all rags and tatters—and the fogs are fiendish and are killing
Your aff

EBJ.

That poor orphan—give him my love—and all of them—I am not to go out for a week or more and this (9) isn't a nice life at all.

Perhaps the most amusing of the pictures which he drew are those of himself which

*I am not to go out for
a week or more and
this isn't a nice life
at all.*



NO. 9.

serve as signatures. We have several of them in these pages. One letter he writes on most gaudy paper, containing a startling red border nearly two inches wide, decorated with large white spots. The paper is even too startling for his sensitive eye, and he apologizes for it in the following words :—

Oh my dear — little —

I do think this paper is too horrible to send even as a joke—but as I promised—

He then asks her to come to see him, and says :—

I will give you two days notice, and this delissous time at Kensington is coming to an end and when you are back



NO. 10. Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

at—I shall never see you—because I could never find my way I know—& cant take railway tickets—and can do nothing but pictures—and there are some people, —, who say I cant do that—would you believe it?

Always your afft.

(10)

Evidently the two friends were now for awhile parted, and the little girl had gone on a vacation. Her leisure was lightened by the following letter:—

Monday,

The Grange,

West Kensington, W.

My dear little —,

It seems to me you are enjoying yourself very much—getting wet & draggletailed, & dabbling in eel pits and the homes of newts. wish I was there too, I do, playing with messes and lolling about, & reading three lines of a book & then tumbling into deep sleep. perhaps that shall be by & bye—but now I am at work and mustnt leave it (11)

And I am very well and quite fat again—hating

now I am at work and mustnt leave it

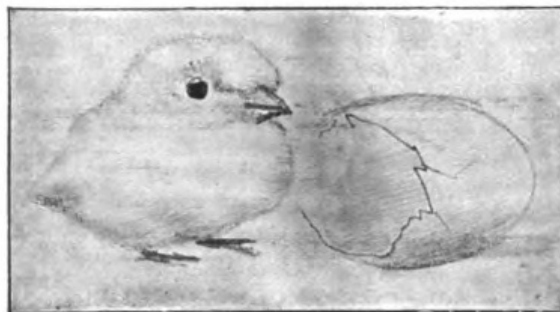


NO. 11.

the thunder weather very much—& in evenings resting altogether, but I am still bereft of babes, & is I dont know where—somewhere in the outer world—& & at the sea.

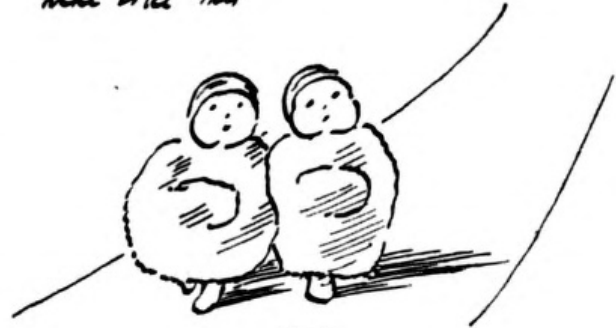
The artist then makes a touching reference to the illness of a dear friend, and goes on in sympathetic yet lightsome mood:—

I went yesterday to see an ill friend—a dear one—& he being eloquent & gifted described an operation that had been performed upon him so fully



NO. 13.

one day when I as suddenly meet you both in the highway will you be more like this



NO. 12.

& so powerfully that I believe I shall have to be operated upon too—for I feel full of horrors.

Good-bye, dear little Maiden, and give them all my love.

Your afft
ebj.

The following letter contains an interesting reference to Damien, the brave man who went out amongst the lepers:—

Mr. Clifford came & brought me a little line from Damien but writing is difficult to him & he is dying now. One day when I as suddenly meet you both in the highway will you be more like this (12) wernt at all like that yesterday. I have ½ a mind to run over & see how you are to-day, but it's a busy day and I must be in town some time to get things for foreign travel.

Your afft

Ebj.

At one time he sends her "2 tikets for the privit view at the ryle acadmy"; at another, he sends his regrets for inability to make an engagement, and, at the end of the letter, breaks into a flood of tears, which figure conspicuously on the sheet as nine ragged lumps of red sealing-wax. "These are my tears," he writes. He also sends a pencil drawing of a dumpy and fluffy little chicken just out of its shell. Again, when inclosing a photograph, he says:—

Is this the photograph

of that old old old
old
old
old
old
old

O I.D thing

you meant?

and later, in the same letter, he adds: "What a what of a day—not meant for work, was it?"

Want to have picnic on river with friends I do."

At another time he writes his letter as follows:—

at a bookshop in town
My dear —.

I have brought you a little reminder of me—because you are certain to forget the discomfort I have given you day after day (so you can't remember me for that reason) and when next I come—Friday—I will blazon your name in it—can't do it now, hands so frozen.

This is a day when I hope you are all round the fire snozing and blinking softly, & passing the cat from lap to lap:

ever your affectionate friend

(14)

And ends with another pictorial signature which, had it not been done by himself, would have been a libel on the kindly features which all knew so well.

To the ordinary reader these signatures are most amusing when they are most abnormal in execution. The artist was once in Rottingdean at Lammastide, yet it was bitter cold, bright, and cloudless, with no mist or fog. He



NO. 14.

could hardly believe it was summer, and as proof of his physical condition he appended to his interesting little gossip the accompanying picture of himself, shivering on the hillside, a lone figure in the midst of a whirling snowstorm. Legs contorted with wonderful tortuosity, hair drooping as if with the weight of icicles, and eyes staring into the distance hopeless and forlorn—he stood in the foreground of a bleak landscape shivering. "Oh, little —, good bye," he wrote. "This is the 47th letter I have written this morning." The forty-seventh letter! Yet, at the end of all that tiresome labour he had time to draw a picture for the child he loved.

When the artist died there were more sympathetic hearts than one, and not the least among them was that of the child who, in these letters, had been shown the tender and loving qualities of a great man.



NO. 15.



WIMMIN aboard ship I don't 'old with, said the night-watchman, severely. They'll arsk you all sorts o' silly questions, an' complain to the skipper if you don't treat 'em civil in answering 'em. If you do treat 'em civil, what's the result? Is it a bit o' bacca, or a shilling, or anything like that? Not a bit of it; just a "thank you," an' said in a way as though they've been giving you a perfect treat by talking to you.

They're a contrary sects too. Ask a girl civil-like to stand off a line you want to coil up, and she'll get off an' look at you as though you ought to have waited until she 'ad offered to shift. Pull on it without asking her to step off fust, an' the ship won't 'old her 'ardly. A man I knew once—he's dead now, poor chap, and three widders mourning for 'im—said that with all 'is experience wimmin was as much a riddle to 'im as when he fust married.

O' course, sometimes you get a gal down the fo'c's'le pretending to be a man, shipping

as ordinary seaman or boy, and nobody not a penny the wiser. It's happened before, an' I've no doubt it will again.

We 'ad a queer case once on a barque I was on as steward, called the *Tower of London*, bound from the Albert Docks to Melbourne with a general cargo. We shipped a new boy just after we started as was entered in the ship's books as 'Enery Mallow, an' the first thing we noticed about 'Enery was as 'e had a great dislike to work and was terrible sea-sick. Every time there was a job as wanted to be done, that lad 'ud go and be took bad quite independent of the weather.

Then Bill Dowsett adopted 'im, and said he'd make a sailor of 'im. I believe if 'Enery could 'ave chose 'is father, he'd sooner 'ad any man than Bill, and I would sooner have been a orphan than a son to any of 'em. Bill relied on his langwidge mostly, but when that failed he'd just fetch 'im a cuff. Nothing more than was good for a boy wot 'ad got 'is living to earn, but 'Enery used to cry until we was all ashamed of 'im.

Bill got almost to be afraid of 'itting 'im at last, and used to try wot being sarcastic would do. Then we found as 'Enery was ten times as sarcastic as Bill—'e'd talk all round 'im so to speak, an' even take the words out of Bill's mouth to use agin 'im. Then Bill would turn to 'is great natural gifts, and the end of it was when we was about a fortnight out that the boy ran up on deck and went aft to the skipper and complained of Bill's langwidge.

"Langwidge," ses the old man, glaring at 'im as if 'ed eat 'im—"what sort o' langwidge?"

"Bad langwidge, sir," ses 'Enery.

"Repeat it," ses the skipper.

'Enery gives a little shiver. "I couldn't do it, sir," he ses, very solemn; "it's like—like you was talking to the bo'sen yesterday."

"Go to your duties," roars the skipper; "go to your duties at once, and don't let me 'ear any more of it. Why, you ought to be at a young ladies' school."

"I know I ought, sir," 'Enery ses, with a w'imper, "but I never thought it'd be like this."

The old man stares at him, and then he rubs his eyes and stares ag'in. 'Enery wiped his eyes and stood looking down at the deck.

"'Eavens above," ses the old man, in a dazed voice, "don't tell me you're a gal!"

"I won't if you don't want me to," ses 'Enery, wiping his eyes ag'in.

"What's your name?" ses the old man at last.

"Mary Mallow, sir," ses 'Enery, very soft.

"What made you do it?" ses the skipper, at last.

"My father wanted me to marry a man I didn't want to," ses Miss Mallow. "He used to admire my hair very much, so I cut it off. Then I got frightened at what I'd done, and as I looked like a boy I thought I'd go to sea."

"Well, it's a nice responsibility for me," ses the skipper, and he called the mate who 'ad just come on deck, and asked his advice. The mate was a very strait-laced man—for a mate—and at fust he was so shocked 'e couldn't speak.

"She'll have to come aft," he ses, at last.

"O' course she will," ses the skipper, and he called me up and told me to clear a spare cabin out for her—we carried a passenger or two sometimes—and to fetch her chest up.

"I s'pose you've got some clothes in it?" he ses, anxious-like.

"Only these sort o' things," ses Miss Mallow, bashfully.

"And send Dowsett to me," ses the skipper, turning to me ag'in.

We 'ad to shove pore Bill up on deck a'most, and the way the skipper went on at 'im, you'd thought 'e was the greatest rascal unhung. He begged the young lady's pardon over and over ag'in, and when 'e come back to us 'e was that upset that 'e didn't know what 'e was saying, and begged an ordinary seaman's pardon for treading on 'is toe.

Then the skipper took Miss Mallow below to her new quarters, and to 'is great surprise caught the third officer, who was fond of female society, doing a step-dance in the saloon all on 'is own.

That evening the skipper and the mate

formed themselves into a committee to decide what was to be done. Everything the mate suggested the skipper wouldn't have, and when the skipper thought of anythink, the mate said it was impossible. After the committee 'ad been sitting for three hours it began to abuse each other; leastaways, the skipper abused the mate, and the mate kep' on saying if it wasn't for discipline he knew somebody as would tell the skipper a thing or two it would do 'im good to hear.

"She must have a dress, I tell you, or a frock at any rate," ses the skipper, very mad.

"What's the difference between a dress and a frock?" ses the mate.

"There is a difference," ses the skipper.

"Well, what is it?" ses the mate.

"It wouldn't be any good if I was to explain to you," ses the skipper; "some people's heads are too thick."

"I know they are," ses the mate.

The committee broke up after that, but it got amiable ag'in over breakfast next morning, and made quite a fuss over Miss Mallow. It was wonderful what a difference a night aft had made in that gal. She'd washed herself beautiful, and had just frizzed 'er 'air, which was rather long, over 'er forehead, and the committee kept pursing its lips up and looking at each other as Mr. Fisher talked to 'er and kep' on piling 'er plate up.

She went up on deck after breakfast and stood leaning against the side talking to Mr. Fisher. Pretty laugh she'd got, too, though I never noticed it when she was in the fo'c's'le. Perhaps she hadn't got much to laugh about then, and while she was up there enjoying 'erself watching us chaps work, the committee was down below laying its 'eds together ag'in.

When I went down to the cabin ag'in it was like a dressmaker's shop. There was silk handkerchiefs and all sorts o' things on the table, an' the skipper was hovering about with a big pair of scissors in his hands, wondering how to begin.

"I sha'n't attempt anything very grand," he ses at last; "just something to slip over them boy's clothes she's wearing."

The mate didn't say anything. He was busy drawing frocks on a little piece of paper, and looking at 'em with his head on one side to see whether they looked better that way.

"By Jove! I've got it," ses the old man, suddenly. "Where's that dressing-gown your wife gave you?"

The mate looked up. "I don't know," he ses, slowly. "I've mislaid it."

"Well, it can't be far," ses the skipper. "It's just the thing to make a frock of."

"I don't think so," ses the mate. "It wouldn't hang properly. Do you know what I was thinking of?"

"Well," ses the skipper.

"Three o' them new flannel shirts o' yours," ses the mate. "They're very dark, an' they'd hang beautiful."

"Let's try the dressing-gown first," ses the skipper, hearty-like. "That's easier. I'll help you look for it."

"I can't think what I've done with it," ses the mate.

"Well, let's try your cabin," ses the old man.

They went to the mate's cabin and, to his great surprise, there it was hanging just behind the door. It was a beautiful dressing-gown—soft, warm cloth trimmed with braid—and the skipper took up his scissors ag'in, and fairly gloated over it. Then he slowly cut off the top part with the two arms 'anging to it, and passed it over to the mate.

"I sha'n't want that, Mr. Jackson," he ses, slowly. "I daresay you'll find it come in useful."

"While you're doing that, s'pose I get on with them three shirts," ses Mr. Jackson.



"I SHA'N'T WANT THAT, MR. JACKSON."

"What three shirts?" ses the skipper, who was busy cutting buttons off.

"Why, yours," ses Mr. Jackson. "Let's see who can make the best frock."

"No, Mr. Jackson," ses the old man. "I'm sure you couldn't make anything o' them shirts. You're not at all gifted that way. Besides, I want 'em."

"Well, I wanted my dressing-gown, if you come to that," ses the mate, in a sulky voice.

"Well, what on earth did you give it to me for?" ses the skipper. "I do wish you'd know your own mind, Mr. Jackson."

The mate didn't say any more. He sat and watched the old man, as he threaded his needle and stitched the dressing-gown together down the front. It really didn't look half bad when he'd finished it, and it was easy to see how pleased Miss Mallow was. She really looked quite fine in it, and with the blue guernsey she was wearing and a band made o' silk handkerchiefs round her waist, I saw at once it was a case with the third officer.

"Now you look a bit more like the gal your father used to know," ses the skipper.

"My finger's a bit sore just at present, but by-and-by I'll make you a bonnet."

"I'd like to see it," ses the mate.

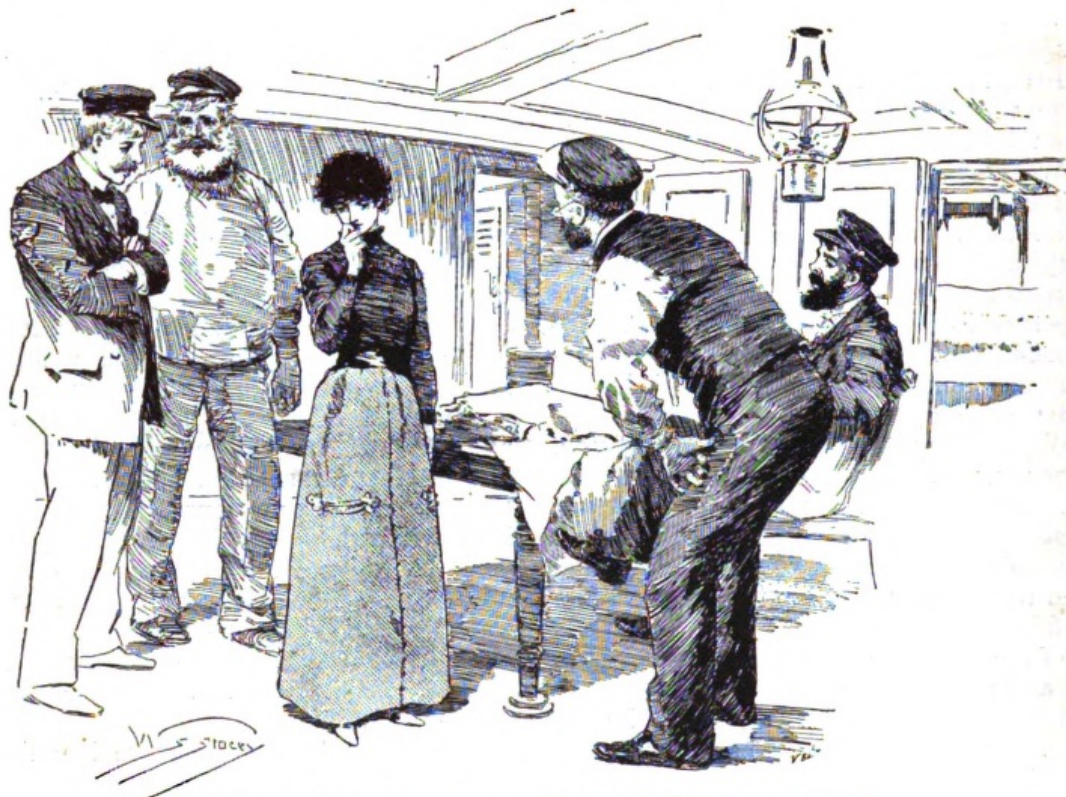
"It's quite easy," ses the skipper. "I've seen my wife do 'em. She calls 'em tokes. You make the hull out o' cardboard and spread your canvas on that."

That dress made a wonderful difference in the gal. Wonderful! She seemed to change all at once and become the lady altogether. She just 'ad that cabin at her beck and call; and as for me, she seemed to think I was there a puppose to wait on 'er.

I must say she 'ad a good time of it. We was having splendid weather, and there wasn't much work for anybody; consequently, when she wasn't receiving good advice from the skipper and the mate, she was receiving attention from both the second and third officers. Mr. Scott, the second, didn't seem to take much notice of her for a day or two, and the first I saw of his being in love was 'is being very rude to Mr. Fisher and giving up bad langwidge, so sudden it's a wonder it didn't do 'im a injury.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"NOW YOU LOOK MORE LIKE THE GAL YOUR FATHER USED TO KNOW."

I think the gal rather enjoyed their attentions at first, but arter a time she got fairly tired of it. She never 'ad no rest, pore thing. If she was up on deck looking over the side the third officer would come up and talk romantic to 'er about the sea and the lonely lives of sailor men, and I acturally 'eard Mr. Scott repeating poetry to her. The skipper 'eard it too, and being suspicious o' poetry, and not having heard clearly, called him up to 'im and made 'im say it all over ag'in to 'im. 'E didn't seem quite to know wot to make of it, so 'e calls up the mate for 'im to hear it. The mate said it was rubbish, and the skipper told Mr. Scott that if ever he was taken that way ag'in 'ed 'ear more of it.

There was no doubt about them two young fellers being genuine. She 'appened to say one day that she could never, never care for a man who drank and smoked, and I'm blest if both of em didn't take to water and give 'er their pipes to chuck overboard, and the agony those two chaps used to suffer when they saw other people smoking was pitiful to witness.

It got to such a pitch at last that the mate, who, as I said afore, was a very particular man, called another committee meeting. It was a very solemn affair, and 'e made a long speech in which he said he was the father of

a family, and that the second and third officers was far too attentive to Miss Mallow, and 'e asked the skipper to stop it.

"How?" ses the skipper.

"Stop the draught-playing and the card-playing and the poetry," ses the mate; "the gal's getting too much attention; she'll have 'er 'ead turned. Put your foot down, sir, and stop it."

The skipper was so struck by what he said, that he not only did that, but he went and forbid them two young men to speak to the gal except at meal times, or when the conversation was general. None of 'em liked it, though the gal pretended to, and for the matter of a week things was very quiet in the cabin, not to say sulky.

Things got back to their old style ag'in in a very curious way. I'd just set the tea in the cabin one afternoon, and 'ad stopped at the foot of the companion-ladder to let the skipper and Mr. Fisher come down, when we suddenly 'eard a loud box on the ear. We all rushed into the cabin at once, and there was the mate looking fairly thunder-struck, with his hand to his face, and Miss Mallow glaring at 'im.

"Mr. Jackson," ses the skipper, in a awful voice, "what's this?"

"Ask her," shouts the mate. "I think she's gone mad on something."

"What does this mean, Miss Mallow?" ses the skipper.

"Ask him," ses Miss Mallow, breathing very 'ard.

"Mr. Jackson," ses the skipper, very severe, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing," roars the mate.

"Was that a box on the ear, I 'eard?" ses the skipper.

"It was," says the mate, grinding his teeth.

"Your ear?" ses the skipper.

"Yes. She's mad, I tell you," ses the mate. "I was sitting here quite quiet and peaceable, when she came alongside me and slapped my face."

"Why did you box his ear?" ses the skipper to the girl again.

"Because he deserved it," ses Miss Mallow.

The skipper shook his 'ead and looked at the mate so sorrowful that he began to stamp up and down the cabin and bang the table with his fist.

"If I hadn't heard it myself, I couldn't have believed it," ses the skipper; "and you the father of a family, too. Nice example for the young men, I must say."

"Please don't say anything more about it," ses Miss Mallow; "I'm sure he's very sorry."

"Very good," ses the skipper; "but you understand, Mr. Jackson, that if I overlook your conduct, you're not to speak to this young lady ag'in. Also, you must consider yourself as removed from the committee."

"Curse the committee," screamed the mate. "Curse——"

He looked all round, with his eyes starting out of 'is 'ead, and then suddenly shut his mouth with a snap and went up on deck. He never alluded to the affair again, and in fact for the rest of the voyage 'e hardly spoke to a soul. The young people got to their cards and draughts ag'in, but he took no notice, and 'e never spoke to the skipper unless he spoke to 'im fust.

We got to Melbourne at last, and the fust

Vol. xvii.—49.

thing the skipper did was to give our young lady some money to go ashore and buy clothes with. He did it in a very delikit way by giving her the pay as boy, and I don't think I ever see anybody look so pleased and surprised as she did. The



"WE ALL RUSHED INTO THE CABIN."

skipper went ashore with her, as she looked rather a odd figure to be going about, and comes back about a hour later without 'er.

"I thought perhaps she'd have come aboard," he ses to Mr. Fisher. "I managed to miss her somehow while I was waiting outside a shop."

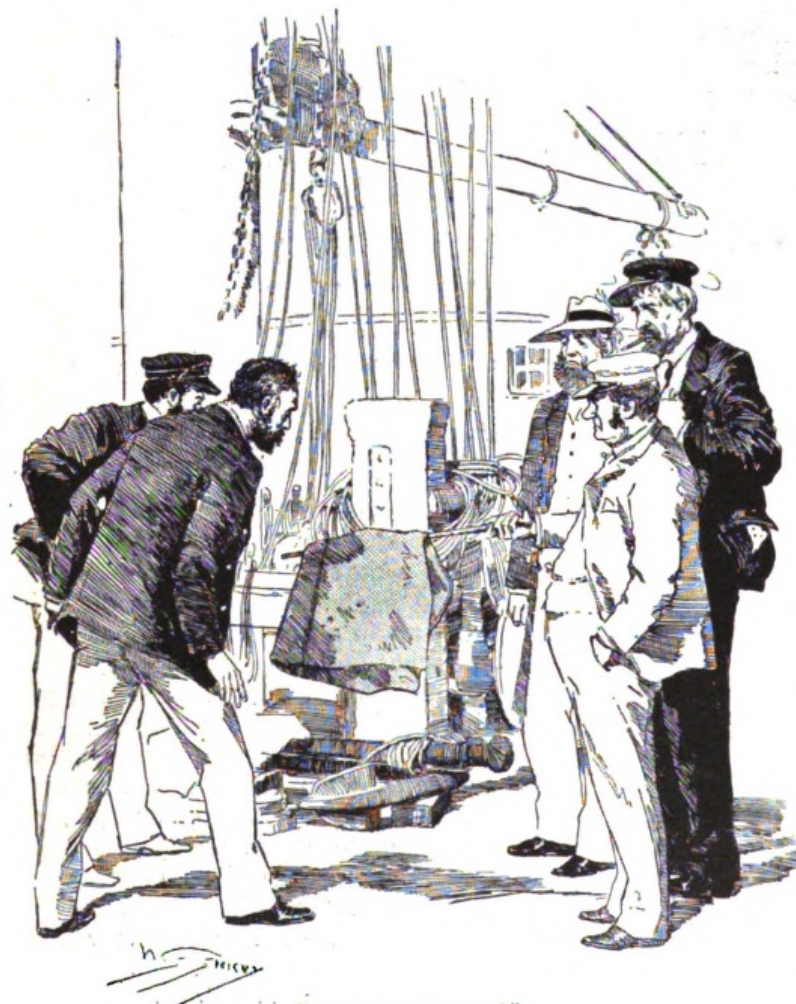
They fidgeted about a bit, and then went ashore to look for 'er, turning up again at eight o'clock quite worried. Nine o'clock came, and there was no signs of 'er. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Scott was in a dreadful state, and the skipper sent almost every man aboard ashore to search for 'er. They 'unted for 'er high and low, up and down and round about, and turned up at midnight so done up that they could 'ardly stand without holding on to something, and so upset that they couldn't speak. None of the officers got any sleep that night except Mr. Jackson, and the fust thing in the morning they was ashore ag'in looking for her.

She'd disappeared as completely as if she'd gone overboard, and more than one of the chaps looked over the side half expecting to see 'er come floating by. By twelve o'clock most of us was convinced that she'd been

made away with, and Mr. Fisher made some remarks about the police of Melbourne as would 'a done them good to hear.

I was just going to see about dinner when we got the first news of her. Three of the most miserable and solemn-looking captains I've ever seen came alongside and asked for a few words with our skipper. They all stood in a row looking as if they was going to cry.

"Good morning, Captain Hart," ses one of 'em, as our old man came up with the mate.



"DO YOU KNOW THIS?"

"Good morning," ses he.

"Do you know this?" ses one of 'em suddenly, holding out Miss Mallow's dressing-gown on a walking-stick.

"Good 'eavens," ses the skipper, "I hope nothing's happened to that pore gal."

The three captains shook their heads all together.

"She is no more," ses another of 'em.

"How did it happen?" ses the skipper, in a low voice.

"She took this off," ses the first captain, shaking his head and pointing to the dressing-gown.

"And took a chill?" ses the skipper, staring very 'ard.

The three captains shook their 'eads ag'in, and I noticed that they seemed to watch each other and do it all together.

"I don't understand," ses the skipper.

"I was afraid you wouldn't," ses the first captain; "she took this off."

"So you said before," ses the skipper, rather short.

"And became a boy ag'in," ses the other; "the wickedest and most artful young rascal that ever signed on with me."

He looked round at the others, and they all broke out into a perfect roar of laughter, and jumped up and down and slapped each other on the back, as if they was all mad. Then they asked which was the one wot had 'is ears boxed, and which was Mr. Fisher and which was Mr. Scott, and told our skipper wot a nice fatherly man he was. Quite a crowd got round, an' wouldn't go away for all we could do to 'em in the shape o' buckets o' water and lumps o' coal. We was the laughing-stock o' the place, and the way they

carried on when the steamer passed us two days later with the first captain on the bridge, pretending not to see that imp of a boy standing in the bows blowing us kisses and dropping curtsies, nearly put the skipper out of 'is mind.

In Nature's Workshop.

IV.—MASQUERADES AND DISGUISES.

BY GRANT ALLEN.



1.—THE SEA-HORSE, UNDISGUISED, SEDATELY SWIMMING.

IN a previous article of this series, I introduced my readers to certain bold and deceptive insects—the “bounders” of their race—which pretend to powers they do not possess, and endeavour by sheer bluff to frighten away intruders on their domestic privacy. In the present essay, I am going to touch on sundry other wily animals which, either in order to escape the notice of their foes or to creep in silence upon their unwary prey, imitate more or less closely other objects in their surroundings—in simpler words, walk about in masquerade. This paper is thus to be devoted to the subject of disguises. I propose, as it were, to go behind the scenes, and show you the make-up of the principal characters in nature's melodrama of “Strictly Incognito.”

An ounce of example is worth a ton of description: so I will begin with a simple illustrative case among the class of fishes. My illustration No. 1 shows a “person of the drama” *without* his make-up: it represents that familiar little beastie, the common sea-horse, or hippocampus. In his dried condition, this quaint small Mediterranean fish is a well-known denizen of every child's domestic museum. Visitors to Venice have picked up sea-horses in abundance on the

sandy ridge of the Lido—that long bank of shingle which divides the lagoons from the open Adriatic, a spot which I have already mentioned in this Magazine as a favourite haunt of my own, and also of my good old friend the sacred scarab, or ball-rolling beetle. In most marine aquariums, too, the sea-horse is a much-appreciated popular performer: a group of them in the Brighton Aquarium (which, though you may not know it, contains tanks with fish in them) always receives an early call from me whenever I happen to be anywhere in their neighbourhood. By these means it comes about that even those who do not go down to the sea in ships have become fairly familiar with the appearance of the sea-horse and with his mode of life, which he pursues unaltered—being indeed a sluggish and phlegmatic brute—in a shallow basin as in the open Mediterranean.

In general shape, as you see, the hippocampus bears a striking resemblance to the knight in a set of chessmen. But instead of a round stand, he has a prehensile tail like a monkey's, by means of which he can securely moor himself to pieces of seaweed or other small objects. This is his usual attitude when not swimming. No. 2 shows a couple of hippocampi so curled together in friendly companionship on a spray of some



2.—A PAIR OF SEA-HORSES, MOORED TO A FUCUS.

fucus. One may often observe a dozen or so of them thus intertwined by their tails in an inextricable knot—inextricable, that is to say, till you notice one of them display a nascent desire in his small mind to untie himself. Then you begin to perceive a sinuous wriggling movement in the coils of his tail, which communicates itself by degrees to his slimy comrades. For about a minute the would-be rover is engaged in disentangling his own nether part from the nether parts of his companions; at last, with a triumphant gliding motion, he sets himself free, and begins to swim, half upright, as you see in No. 1, with a sedate and churchwardenly motion, through the water about him. His fins, it is true, vibrate with extraordinary rapidity, like a waving ribbon; in spite of which he moves almost imperceptibly forward, and never goes more than a foot or two at a time in any direction. Though armed with a rather knobby and prickly coat, the sea-horse is exposed by the mere slowness of his gait to the attacks of more active and energetic enemies.

Our European sea-horse, as you can see in these illustrations, makes no pretence at concealment: he moves about undisguised, like an honest gentleman, and can be readily recognised wherever you meet him. But there is an Australian relative of his, the leaf-like sea-horse (known to men of science as *Phyllopteryx*), which is much softer and more palatable in the body, and therefore stands in greater need of protection from predatory fishes. This curious ragged creature, shown in No. 3, has its tail and fins provided with irregular long waving appendages, exactly resembling in form and colour the seaweed in which it lurks. In the drawing, to be sure, Mr. Enock has represented the fish rather isolated, so as to let you clearly distinguish it from the neighbouring weeds; but you can easily understand that in nature, when it is lying hid in a knotted mass of such seaweed among the overgrown rocks at the bottom, it must be very difficult for even

the sharpest-eyed enemy to pick it out from the fronds it so closely resembles. The tint, in particular, is absolutely identical.

How does this quaint resemblance come about? Probably in this manner. All the sea-horses of this kind which could be discovered by enemies for many ages have been assiduously eaten. If every one of them had been eaten, however, the species would now be extinct: and this is really what has happened over and over again to many species in the sea, as it has happened on land in our own time to the American bison, the great auk, the moa of New Zealand, and several other creatures. But if any sea-horse of this more threatened class happened to resemble the seaweed in which it lived, either in form or in colour, or in both, rather more than the rest of its kind, it would stand on the whole a somewhat better chance of *not* getting eaten, and would on the average leave more offspring than its less protected fellows. Thus, from generation to generation, as enemies poked their noses into the tangled weed in search of food, the tendency would be for the more seaweed-like to escape and mate, while the less seaweed-like were detected and eaten. This is what we call "natural selection," or "survival of the fittest." The result would be that the protected, mating always with the protected, produced young like themselves, and that

out of their offspring the ones least like seaweed would still oftenest get devoured, while those most like seaweed still escaped.

The leaf-like sea-horse is a simple case of what is now known as *protective resemblance*. A very similar instance is that of the so-called skeleton



3.—AUSTRALIAN SEA-HORSE DISGUISED AS SEAWEED.

shrimp, which also moors itself to bits of seaweed, and looks just like the plant it clings to. But the same sort of thing occurs on a large scale among the entire group of animals inhabiting what is called the Sargasso Sea. This sea is a belt of the Atlantic near the Azores, where great masses of a particular tropical seaweed, known as

sargasso-weed, mat together so as to form perfect floating meadows, and often even impede the navigation of vessels. The weed is pale yellow in hue, and is inhabited by vast numbers of small marine animals—crabs, prawns, and the like—all of which are protectively coloured exactly like the weed on which they live. I have often had a bucket of sargasso-weed fished up for me by the sailors when crossing this sea, and have amused myself by trying to distinguish the numerous little beasts among the almost similar berry-like knobs of the sargasso in which they lurked.

In the case of the Australian sea-horse and of the crabs and fish which inhabit the sargasso-weed, however, the imitation is quite general. My next example will be of a more specialized kind. No. 4 represents a butterfly of a species peculiar to the Malay Archipelago, and known as a Kallima. That is how it looks while it flies about coquetting in the open sunshine, displaying its brilliant hues, and seeking to attract the attention of its observant mate. Under such circumstances, it is a beautiful creature: its wings are dark brown at the tip, and crossed by a bright yellow band; the under wing being blue, with shot hues running through it. A very gallant gentleman indeed the male Kallima appears when thus flaunting his beauty in the tropical sun before the eyes of the ladies of his species.

But let some enemy threaten, some bird pounce down upon him, and the Kallima butterfly has an easy refuge. He need but settle down quietly on a neighbouring bough, and hi, presto! all at once he seems to have put on the cap of invisibility. If you are chasing one of these butterflies, and he alights on a tree, you imagine at first that he has disappeared entirely. And so he has, though only from your vision. At rest, he is indiscoverable. No. 5, if you look close, contains the explanation of this "mysterious disappearance of a gentleman." But you *must* look close if you want to find him out in his ex-

cellent disguise. The branch, you see, has four leaves on it: well, the uppermost left-hand leaf is our vanishing butterfly. The undersides of his wings are coloured and lined so as exactly to imitate the leaves of his favourite bush, on which he usually settles. Mid-rib and veins are all carefully imitated: while the actual body and legs of the insect become quite unobtrusive. Indeed, in real life, the imitation is even more perfect, owing to the addition of colour, than it seems in the sketch, for here you have Mr. Enock's sharp eyes—and I know none sharper—to pick out the creature for you, apart

from all the leaves on the tree it inhabits; whereas, in nature, you would have to hunt it up for yourself among a whole bushful of foliage, all exactly like it.

Residents in London can easily try for themselves this interesting game of hide-and-seek with a vanishing butterfly: for in the vestibule of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is a case of animals intended to illustrate protective resemblances; and conspicuous in the case is a large group of these very butterflies, some of them almost impossible to detect among the leaves around them. It is noticeable, too, that similar types of double colouring—for display and for protection—are common in nature. The upper side of the wings is visible only when they are unfolded, and the insect is consciously showing off his charms in the sunshine to his mates: he then desires to look as handsome, as well-dressed, and as conspicuous as possible. But the under side is shown when he rests with folded wings on a twig; and his obvious cue is then to escape observation. In the one case, he is the gallant at large; in the other case, the fugitive in hiding.

Similar instances of protective resemblance, produced no doubt by natural selection, are now well known in many different classes of animals. The most familiar are the leaf-insects of Ceylon and Java—wonderful green creatures with ribs and veins like those of leaves, so deceptively arranged that, as Mr.



4.—KALLIMA BUTTERFLY, DISPLAYING ITSELF WHILE FLYING.



5.—THE SAME KALLIMA, SETTLED ON A TREE: PUZZLE, TO FIND THE BUTTERFLY.

Alfred Russel Wallace says, "not one person in ten can see them when resting on the food-plant close beneath their eyes." Others of the class imitate bits of stick, with little knots and branches, so that one can only recognise them as alive when one touches them. A stick-insect brought to Mr. Wallace in Borneo so exactly mimicked a piece of stick, covered with green mosses and liverworts, that it fairly took in even that lynx-eyed naturalist. That these protective devices do really benefit the animals which exhibit them there can be no doubt at all: for Mr. Belt saw a locust in Nicaragua got up as a leaf, and absolutely overrun by foraging ants, hungry carnivores which devour every insect they come across like a ravening army: yet they never even discovered that the apparent leaf they were walking over was itself a store of good ant-meat. The locust, on the other hand, fully recognised the nature of his immunity from attack, and understood that if he moved a single limb he would betray himself: for he allowed Mr. Belt to pick him up in his hand, examine him closely, and replace him among the ants, without making an effort to escape or a movement to reveal his true nature. This trick of "shamming dead," as it is called, is common among beetles and many other insects.

In most of the cases known to us, such imitations are due to the need for protection alone. Sometimes, however, the tables are turned: animals which prey upon others deceive their prey by posing as something quite harmless and even attractive. Thus the lizards of the desert are usually sand-coloured, so that they may creep up unobserved upon the insects they devour; while in the arctic snows, all the beasts and birds alike are snow-white, because there a black or red animal would be seen and avoided at once by all its possible victims. One of the strangest instances I know of imitation in a hunting creature occurs in Java. There is a type of creature allied to the grasshoppers and known as the Mantis, many species of which in various countries are specialized into leaf-insects: they are voracious creatures, with long arm-like fore-limbs, which lie in

wait for and devour many smaller insects. One such Mantis in Java is coloured pink, and resembles when at rest a pink orchid. The butterflies on which it feeds mistake it for a flower, alight on what seem its petals in search of honey, and are instantly seized by the ruthless hand-like claws and devoured without mercy. As Mr. Wallace pithily puts the case, "It is a living trap, and forms its own bait."

Examples like this lead one on to the still more remarkable group of facts known as *mimicry*. It might almost be called impersonation. A certain number of animals belonging to the most different families have the odd peculiarity of resembling, or as it is oftener called "mimicking," sundry other animals to which they are not really in the least degree related. As before, I will begin with a single good typical example of such mimicry, and when we have thoroughly comprehended its nature and meaning, will pass on to the principles which govern the practice in all similar cases.

No. 6 shows us, below, a specimen of the common English hornet. Now, everybody knows that the hornet is a large red and brown and yellow wasp, very active and irritable, with a nasty, aggressive temper, and an unpleasant way of stinging on the slightest provocation, or none at all for that matter.

Furthermore, everybody who has once been stung by a hornet—as I have been not infrequently in the cause of science—is keenly aware that a hornet's sting bears to an ordinary wasp's the same relation as scourging with scorpions bears to scourging with rods. On this account, hornets are generally let severely alone by birds and other insect-eating creatures. It must clearly be an advantage to the wasps and hornets that they possess a sting: and its chief point is just that—it protects them from attack by possible enemies.

Again, almost all specially-protected creatures, as I mentioned once before in the case of the nasty-tasted and inedible caterpillars, are very brilliantly and conspicuously coloured. The contrasted bands of black and yellow in the common wasp, which render him so easily recognisable at sight, are a familiar instance.



6.—LOWER FIGURE, THE COMMON HORNET; UPPER FIGURE, A MOTH WHICH PERSONATES IT.

Such vivid bands or bright tints have been well described by Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace as "warning colours." The moment we see a bright black-and-yellow-belted insect alight with a buzz on the fruit at dessert, we say at once to the little ones, "There's a wasp! Don't touch him!" This almost instinctive fear which the mere sight of the venomous insect inspires in onlookers is all to the good for him: it serves his end by preventing us from handling or crushing him. Still more do the lower animals give such insects a wide berth: a very young and inexperienced puppy, it is true, will sometimes make an imprudent snap at a passing wasp; but the piteous way he licks his tongue afterwards, and the dejected attitudes by means of which he tells us that he is very sorry for himself, show before long that the wasp, though vanquished, has left his mark behind him. That puppy, you may be sure, will never try to snap at another bright yellow-banded insect as long as he lives: when one buzzes about him, he will put his tail between his legs like a wise dog, and retire incontinently into safer quarters.

It is now well known that whenever we find animals belonging to usually sober families, but tricked out in gaudy red or orange or yellow, they are almost invariably protected in one way or another—are either venomous, or stinging, or nasty to the taste, or else possess, like the striking black-and-white-banded skunk, the power of ejecting an offensive and irritating odour. A famous instance of this conjunction of inedibility and brilliancy is "Belt's frog." In Nicaragua, that close observer Mr. Belt found a small kind of frog, gorgeously arrayed in crimson and blue, and swelling about like King Solomon in all his glory. Frogs of this dazzling sort were extremely abundant in Nicaraguan woods, and never made the slightest attempt at concealment. Now, it is the common habit of land frogs, all the world over, to be protectively coloured with brown or green, according as they haunt most the ground or the foliage of trees. The common little tree-frogs so abundant in most warm climates, for example—every visitor to the Riviera must know them well—are either a brilliant grass-green, to imitate the foliage to whose underside they cling by their sucker-padded feet, or else are mottled with grey and white and brown, to mimic bark, dead leaves, and lichen-covered branches. So Mr. Belt felt convinced that his Nicaraguan frog, which behaved so differently from the rest of its kind—which was so brilliantly dressed

and never tried to hide itself—must be venomous or inedible. He tried the question by giving a few frogs to his fowls and ducks: the wary birds looked at them suspiciously, put their heads on one side, and refused to touch them. At last, by throwing a single frog down unobtrusively among pieces of meat for which the ducks were scrambling, he managed to induce a young and inexperienced duck to pick up the creature. "Instead of swallowing it, however, the duck instantly threw it out of its mouth, and went about jerking its head as if trying to get rid of some unpleasant taste." I have myself experimented in the same way on some brilliantly-coloured slugs, which cover rocks in the open, and can add my personal testimony to that of Mr. Belt's witness, the incautious duckling.

But I am wandering from the question. Let us return to our pictures. The upper insect in No. 6 represents, not a hornet or relative of the hornets, but a moth, deceptively coloured so as to mimic and suggest the hornet kind. Bees and wasps, being species that enjoy immunity from attack, are naturally very much imitated by other insects. The whole family to which this imitation hornet belongs, indeed—that of the clear-wing moths—seems to have laid itself out on purpose to personate the wasps and bumble-bees, for almost every species is an imitator of some particular species of stinging insect. Of course the moths are themselves quite harmless soft things: but they *look* like wasps or hornets, and that is enough to protect them. They produce their effect in a very odd manner. Most moths, as we know, have feathery wings, covered with a fine powder of dust-like scales; but the clear-wings have got rid of the scales, so as to resemble wasps and bees with their membranous wings; and it is this peculiarity in their structure which gives the common English name to the family. Not only, however, are the wings transparent, but the bodies also are shaped much like those of wasps and hornets, and are conspicuously banded with red and yellow. The antennæ, too, are made as wasp-like as possible. The clear-wings fly about rapidly in the open sunshine, and their flight resembles that of wasps and bumble-bees, according to the model selected for imitation by each species. Indeed, the resemblance is much greater in real life than in Mr. Enock's sketch, because the colour is so deceptively similar. No ordinary person who saw a hornet clear-wing would dare to put his hand upon it,

even if told it was harmless: naturalists themselves look twice before they venture incautiously to finger a doubtful specimen.

The hornet clear-wing is a great frequenter of poplar trees, in the wood of which the larva burrows; and in No. 7, Mr. Enock has shown us the same two insects again, at rest on the bark of a branch of this favourite food-tree. As before, the hornet is still below, and the moth above; but in this instance, even without the aid of colour, the deceptive resemblance becomes still more conspicuous. If, while the moth is thus sitting in the sunshine on a trunk of poplar, you try to touch its body, it will perform one of those curious "terrifying" evolutions which I have already described in so many insects. It will curve its back, and dig once or twice into the bark with its tail, as if it

had a sting and meant to use it. This queer habit puts a finishing touch to the clever deception; and the consequence is, that the hornet clear-wing is seldom molested by birds or other inquisitive strangers. The imitation pays: it secures the little mimic from undesirable intruders.

Still stranger and more immoral is the gross case of impersonation for purposes of burglary, illustrated in No. 8. Here we have, below, a great burly bustling bumble-bee, and, above, a particular fly, named *Volucella*, which dresses itself up to imitate the bee in indistinguishable hairs and colours. And it does so for a very curious and treacherous object. The grubs of the fly are parasitic on the grubs of the bumble-bee and wasp: and the female *Volucella* is thus enabled to enter the nests of bumble-bees, and lay her eggs among those of the real owners, whose larvæ the fly larvæ will finally devour. It is true that doubts have lately been cast upon this fact, because the fly which imitates the bee has been seen to enter the nests of wasps: but I do not attach much importance to this objection, which needs even now to be more widely demonstrated. At any rate, these facts remain, that various



7.—HORNET AND HORNET CLEAR-WING MOTH, ON A BRANCH TOGETHER.

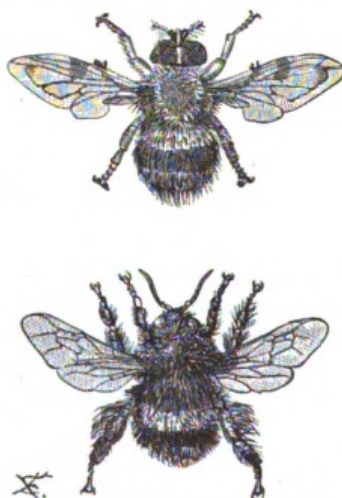
kinds of *Volucella* mimic various kinds of bumble-bee, and that the young of one devour the young of the other. For my part, I say confidently, a clear case of loitering under disguise, with intent to commit a burglary.

The case of the bumble-bee and the *Volucella* fly is an excellent example also of the extent to which alone mimicry is possible. I said above that animals of quite different families mimicked one another: and you can see for yourselves here just how far the imitation goes, and where it fails. For the bees have *two* pairs of wings each, folded one snugly under the other; but the whole group of flies has practically only one pair, the second or hinder pair having dwindled away to a couple of slender little "poisers," or "balancers," which you can see sticking out from the side of the

upper figure in No. 8. Now, the fly couldn't easily re-develop these stunted and almost abortive wings to the primitive size, as one sees them in the bumble-bee; so what did it do? Made the one pair of front wings look like two pair, by means of a notch half-way down the side, as you may see by comparing the two figures. 'Tis ever thus. The disguise is always external only; it affects nothing but outer appearances, leaving the internal organs and underlying structure of the beast unaltered. So, when a savage dresses up in the skin of a wild animal, in order to approach others of the same kind without being noticed, his disguise is external only:

peel off the skin, and in essentials, beneath, he is human. It is the same with mimicry. Visible parts undergo modification: invisible parts are never altered. A legend of the stage tells us of a thoroughly conscientious actor who blacked himself *all over* to play Othello; nature is content with blacking the face and hands like the ordinary unconscientious player.

In No. 9 you see the same two insects, the bumble-bee and the *Volucella* fly, feeding side by side on a head of Dutch clover. (You remember its trick of tucking away the



8.—LOWER FIGURE, BUMBLE-BEE: UPPER FIGURE, FLY WHICH IMITATES IT.

fertilized blossoms.) Both are sucking honey; and it takes a keen eye to distinguish them. But lest family quarrels arise over the question, I will say that the bee is to the left, the fly to the right. These are only a few stray examples out of the numerous insects which imitate bees, wasps, and other stinging species. Often enough, indeed, I have seen ladies scream at the approach of a perfectly harmless fly, because he came to them in wasp's clothing. The drone-flies, which imitate bees, do it so well that even spiders are taken in, and treat them with caution as if they had stings.

Mimicry is not wholly confined to the smaller animals. It occurs, though sparingly, higher up in the scale of being. There are several venomous snakes, for example, in tropical America, conspicuously arrayed in alternate bands of red and black, or red, black, and yellow, which are clearly warning colours. They mean, in effect, "Let me alone, or I sting you." Now, in the same region, three genera of unarmed and harmless snakes mimic and personate the various species of venomous banded snakes, so that it is often impossible to distinguish one from the other except by killing them. Naturally, snake-eating birds and mammals follow in such cases the familiar principle of the British jury, and "give them the benefit of the doubt." A few defenceless birds likewise imitate pugnacious and powerful ones, and so secure immunity from the attacks of enemies.

How did these mimicking species arise? It was that wonderful student of animal life, Mr. H. W. Bates—the Naturalist on the Amazons—who first solved this knotty problem.

He showed that, if a helpless or palatable species of butterfly (to take a particular concrete example) happened even remotely to resemble an uneatable one, it would derive some slight advantage from the resemblance, because birds and other enemies would often be uncertain, and therefore afraid to attack it. As the birds or other enemies grew sharper, by dint of practice, the edible individuals which happened to be least like the nasty species would get detected and eaten; but those which happened to be most like it would be spared, and would breed

together, thus handing on their peculiarities to their offspring. Among *their* descendants, again, those which most resembled the protected kind would escape, while those which least resembled it would be spotted and devoured. In this way the imitation would at last become almost perfect, at least so far as externals were concerned, until the enemies were no longer able to distinguish the mimic from the original. Many cases thus present, in Mr. Bates's own words, "a palpably intentional likeness that is quite staggering."

Since Mr. Bates wrote his famous paper on the subject countless new instances have been accumulated, and we now know of hundreds of mimicking species, both among insects and other animals, the whole world over.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who has also paid great attention to this subject, has further pointed out that true cases of mimicry can be said to occur only where five distinct conditions are all fulfilled. To begin with, the imitator and the original protected species must live in the same district; for, if not, the enemies would not know and avoid the protected species: how, therefore, could they mistake the masquerader for it? Again, the

imitators are known to be always more defenceless than the creature they imitate: harmless themselves, they pretend to belong to a dangerous or inedible kind. There is some sense in an antelope dressing up as a tiger, but none at all in a tiger dressing up as a hyena. Once more, the imitating species is always less numerous in individuals than the kind it personates: only rather common and well-known venomous types are ever mimicked—types that everybody knows and avoids—and the mimickers must be relatively uncommon, or else their enemies will soon discover the fraud. It is also noticeable that the mimics always differ conspicuously from their own allies: they have to dress the part, a part for which nature did not originally fit them. Finally, the imitation never goes one mite beyond the merest externals: it is not a real analogy, but a disguise and a fancy dress—a superficial outer seeming.

Actual mimicry of another species, such as we see in these special cases, is the furthest pitch of which protective resem-



9.—THE REAL BEE AND THE FALSE ONE; ON A HEAD OF DUTCH CLOVER: WHICH IS WHICH?

blance is ever capable. Between that and the mere general resemblance of arctic foxes, arctic hares, arctic ptarmigan, arctic willow-grouse, and so forth, to the snows in whose midst they live, we get every possible variety of gradation. The general principle involved appears to be this. Where the surroundings are *very* uniform, as among the ice and snow of the polar regions, the protected animals are all uniformly coloured—in this case with snow-white fur or feathers. Where the prevalent hue changes, as in sub-arctic lands, the animals may change too, being brown or grey or russet in summer, and white in winter. Where the ordinary tint is slightly varied, as in the desert, the animals tend to be sand-coloured or speckled. The same rule holds good of the sea sands. Excellent examples of this stage are to be seen in the soles and other flat-fish, which imitate on their exposed or upper side the colour of the bottom on which they habitually lie. Everybody who has watched the behaviour of soles in an aquarium must have observed not only that they are hard to distinguish, when at rest, from the sand on which they repose, but also that, in order to increase the resemblance and conceal from foes the outline of their shape, they have a canny way of flipping a little loose sand with a wave of their fins over the edge of the body every time they settle down again after a short swim. Soles frequent sand, and are therefore of a brownish sandy tone of hue; dabs or flounders, which lurk in mud, are more uniformly mud-coloured; plaice, which affect pebbly banks, have a variegated pattern, interspersed with red spots, to imitate coloured pebbles; and turbot, which belong to somewhat greyer tracts, are vaguely grey and spotty, with raised knobs scattered over the surface to make them look like the rough ground about them. All, however, are white on the under side; because, when they swim, the white makes it more difficult for an enemy below them to recognise them against the general shimmering glare on the surface of the water, as you look up at it from the bottom.

Every swimmer must have noticed as he dives how dazzling white this surface seems when observed from below.

In woods, forests, tangled brake, jungle, copses, hedgerows, thickets, and so forth, the surroundings are much more varied, and the protective resemblances therefore become somewhat more complex. A simple case of this more special kind is that of the great cats, whose colours differ exactly in accordance with their lairs. The lion, a desert beast, is simply sand-coloured; the tiger, a jungle beast, frequenting tracts overgrown with bamboos and other big yellow reed-like grasses, has up-and-down stripes, which render him difficult to perceive as he creeps upon his prey among the up-and-down lights and shadows of the pale straw-coloured dead grasses in his favourite ravines; while the tree-cats, such as jaguars, ocelots, and so forth, are spotted or dappled, because the spots make them more difficult to recognise among the round lights and shadows in their native forests. Spotted deer and antelopes also belong to forest regions; while almost all of those with vertical stripes are constant frequenters of deep grasslands.

Smaller creatures go yet a step further: they imitate not merely the general effect, but particular objects in their surroundings, such as leaves, sticks, bits of moss, and lichens. Certain greyish moths, for example, pretend to be bird-droppings; while many spiders fold themselves up in the angle between a leaf and the stem, and masquerade

as buds, on the hunt for insects. A group of plant-bugs cover themselves all over with thin threads of white wax, which they secrete themselves; and they are then mistaken for fragments of wool, rubbed off and left behind on the bark of the tree by some passing animal. Caterpillars and grubs are particularly given to this class of deception: and, considering how ruthlessly they are persecuted by birds, the sternest moralist can hardly blame them. No. 10 represents one such typical specimen: the ingenious larva of the swallow-tail moth, pretending for all he is worth that he is a twig of ivy. The branch to the right is the



10.—CATERPILLAR OF THE SWALLOW-TAIL MOTH, PRETENDING TO BE A TWIG OF IVY.

real twig: observe its buds and the scars at the bases of the fallen leaf-stalks. Then look at the twig to the left, which is really the caterpillar, with form and colour cunningly devised to imitate exactly the true twig beside it. He holds on by his hind legs, and sticks his body out from the stem, in a rigid attitude, at the appropriate angle; a knob on his side mimics the scars of the fallen leaves, while the turn of his head and neck exactly reproduces the terminal bud on the real ivy-branch. This admirable insect-actor, Mr. Enock tells me, has often imposed even on the artist who here paints his portrait.

A slightly different specimen of the same class of deception is given in No. 11, which is the likeness of the caterpillar who turns into the thorn-moth. Only a very keen eye can detect a well-disguised grub like this on a knotty branch of its native food-plant.

No. 12 is a common example of the group of stick-insects, allies of the grasshoppers, crickets, and locusts, a tribe among which the resemblance to leaves and twigs is carried further than in any other instance. This particular stick-insect does not look very much disguised in the sketch, it is true; but then, you must remember that colour counts for half the battle in all these cases; and I have not yet ventured to ask for coloured illustrations. I know the stick-insects well, however, in many parts of the world—I was "raised" on them in Canada—and I know that they are often most difficult of detection. Sherlock Holmes himself would sometimes find them very hard cases. It has happened to me more than once to stand gazing for some minutes into a



11.—CATERPILLAR OF THE THORN MOTH, PRETENDING TO BE A TWIG OF HAWTHORN.

bush in search of them, and find none: suddenly, a slight movement somewhere would arrest my attention: and then, all at once, the twig at which I had been gazing with rapt attention would get up and walk away in the most leisurely and lordly fashion. Stick-insects are slow and inactive creatures: they sleep by day, and wander forth by night to feed on leaves, for, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, they are strict vegetarians.

Only those who have looked close into tropical jungles or into English hedgerows, with long and careful scrutiny, can realize the large part which such disguises play in the balanced and complicated scheme of nature. Un-

observant people are apt to disbelieve in them. For, naturally, unobservant people see only the obvious: most of the birds and animals they know are just the protected minority which have bright warning colours, or are courageous enough and strong enough to dare to be conspicuous. But the world about us teems with unobtrusive, skulking life: and this skulking life, in many ways the most

curious and interesting of all, is unknown save to the naturalist. I hope I may have succeeded here in unmasking the disguises of some few among these countless natural masqueraders, and that a proportion of my readers at least may be led by my remarks to look a little more closely into that glorious and profoundly absorbing panorama which nature unfolds, free of charge, before our eyes every morning. Barnum's show, indeed! Why, nature can give Mr. Barnum, his heirs, executors, and assignees, ninety-nine points in every game, and "beat him, easy"!



12.—COMMON STICK-INSECT, LOST AMONG THE THICKET OF TWIGS WHICH HE IMITATES.

Illustrated Interviews.

LXIII. — M. VASILI VERESTCHAGIN.

BY ARTHUR MEE.



VERESTCHAGIN and war are diametrical opposites — irreconcilable antagonisms. Nobody who knows him can think of M. Verestchagin as a warrior. Judging from his countenance, you might mistake him for a professor, deeply versed in science, or perhaps theology, and after five minutes' conversation with him you might be pardoned for supposing that he is the President of the Peace Society. Everything about him is anti-military — his pleasant face, his homely manner, his friendly disposition towards all men, his perfect frankness, his devotion to the most peaceful of all the arts. Yet but for war M. Verestchagin might have been an unknown painter in Moscow, painting the portraits of Russian noblemen, and painting them well, but he could hardly have made the reputation he now enjoys as the greatest military painter of the nineteenth century. Nobody will object to that designation more strongly than M. Verestchagin himself, but of that more anon.

The study of biography, in all countries and in all ages, suggests an interesting reflection. How many great careers might have been lost to the world, or have been diverted into utterly different channels, if children had always obeyed their parents in all things! Luther would never have been a preacher, Handel would never have been a composer, and Verestchagin would never have been a painter. Instead, he might have been a victorious general in the army

of the Czar. But young Verestchagin was something of a diplomatist even at fourteen, and he effected a compromise between his own inclinations and the desire of his parents by entering the naval school and studying painting at the same time. The rule that you cannot do two things at once and do both well did not hold good in his case, for he left the naval school as its head scholar, first among sixty boys, and he had not long to wait for his silver medal at the Academy of Fine Arts. Had he remained in the school and become a naval marine officer, as his parents desired, his name would no doubt have shone brilliantly on the pages of Russian naval history, but that would have been poor compensation for the loss by the world of some of its greatest paintings.

The silver medal was a source of great encouragement to the young artist, who determined from that time to devote himself to the art he loved. His father was a rich landowner, who had never dreamed that his son would be a mere painter, and his mother thought him mad "to give up such

a grand career to paint pictures!" But the desire to become a great painter was too deep-rooted in the lad to be eradicated by scoffing, even when the scoffs came from his own father and mother, and Vasili Verestchagin worked with his pencil and brush for sixteen hours a day. He had begun his life-work, and a few years later, after travelling, pencil in hand, in the Caucasus, Verestchagin found himself in Paris.

The artist still delights to recall these early



M. VASILI VERESTCHAGIN (PRESENT DAY).
From a Photo. by E. Bieber, Hamburg.

days. "Who sent you to me?" asked Gérôme, when Verestchagin applied for admission to the Beaux Arts. "Your paintings," replied the applicant, and no more questions were asked. Verestchagin showed his pluck the first day by breaking through the "fagging" traditions of the school. It was the joy of the students to humiliate a "new man," and Verestchagin was not at first exempted from the rule. But instead of submitting he played carelessly with a pocket revolver when the first degrading order was given, and the students ordered him about no more. Verestchagin returned home after three years in Paris, and it was then that he saw war for the first time. It was in 1867, when the Russians sent an army into Central Asia to punish the marauding Turcomans.

"I went with General Kauffmann, as an artist," M. Verestchagin told me, "but I was obliged to take part, and I tasted the horrors of war for the first time. It was at Samarcand, a town captured by our army, you remember, in 1868. I was one of five hundred imprisoned within the walls of the city, and outside was a wild army of twenty thousand barbarians. To surrender would have been to sign our own sentence of death, and we kept them out for eight days and nights. Then, at last, the fierce, unequal struggle came to an end. The savage horde, setting fire to the great gate, rushed into the town across the flames. I can never forget the ferocious heads of these savages,



M. VERESTCHAGIN (AGE 12 YEARS).
From a Photo.

the red light on the bayonets of our soldiers, and the monotonous orders of our officers for the firing of our only gun. How they yelled and fought amid the flames! But General Kauffmann fortunately came up in time, and the fortress was delivered."

In thus modestly telling the story of this gallant exploit, M. Verestchagin forgot to mention that he spent most of those eight days and nights on the battlemented walls, with a revolver in each hand, and that for his part in the defence of Samarcand he received the Cross of St. George, the highest military decoration Russia can bestow.

I asked M. Verestchagin what were his first impressions of war, and his answer throws an unpleasant light on the matter-of-fact way in which the killing of men goes on.

"The business side of war is, from the soldier's point of view, not so horrible as you may imagine. The horror of it breaks upon you gradually. First one man falls wounded,

then another falls dead, and you have not time to reflect. I was horrified to see comrades fall about me, but no sickening feeling came over me as I struck the enemy, though I killed many men. You know what killing bears and tigers is like—war is just like that. It is for your country, and you think of that; and you remember that you will be rewarded for your valour. Certainly, there is excitement, but not more so, I think, than in common sport. I have never known a soldier who, after killing another

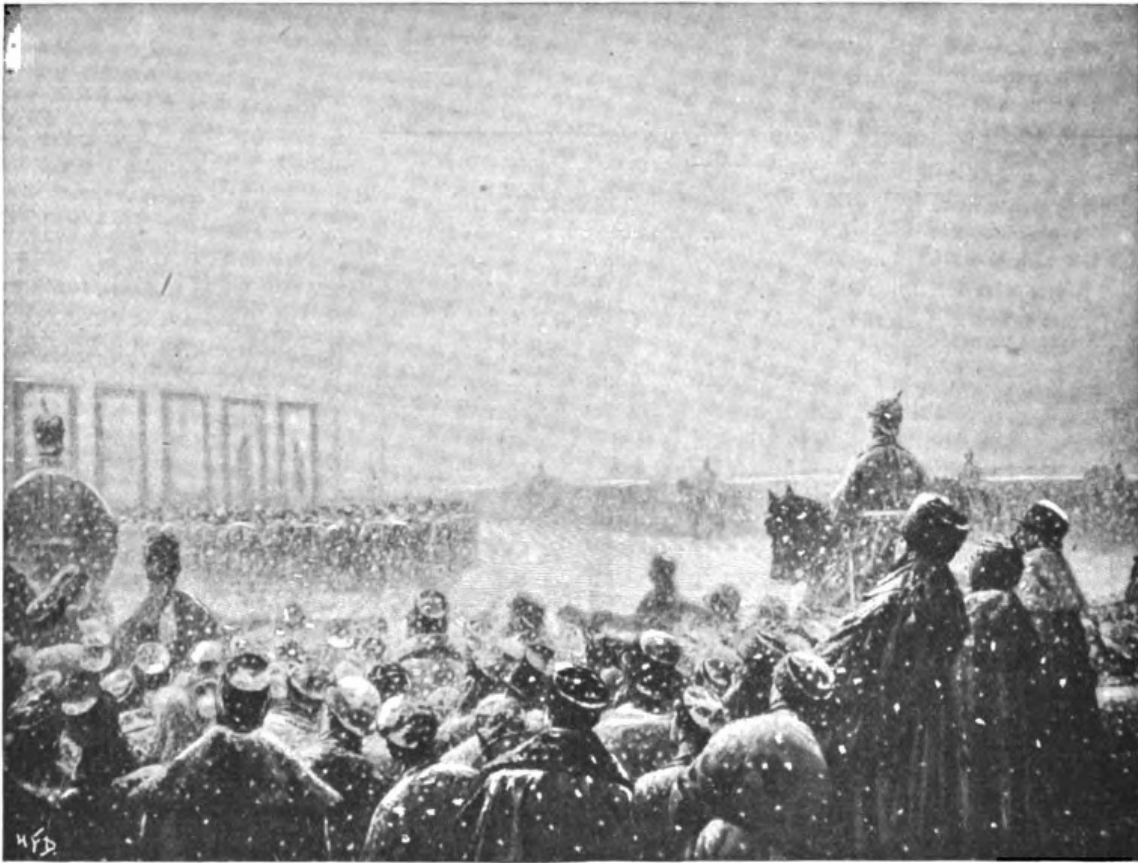


M. VERESTCHAGIN AS A NAVAL STUDENT.
From a Photo.

man, has asked himself, 'What have I done?' The average soldier, on the other hand, would certainly think himself more worthy of reward if he killed ten men than if he killed two."

Though most of us know M. Verestchagin as a painter of pitilessly-realistic war pictures, it is quite a mistake, as he was careful to point out to me, to imagine that he has painted nothing else but military scenes. His first great picture shown in London was "The Opium-Eaters," which was an instant success; and of the hundreds of pictures he

on the battlefield. That is why war attracts me, as it must always attract artists, and authors too. Every hour war brings something new, something never seen before, something outside the range of ordinary human life; it is the reversal of Christianity; and for the artist, the author, and the philosopher, it must always have a supreme interest. But what a foolish game it is! Here, men are being shot down like cattle; there, sisters of mercy are picking them up and trying to heal their wounds. A man no sooner falls than he is taken into the



From the Picture by]

THE EXECUTION OF THE NIHILISTS WHO MURDERED THE LATE CZAR.

[Verestchagin.

has painted, probably less than half have anything to do with battles. Some of his best work, indeed, are paintings of rivers, mountains, and other peaceful scenes, such as his pictures of India and the Holy Land. But it is by his military pictures, nevertheless, that M. Verestchagin has made his European reputation, though he observed, when I touched on the point:—

"I am not a military painter at all. I paint war scenes because they are very interesting. War is the loss of all human sense; under its influence men become animals entirely. The artist looks always for passion, and passion is seen at its height

hospital, where men with broken limbs lie in hundreds or thousands; and while gentle women are tenderly caring for them, assuaging their agony, and lessening, as much as they can, their almost unbearable pain, men are falling like rain not far away. What nonsense! How stupid to wound a man to heal his wound again! The savages are the only logical warriors I know. They kill their enemies and eat them."

There is no need to attempt here a critique of M. Verestchagin's work. His pictures are known wherever art and artists are, and where they are known they are admired. It may perhaps be doubted if any

other artist has achieved such distinction in so many paths. The pictures which have come from his studios during forty years of active work—they number hundreds—are as varied in scene and treatment as they are in size, but one thing may be said of them all—they come “fresh from Nature.” There is no theatrical veil over them. Whether his subject be one of peace or one of war—whether it be the beautiful, placid conception of the Holy Family; the woful, despairing retreat of the Grand Army from Moscow; the field of death; or the peoples, and scenes, and festivals of the Eastern world—the great fact which stands

hot storm of shot fell upon them. But—horror upon horror!—the torpedo *would not go off!* The shot had cut the fuse. Just then Verestchagin felt a sickening sensation, and putting his hand to the place where something had struck him, he found a hole big enough to admit three fingers. He was in danger three months, but he rose from his bed and went through the campaign, witnessing the rush on Constantinople which he has put so magnificently on canvas.

And Verestchagin is as original as he is human. For centuries no artist had penetrated the heart of Asia. The wild life of that vast continent was unknown in pictorial



From the Pictures by]



“ALL QUIET AT SHIPKA.”—THE FATE OF A SENTRY.



[Verestchagin.

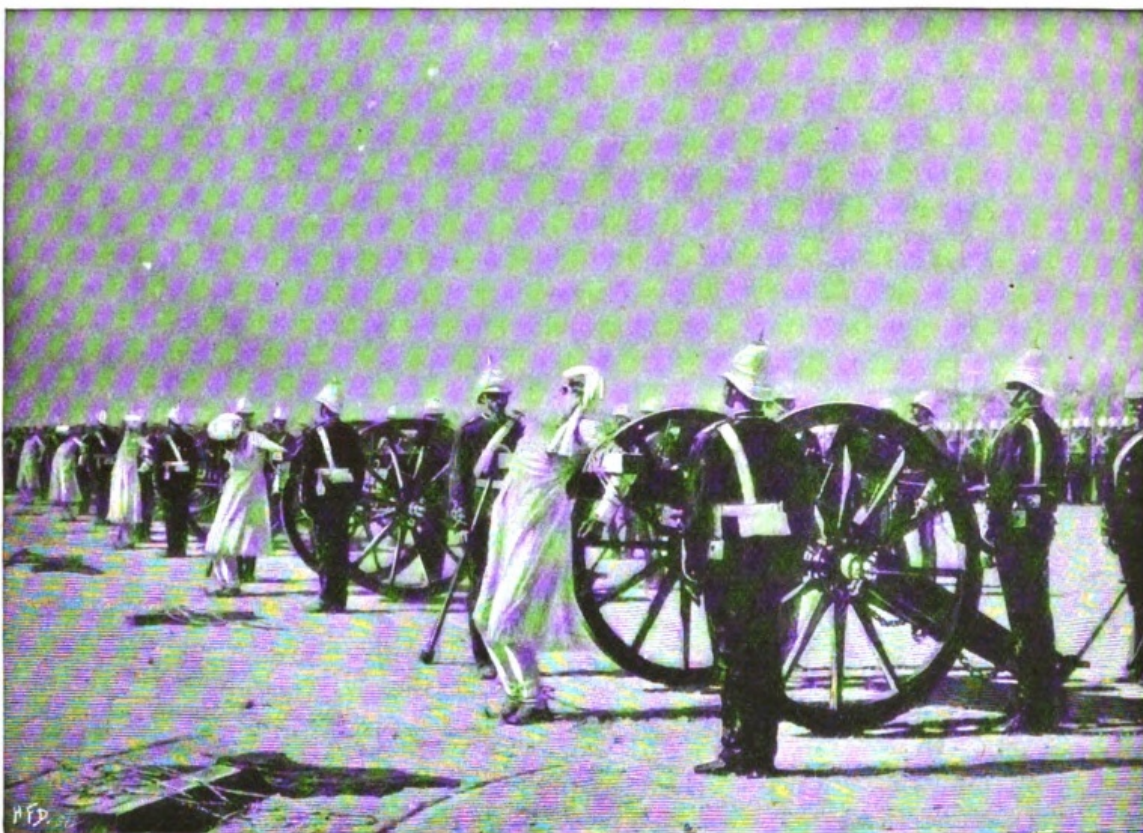
out clearly in Verestchagin's pictures is their vivid, human reality. He is, above all, a great human painter. When, as a student in Paris, Gérôme sent him to the antique, Verestchagin would slip away to Nature. When set to work on Athenian marbles, his pencil would refuse to act, and he would turn to flesh and blood for his models as naturally as the river turns to the sea. When, in the Russo-Turkish War, he wanted to study the effect of a gunboat in the air, he begged to be allowed to accompany the sailors who were to sink a Turkish gunboat on the Danube. It was a perilous task, in which the men carried their lives in their hands, and the officer in command hesitated.

“Russia has hundreds of officers like me, but not two painters like you,” he said.

But Verestchagin insisted, and went. Quietly they stole up to the Turkish craft, but not too quietly for the eyes and ears of the Turkish sentries to discover them. As they thrust the torpedo under the bows, a

art. Verestchagin began his work there. He lifted the veil which no other hand had raised, and painted the faces, the landscapes, the remnants of a decaying civilization, which had never been painted before. How they laughed like children—these types of a passing world—when they saw themselves on canvas! How they cried, too, and ran away fear-stricken that the stranger had something to do with the world to come! India, also, with every element of the picturesque, with human types, and architecture and colour unmatched, perhaps, in the world, Verestchagin discovered for art. He saw the dependency at its best and at its worst, and his “pictorial poem” of Northern India ranks amongst the noblest of his works.

But his war pictures—what can compare with these? What, less than actual war, can fill us with such sickening horror? That pyramid of human skulls raised up in the desert dedicated to “all conquerors, past, present, and to come.” Those prisoners of



From the Picture by]

"PRISONERS OF THE INDIAN MUTINY BLOWN FROM GUNS."

[Verestchagin.

the Indian Mutiny, their faces writhed with unutterable pain, blown by British soldiers from British guns! Those dying men who have spilt their blood for their country's weal, with their last glance to heaven darkened by hungry vultures hovering overhead, waiting for a meal! And what can surpass, in tragic despair, his picture of Napoleon in the peasant's hut?—"for a whole day he sits in a peasant's hut, thinking, thinking, but never speaking a word to the expectant marshals who await his orders." Verestchagin has painted Napoleon as the Emperor has never been painted before.

"I have painted him as a man," he told me. "He is Napoleon still, but he is also a man, not half God as he is generally represented to be. I have not painted him like a king in his carriage, wearing a smart uniform. I have seen the Emperor painted in a smart pelisse of silk and fur, with stylish openings, and depicted thus on his Russian campaign. But it is absurd: he would have been frozen to the lungs. The fact is that Napoleon wore a long, plain pelisse and a Samoyede hat, and he did not ride, but walked with his men because the army grumbled at the comfort of his carriage. There are fifteen pictures in the Napoleon series, which took me eight years to paint. I began them in Paris, but

could not get on with them there. I must have the Russian snows about me, the Russian winter. So I packed up my luggage and went home to Moscow, where, in my own house, which stands on a hill, I finished the work amid snows such as are never seen in England, but which bathe Moscow in a sheet of white to-day as they did in 1812."

"Your intimate knowledge of Russia, and especially of Moscow, must have been of great assistance to you in painting these pictures?"

"Quite so; and it may interest you to know that I spent a whole year in reading up the history of the time in Paris, and read every book on the subject that I could get hold of. I have taken no notice of the official history of the war. I know too much about official history to think it of much value. I know that if official history says 2,000 were killed, the truth is that the number was nearer 500. I was exceedingly fortunate with the picture representing the burning of Moscow. Whilst I was engaged upon it an awful fire broke out at Brest-Litopsk. I packed up my canvas and other materials and hurried off to the burning city, of which I obtained a fine view. It was a terrible spectacle—just another such a fire as Moscow must have made—and I had no

difficulty in working the effects into my Moscow picture."

What is the secret of Verestchagin's success as a painter? If one were asked to answer such a question in one short phrase, one could not help saying: "His love of Truth." As the true author holds the mirror up to Nature, so, says Verestchagin, the true artist will paint the real and not the artificial. He has rarely painted anything that he has not seen, and, having seen it, he has painted it exactly as it is. All thoughts of conventionalism are hushed in his studio.

"What will they say if you paint Napoleon like that?"

"I have nothing to do with what they say: I paint Napoleon as he was."

And in that spirit of fidelity to truth Verestchagin has done all his work. He has made himself unpopular; he brought down upon him the whole weight of the Roman Church in Austria; he has offended the military caste: but these things are nothing to him.

"My great desire as an artist and a man is to paint things as they are. As a child, when I saw anything great and noble, I was anxious to give others the same impression of it as it made upon me. And now, as a man, that desire still prevails. If you ask me, as a man, if I like war, I say—No; but, as an artist, I want to give other people the same impression of war as I had when I took part in it. You have seen among my pictures some great mountains in the Caucasus—Kasbeck, for instance. This mountain made a strong impression upon me, and I want my picture to make exactly the same impression upon you."

Vol. xvii.—51

"That is the artist's gift?"

"Exactly. How I make you feel the same impression on looking at the picture as I felt on looking at the mountain, at the war—there is the secret. That is the test of the artist. There was a good French artist, named Neuville, who painted the pictures of one of your Ashantee wars. His pictures are very good, but they do not impress you as the war would have done. They are not real. They have a theatrical veil over them. Why? Because the artist did not see the war. He had not studied the

country. He did not know its people, its landscapes, and the artist must know all these before he can make a realistic picture. Who are the English soldiers in Neuville's pictures? French models in English clothes. Who are the native soldiers? They, too are French negroes, clothed in their native garb. No artist can paint war as it is without going to war itself for his model, and the same rule applies to everything else. In war every army has its own peculiarities. The English move very slowly; the French very quickly. A

Frenchman was once arrested in India as an English spy. The natives protested that he was English, and he was brought before the Maharajah. When the council was over the Maharajah declared that the man could not be English because he moved twenty times in his chair while he was being examined, and no Englishman, he said, would do that! The Italian soldier moves like a cat. No Englishman would make such a movement, so that if an Italian painted an English soldier without close study, the result would be very comical. If



From a] VERESTCHAGIN PAINTING A PICTURE OF NAPOLEON. [Photo.



"THE RESURRECTION." (THIS PICTURE WAS AFTERWARDS DESTROYED, OWING TO HOSTILE CRITICISM.)

From the Picture by Verestchagin.

you would paint a real picture, you must see the real thing. Otherwise your picture may be admirable fiction, but it is not truth."

"But an artist must have imagination?"

"Certainly. No artist can do without it. You do not suppose my pictures are exactly as I see them? But I don't allow imagina-

tion to go very far, so that you do not see where it ends, or where it begins."

Nobody can say that in urging the importance of fidelity to the real in art, M. Verestchagin is preaching what he does not practise. He spent a whole year, as already remarked, in reading, before he dipped his brush to

paint Napoleon. "Where did you get that dress?" asked the admiring French artists, and Verestchagin was able to reply, triumphantly, "Out of your libraries." When he wanted to make some sketches in the Himalayas, he climbed the highest mountain but one in the world to study the effects of snow and cloud. They were six when they left the foot of the mountain; when they had climbed 15,000ft. they were only two—Verestchagin and his wife. So frightful was the ascent that even the coolies had left them. When they had reached 15,000ft. they could get no higher. With no other human soul near, and their limbs half frozen, they struggled desperately for life, and then Verestchagin left his wife alone, three miles from the foot of the mountain. He was going for food or help, but neither expected to see the other again. Happily the artist met the coolie who had last left them, returning with food and aid. They were both ill, but as soon as he had recovered Verestchagin took out his colour-box and made some capital sketches of Himalayan effects.

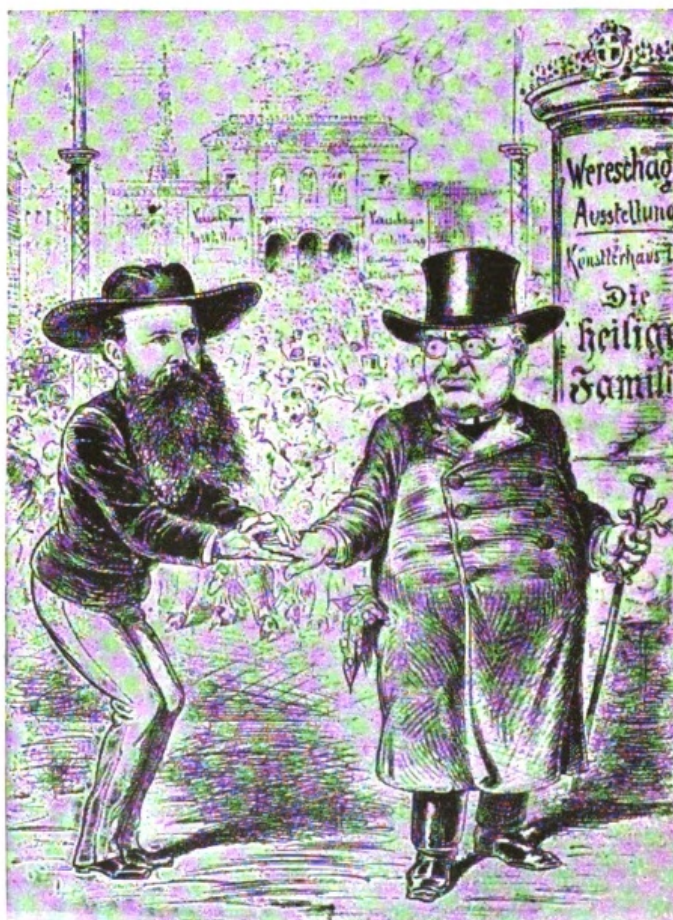
Verestchagin's religious pictures are another illustration of his devotion to truth and his hatred of mere conventionalism. I asked him to tell me the story of his famous picture, "The Resurrection."

"I was compelled to destroy the picture," he said, "owing to its hostile reception in Vienna. I found, when I was in the Holy Land, that the tomb in which the body of Christ was possibly laid was very low—as all tombs are, indeed, in Palestine. It was impossible for our Saviour to have walked out of the tomb upright, and I represented Him stooping, as He must have done. This offended the priests in Vienna, and a great outcry arose against the picture. I was asked to take it down, but refused to do so. The Archbishop of Vienna wrote a hostile letter, and one Sunday a special service was advertised to be held in the cathedral at which I was to be denounced. Thousands assembled, and a special prayer was offered for me, and a special hymn, composed for the occasion, was sung. Pamphlets, condemning the picture, were distributed in the streets in thousands. Had there been any irreverence in the picture, I would have yielded to this demonstration

of public feeling, but there was no suggestion of that. I had visited the Holy Land especially to prepare these religious pictures, and I painted exactly what I found there. I had done the work in a very reverent spirit, and was determined not to sacrifice it to the unreasoning prejudice of the priests. But one day somebody threw vitriol over the picture, and as the damage was irreparable, I destroyed it altogether. Objection was also taken to my picture, 'The Holy Family,' because I painted Jesus Christ amongst His brothers and sisters; but, though an attempt was made to destroy it, the picture was saved by its frame. Many people objected, too, to my picture of John the Baptist as a fakir."

"Have any of your war pictures been objected to?"

"I have been told many times that I ought not to paint the awful side of war so vividly. When I first exhibited my pictures in Russia, people would not believe that they were faithful works of art. They were accustomed to see war pictures of a very



"THANK YOU, ARCHBISHOP."

A cartoon published in Vienna during the excitement caused by Verestchagin's pictures, showing the artist thanking the Archbishop of Vienna for forbidding the people to visit his exhibition.

different kind : a magnificent army in handsome uniform, with banners waving and bands playing as the troops rush down on the enemy, and everything suggestive of victory and peace ; and when, instead, they saw men writhing in agony, torn limb from limb, mangled and bleeding — when they saw headless bodies and arms and legs strewn about the field, and dying men crushed by horses falling over them ; when they saw their heroes bleeding to death and dying of fever and want, they said : ‘This

to come — he gave strict orders in this way. A number of them were to have come together one day, but Moltke ordered them to stay away, and they did so. He was a charming man at home, and he and I were very friendly, but he thought such pictures were not for soldiers to see.

“Some of my Russian pictures have been objected to for very curious reasons. Years ago I painted a Russian regiment in retreat, which roused considerable feeling in Russia, where the military men said that Russian



From the Picture by]

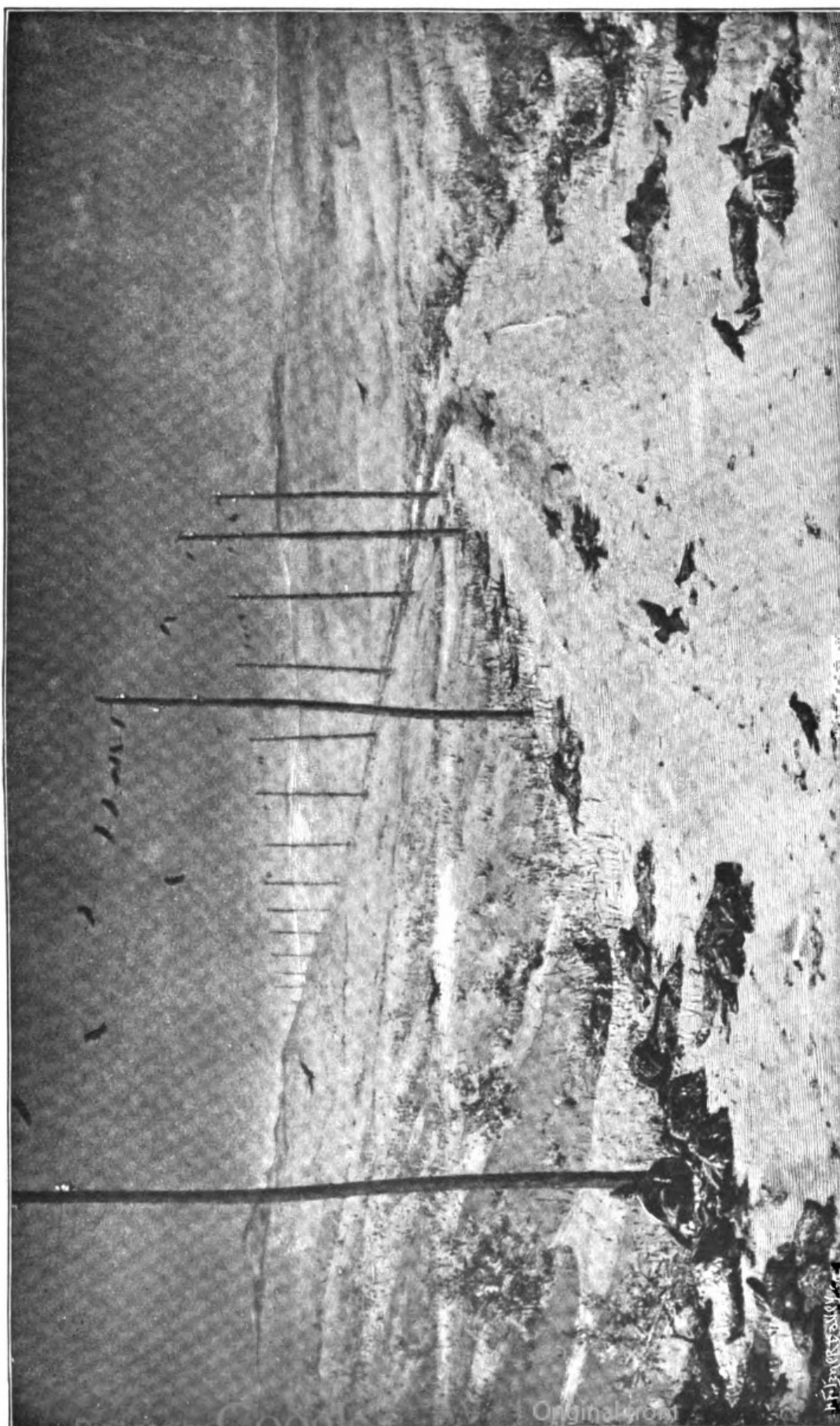
“THE HOLY FAMILY.”

[Verestchagin.

is not true ; this is not war.’ They did not like war in all its naked horror. The late Czar was very angry with me for painting war in such frightful colours. He thought the people ought not to know anything of the worst side of fighting. He was a man of peace, but he was also a soldier, and like all military men he thought that such pictures were not good for the people to see.

“Moltke, whom I knew well, came many times to my exhibitions in Berlin, and was delighted with the pictures. He was the first military man to patronize my exhibition. But he would not allow the soldiers

soldiers should never show their backs ! The feeling was so strong that I burned the painting. That was not the first time, nor the last, that I gave way to public feeling and destroyed an offending picture. There was a picture of a Russian soldier who had been left on the field to die, and the wild birds were hovering over him, while underneath was the one word, ‘Forgotten !’ That created some feeling among the soldiers, though they knew as well as I know that such incidents, horrifying as they seem when painted, are quite common in war. Another picture which I destroyed in disgust through an outburst of unpopular feeling was a



[Veretchnin.]

"THE ROAD TO PLEVNA."

From the Picture by

picture of some Russian soldiers smoking their pipes in the midst of their dead comrades. I remember, too, that when I painted Alexander II. sitting on a camp-stool watching the attack on Plevna, many military men were horrified that the Czar might see it. Fancy an Emperor sitting on a stool!"

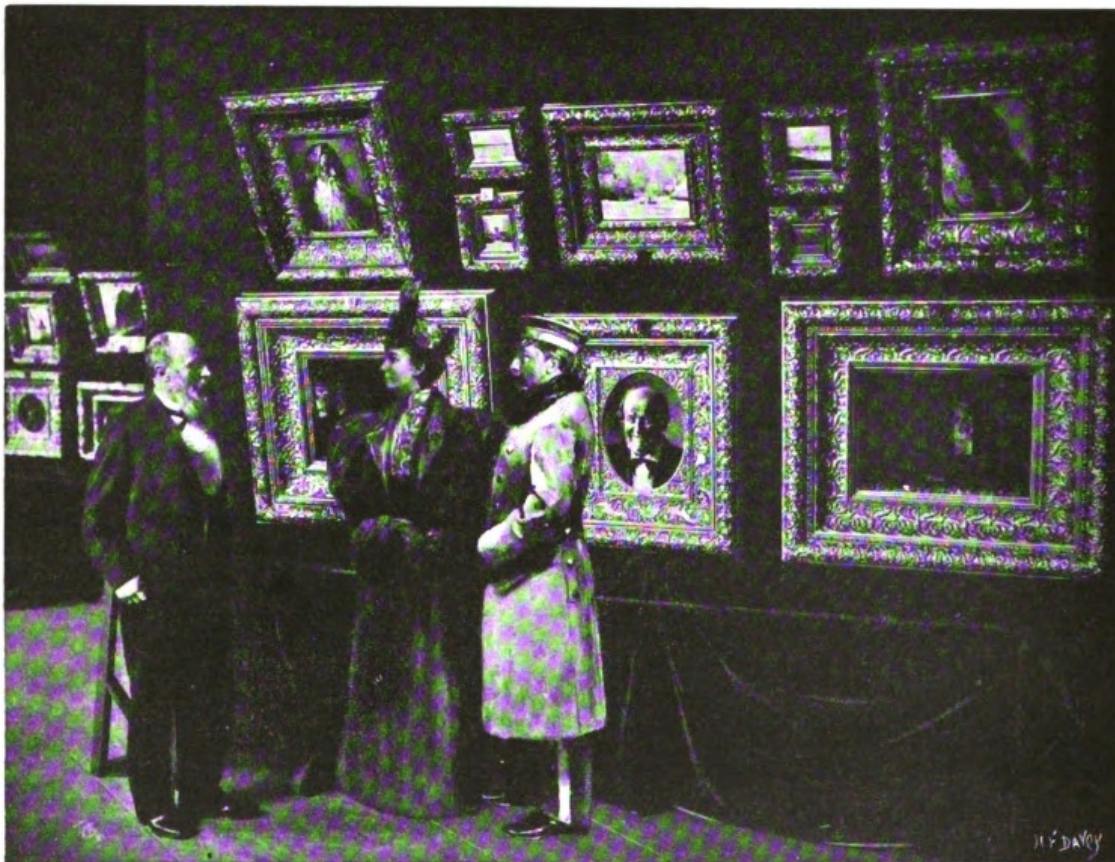
Many of the most famous men of our day have visited M. Verestchagin's exhibitions. When the artist was in Berlin, the Emperor and Empress of Germany went to see the pictures. "What did the Kaiser say?" I asked M. Verestchagin.

"He remained some time, and looked very earnestly at the pictures of Napoleon," said

who want to govern the world; but they will all end like this.' The Emperor assured me that he believed Napoleon wore a huge handkerchief over his head while on the march, and he was so pleased with the pictures that he invited me to the Parade the next day. I asked him if he himself painted, and he said, 'Yes,' and he remarked, too, before going away, that 'Pictures like these are our best guarantees against war.'

"Your pictures appear to inspire everybody with a horror of war. Do you paint them for that purpose?"

"My only purpose in painting a picture is to show you what I saw myself. I try to show



From a

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS VISITING M. VERESTCHAGIN IN HIS STUDIO.

[Photo.

the artist. "One of them represents the Retreat. The army is marching along the great high road, anger and dismay on every face. Napoleon goes on in front. His course has been checked: Moscow, on which he had built so many hopes, was burnt to the ground; his army is hungry, cold, and discontented; and there is a look of unfathomable grief on his face. It is a picture of Greatness in Despair. It was on this picture that the Emperor gazed intently for a while, and then, turning away, he said, 'And in spite of that there will still be men

you the truth; what you will see in that truth is your business, not mine. I am not making war against war. I show you war as it is, and leave you to draw your own conclusions. You see what meaning you like in the pictures. I have put no hidden meaning there. It is simply a great fact, from which you make what deduction you please. If you are a military man, you will say, on looking at my pictures, 'Ah! that is charming; what a glorious time they had!' If you are a civilian you will perhaps say, 'How dreadful it is! Why do men kill men like swine?'

But what you say has nothing to do with me. I am satisfied to represent the truth."

"Has the Czar seen your pictures?"

"No. The Emperor of Austria saw them in Vienna. He was much interested in the pictures of Plevna, and after looking at them some time, he said, 'What horrible misery there is in war!' The Prince of Wales has often been to see me. He gave me a sitting in Paris, when I painted His Royal Highness on an elephant on his entry into India. The Prince was just coming from India as I left. He seemed fond of my pictures, and was much struck with two Tibetan dogs I had at the time. He had brought two from India, and he said he thought we were the only men in Europe who possessed such animals. Tourgénéieff, the great Russian novelist, was an old friend of mine, and so was Alexandre Dumas, the younger. Dumas was in my studio once when a lady asked his advice about two famous pictures she had. She could not make up her mind whether to sell them or not, and she consulted Dumas. 'My good lady,' said he, 'while you have these pictures you are an interesting personality; if you sell them you will be nobody. Keep them.'"

M. Verestchagin's home is in Moscow, where he lives with his wife and his three young children. But he does much of his work in Paris, and at one time had a studio in Munich. His home at Maisons-Laffitte, within easy reach from Paris, is a charming place in the clearing of a wood, and his studio there is perhaps the largest studio in the world. It is 100ft. long by 50ft. wide, and the door is 23ft. high, one window being 40ft. by 27ft. When at work here, M. Verestchagin—a tall, well-built man—is a mere speck amidst the great canvases which stand about, and every word spoken echoes back again. The walls are hung with things which bring back

the memory of the artist's travels in India, China, Palestine, and Central Asia, and there is here, too, a wonderful moving studio in which the artist may often be seen working. It is built on the model of a similar studio in which M. Verestchagin worked in Munich in the earlier years of his career, and is 33ft. square.

"If you are to paint open-air scenes, your models must stand in the open," says M. Verestchagin, and to enable this to be done he designed this studio on wheels, running on a circular tramway and opening to the sun on the side nearest the centre of the circle, where the model stands. It



From a]

M. VERESTCHAGIN IN HIS STUDIO AT MOSCOW.

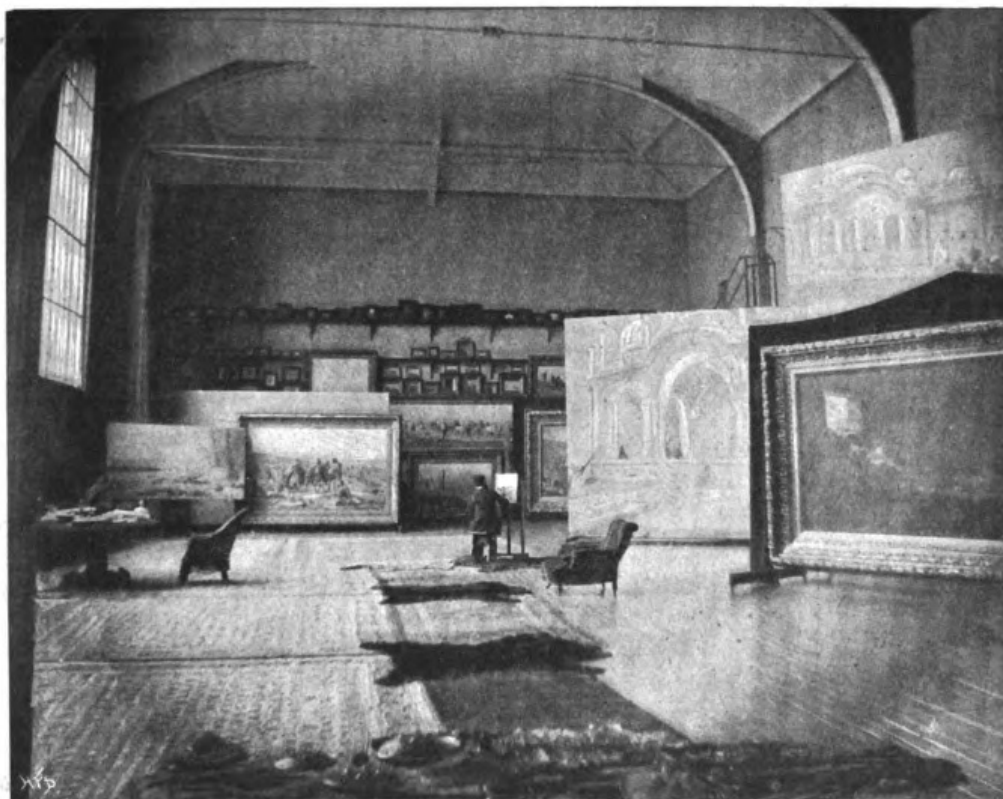
[Photo.

is, in fact, a big box, in which the artist works under cover while the model is in the full glare of day, and which can, by a simple mechanical arrangement, be made to follow the shifting light. Here, and at his studio in Moscow, the whole of M. Verestchagin's pictures have been painted.

"I paint very slowly," he said, when I asked him to give me an idea of his methods of working. "When I was younger I used to rise at six and paint for sixteen hours a day, but I am getting lazy now, and rarely work more than eight. You can put me down as a believer in an eight hours' day. I have always been willing to give up all my time to painting. People sometimes ask me why I paint so

much. Why does a mother love her child? Tell me that, and I will tell you why I paint. Sometimes an idea occurs to me which I persistently resist. I say to myself, 'I won't paint that picture.' But the idea haunts me. I dream about it, and at last I paint the picture because I cannot help painting it. At the end of the day I spend my leisure with my family, my wife being a musician, or go out to a concert. But there are times when I give up these things. Sometimes I cannot get on with my work, and it gives me great pain. When my

popularity in England. His novel based on the Russo-Turkish War—where, by the way, one of his brothers was killed—was published in England many years ago, and he has lately added another to his English works: "1812—Napoleon in Russia," in which all who admire his pictures cannot fail to be greatly interested. The work involved some years of preparation, and just as M. Verestchagin's pictures reveal Napoleon in a new light, his book tells us much about the great Emperor which is new. As a work of history it is of great value, throwing new light on many old



From a]

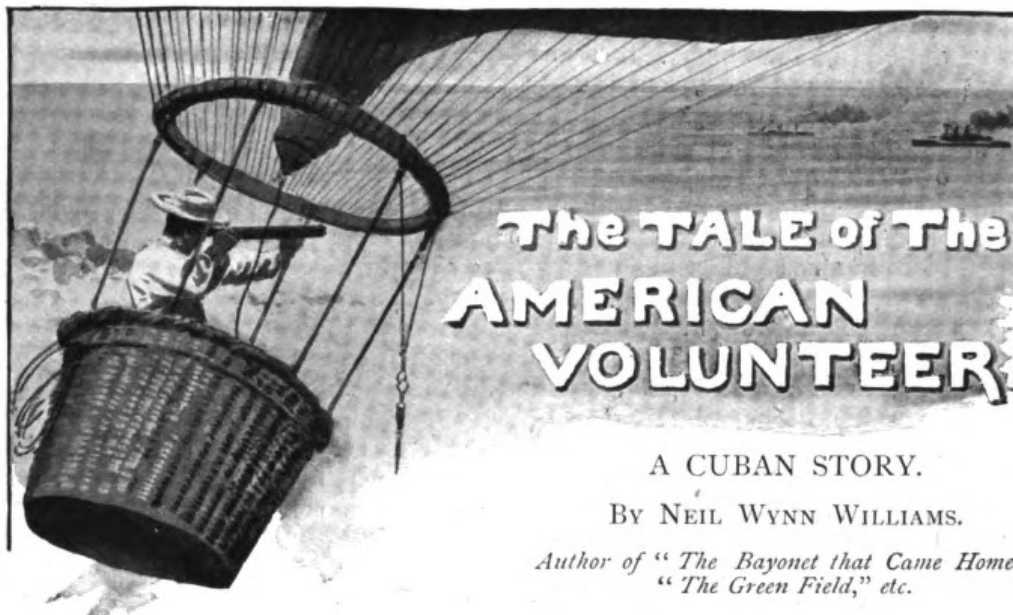
M. VERESTCHAGIN'S STUDIO NEAR PARIS.

[Photo.

work is not going well, I am not a man. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. You might take me and throw me from the window. I am a man again when things go right, as they do after a while; but you mustn't come near me when I am unfortunate!"

But in spite of unfortunate periods and distressing moods, M. Verestchagin has managed to get through an astonishing amount of work during his fifty-six years of life. He has taken part in two wars, has travelled in nearly every land, and has written several books. He is not perhaps widely known as an author, but he has written one or two volumes which have attained some

subjects, and it is also interesting as an evidence of the versatility of Verestchagin's genius. And, besides all this work, he has painted so much that he was once seriously accused of declaring other artists' work to be his own. No single man, it was said in Munich, could paint such a number and such a variety of pictures. But the inquiry committee instituted by the Munich Society of Arts declared the charge to be as unfounded as it was base. The slanderers did not know Verestchagin. They could not know that he would rather daub every picture he has painted than paint a falsehood.



The TALE of The AMERICAN VOLUNTEER

A CUBAN STORY.

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

Author of "The Bayonet that Came Home,"
"The Green Field," etc.



I. HE table was long and narrow. It ran from end to end of the cabin. We—a double row of naval officers—were just seating ourselves upon either side of its green baize cloth. Our glances turned restlessly towards the head of the table. The Admiral sat there. His face was exceptionally stern. Why had he summoned us?

We were ready. The Admiral leant back in his chair. He said something in a low tone to the orderly standing stiffly by his side. The latter quitted the cabin, closing the door carefully behind him. We were alone.

There was a moment's respectful silence, broken only by the wash of the waves under the open port-holes. Then the Admiral began to explain.

I grew restless as I listened. My face felt hot. He had scarcely finished when I rose to my feet.

"I volunteer. I'll take the risks, sir," I said, loudly, eagerly.

There was a murmur from the double row of officers. They looked at

me with disapproval. I swept my glance fiercely from face to face.

But the Admiral addressed me.

"You fully understand, Lieutenant Saul?" he said, inquiringly. "If you should be taken, you run every chance of being shot by the Spaniards as a spy."

"I do, sir. But I take the risks," I repeated, firmly.

We were officers of the United States fleet,



"I VOLUNTEER," I SAID, EAGERLY.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

then blockading the Port of Havana in Cuba. The Admiral had not concealed the dangers of the service for which I had just volunteered. It required me to cut free or destroy the captive balloon that could be seen from our decks at any hour of the day poised over Havana. This balloon had been supplying the Spaniards with valuable information about our movements and the movements of our allies—the Cuban insurgents. So far as a month back, the latter had undertaken to destroy it. But the Cubans are like the Spaniards. Their motto is "To-morrow." And the Admiral had determined to wait no longer. His plan of action was simple. A boat from the fleet should secretly land a volunteer disguised as a Cuban reconcentrado, or refugee. After that, it would be the volunteer's own business how he got rid of the balloon.

It had scarcely required the Admiral's explanations to point out to me the extreme danger of the service which I was undertaking. I possessed a certain colloquial command of Spanish. I had once stayed for some months in Havana. These were points in my favour. But then I had to make my way through a hostile town in the disguise of a Cuban. I must be shot as a spy if I were discovered.

And supposing I safely arrived at the balloon! Presumably, it would have a guard. I should have to scheme, act, and finally—to *escape*.

"You fully understand, Lieutenant Saul?" the Admiral had said, inquiringly.

I did—I did understand the risks. And if the service had been twice as dangerous, I would have undertaken it. Listen! With bitterness in my heart, I will whisper to you why. In America, the negro and the half-caste are not upon an equality with the white. There is a social gulf between them. They do not eat, they do not even travel together. An enemy had spread the report that I had black blood in me. It was a lie; it could not be proved. Nevertheless, my brother officers believed in it. If gallantry could crush the lying rumours that were robbing me of all friendship, gallantry should do it. Now you will understand why, when the boat took me ashore, they let me go with never a hand-shake.

It was midnight when I quitted the fleet. Day was breaking as I entered Havana. Soon a pearly grey of the heavens was changing into azure, and the light had grown strong enough for me to see the form of the balloon

brooding high over the city. But the sight was a disappointment. It proved farther away from me than I had expected. I could not see the rope which held it poised above a mass of red roofs and green trees. I walked forwards rapidly, taking now this street, now another; but always trending towards the balloon as it appeared to me between or over the houses—through or over a tree. Doors opened. People came forth. I met their glances. When they addressed me, I returned their greetings. Once, there was a scream; and, forgetting all, I ran forwards.

"There! There! Let me see, little one," I urged, coaxingly.

"But what is it, then?" said the mother, running from her doorway, with terrified eyes.

"He fell. He tripped," I said. "See! his nose bleeds." And I took out a rag, such as a Cuban carries, to stanch the little one's face.

"Ah! Ah! See the good man's tenderness," cried the grateful mother, as the husband came forth.

I was hungry.

"You ask me!" I said.

"We do!" And their voices caressed me together in their Spanish.

It was so, with a blessing, that I took my first food in Havana.

The boat had landed me upon the east of the city. The balloon hung above the confines of the west. I did not know my road clearly till I had reached the great streets of the centre. Some hours passed before I arrived at the summit of a small hill. A short incline of glaring white road ran down before me to the cool shadow of an archway. The elevation upon which I stood was sufficient for me to look over some red-tiled roofs into a square courtyard behind. The balloon was retained immediately above this by a great cable attached to a winch. While I was observing, two Spanish soldiers dressed in blue tunics and white trousers appeared from under the eaves of the one-storied building surrounding the yard, and seated themselves upon a bench by the side of the winch. Rolling cigarettes, they began to smoke. Presently the taller one of the two yawned, looking upwards. I followed his glance to the bulging mass of the balloon above. There was a glitter of brass moving restlessly upon the edge of the car. I thought that I understood. The prospect was being swept with a telescope.

I descended the hill uncertainly. The leaves of a great wooden door closed the archway. I peered through the interstices of the planks. As I reflected I grew suddenly fearful, remembering that I might be observed from the balloon above. The thought drove me on in the shadow from the whitewashed wall of the building. I passed indeterminately by some wooden-shuttered windows—I turned an angle. Here I saw a ruined cottage, whose door gaped like a broken jaw—whose shattered roof had sunk feebly for support against one side of the buildings inclosing the courtyard. It was my opportunity. I entered it swiftly for concealment.

The silence of the deserted cottage was soothing. A bird hopping up upon a window-sill gave me its company. In a little while my nerve had come back, and I determined to approach the soldiers with an excuse that should gain admission for me into the yard. Once there I would seek my opportunity to cut loose the balloon, and afterwards—if Heaven protected me from the rifles—to escape.

One of the soldiers appeared to my knock at the wooden door of the archway.

* I began to speak rapidly.

The soldier's glance wandered over the rags of my disguise. It was evident that I was a beggarly refugee. His eyes hesitated between pity and disgust. Then the door began to close.

"Listen! For pity's sake, listen, Senhor!" I urged.

While he again hesitated, I came closer to him, so that the rudeness of closing the door against my very person would be necessary. He turned his head. "Juan!" he shouted, in perplexity, to his comrade.

The soldier whom I had seen yawning came to his side. There was an explanation between them. They were going to say "No," when a crimson-stained rag, the same with which I had stanchd a child's blood earlier in the day, fell from my breast to the ground.

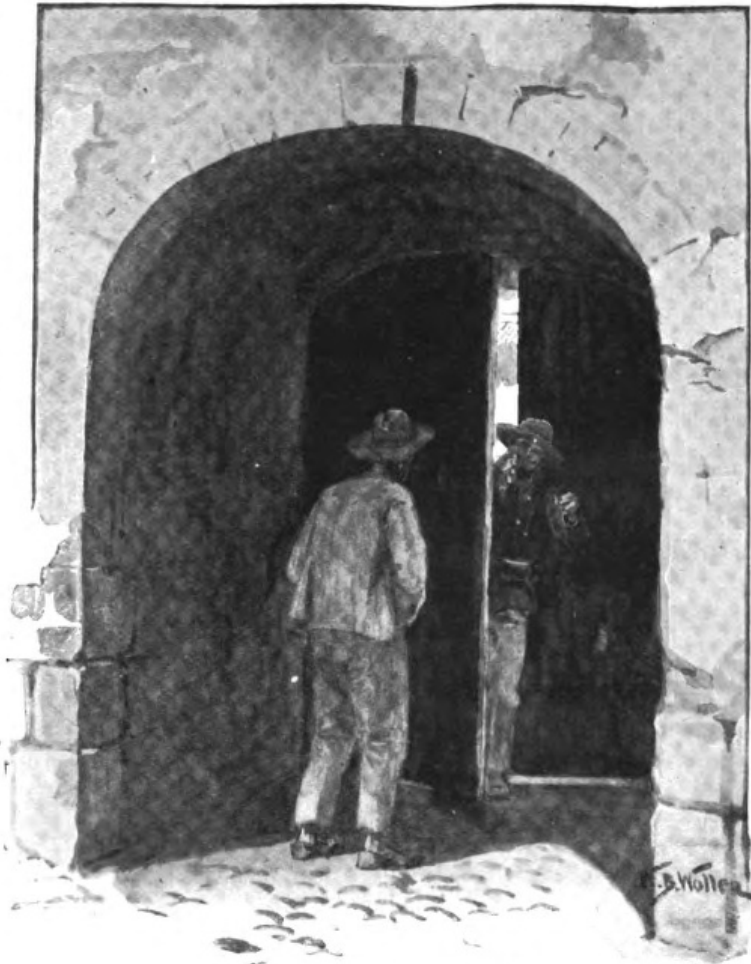
"See, Juan," said the first soldier, pitifully,

thinking that it was my blood, "the poor devil has a consumption. He has been spitting blood from the lungs."

I affected to cough hollowly, miserably, placing a hand to my chest. The soldiers drew back, and allowed me to enter the courtyard.

I had told the soldiers that I would work for them, if they would but give to me a crust of bread and a shelter for the coming night. They accepted my story of myself. There appeared no suspicion in their minds as they took me into one of the buildings where was an apparatus to make the gas replenishments of the balloon. "You will do this and this," they said.

And they went lazily away to smoke cigarettes upon the bench by the great winch.



"LISTEN! FOR PITY'S SAKE."

For two hours I worked steadily at filling a tank with steel shavings, that it might be ready for the acid and water that would later be poured in. Then one of the soldiers called me to them. They were going to take bread and wine. I was to

have my share. "Sit you here," they said, their bayonet scabbards rattling against the bench, as they pushed along to make room for me.

We ate. We chatted. When I was ordered back to my work I had gained knowledge. The thick rope that retained the balloon in position had a strand of wire interwoven. It would be impossible to sever it with one slash of my knife, as had been my hope. I must await the opportunities of the night. I must be prepared to act under cover of darkness, or the soldiers would otherwise have time to shoot or stab me before my object was accomplished. It was a necessity, but this suspense was terrible.

The room where I was working had a window whose shutter opened out amongst the branches of an orange tree. Glancing through the glossy green leaves and by the yellow fruits, I saw messengers occasionally come and go from the soldiers. Once an officer arrived. His appearance alarmed me. But it was soon explained, for the soldiers wound down the balloon, and taking papers from its occupant, gave them to the officer. Afterwards the latter went away with the aerostatic report, perhaps ignorant of my presence, for I had kept very still. A little later, the balloon again ascended. And everything grew quiet!

At eventide the soldiers inspected my work. It was satisfactory. I accompanied them to a shed, where I was to light a fire for an evening meal. They were standing by, watching me, when a step approached us hurriedly. I looked up. A Spanish corporal was advancing towards us from the archway with a blue paper in his hand.

"Who is that coming, Juan?" one of the soldiers asked his comrade. "He is not of Ours," and he looked hard at the approaching corporal.

Juan gazed doubtfully making no reply. A second afterwards the stranger was by our sides, explaining. He was of the 40th Regiment of the Line. He had brought orders from the officer in command of the district.

He held out the blue paper. Juan

took it, and began to read. Presently he raised his eyes.

"Then you are posted here, over us?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the corporal; "the rest of the detail will arrive to-morrow."

"How many?" Juan asked, carelessly, returning the blue paper.

"Ten men and an officer of the 40th," said the corporal, his eyes looking round and meeting mine.

I looked away. There was a pause. Then the corporal spoke again.

"Who are you?" he asked.

I felt that he had addressed *me*. Pretending that I was busy with the fire, I bent lower over it.

"What is he doing here?" said the corporal's voice, and I felt that he pointed at me.

The soldiers explained.

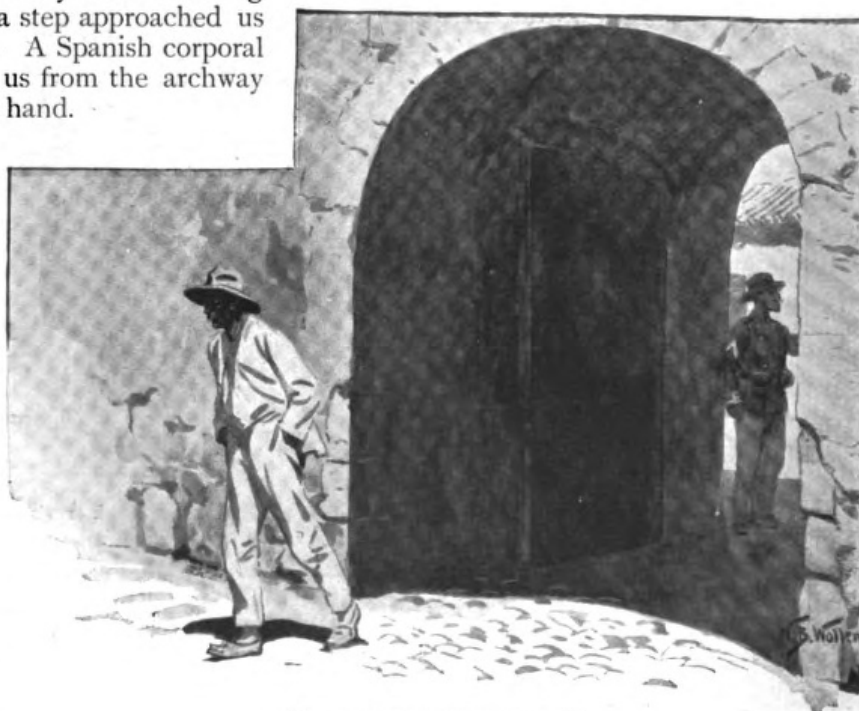
"A beggarly refugee? He must go. It is against orders," said the corporal, roughly.

I looked up and began to plead, cunningly.

"You must go!" said the corporal. "I order it. Quick! March!"

He pointed to the gateway with a stiff finger. Still I endeavoured to excuse myself. But the expression of his sallow face contracted fiercely, his black eyes threatened violence. I was obliged to yield. As I quitted the courtyard by the archway, I heard the loud order of the corporal:—

"Lock the gates! and bring me the key."



"I QUITTED THE COURTYARD."

II.

THERE was an intense silence as I looked into the inky darkness. I doubted whether I were awake or asleep. Where was I? The question with its anxiety made me sit suddenly up. Could you have seen my eyes, they would have been widely open and staring.

A something moved and fell with a springy thud. Immediately afterwards there was an outburst of thin but ferocious squealing, and the blackness stirred with a hurry-scurry. This movement of rats was no sooner recognised than it suggested to me where I was. "S-s-shush!" I hissed, angrily, blaming myself for having slept.

I rose to my feet, moving cautiously over a creaking floor. My hand came into contact with a wall. I traced it—smooth here, rough there—to a doorway through which I passed upon a piled *débris* of wood, brick, and powdery plaster. A fresh air met my face. It blew downwards from a lesser darkness. I began to climb towards the latter. I mounted higher and higher, passing head and shoulders into uncovered night. Then I paused to listen. But all was silent. And presently my knees were feeling under them the rounded channels of a tiled roof as I went higher, higher, till suddenly I looked over its ridge. The courtyard was below me. I was upon the roof of one of its surrounding buildings, to which I had mounted from the deserted cottage. Some twenty yards away I could see a ruddy fire under a shed. There were three bodies lying prostrate in its glare. They were those of the corporal and his two men. They seemed asleep. For the rest, the courtyard was in formless gloom.

I drew my revolver. And how it happened, I do not know; at the same time my Cuban knife fell from its scabbard, and taking one of the little channels of the roof, slipped downwards out of my reach towards the deserted cottage from which I had just climbed. I descended after it. The search occupied some minutes. When I had again attained my former position upon the ridge,

the soldiers were still sleeping. A cold thrill went over me. I was going to descend into the courtyard and remove and secrete their arms. Afterwards, revolver in hand, I would hack through the rope of the balloon or die in the endeavour.

I took the blade of the knife between my teeth and began to slide downwards. Suddenly a rough growth of lichen checked my descent. Endeavouring to drag myself downwards with my heels, a tile broke away; and as it clattered to the ground, I lost my balance and followed a-heap into the courtyard. The noise of the fall was considerable. It seemed impossible but that it must have aroused the soldiers. And yet, after one slight movement of the corporal, there they lay the same as before my descent.

I waited till the storm of my heart had passed. Then, following the wall of the buildings, I approached them closer and closer. At length I was upon the brink of the pool of glare surrounding the fire. If I left the shadow and crossed lightly, silently, to the centre of this, I could seize their arms.

I held my breath. Then I advanced on tip-toe, my eyes upon the three men. I was, perhaps, two yards from them when—

"Halt!" said a voice, in a hoarse whisper. "Or I shoot you."

And suddenly raising himself upon an elbow as he lay between the two soldiers, the corporal levelled a rifle at me. The action



"THE CORPORAL LEVELLED A RIFLE AT ME."

was like the sudden uprearing of a poisonous snake. I drew back spasmodically.

Revolver to rifle, we looked at one another.

"You are for the insurgents?" inquired the corporal. "A spy, maybe?"

"Speak lower! If you rouse those others, I'll fire," was my desperate reply.

"Answer!" ordered the corporal, whispering.

"I am a Yankee," I said.

The expression of the corporal's face changed.

"We are friends," he said, abruptly. "What! You doubt me? See here, then. These men are dead. I have stabbed them to the heart."

And, lowering his rifle, he rolled the soldiers over so that I could see the death in their faces.

I soon understood. The corporal was an insurgent in disguise. The District orders which he had presented to the dead soldiers had been expressly forged so that he might have an opportunity to cut free the balloon. At first taking me for what I had seemed—a non-combatant refugee likely to complicate his purpose—he had ordered me away. The death of the two soldiers must have taken place just as I was climbing the roof for the second time. They had been stabbed in their sleep. The suspicious noise of my fall had retained the corporal watchfully prostrate till I stepped into the light, and he levelled his rifle at me.

"I guessed then, by the secrecy with which you were advancing, that you must belong to us," he said.

We were hidden by the roof of the shed, and were hastily carrying on our conversation in whispers, so that the man in the balloon might not take alarm. A bold scheme suddenly occurred to me, as the corporal suggested that we should get to work.

"Stay a moment! I have an idea," I exclaimed. "We are now two. And there is but one man above. . . . Yes, I propose that we wind the balloon down. . . . Exactly so! and escape with it."

The corporal looked at me, thoughtfully.

"You are a brave man," he said, saluting.

"Come," I replied. "But understand! If it is possible to take the balloon without killing, we do so."

The corporal looked perplexed.

"But why?" he asked. "It will be so easy."

A Cuban is a Cuban.

"I will have no murder," I said, simply. My determination was impressive.

"As you will," replied the corporal, politely, shrugging his shoulders.

We quitted the shed. With the glare of the fire yet in our eyes, we began to penetrate the wall of blackness which veiled the centre of the yard where lay the winch.

"Whereabouts are you?" I whispered, presently.

"This way, here," the corporal's voice answered from my right.

"I've found it," I explained.

The corporal's step moved towards me. Presently I took his hand, guiding it upon an iron windlass by the side of my own.

"All right!" he whispered, the thickness of his shoulder coming against mine.

"Gently!" I said, looking strainingly above into the blackness.

And we began to turn the windlass round and round. The winch worked smoothly and silently at first. It seemed possible that we might be able to draw the balloon down without its occupant becoming aware of his descent amidst the darkness. I expressed this hope to the corporal, forgetting that as the balloon approached the earth it would meet with greater atmospheric resistance. The fact, however, was soon recalled to memory by the windlass gradually working harder. There arrived a point when the winch began to creak under the strain.

"He will hear," the corporal whispered, his left hand nervously searching for his rifle.

"Wind faster!" I ordered, fiercely, in his ear, my eye seeking anxiously for the loom of the descending balloon. "If he hails us, reply with what I tell you."

The fire upon the left showed the bodies of the two soldiers stiffly outlaid. Save for the creaking of the winch, the courtyard was in deathly silence. Suddenly I grew conscious of an indescribable palpitation: whether it were of the light from the flickering fire, or of a noise amidst the blackness, I could not at first determine. Yet it was there. My nerves were responding sensitively to it.

"I thought," said the corporal, doubtfully, "I thought that I heard——"

Pausing, he held the windlass stiffly motionless.

He had. It was the thrumming of the silk of the balloon whose car had stolen down unperceived within reach of our hands. I recognised it suddenly amidst the darkness. The time for action had come upon us with a rush.

"Listen!" I whispered to the corporal.

"I understand," he said.

The next moment I had clambered into the car of the balloon and was pressing a revolver to the head of its sleeping occupant.

"W-what — Who — ?" he stammered, awaking.

"Silence !—Bind and gag him !" I said to the corporal, who had followed me.

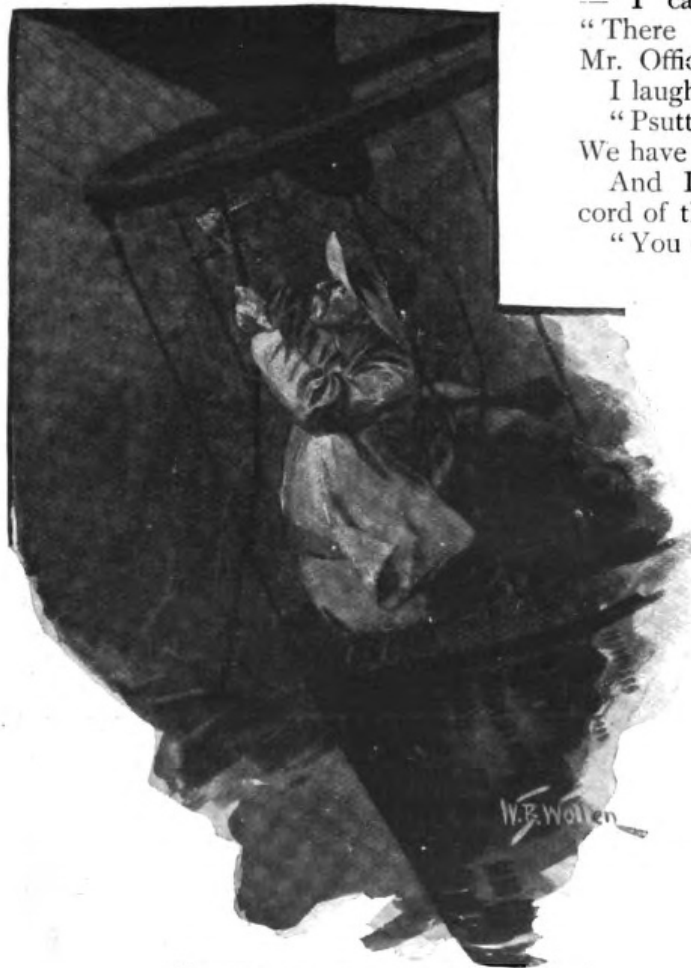
It was swiftly done. We lifted the prisoner, lowering him over the side of the balloon. The corporal breathed hard.

"H-he is too heavy. He is——"

The man slipped from our hands, falling the last foot with a fleshy thump.

"Quick ! Your knife," I said to the corporal.

And with my whole strength cutting, slashing at the rope—it parted ; and we shot upwards from darkness high into steady starlight.



"CUTTING, SLASHING AT THE ROPE."

III.

I LOOKED over the edge of the car.

Lapsing like rain into an ocean, a purity of pale green light poured broadly downwards to the black plain of the cloud through

which we had upsprung. Motionless at its surface and in its depth, the magnificence of this distant sable sea lay bound by stars whose fires dripped down in deep reflections. Suddenly the intense silence of this nether world was snatched away from me by the voice of the corporal.

I had been lost to our position in an ecstasy. I turned towards him, peevishly.

"What did you say ?" I said.

He moved towards me over the wicker-work floor of the car, treading timorously, lest it should break with his weight.

"I am ill. I require a doctor," he said, lugubriously.

His face was distressed : the veins swollen, the eyes staring.

"How ? What do you feel ?" I asked, anxiously.

The corporal raised a hand to his chest — "I cannot breathe here," he gasped.

"There is a noise in my ears like a mill, Mr. Officer."

I laughed cheerfully, to encourage him.

"Psutt !" I exclaimed. "I understand. We have gone too high for you."

And I looked round, searching for the cord of the gas-valve.

"You feel better now !" I suggested, when we had descended five hundred feet, according to a barometer hanging from the side of the car.

"A little," he admitted, looking respectfully at me.

"But I would like to get out."

His eyes rolled timidly as he expressed the wish. Evidently, the corporal had lost nerve.

Where we might be, and whether we were moving, I could not tell. The monotony of the black cloud beneath offered no point that would enable me to register any horizontal movement of the balloon. This perception made me suddenly anxious. Cuba is an island. Havana is close to the sea. With no very clear idea in my mind what I should do with it, I began to search for a compass.

If there were one on board, I could not find it. My eye, however, was attracted by a coil of rope and its grapnel, which were attached to the outside of the car.

"Corporal," I said, abruptly addressing

him, "you are acquainted with the districts around Havana?"

"For miles," he replied, confidently.

"Then it will be best to descend below the cloud," I suggested, "and to anchor till daylight breaks."

"As you will!" said the corporal.

My determination was a resolute one. If, when day broke, the corporal should recognise that we had anchored amongst the insurgents, our work would be finished. But if amongst the Spaniards! Well! I would again cut the cord, and endeavour to escape by throwing overboard the weight of the instruments and other oddments with which the car of the balloon was filled. Nothing, save the loss of my life, should induce me to surrender the balloon. I was a desperate man, and still hungry for distinction; you understand *why*.

I opened the gas-valve, and we began to descend. Presently the stars began to pale. We were sinking into the gloom of the cloud below. The little light that came to us grew less and less, as shadows coiled and mounted vaporously above our heads. Soon we could no longer see each other's faces. The sensation of this gradual subsidence into a formless night was terrific. I felt the corporal press close to me for comfort. His heavy breathing affected me with a sense of suffocation as I held tense the cord of the valve. I pushed him away.

"I cannot see," he said, whimperingly.

His words threw me into a sudden alarm. I let go the cord, the valve closing above our heads with a snap.

"Stay! I was forgetting," I said, loudly. "It will be dangerous, impossible, to descend before daybreak. We shall not be able to see the earth. In this darkness we may strike a tree or a rock—the ground itself may wreck us!"

"But the anchor you mentioned," groaned the corporal.

"Pah!" I exclaimed, impatiently, "We shall not be able to see. How can we throw out the anchor if we cannot see where to throw it? We must go no lower till daybreak gives us an idea of our distance from the ground. Heavens!" I muttered to myself, "if I had not remembered in time!"

It proved a dreary wait of hours before the east showed itself in a faintest efflorescence of lilac light. The slow expansion of this first luminosity changed colour with its growth. A creeping tide of yellow raised its bar along a far horizon, and, determining boldly, gave cold light broadly towards us.

Soon we were seeing deeply and more deeply downwards. At length the opening shadows beneath parted from before a heart of solid form. Judging that our time had come, I again opened the gas-valve.

Our descent was rapid. The form below us grew upwards. Soon I made vaguely out the springy bosom of a forest. I approached closer, then, releasing the gas-valve, I allowed the balloon to drift horizontally, seeking for an open space where we might anchor. A long gulf of shadow caught my eye amidst the moving flood of bosky growth. It came towards us. The trees ended and stood stiffly at its edge. I let go the grapnel into this gulf of shadow. There was a catching, a catching, and then—a sudden jerk. At that moment the dim expanse of the forest grew still. And turning to the corporal, I said, joyfully:—

"It is all right. It has caught. We are anchored."

A low seat ran around the inside of the car. The corporal and I were weary. We sat down to wait patiently for a clearer light. Anon the corporal volunteered a statement.

"I believe it is the forest of Cuenea," he said, alluding to the trees below.

"Cuenea?" I repeated, inquiringly.

"Yes," he replied. "The size makes me think so. And the swelling hill, with the greater trees upon it, will be St. Sebastian. There is a town upon the other side with a strong Spanish garrison."

I looked over the edge of the car in the direction that he had indicated. The landscape was still vague.

"You think so?" I said, drowsily.

"I think so," repeated the corporal. "But the light is strengthening. I shall soon know. If it should be St. Sebastian, we are yet some way from friends."

"H, well!" I yawned. "I feel dead tired and—'h, and hungry too." Casting my eye round the interior of the balloon, I observed a basket.

"Just look inside that, will you, corporal?" I begged, pointing. "It looks as if it might hold something eatable."

The wicker lid creaked as he raised it.

"The blessed heavens! There is," he said, gaily, handing me a roast fowl and some brown bread. He added, pulling out a wooden bottle, "And wine, too!"

A reaction was upon me.

"You are not hungry. You will not want any," I said, banteringly.

The corporal showed his teeth in a wolfish grimace. They were very white. We laughed.

My mouth was full. I spoke indistinctly.

"Pardon. I did not hear," said the corporal, holding a horn in his left hand, whilst with the other he began to unscrew the stopper of the wooden bottle.

"It must be a road below," I repeated, referring to the gulf of shadow in which we had anchored.

"Who knows!" said the corporal, indifferently, giving his whole attention to the wine that was pouring forth in a delicious amber stream.

The corporal and I had each had a hornful. "Drink, Mr. Officer!" said he, handing me a second.

I looked at him over the bubbles upon the brim. "To your health," I said—

But the wine never reached my lips.

A sudden roar of sound came to our ears from below. There was a violent shock. And swathed about with a dense white cloud, we were hurled to our knees at the bottom of the car. The distress of our position grew instantaneously worse: the car began to tip over sideways—the great pear

of the balloon to lie over horizontally. I felt that we were being dragged along by some tremendous force. As I shouted to the corporal to hold on for his life, the white cloud left us suddenly as it had come. And the car moved through the air in a flight gradually steadying of its first terrific surges. Then I guessed what had happened.

Our anchor had caught under the sleeper of a railway cutting. A train had stolen

upon us through a tunnel. The anchor, or some portion of its rope, had jammed into the engine's cow-catcher.

I climbed pantingly to a position whence I could see; we were over the engine of a passenger train. The driver hailed me in Spanish, his eyes looking fearfully upwards.

Questions and answers passed rapidly between us.

Suddenly I drew my revolver.

"Full steam ahead!" I ordered, with a yell.

He tried to cover himself behind some coals.

I sent a bullet through his cap. Another split a block of coal into flying grits.

He raised his hands, appealingly.

"Full steam ahead, then!" I ordered, "or I'll fire again."

He pulled a lever obediently.

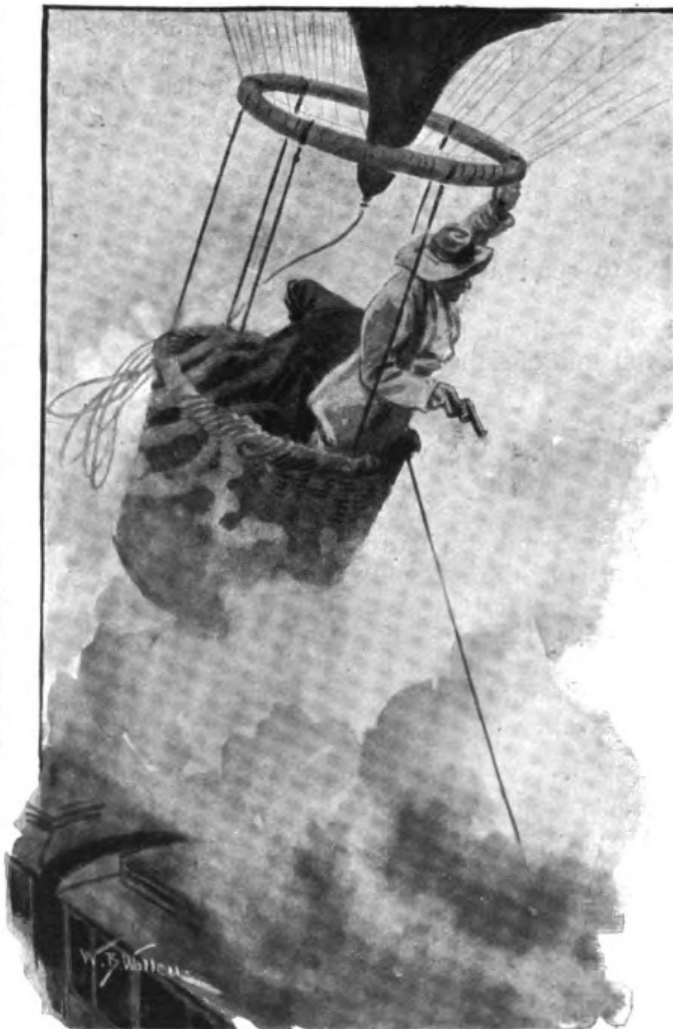
The engine-driver had informed me that the train was carrying troops. As yet, the latter seemed unaware of our presence above.

"If we could only reach the camp at Vittoria we should be saved," said the corporal.

"We will," I said, resolutely, noting the increasing pace of the engine with an excitement whose like I shall

never feel again. . . . "No, I will not cut the rope. And we'll carry the troops with us or die like men."

Arrows of brilliant sunlight were glancing off the green bosoms of the forest as the engine approached a curve in the line. A confused uproar from the troops imprisoned in the swaying carriages below gave us warning that they were becoming alarmed with the furious pace at which they were travelling.



"FULL STEAM AHEAD!"

I could fancy that their heads were through the windows, endeavouring to see what was the matter.

"Another ten minutes at this pace, and we shall be through the Spanish position and amongst our men," said the corporal.

I did not reply. I feared the effect of the curve, towards which the train was rushing thunderously.

And it happened according to my anticipation. As the engine took the curve, our balloon swayed away from its directly overhead position above the carriages, so that the soldiers saw us.

"Hide your rifle! They will see it," I said, hurriedly, to the corporal.

But he was too late. The soldiers had taken in their position. A door flew swingingly open. And I saw the head and shoulders of a man preparing to fire at our swaying mark.

There was just time to send a bullet at him.

Then the engine had passed around the curve; and we again swung out of sight above their heads.

The corporal gave a cheer.

The line was now straight. We were dragged furiously on for, perhaps, five hundred yards.

"Quick!" I said, to the corporal. "There! climbing upon the roof of the second carriage."

And, as he brought his rifle to the shoulder, I emptied my revolver at others who were endeavouring with wild yells to escalate the roofs, so that they might fire at us.

The attempt was over quickly. I looked back. Some brightly-dressed bodies struggled by the track of the line far behind us. One lay stiffly still.

Suddenly the corporal shouted—

"There is Vittoria. See! the church."

"Where?" I said, bringing my eyes away from the bodies. "You mean—there?" I inquired, stretching my arm pointingly over the edge of the car.

He had not time to reply.

There was an explosion. A volley of

bullets was fired through the wooden roofs of the carriages. One passed hotly through my forearm.

The corporal grew busy bandaging me.

There was another explosion. Another volley buzzed fiercely upwards. This time, the silk envelope of the balloon was pierced. There was an escape of gas.

I shook off the corporal.

"More steam!" I yelled to the engine-driver.

"I dare not," he answered.

"More steam!" I repeated, passionately; and the corporal pointed his rifle downwards.

The man obeyed.

We felt that another volley was due. The eyes of the corporal and myself sought the splintered roofs anxiously. Blue smoke was wreathing upwards from two of them. I leant far out of the car to make sure.

"By heavens!" I exclaimed, "the rifles have set them afire."

We were dragged onwards. Still no bullets came. It was evident that the soldiers were endeavouring to extinguish the flames in the roofs above their heads.

But the balloon was gradually sinking! Should we reach the lines of white tents ahead, or should we fall amongst the furiously rattling wheels, beneath, like a great wounded bird?

Lower, lower we sank with violent oscillations. A great mist came before my eyes, my breast pressed heavily and more heavily against the side of the car.

I remember hearing the corporal shout to the engine-driver.

Then I fell headlong and down, down into a yielding blackness.

When I came to myself, I was in the hospital of the insurgent camp.

"I am thirsty," I said.

They gave me to drink.

I turned over on my side with a smile. For I understood that later, when I should climb the ship's side, there would be the hands of my brother-officers outstretched to welcome me.

And it was so!

A Peep into "Punch."

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART IV.—1860 TO 1864.

This part contains the first of George du Maurier's "Punch" pictures, and the last by John Leech.



LANDING OF THE FRENCH (LIGHT WINES) AND DISCOMFITURE OF OLD GENERAL BEER.

1.—BY LEECH. 1860.



JOHN LEECH'S cartoon in No. 1 was published in *Punch* on February 11, 1860. It shows the then-imminent Invasion of England by the French (light wines) and the "discomfiture of old General Beer." This clever picture alludes to an important commercial treaty with France, negotiated in 1860 by Richard Cobden, who acted as British Commissioner in the affair; the trade between France and our country was greatly increased by this treaty, of which Mr. Gladstone said (in August, 1866): "I don't believe that the man breathed upon earth at that epoch, or now breathes upon earth, that could have effected that great measure, with the single exception of Mr. Cobden."

One result of the treaty was to give us the benefit of French wines, a pleasant addition to the ports, sherries, and Madeiras of forty years ago; French clarets and burgundies are in the battalions we see advancing on poor old General Beer, who, however, was not permanently discomfited by this invasion of the French, for he soon found that the British public readily assimilated both his

beer and the invading wine.

Mr. Punch's verses accompanying this cartoon are headed:—

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.
Ye who rejoice in beer and pipes,
You ought not to repine,
But be right glad if British swipes
Compete with light French wine;
Because the contest will be, which
Potation shall prevail,
And small beer then will grow more rich,
And men brew better ale.
Etc., etc., etc.

The picture No. 2 was suggested to Leech by one of his own children, the Discerning Child of the sketch, who, having heard some remarks made by his father as to the treatment of children, says to

the new nurse, "Well, then, I'm one of those boys who can only be managed with kindness—so you had better get some Sponge Cakes and Oranges at once!"



A WORD TO THE WISE.

Discerning Child (who has heard some remarks made by Papa). "ARE YOU OUR NEW NURSE?"
Nurse. "YEE, DEAR!"
Child. "WELL THEN, I'M ONE OF THOSE BOYS WHO CAN ONLY BE MANAGED WITH KINDNESS—SO YOU HAD BETTER GET SOME SPONGE CAKES AND ORANGES AT ONCE!"

2.—BY LEECH. 1860.

No. 3 refers to the great Volunteer movement of forty years ago, which followed the sending of a circular letter, dated May 12, 1859, from the Secretary for War to the Lord-Lieutenants of counties in Great Britain authorizing the formation of Volunteer corps. The enrolment of men was so rapid that during a few months in 1859-60 a force of 119,000 Volunteers was



THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN!
Boy (to distinguished Volunteer): "Now, CAPTAIN! CLEAN YER BOOTS, AND LET YER 'AVE A SHOT AT ME FOR A PENNY!"
 3.—BY LEECH. 1860.

Mr. Bool: "So I am, Moossoo—and these are some of the Boys who mind the Shop!—Compreddy?"

There are many amusing things in *Punch* based on the sayings of omnibus men. No. 4 illustrates the impatience of the driver, who admonishes a dilatory conductor:—

"Now then, Bill, ain't yer got 'em all out yet? Why, one would think you was picking 'em out with a pin like Winkles!"

It is necessary of course to show the pictures here in a smaller size than on the pages of *Punch*, and this reduction sometimes makes the wording at the bottom of the pictures rather small—so it may be useful to repeat the "legends" of the pictures as one comes to them. No. 6 reads:—

"Well, my little man, what do you want?"

"Wot do I want?—Vy, Guv'nor, I thinks I wants Heverythink!"

In No. 7 we have a fancy portrait of the Prince of Wales on his return from the United States: he is speaking to his father, Prince Albert, and at the time to which this picture

refers, the Prince was just nineteen years of age.

created—to one of these soldiers, Mr. Punch's street-arab in No. 3 says, "Now, Captin! Clean yer Boots, and let yer 'ave a Shot at me for a Penny!"

Punch in those days sometimes poked fun at the Volunteers, as did most other people, and it was not to be expected that this so-called mushroom army should escape a certain amount of ridicule, which the inefficiency of the old Volunteers of earlier times had associated with the name.

However, in No. 5, Mr. Punch, always patriotic, shows the Volunteers in a much more dignified light, when John Bull is replying to the Frenchman's remark:—

"Mais, Mosieu Bool, I ave all ways thought you vass great Shopkeepare!"



NATURAL IMPATIENCE.
 4.—BY LEECH. 1860.



THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Foreign Party: "MAYN, MOSIEU BOOL, I AVE ALL WAYS THOUGHT YOU VASS GREAT SHOPKEEPARE!"
Mr. Bool: "SO I AM, MOOSSOO—AND THESE ARE SOME OF THE BOYS WHO MIND THE SHOP!—COMPREDDY?"

5.—A SURPRISE FOR THE FRENCHMEN. 1860.



6.—A STREET-ARAB OF 1860.

The verses accompanying this portrait of the Prince are called :—

AMERICAN POLISH FOR A PRINCE.
Old boss, John Bull, take back your Prince
From our superior nation,



8.—MR. DU MAURIER'S FIRST PUNCH-PICTURE. OCTOBER 6, 1860.

Expect your eyes will twinkle !
Yankee doodle, etc.

Etc. etc., etc.

No. 8 is George du Maurier's first *Punch*-picture, published October 6, 1860. This picture has little worth, either in its drawing or in its joke, but it has great interest for us because it is the first of the great number of contributions to *Punch* by Du Maurier, and because there is such immense difference between this rather poor sketch and the brilliant work for *Punch* that the most of us associate with the name Du Maurier.

Du Maurier was twenty-six years of age when this first picture by him was published in 1860, and as one looks at it, one can scarcely realize that the artist who drew No. 8 was destined to be, with Leech, Tenniel, and Keene, one of the four world-famous artists whose work built up the artistic reputation of *Punch*. Henceforward, for thirty-six years, we see Du Maurier's work in *Punch*.



LATEST FROM AMERICA.

H.R.H. JAMES (to H.R.H. GEORGE). "NOW, SIR-REE, IF YOU'LL LIQUOR UP AND SETTLE DOWN, PLE TELL YOU ALL ABOUT MY TRAVELS."

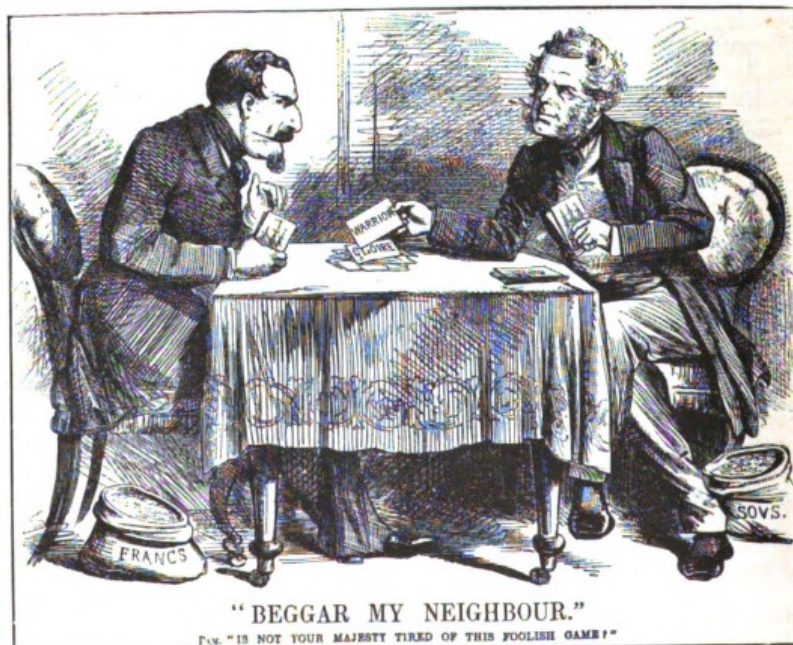
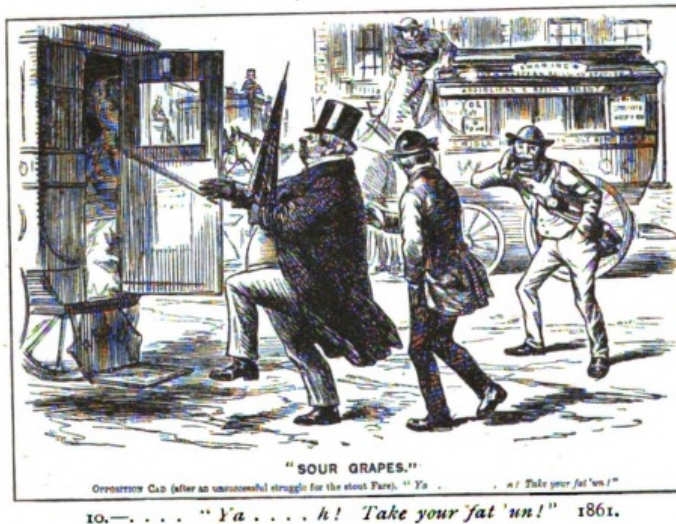
7.—A FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS RETURN FROM THE UNITED STATES IN 1860.



No. 9 is very good. Leech has put into it life and movement, and one realizes completely the awkward position of the old gentleman peeping out, as one of the urchins says to the others, who are pelting the old gentleman with snow-balls and sliding in front of his house: "Go it, Tommy! There's no Perlice, and the Old Gent's afraid to come out!"

The contest between two rival omnibus conductors for a "fare" is amusingly illustrated in No. 10; and the cartoon in No. 11 is specially good.

Lord Palmerston (Prime Minister in 1861) is playing "Beggar My Neighbour" with Napoleon III., and the cards held by each player represent warships built or building in the year 1861. The Emperor of the French has just played his card *GLOIRE*, and Palmerston covers it with his card *WARRIOR*, saying, as he shows the



11.—A GAME AT BUILDING WAR-SHIPS, PLAYED BY LORD PALMERSTON AND NAPOLEON III. IN 1861.

card, "Is not your Majesty tired of this foolish game?"

The facial expression of both men is very cleverly given, and we get here another excellent example of the famous Palmerston-straw, to which I alluded last month as indicating the alertness and cool imperturbability of the popular statesman, who is here making Napoleon III. "sit up." A clever bit of this cartoon is the introduction of the two bags of money from which the players draw — Palmerston's bag being marked "sovs." and Napoleon's bag "francs."

At the present time, France gives her State-finance in francs, we give ours in pounds sterling, and this difference of statement certainly imparts to the French Budget an importance not possessed by our estimates. For example, the Navy Estimates of the two countries for the year 1897-98 were:—

France 284,795,500 francs.
 United Kingdom ... £22,338,000 sterling.

Here, despite France's important-looking array of figures, her amount given above is only worth just about one-half of our much less important-looking Navy Estimate now quoted in pounds sterling.

We see in No. 12 the cliffs of Dover, with the coast of France just visible across the Channel. Mr. Punch hands to Lord Palmerston the staff of the Constable of Dover, saying to the newly-appointed Constable: "There's your Staff, Pam. You know the Party you're to keep your eye on."



12.—LORD PALMERSTON AS CONSTABLE OF DOVER IN 1861.

The legend of No. 13 is:—

Bootmaker (affected to tears): "Then you haven't heard o' the demise of 'is S'rene 'Ighness (sob) Count Pummelwitz, Sir; very old cust'mer of ours, Sir—and when y'uve (sniff) made a Nobleman's Boots so many years, you feel re'lly like one of the Fam'ly!"



13.—THE SYMPATHETIC BOOTMAKER. 1862.



AWFUL APPARITION!

Mr. T. (to T., who has been reading the popular novel). "Pray, Mr. Tomkins, are you NEVER coming Upstairs? How much longer are you going to Sit up with that 'Woman in White'?"

14.—A REMINISCENCE OF WILKIE COLLINS'S NOVEL, "THE WOMAN IN WHITE." BY LEECH. 1861.

Wilkie Collins's novel "The Woman in White" was very popular when No. 14 was published. Readers of this book will remember that it is rather ghostly, and Leech shows to us the terror of Mr. Tomkins, who has been sitting up late reading this novel, when a real "woman in white" suddenly appears, and says, "Pray, Mr. Tomkins, are you Never coming Upstairs? How much longer are



Mr. PEEWIT (goaded into reckless action by the impetuous Mrs. P.): "I—I—I shall report you to your Master, Conductor, for not putting us down at the corner—"

CONDUCTOR: "Lor' bless yer 'art, Sir, it ain't my Master as I'm afeard on! I'm like you—it's my MISSUS!"

15.—BY DU MAURIER. 1861.

you going to Sit up with that 'Woman in White'?" Another of Du Maurier's early pictures is seen in No. 15, the legend of which is:—

Mr. Peewit (goaded into reckless action by the impetuous Mrs. P.): "I—I—I shall report you to your Master, Conductor, for not putting us down at the corner—"

Conductor: "Lor' bless yer 'art, Sir, it ain't my Master as I'm afeard on! I'm like you—it's my MISSUS!"



16.—THE BEGINNING OF THE GERMAN NAVY. 1861.

Here again, we who are accustomed to Du Maurier's style in his *Punch*-drawings of more recent years than 1861 (when No. 15 was published) feel something like a shock of surprise to see his signature in the left corner of this amusing sketch, which is so entirely different from those later pictures, playfully satirical rather than funny; and in which a prominent trait is the expression of their author's great love of beauty—a quality that is happily possessed in a great degree by Du Maurier's brilliant successor in *Punch*'s "social" pictures: Mr. Bernard Partidge, whose delightful work will, one hopes, for a long while continue to enrich Mr. Punch's pages.

The cartoon in

No. 16, published in 1861, marks the birth of the German Navy. It is very funny. Look at the small German to whom Mr. Punch is giving a ship, with the remark, "There's a ship for you, my little man—now cut away, and don't get in a mess."

This was before Bismarck had "made" Germany, and in 1861 Germany did not rank as she now ranks among the European Powers. Hence *Punch*'s amusing but rather contemptuous verses which face this cartoon of October 19, 1861:—

THE GERMAN FLEET.

(To a Little Fatherland Lubber.)

And did the little German cry

I want to have a Fleet?

A Navy in his little eye?

Oh, what a grand conceit!

Well; if he'll promise to be good,

His wish he shall enjoy;

See here's a ship cut out of wood:

A proper German toy.

Etc., etc., etc.

Five years later, the Prussians defeated the Austrians at Sadowa (3rd July, 1866), and the "small German(y)" of our cartoon became, by this short but momentous war with Austria, perhaps the foremost Power in Europe, nearly all Germany being then united, and the influence and prestige of Napoleon III. being thereby greatly impaired.

The "cackle" of Du Maurier's picture in No. 17 is:—

NATURE WILL OUT AT LAST.

Well-Intentioned but Incautious Stable-Boy (in temporary disguise), to the restive and plunging blanc-mange: "Wo-ho, there! Wo-o-o-o!"

This is a funny picture, and the stable-boy (acting for the first time as a dinner-table-servant), who is in difficulties with the large and wobbling blanc-mange, is specially well done.

A remarkable incident is mentioned by Mr. Spielmann in his "History of *Punch*" with reference to this picture No. 17.



17.—BY DU MAURIER. 1861.

By a curious coincidence, as I have heard from the lips of a member of one of the great brewing firms, on the very day before the appearance of Mr. du Maurier's drawing the identical incident had occurred in his own house, and it was hard to believe on the following morning [when No. 17 was published.—J.H.S.] that the subject of his plunging blanc-mange, similarly apostrophized, had not been imported by some sort of magic into *Punch's* page.



18.—THE FISHING-TACKLE SHOP. 1862.

The legend of No. 18 is:—

PLEASANT—VERY!

Enraged Tradesman (knocked up at 3 a.m.): "What do you mean, Sir, by making this disturbance at this time o' night; breaking peoples' night's rest?"

Inebriated Wanderer: "Hush—oh!—You've got a bite! Strike him hard. Mag—nifshnt fish, shever—I—shee—'pon my word an' honour!"

The hanging fish, the sign of the fishing-tackle shop, which attracted the notice of this Inebriated Wanderer, still hangs, I believe, where it did in 1861 when this joke was published.

The coming of the British ironclad war-ship is depicted in No. 19. Brawny John Bull stands firm as Neptune,

Vol. xvii. —54.



19.—THE INVENTION OF IRONCLAD WAR-SHIPS. 1862.

the sea-god, while Vulcan, the fire-god who is the patron of all who work in metals, arms Neptune with his iron plates. Mermaids put the iron crown on Neptune's head.

This cartoon was published in 1862, only thirty-seven years ago, and yet since that time our Navy has more than once been entirely remodelled from the primitive form of ironclads, whose advent is so well impressed

upon us of to-day by this *Punch*-cartoon of April 19, 1862.

No. 20 is a funny drawing by Leech of a Frenchman, who does not quite understand English hunting:—

Distinguished Foreigner (who does not comprehend why a frost should stop hounds): "Aha! no Hont zis Morning—Mon Dieu!—Zen zare is no Dog's Meet to-day!"



20.—BY LEECH. 1862.

The patent extinguisher, shown in No. 21, is certainly effective in its application to the preacher, who is seen in full swing at 12.30 by the clock on the front of the pulpit, and who, two hours later, has received the hint to stop, given by the automatic descent of the extinguisher.

The Playgoer in No. 22 says to the boy selling playbills:—

"Twopence? Oh! then I won't have a bill; I've only got a penny."



22.—THE POLITE PLAYBILL-BOY, 1862.

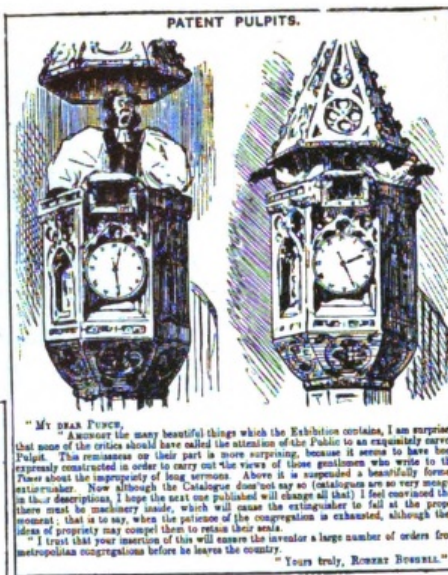
Boy: "Then pray don't mention it, Sir. Never mind the hextra penny. I respects genteel poverty."

No. 23 refers to the backsliding of a



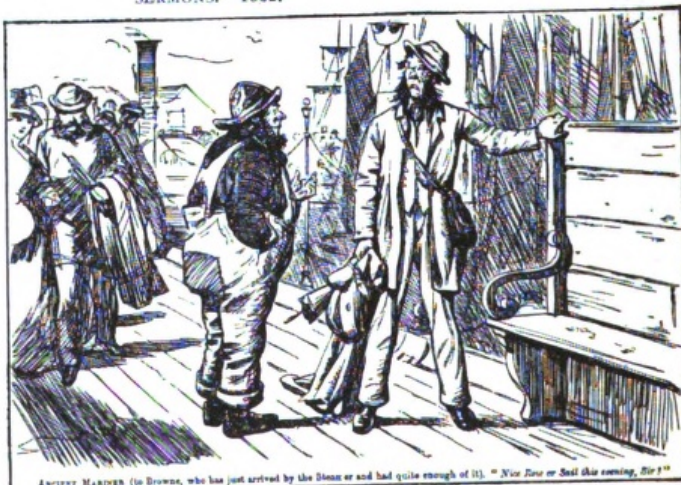
CABBY: "This won't do, Sir; it's a Temperance Medal; 'taint a Shillin'!"
INTOXICATE: "Good s'shillins' worth of shilver; no further ushe I'me, Cabby!"

23.—A BACKSLIDER, 1863.



"MY DEAR PENCE,
Amongst the many beautiful things which the Exhibition contains, I am surprised that none of the critics should have called the attention of the Public to an exquisitely carved Pulpit. The resemblance of their part is more surprising, because it seems to have been expressly constructed in order to carry out the views of those gentlemen who write to the editor about the impropriety of long sermons. Above it is suspended a beautifully formed figure of a man, which, when the catalogue does not say so (catalogues are so very meagre in their descriptions, I hope the next one published will change all that) I feel convinced that there must be machinery inside, which will cause the extinguisher to fall at the proper moment; that is to say, when the patience of the congregation is exhausted, although their ideas of propriety may compel them to retain their seats."
I trust that your insertion of this will secure the inventor a large number of orders from metropolitan congregations before he leaves the country.
Yours truly, RICHARD BOWELL."

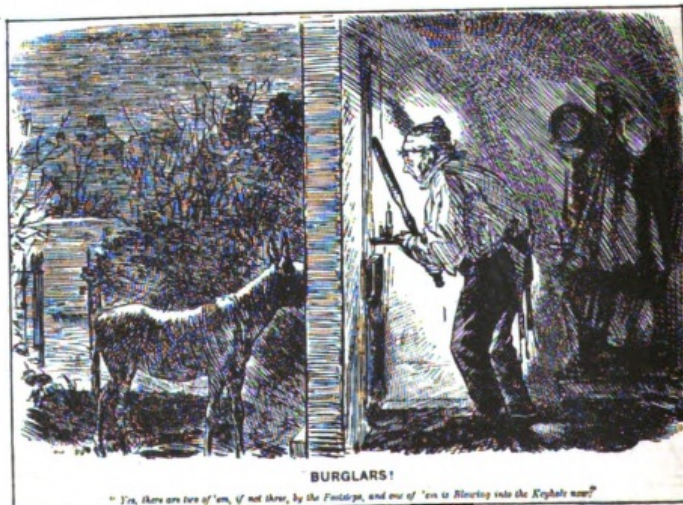
21.—AN INVENTION FOR STOPPING LONG SERMONS, 1862.



24.—1862.

expression of timorous and fearful expectancy is well shown. The small print below the picture reads:—

BURGLARS!—"Yes, there are two of 'em, if not three, by the Footsteps, and one of 'em is Blowing into the Keyhole now."



BURGLARS!

"Yes, there are two of 'em, if not three, by the Footsteps, and one of 'em is Blowing into the Keyhole now!"

25.—A FALSE ALARM, 1862.

temperance-medallist of 1863:—

Cabby: "This won't do, Sir; it's a Temperance Medal; 'taint a Shillin'!"

Intoxicate: "Good s'shillins' worth of shilver; no further ushe I'me, Cabby!"

The legend of No. 24 is:—

Ancient Mariner (to Browne, who has just arrived by the Steamer and had quite enough of it): "Nice Row or Sail this evening, Sir?"

Look at the old gentleman's face in No. 25—the

In Volume XLIV., covering the first half of the year 1863, Mr. Punch commenced a series of "NURSERY RHYMES (*To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised*),"

NURSERY RHYMES.

(*To be continued until every Town in the Kingdom has been immortalised.*)



THERE was a Young Lady of Ayr,
And she had such very long hair,
When she crossed the Auld Brig,
People said "It's a wig,
Which no sponable lassie would wear."
There was a Young Lady of Crawley,
Who said "as the weather is squally,
I'll stop at home, snug,
And lie here on the rug,
And quietly read LORD MACAULAY."
There was a Young Lady of Denbigh,
Who wrote to her cousin, "N.B.
I don't mean to try
To be married, not I,
But where can the eyes of the men be?"
There was a Young Lady of Surrey,
Who always would talk in a hurry,
Being called by her Pa,
She replied "Here I are,"
And he said, "Go and read LINDLEY MURRAY."

26.—ONE OF A SERIES OF NONSENSE VERSES BY MR. PUNCH. 1863.

and one of these, relating to the town of Ayr, is reproduced in No. 26.

No. 27 gives us an idea of the



RAILWAY PORTER: "Dogs not allowed inside the Carriages, Sir!"
COUNTRYMAN: "What not a little Tooy Tarrier? Wall, thee'd better tak' un oot then, young Man!"

27.—A POSER FOR THE RAILWAY PORTER. 1863.



BRITANNIA DISCOVERING THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

BRITANNIA: "AHA, MR. NILUS! SO I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST!"

28.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE. BY TENNIEL, 1863.

railway carriages of 1863; notice the little window high up in the door. The wording is:—

Railway Porter: "Dogs not allowed inside the Carriages, Sir!"

Countryman: "What not a little Tooy Tarrier? Wall, thee'd better tak' un oot then, young Man."

Tenniel's cartoon in No. 28 records the discovery of the source of the Nile; it is a cleverly conceived drawing, and the expression of Mr. Nilus, as Britannia pulls aside the rushes and looks at him in his quiet and



OLD LADY (wretchedly, but with dignity, to the Constable's scandalous suggestion): "It's nothing of the kind, P'liceman, that I can assure you, but I have unfortunately entangled my foot in my Crinoline, and can't get it out!"

29.—"It's nothing of the kind, P'liceman, that I can assure you, but I have unfortunately entangled my foot in my Crinoline, and can't get it out!" 1863.

shady retreat, is particularly good. This was published June 6, 1863, it having been announced at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on May 25, 1863, that "the Nile was Settled." And, in 1864, was published the book, "What Led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile," by Captain John Speke, the African explorer.

No. 29 is rather funny. A piece of the crinoline which has caused the policeman's scandalous



30.—1863.

suggestion is shown with the poor old lady's foot well through it.

The illustration of "Professional Reciprocity" in No. 30 is really very natural, and it was based, probably, upon real life, as are so many of the jokes in *Punch*. The Country Parson says to the butcher, "Robins,



31.—1863.

I'm sorry I don't see you at Church more regularly." The Conscientious Butcher replies, "Well, Sir, I know as I did ought to come to Church oftener than I does—the lots o' meat you has o' me."

The legend of No. 31 is:—

Lady: "What on earth, Mary, have you been doing with that Dog; he is Dripping with Water?"

Mary: "It's all Master Tom; he's been and tied him to the end of a Pole, and cleaned the Winders with him!"

In No. 32 the Omnibus Conductor says to the "swell" walking alongside:—

"Vitechapel or Mile End, Sir?"

(Swell takes no notice of the insult.)

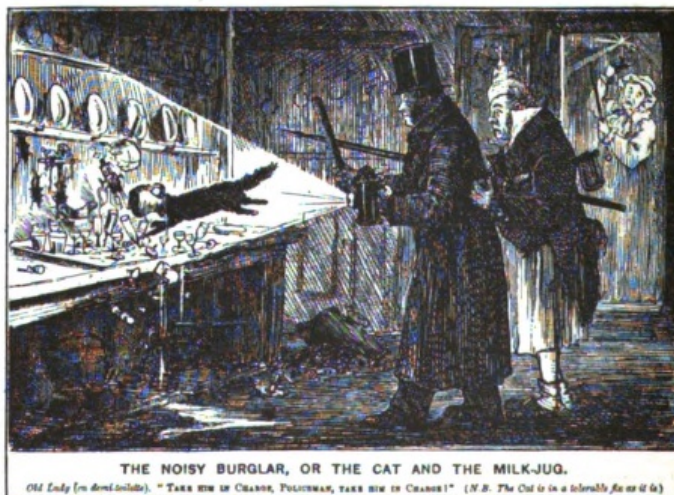
Conductor: "Deaf and Dums' Orspital, Sir?"

A smart conductor this, but not a bit more smart than many of the present-day generation of omnibus men, although I fancy the introduction of the garden-seat on the top of omnibuses has to some extent lessened the activity in roadside repartee of the omnibus driver, for he no longer has sitting on each side of him (as in the days of the box-seat omnibus) one or two passengers to whom the driver looks for special appreciation of his smartness in repartee. At any rate, the following incident happened to me lately, and the hansom-cabman who scored the point did so without a shot fired back by the driver of my omnibus.



32.—1863.

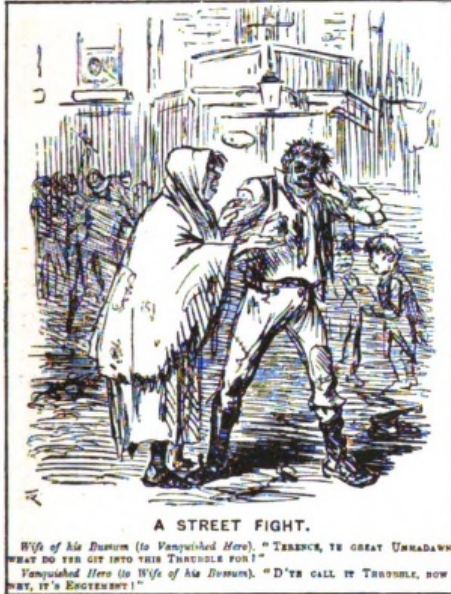
One rather cold day in the autumn I was on the outside of a Brompton omnibus sitting on the garden-seat just behind the driver—I was without an overcoat and felt rather cold and, I dare say, looked cold.



33.—BY R. T. FRITCHETT. 1864.

There was a block at Earl's Court, and a hansom pulled up just by us. The cabman glanced up at me and then, with a nod of his head to the driver of my omnibus, remarked, "Say, Bill, you've got some 'ungry 'uns up there."

It was distinctly smart, but, as I say, the omnibus driver let the quip pass without a counter-stroke of repartee, and as I did not know what to say, the cabman scored, and whipped up his horse, while my



34.—THE LAST PICTURE BY JOHN LEECH.
NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

fellow-passengers sniggered at my expense—that's why I suggest that the present-day omnibus driver is not so smart as he was in the year 1863, when No. 32 was published.

No. 33 shows a cat in a difficulty, who has been mistaken for a burglar.

No. 34 is the last picture by John Leech. Although there are in this part of "A Peep into *Punch*" two or three other drawings by Leech (Nos. 35 and 37) which, for convenience, are here printed later than this No. 34, these other pictures were published in *Punch* earlier than this last picture, which was in the issue for November 5, 1864; John Leech died October 29, 1864, at the early age of forty-six, just a week before No. 34 was published in *Punch*.

Up to the last, as we see by looking at this picture of the



35.—BY LEECH. 1864.

fighting Irishman, Leech put life and actuality into his work, and when he died it was predicted that Leech's death would be the death of *Punch*—so closely was he associated in the public mind with the rise and growth of *Punch*, since he joined the paper in its first Volume. Leech's first drawing was published in the fourth number of *Punch*, August 7, 1841; I showed this first picture by Leech in Part I. of this article, and now we have his last picture, twenty-three years later.



36.—BY TENNIEL. 1864.



37.—BY LEECH. 1864.

The words below No. 35 are:—
Fare (who has driven rather a hard bargain and is settling): "But why, my good man, do you put that Cloth over the Horse's head?"

Cab-Driver: "Shure, yer Honour, thin—I shouldn't like him to see how little ye pay for such a hard day's work!"

In No. 36 we see the result of a political fight between Mr. Gladstone and Benjamin Disraeli (afterwards Lord Beaconsfield).



38.—A NATURAL MISTAKE. 1864.



39.—AN AUTHORITY ON MOURNING HAT-BANDS. 1864.

of hatters' etiquette in the matter of the depth of mourning hat-bands, and No. 40 shows how easily a foreigner may make a grave mistake as regards the customs of a country he visits.



40.—THE WINE-VAULTS UNDER THE CHURCH. 1864.

NOTE.—In Part I. of this article, published last January, I showed in picture No. 22, "A joke by Thackeray, the point of which has never been discovered." Many readers have sent to me their solutions of this joke by Thackeray—some readers having backed their emphatic opinions with bets—but as all the solutions received are different, and as they are all possible, this joke must still be considered unsolved.—J. H. S.

(To be continued.)

Hilda Wade.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

II.—THE EPISODE OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAD FAILED FOR EVERYTHING.



ONE day, about those times, I went round to call on my aunt, Lady Tepping. And lest you accuse me of the vulgar desire to flaunt my fine relations in your face, I hasten to add that my poor dear old aunt is a very ordinary specimen of the common Army-widow. Her husband, Sir Malcolm, a crusty old gentleman of the ancient school, was knighted in Burma, or thereabouts, for a successful raid upon naked natives, on something that is called the Shan frontier. When he had grown grey in the service of his Queen and country, besides earning himself incidentally a very decent pension, he acquired gout, and went to his long rest in Kensal Green Cemetery. He left his wife with one daughter, and the only pretence to a title in our otherwise blameless family.

My cousin Daphne is a very pretty girl, with those quiet, sedate manners which often develop later in life into genuine self-respect and real depth of character. Fools do not admire her; they accuse her of being "heavy." But she can do without fools: she has a fine, strongly-built figure, an upright carriage, a large and broad forehead, a firm chin, and features which, though well-marked, and well-moulded, are yet delicate

in outline and sensitive in expression. Very young men seldom take to Daphne: she lacks the desired inanity. But she has mind, repose, and womanly tenderness. Indeed, if she had not been my cousin, I almost think I might once have been tempted to fall in love with her.

When I reached Gloucester Terrace, on this particular afternoon, I found Hilda Wade there before me. She had lunched at my aunt's, in fact. It was her "day out" at St. Nathaniel's, and she had come round to spend it with Daphne Tepping. I had introduced her to the house some time before, and she and my cousin had struck up a close acquaintance immediately. Their temperaments were sympathetic: Daphne admired Hilda's depth and reserve, while Hilda admired Daphne's grave grace and self-control, her perfect freedom from current affectations. She neither giggled, nor aped Ibsenism.

A third person stood back in the room



"SHE AND MY COUSIN HAD STRUCK UP A CLOSE ACQUAINTANCE."

when I entered—a tall and somewhat jerry-built young man, with a rather long and solemn face, like an early stage in the evolution of a Don Quixote. I took a good look at him. There was something about his air that impressed me as both lugubrious and humorous: and in this I was right, for I learned later that he was one of those rare people who can sing a comic song with immense success, while preserving a sour countenance like a Puritan preacher's. His eyes were a little sunken, his fingers long and nervous: but I fancied he looked a good fellow at heart, for all that, though foolishly impulsive. He was a punctilious gentleman, I felt sure; his face and manner grew upon one rapidly.

Daphne rose as I entered, and waved the stranger forward with an imperious little wave: I imagined, indeed, that I detected in the gesture a faint touch of half-unconscious proprietorship. "Good morning, Hubert," she said, taking my hand, but turning towards the tall young man. "I don't think you know Mr. Cecil Holsworthy."

"I have heard you speak of him," I answered, drinking him in with my glance. I added internally, "Not half good enough for you."

Hilda's eyes met mine and read my thought. They flashed back word, in the language of eyes, "I do not agree with you."

Daphne, meanwhile, was watching me closely. I could see she was anxious to discover what impression her friend Mr. Holsworthy was making on me. Till then, I had no idea she was fond of anyone in particular: but the way her glance wandered from him to me, and from me to Hilda, showed clearly that she thought much of this gawky visitor.

We sat and talked together, we four, for some time: I found the young man with the lugubrious countenance improved immensely on closer acquaintance. His talk was clever. He turned out to be the son of a politician high in office in the Canadian Government, and he had been educated at Oxford: the father, I gathered, was rich, but he himself was making an income of nothing a year just then as a briefless barrister, and he was hesitating whether to accept a post of secretary that had been offered him in the colony, or to continue his negative career at the Inner Temple, for the honour and glory of it.

"Now, which would *you* advise me, Miss Tepping?" he inquired, after we had discussed the matter together some minutes.

Daphne's face flushed up. "It is so hard to decide," she answered. "To decide to *your* best advantage, I mean, of course. For naturally all your English friends would wish to keep you as long as possible in England."

"No, do you think so?" the gawky young man jerked out with evident pleasure. "Now, that's awfully kind of you. Do you know, if *you* tell me I ought to stay in England, I've half a mind . . . I'll cable over this very day and refuse the appointment."

Daphne flushed once more. "Oh, please don't," she exclaimed, looking frightened. "I shall be quite distressed if a—a stray word of mine should debar you from accepting a good offer of a secretaryship."

"Why, your least wish——" the young man began, then checked himself hastily—"must be always important," he went on, in a different voice, "to everyone of your acquaintance."

Daphne rose hurriedly. "Look here, Hilda," she said, a little tremulously, biting her lip, "I have to go out into Westbourne Grove to get those gloves for to-night, and a spray for my hair; will you all excuse me for half an hour?"

Holsworthy rose too. "Mayn't I go with you?" he asked, eagerly.

"Oh, if you like: how very kind of you," Daphne answered, her cheek a blush rose. "Hubert, will you come too? and you, Hilda?"

It was one of those invitations which are given to be refused. I did not need Hilda's warning glance to tell me that my company would be quite superfluous: I felt those two were best left together.

"It's no use, though, Dr. Cumberledge!" Hilda put in, as soon as they were gone. "He *won't* propose, though he has had every encouragement. I don't know what's the matter; but I've been watching them both for weeks, and somehow things seem never to get any forwarder."

"You think he's in love with her?" I asked.

"In love with her! Well, you have eyes in your head, I know: where could they have been looking? He's madly in love—a very good kind of love, too: he genuinely admires and respects and appreciates all Daphne's sweet and charming qualities."

"Then what do you suppose is the matter?"

"I have an inkling of the truth: I imagine Mr. Cecil must have let himself in for a prior attachment."

"If so, why does he hang about Daphne?"

"Because—he can't help himself. He's a

good fellow, and a chivalrous fellow: he admires your cousin; but he must have got himself into some foolish entanglement elsewhere, which he is too honourable to break off; while at the same time he's far too much impressed by Daphne's fine qualities to be able to keep away from her. It's the ordinary case of love *versus* duty."

"Is he well off? Could he afford to marry Daphne?"

"Oh, his father's very rich: he has plenty of money. A Canadian millionaire, they

ing about her, and arranging her black lace shawl.

"She has just run out into Westbourne Grove to get some gloves and a flower for the *fête* this evening," Hilda answered. Then she added, significantly, "Mr. Holsworthy has gone with her."

"What? That boy's been here again?"

"Yes, Lady Tepping. He called to see Daphne."

My aunt turned to me with an aggrieved tone. It is a peculiarity of my aunt's—I have met it elsewhere—that if she is angry with Jones, and Jones is not present, she assumes a tone of injured asperity on his account towards Brown or Smith or any other innocent person whom she happens to be addressing.

"Now, this is really too bad, Hubert," she burst out, as if *I* were the culprit. "Disgraceful! Abominable! I'm sure I can't make out what the young fellow means by it. Here he comes dangling after



"IS HE WELL OFF?"

say. That makes it all the likelier that some undesirable young woman somewhere may have managed to get hold of him. Just the sort of romantic, impressionable hobbledohoy such women angle for."

I drummed my fingers on the table. Presently Hilda spoke again. "Why don't you try to get to know him, and find out precisely what's the matter?"

"I *know* what's the matter—now you've told me," I answered. "It's as clear as day. Daphne is very much smitten with him, too. I'm sorry for Daphne! Well, I'll take your advice: I'll try to have some talk with him."

"Do, please; I feel sure I have hit upon it. He has got himself engaged in a hurry to some girl he doesn't really care about, and he is far too much of a gentleman to break it off, though he's in love quite another way with Daphne."

Just at that moment the door opened and my aunt entered.

"Why, where's Daphne?" she cried, look-

Daphne every day and all day long—and never once says whether he means anything by it or not. In *my* young days, such conduct as that would not have been considered respectable."

I nodded and beamed benignity.

"Well, why don't you answer me?" my aunt went on, warming up. "*Do* you mean to tell me you think his behaviour respectful to a nice girl in Daphne's position?"

"My dear aunt," I answered, "you confound the persons. I am not Mr. Holsworthy. I decline responsibility for him. I meet him here, in *your* house, for the first time this morning."

"Then that shows how often you come to see your relations, Hubert!" my aunt burst out, obliquely. "The man's been here, to my certain knowledge, every day this six weeks."

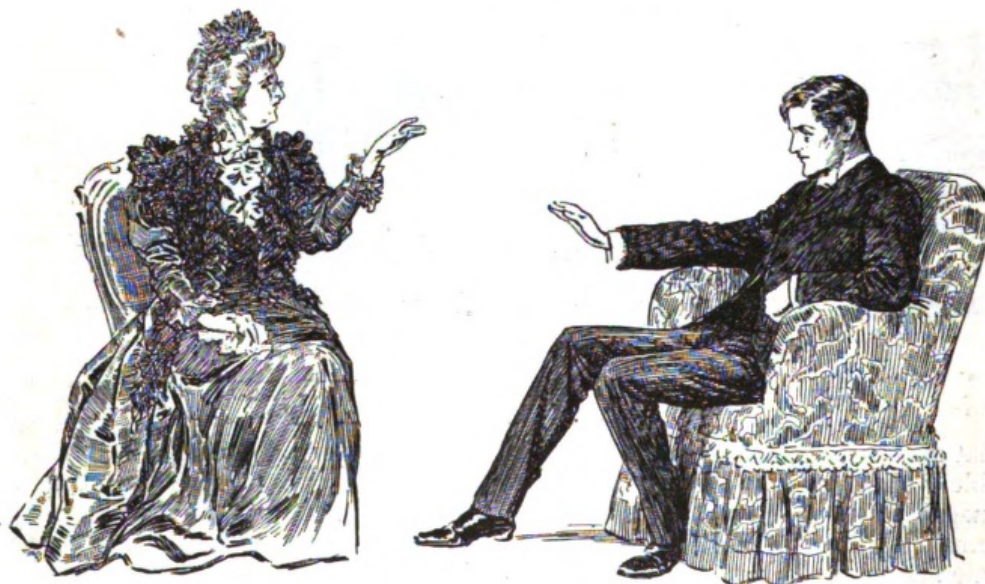
"Really, Aunt Fanny," I said: "you must recollect that a professional man——"

"Oh, yes. *That's* the way! Lay it all down to your profession, do, Hubert!

Though I *know* you were at the Thorntons' on Saturday—saw it in the papers—the *Morning Post*—‘among the guests were Sir Edward and Lady Burnes, Professor Sebastian, Dr. Hubert Cumberledge,’ and so forth, and so forth. *You* think you can conceal these things: but you can't. I get to know them!”

“Conceal them! My dearest aunt! Why, I danced twice with Daphne.”

“Daphne! Yes, Daphne. They all run after Daphne,” my aunt exclaimed, altering the venue once more. “But there's no respect for age left. I expect to be neglected. However, that's neither here nor there. The point is this: you're the one man now living in the family. You ought to behave like a brother to Daphne. Why don't you board this Holsworthy person and ask him his intentions?”



“WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM HIS INTENTIONS?”

“Goodness gracious!” I cried: “most excellent of aunts, that epoch has gone past. The late lamented Queen Anne is now dead. It's no use asking the young man of to-day to explain his intentions. He will refer you to the works of the Scandinavian dramatists.”

My aunt was speechless. She could only gurgled out the words: “Well, I can safely say that of all the monstrous behaviour——” then language failed her and she relapsed into silence.

However, when Daphne and young Holsworthy returned, I had as much talk with him as I could, and when he left the house I left also.

“Which way are you walking?” I asked, as we turned out into the street.

“Towards my rooms in the Temple.”

“Oh! I'm going back to St. Nathaniel's,” I continued. “If you'll allow me I'll walk part way with you.”

“How very kind of you!”

We strode side by side a little distance in silence. Then a thought seemed to strike the lugubrious young man. “What a charming girl your cousin is!” he exclaimed, abruptly.

“You seem to think so,” I answered, smiling.

He flushed a little; the lantern jaw grew longer. “I admire her, of course,” he answered. “Who doesn't? She is so extraordinarily handsome.”

“Well, not exactly handsome,” I replied, with more critical and kinsmanlike deliberation. “Pretty, if you will; and decidedly pleasing and attractive in manner.”

He looked me up and down, as if he found me a person singularly deficient in taste and appreciation. “Ah, but then, you are her cousin,” he said at last, with a compassionate tone. “That makes a difference.”

“I quite see all Daphne's strong points,” I answered, still smiling, for I could perceive he was very far gone. “She is good-looking, and she is clever.”

“Clever!” he echoed. “Profound! She has a most unusual intellect. She stands alone.”

“Like her mother's silk dresses,” I murmured, half under my breath.

He took no notice of my flippant remark, but went on with his rhapsody. “Such

depth ; such penetration ! And then, how sympathetic ! Why, even to a mere casual acquaintance like myself, she is so kind, so discerning."

"Are you such a casual acquaintance ?" I inquired, with a smile. (It might have shocked Aunt Fanny to hear me : but *that* is the way we ask a young man his intentions nowadays.)

He stopped short and hesitated. "Oh, quite casual," he replied, almost stammering. "Most casual, I assure you . . . I have never ventured to do myself the honour of supposing that . . . that Miss Tepping could possibly care for me."

"There is such a thing as being *too* modest and unassuming," I answered. "It sometimes leads to unintentional cruelty."

"No, do you think so ?" he cried, his face falling all at once. "I should blame myself bitterly if that were so. Dr. Cumberledge, you are her cousin. Do you gather that I have acted in such a way as to—lead Miss Tepping to suppose I felt any affection for her ?"

"It is," I responded, with my best paternal manner, gazing blankly in front of me.

He stopped short again. "Look here," he said, facing me. "Are you busy ? No ? Then come back with me to my rooms, and—I'll make a clean breast of it."

"By all means," I assented. "When one is young—and foolish, I have often noticed, as a medical man, that a drachm of clean breast is a magnificent prescription."

He walked back by my side, talking all the way of Daphne's many adorable qualities. He exhausted the dictionary for laudatory adjectives. By the time I reached his door it was not *his* fault if I had not learned that the angelic hierarchy were not in the running with my pretty cousin for graces and virtues. I felt that Faith, Hope, and Charity ought to resign at once in favour of Miss Daphne Tepping, promoted.

He took me into his comfortably-furnished rooms—the luxurious rooms of a rich young bachelor, with taste as well as money—and



"HE SAT DOWN OPPOSITE ME."

I laughed in his face. "My dear boy," I answered, laying one hand on his shoulder, "may I say the plain truth ? A blind bat could see you are madly in love with her."

His mouth twitched. "That's very serious," he answered, gravely ; "very serious."

offered me a partaga. Now, I have long observed, in the course of my practice, that a choice cigar assists a man in taking a philosophic outlook on the question under discussion : so I accepted the partaga. He sat down opposite me and pointed to a

photograph in the centre of his mantelpiece. "I am engaged to that lady," he put in, shortly.

"So I anticipated," I answered, lighting up.

He started and looked surprised. "Why, what made you guess it?" he inquired.

I smiled the calm smile of superior age—I was some eight years or so his senior. "My dear fellow," I murmured, "what else could prevent you from proposing to Daphne—when you are so undeniably in love with her?"

"A great deal," he answered. "For example: the sense of my own utter unworthiness."

"One's own unworthiness," I replied, "though doubtless real—p'f, p'f—is a barrier that most of us can readily get over, when our admiration for a particular lady waxes strong enough. So *this* is the prior attachment!" I took the portrait down and scanned it.

"Unfortunately, yes. What do you think of her?"

I scrutinized the features. "Seems a nice enough little thing," I answered. It was an innocent face, I admit. Very frank and girlish.

He leaned forward eagerly. "That's just it. A nice enough little thing! Nothing in the world to be said against her. While Daphne—Miss Tepping, I mean——" His silence was ecstatic.

I examined the photograph still more closely. It displayed a lady of twenty or thereabouts, with a weak face, small, vacant features, a feeble chin, a good-humoured, simple mouth, and a wealth of golden hair that seemed to strike a keynote.

"In the theatrical profession?" I inquired at last, looking up.

He hesitated. "Well, not exactly," he answered.

I pursed my lips and blew a ring. "Music-hall stage?" I went on, dubiously.

He nodded. "But a girl is not necessarily any the less a lady because she sings at a music-hall," he added, with warmth, displaying an evident desire to be just to his betrothed, however much he admired Daphne.

"Certainly not," I admitted. "A lady is a lady; no occupation can in itself unladify her. . . . But on the music-hall stage, the odds, one must admit, are on the whole against her."

"Now, *there* you show prejudice!"

"One may be quite unprejudiced," I

answered, "and yet allow that connection with the music-halls does not, as such, afford clear proof that a girl is a compound of all the virtues."

"I think she's a good girl," he retorted, slowly.

"Then why do you want to throw her over?" I inquired.

"I don't. That's just it. On the contrary, I mean to keep my word and marry her."

"*In order* to keep your word?" I suggested.

He nodded. "Precisely. It is a point of honour."

"That's a poor ground of marriage," I went on. "Mind, I don't want for a moment to influence you, as Daphne's cousin. I want to get at the truth of the situation. I don't even know what Daphne thinks of you. But you promised me a clean breast. Be a man, and bare it."

He bared it instantly. "I thought I was in love with this girl, you see," he went on, "till I saw Miss Tepping."

"That makes a difference," I admitted.

"And I couldn't bear to break her heart."

"Heaven forbid!" I cried. "It is the one unpardonable sin. Better anything than that." Then I grew practical. "Father's consent?"

"*My* father's? *Is* it likely? He expects me to marry into some distinguished English family."

I hummed a moment. "Well, out with it!" I exclaimed, pointing my cigar at him.

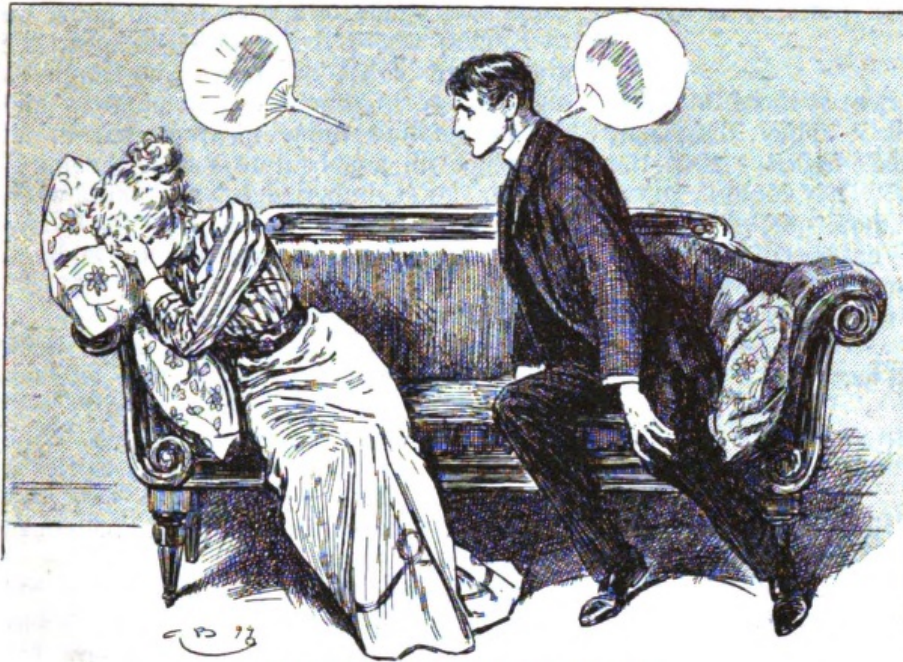
He leaned back in his chair and told me the whole story. A pretty girl: golden hair: introduced to her by a friend: nice simple little thing: mind and heart above the irregular stage on to which she had been driven by poverty alone: father dead: mother in reduced circumstances: "to keep the home together, poor Sissie decided——"

"Precisely so," I murmured, knocking off my ash. "The usual self-sacrifice! Case quite normal! Everything *en règle*!"

"You don't mean to say you doubt it?" he cried, flushing up, and evidently regarding me as a hopeless cynic. "I do assure you, Dr. Cumberledge, the poor child—though miles, of course, below Miss Tepping's level—is as innocent, and as good——"

"As a flower in May. Oh, yes, I don't doubt it. How did you come to propose to her, though?"

He reddened a little. "Well, it was almost accidental," he said, sheepishly. "I called there one evening, and her mother had a headache and went up to bed. And when we two were left alone, Sissie talked a great



"SHE BROKE DOWN AND BEGAN TO CRY."

deal about her future, and how hard her life was. And after a while she broke down and began to cry. And then——"

I cut him short with a wave of my hand. "You need say no more," I put in, with a sympathetic face. "We have all been there."

We paused a moment, while I puffed smoke at the photograph again. "Well," I said at last, "her face looks to me really simple and nice. It is a good face. Do you see her often?"

"Oh, no; she's on tour."

"In the provinces?"

"M'yes: just at present, at Scarborough."

"But she writes to you?"

"Every day."

"Would you think it an unpardonable impertinence if I made bold to ask whether it would be possible for you to show me a specimen of her letters?"

He unlocked a drawer and took out three or four. Then he read one through, carefully. "I don't think," he said, in a deliberative voice, "it would be a serious breach of confidence in me to let you look through this one. There's really nothing in it, you know—just the ordinary average everyday love-letter."

I glanced through the little note. He was right. The conventional hearts-and-darts epistle. It sounded nice enough. Longing to see you again: so lonely in this place: your dear sweet letter: looking forward to the time: your ever-devoted Sissie.

"That seems straight," I answered. "However, I am not quite sure. Will you allow me to take it away, with the photograph? I know I am asking much. I want to show it to a lady in whose tact and discrimination I have the greatest confidence."

"What, Daphne?"

I smiled. "No, not Daphne," I answered. "Our friend Miss Wade. She has extraordinary insight."

"I could trust anything to Miss Wade. She is true as steel."

"You are right," I answered. "That shows that you too are a judge of character."

He hesitated. "I feel a brute," he cried, "to go on writing every day to Sissie Montague—and yet calling every day to see Miss Tepping. But still—I do it."

I grasped his hand. "My dear fellow," I said, "nearly ninety per cent. of men, after all—are human!"

I took both letter and photograph back with me to Nathaniel's. When I had gone my rounds that night, I carried them into Hilda Wade's room, and told her the story. Her face grew grave. "We must be just," she said, at last. "Daphne is deeply in love with him; but even for Daphne's sake, we must not take anything for granted against the other lady."

I produced the photograph. "What do you make of that?" I asked. "I think it an honest face, myself, I may tell you."

She scrutinized it long and closely with a magnifier. Then she put her head on one side and mused very deliberately. "Madeline Shaw gave me her photograph the other day, and said to me, as she gave it, 'I do so like these modern portraits; they show one *what might have been*.'"

"You mean, they are so much touched up!"

"Exactly. That, as it stands, is a sweet, innocent face—an honest girl's face—almost babyish in its transparency; but . . . the

innocence has all been put into it by the photographer."

"You think so?"

"I know it. Look here at those lines just visible on the cheek. They disappear, nowhere, at impossible angles. *And* the corners of that mouth. They couldn't go so, with that nose and those puckers. The thing is not real. It has been atrociously edited. Part is nature's; part, the photographer's; part, even possibly paint and powder."

"But the underlying face?"

"Is a minx's."

I handed her the letter. "This next?" I asked, fixing my eyes on her as she looked.

She read it through. For a minute or two she examined it. "The letter is right enough," she answered, after a second reading, "though its guileless simplicity is perhaps, under the circumstances, just a leetle overdone; but the handwriting—the handwriting is duplicity itself: a cunning, serpentine hand: no openness or honesty in it. Depend upon it, that girl is playing a double game."

"You believe, then, there is character in handwriting?"

"Undoubtedly; when we know the character, we can see it in the writing. The difficulty is, to see it and read it *before* we know it: and I have practised a little at that. There is character in all we do, of course—our walk, our cough, the very wave of our hands: the only secret is, not all of us have always skill to see it. Here, however, I feel pretty sure. The curls of the g's and the tails of the y's—how full they are of wile, of low, underhand trickery!"

I looked at them as she pointed. "That is true!" I exclaimed. "I see it when you show it. Lines meant for effect. No straightness or directness in them!"

Hilda reflected a moment. "Poor Daphne," she murmured. "I would do anything to help her. . . . I'll tell what might be a good plan." Her face brightened. "My holiday comes next week. I'll run down to Scarborough—it's as nice a place for a holiday as any—and I'll observe this young lady. It can do no harm—and good may come of it."

"How kind of you!" I cried.

"But you are always all kindness."

Hilda went to Scarborough, and

came back again for a week before going on to Bruges, where she proposed to spend the greater part of her holidays. She stopped a night or two in town to report progress, and finding another nurse ill, promised to fill her place till a substitute was forthcoming. "Well, Dr. Cumberledge," she said, when she saw me alone, "I was right! I have found out a fact or two about Daphne's rival!"

"You have seen her?" I asked.

"Seen her? I have stopped for a week in the same house. A very nice lodging-house on the Spa front, too. The girl's well enough off. The poverty plea fails. She goes about in good rooms, and carries a mother with her."

"That's well," I answered. "That looks all right."

"Oh, yes, she's quite presentable: has the manners of a lady—whenever she chooses. But the chief point is this: she laid her letters every day on the table in the passage outside her door for post—laid them all in a row, so that when one claimed one's own one couldn't help seeing them."

"Well, that was open and above-board," I continued, beginning to fear we had hastily misjudged Miss Sissie Montague.

"Very open—too much so, in fact; for I was obliged to note the fact that she wrote



"TO MY TWO MASHES," SHE EXPLAINED.

two letters regularly every day of her life—"to my two mashes," she explained one afternoon to a young man who was with her as she laid them on the table. One of them was always addressed to Cecil Holsworthy, Esq."

"And the other?"

"Wasn't."

"Did you note the name?" I asked, interested.

"Yes; here it is." She handed me a slip of paper.

I read it: "Reginald Nettlecraft, Esq., 427, Staples Inn, London."

"What, Reggie Nettlecraft!" I cried, amused. "Why, he was a very little boy at Charterhouse when I was a big one; he afterwards went to Oxford and got sent down from Christ Church for the part he took in burning a Greek bust in Tom Quad—an antique Greek bust—after a bump supper."

"Just the sort of man I should have expected," Hilda answered, with a suppressed smile. "I have a sort of inkling that Miss Montague likes *him* best; he is nearer her type; but she thinks Cecil Holsworthy the better match. Has Mr. Nettlecraft money?"

"Not a penny, I should say. An allowance from his father, perhaps, who is a Lincolnshire parson; but otherwise, nothing."

"Then, in my opinion, the young lady is playing for Mr. Holsworthy's money; failing which, she will decline upon Mr. Nettlecraft's heart."

We talked it all over. In the end, I said abruptly, "Nurse Wade, you have seen Miss Montague, or whatever she calls herself. I have not. I won't condemn her unheard. I have half a mind to run down one day

next week to Scarborough and have a look at her."

"Do. That will suffice. You can judge then for yourself whether or not I am mistaken."

I went; and what is more, I heard Miss Sissie sing at her hall—a pretty domestic song, most childish and charming. She impressed me not unfavourably, in spite of what Hilda said. Her peach-blossom cheek might have been art, but looked like nature. She had an open face, a baby smile; and there was a frank girlishness about her dress and manner that took my fancy. "After all," I thought to myself, "even Hilda Wade is fallible."

So that evening, when her "turn" was over, I made up my mind to go round and call upon her. I had told Cecil Holsworthy my intentions beforehand, and it rather shocked him. He was too much of a gentleman to wish to spy upon the girl he had promised to marry. However, in my case, there need be no such scruples. I found the house, and asked for Miss Montague. As I mounted the stairs to the drawing-room floor, I heard a sound of voices—the murmur of laughter: idiotic guffaws, suppressed giggles, the masculine and feminine varieties of tomfoolery.

"*You'd* make a splendid woman of business, *you* would!" a young

man was saying. I gathered from his drawl that he belonged to that sub-species of the human race which is known as the Chappie.

"Wouldn't I just?" a girl's voice answered, tittering: I recognised it as Sissie's. "You ought to see me at it! Why, my brother set up a place once for mending bicycles; and I used to stand about at the door, as if I had just returned from a ride: and when



"MOST CHILDISH AND CHARMING."

fellows came in with a nut loose or something, I'd begin talking with them while Bertie tightened it. Then, when *they* weren't looking, I'd dab the business end of a darning-needle, so, just plump into their tyres; and of course, as soon as they went off, they were back again in a minute to get a puncture mended! I call *that* business."

A roar of laughter greeted the recital of this brilliant incident in a commercial career. As it subsided, I entered. There were two men in the room, besides Miss Montague and her mother, and a second young lady.

"Excuse this late call," I said, quietly, bowing. "But I have only one night in Scarborough, Miss Montague, and I wanted to see you. I'm a friend of Mr. Holsworthy's. I told him I'd look you up, and this is my sole opportunity."

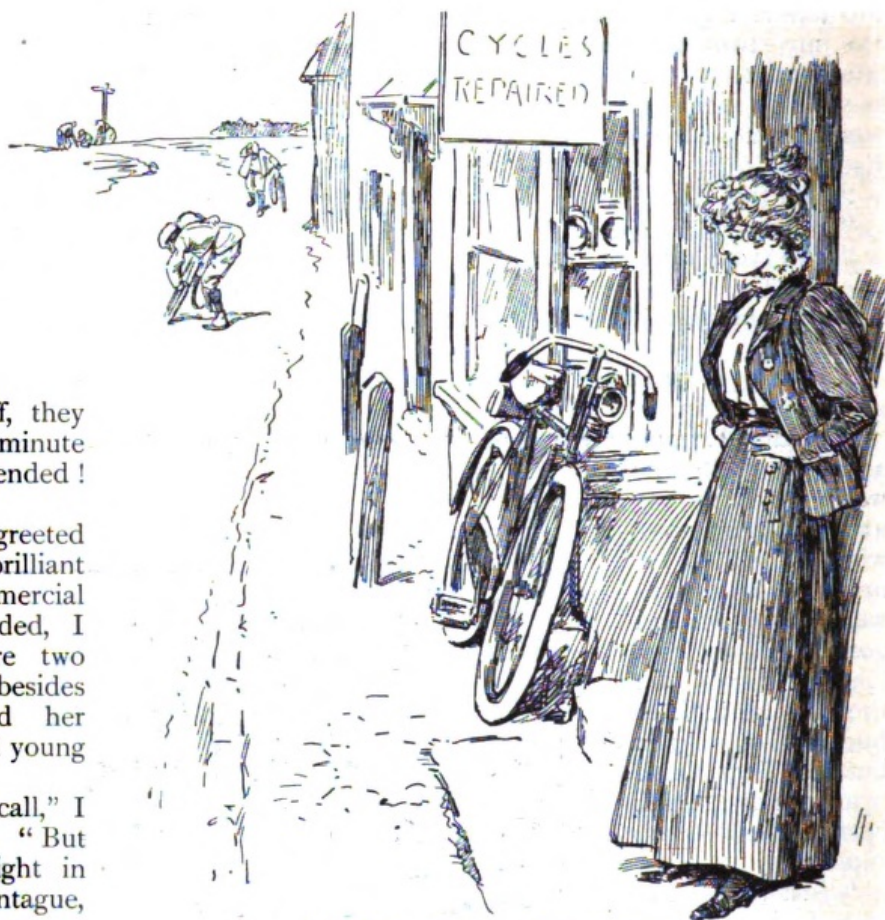
I *felt* rather than saw that Miss Montague darted a quick glance of hidden meaning at her friends the chappies: their faces, in response, ceased to snigger, and grew instantly sober.

She took my card: then, in her alternative manner as the perfect lady, she presented me to her mother. "Dr. Cumberledge, mamma," she said, in a faintly warning voice. "A friend of Mr. Holsworthy's."

The old lady half rose. "Let me see," she said, staring at me. "*Which* is Mr. Holsworthy, Siss?—is it Cecil or Reggie?"

One of the chappies burst into a fatuous laugh once more at this remark. "Now, you're giving away the whole show, Mrs. Montague!" he exclaimed, with a chuckle. A look from Miss Sissie immediately checked him.

I am bound to admit, however, that after these untoward incidents of the first minute, Miss Montague and her friends behaved throughout with distinguished propriety. Her manners were perfect—I may even say, demure. She asked about "Cecil" with



"I USED TO STAND ABOUT AT THE DOOR."

charming naïveté. She was frank and girlish. Lots of innocent fun in her, no doubt—she sang us a comic song in excellent taste, which is a severe test—but not a suspicion of double-dealing. If I had not overheard those few words as I came up the stairs, I think I should have gone away believing the poor girl an injured child of nature.

As it was, I went back to London the very next day, determined to renew my slight acquaintance with Reggie Nettlecraft.

Fortunately, I had a good excuse for going to visit him. I had been asked to collect among old Carthusians for one of those endless "testimonials" which pursue one through life, and are, perhaps, the worst nemesis which follows the crime of having wasted one's youth at a public school: a testimonial for a retiring master, or professional cricketer, or washerwoman, or something; and in the course of my duties as collector, it was quite natural that I should call upon all my fellow-victims. So I went to his rooms in Staples Inn and re-introduced myself.

Reggie Nettlecraft had grown up into an unwholesome, spotty, indeterminate young

man, with a speckled necktie, and cuffs of which he was inordinately proud, and which he insisted on "flashing" every second minute. He was also evidently self-satisfied, which was odd, for I have seldom seen anyone who afforded less cause for rational satisfaction. "Hullo," he said, when I told him my name. "So it's you, is it, Cumberledge?" He glanced at my card. "St. Nathaniel's Hospital! What rot! Why, blow me tight if you haven't turned sawbones!"

"That is my profession," I answered, unashamed. "And you?"

"Oh, I don't have any luck, you know, old man. They turned me out of Oxford because I had too much sense of humour for the authorities there—beastly set of old fogeys! Objected to my 'chucking' oyster-shells at the tutors' windows—good old English custom, fast becoming obsolete. Then I crammed for the Army: but, bless your heart, a *gentleman* has no chance for the Army nowadays: a pack of blooming cads, with what they call 'intellect,' read up for the exams., and don't give *us* a look-in; I call it sheer piffle. Then the Guv'nor set me on electrical engineering—electrical engineering's played out—I put no stock in it; besides, it's such beastly fag; and then, you get your hands dirty. So now I'm reading for the Bar, and if only my coach can put me up to tips enough to dodge the examiners, I expect to be called some time next summer."

"And when you have failed for everything?" I inquired, just to test his sense of humour.

He swallowed it like a roach. "Oh, when I've failed for everything, I shall stick up to the Guv'nor. Hang it all, a *gentleman* can't be expected to earn his own livelihood. England's going to the dogs, that's where it is: no snug little sinecures left for chaps like you and me: all this beastly competition. And no respect for the feelings of gentlemen, either! Why, would you believe it, Cumber-ground—we used to call you Cumberground at Charterhouse, I remember, or was it Fig Tree?—I happened to get a bit lively in the Haymarket last week, after a rattling good supper, and the chap at the police-court—old cove with a squint—positively proposed to send me to prison, *without the option of a fine!*—I'll trouble you for that—send *me* to prison—just for knocking down a common brute of a bobby. There's no mistake about it, England's *not* a country now for a gentleman to live in."

Vol. xvii. — 58.

"Then why not mark your sense of the fact by leaving it?" I inquired, with a smile.

He shook his head. "What? Emigrate? No, thank you! I'm not taking any. None of your colonies for *me*, if you please. I shall stick to the old ship. I'm too much attached to the Empire."

"And yet imperialists," I said, "generally gush over the colonies—the Empire on which the sun never sets."

"The Empire in Leicester Square!" he responded, gazing at me with unspoken contempt. "Have a whisky and soda, old chap? What, no? 'Never drink between meals?' Well, you *do* surprise me! I suppose that comes of being a sawbones, don't it?"

"Possibly," I answered. "We respect our livers." Then I went on to the ostensible reason of my visit—the Charterhouse testimonial. He slapped his thighs metaphorically, by way of suggesting the depleted condition of his pockets. "Stony broke, Cumberledge," he murmured; "stony broke! Honour bright! Unless Bluebird pulls off the Prince of Wales's Stakes, I really don't know how I'm to pay the Benchers."

"It's quite unimportant," I answered. "I was asked to ask you, and I *have* asked you."

"So I twig, my dear fellow. Sorry to have to say *no*. But I'll tell you what I can do for you: I can put you upon a straight thing——"

I glanced at the mantelpiece. "I see you have a photograph of Miss Sissie Montague," I broke in casually, taking it down and examining it. "*With* an autograph, too. 'Reggie, from Sissie.' You are a friend of hers?"

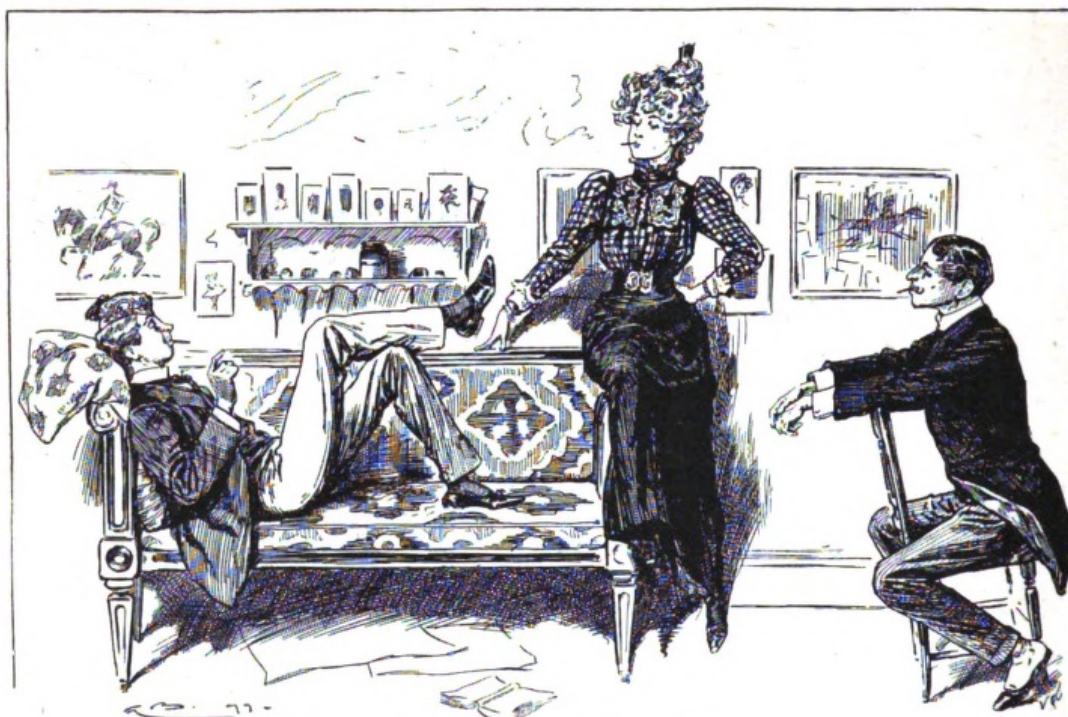
"A friend of hers? I'll trouble you. She *is* a clinker, Sissie is! You should see that girl smoke. I give you my word of honour, Cumberledge, she can consume cigarettes against any fellow I know in London. Hang it all, a girl like that, you know—well, one can't help admiring her! Ever seen her?"

"Oh, yes; I know her. I called on her, in fact, night before last at Scarborough."

He whistled a moment, then broke into an imbecile laugh. "My gum," he cried, "this *is* a start, this is! You don't mean to tell me *you* are the other Johnnie?"

"What other Johnnie?" I asked, feeling we were getting near it.

He leaned back and laughed again. "Well, you know that girl Sissie, she's a clever one, she is," he went on after a minute, staring at me. "She's a regular clinker! Got two strings to her bow, that's where the trouble



"ONE CAN'T HELP ADMIRING HER."

comes in : Me, and another fellow. She likes Me for love, and the other fellow for money. Now, don't you come and tell me that *you* are the other fellow."

"I have certainly never aspired to the young lady's hand," I answered, cautiously. "But don't you know your rival's name, then?"

"That's Sissie's blooming cleverness. She's a caulker, Sissie is : you don't take a rise out of Sissie in a hurry. She knows that if I knew who the other bloke was, I'd blow upon her little game to him, and put him off her. And I *would*, s'ep me taters : for I'm nuts on that girl : I tell you, Cumberledge, she *is* a clinker !"

"You seem to me admirably adapted for one another," I answered, truthfully. I had not the slightest compunction in handing Reggie Nettlecraft over to Sissie, nor in handing Sissie over to Reggie Nettlecraft.

"Adapted for one another? That's just it. There, you hit the right nail plump on the cocoa-nut, Cumberground ! But Sissie's an artful one, she is. She's playing for the other Johnnie. He's got the dibs, you know ; and Sissie wants the dibs even more than she wants yours truly."

"Got what?" I inquired, not quite catching the phrase.

"The dibs, old man ; the chink ; the oof ; the ready rhino. He rolls in it, she says. I can't find out the chap's name, but I know

his Guv'nor's something or other in the millionaire trade somewhere across in America."

"She writes to you, I think?"

"That's so : every blooming day : but how the dummy did you come to know it?"

"She lays letters addressed to you on the hall table at her lodgings in Scarborough."

"The dickens she does ! Careless little beggar ! Yes, she writes to me—pages. She's awfully gone on me, really. She'd marry me if it wasn't for the Johnnie with the dibs. She doesn't care for *him* : she wants his money. He dresses badly, don't you see : and after all, the clothes make the man ! I'd like to get at him. I'd spoil his pretty face for him." And he assumed a playfully pugilistic attitude.

"You really want to get rid of this other fellow?" I asked, seeing my chance.

"Get rid of him? Why, of course. Chuck him into the river some nice dark night if I could once get a look at him !"

"As a preliminary step, would you mind letting me see one of Miss Montague's letters?" I inquired.

He drew a long breath. "They're a bit affectionate, you know," he murmured, stroking his beardless chin in hesitation. "She's a hot 'un, Sissie is. She pitches it pretty warm on the affection-stop, I can tell you. But if you really think you can give the other Johnnie a cut on the head with her

letters—well, in the interests of true love, which never *does* run smooth, I don't mind letting you have a squint, as my friend, at one of her charming billy-dooos."

He took a bundle from a drawer, ran his eye over one or two with a maudlin air, and then selected a specimen not wholly unsuitable for publication. "*There's* one in the eye for C.," he said, chuckling. "What would C. say to that, I wonder? She always calls him C., you know: it's so jolly non-committing. She says, 'I only wish that beastly old bore C. were at Halifax—which is where he comes from: and then, I would fly at once to my own dear Reggie! But, hang it all, Reggie boy, what's the good of true love if you haven't got the dibs? I *must* have my comforts. Love in a cottage is all very well in its way, but who's to pay for the fizz, Reggie?' That's her refinement, don't you see: Sissie's awfully refined: she was brought up with the tastes and habits of a lady."

"Clearly so," I answered. "Both her

tion. If Miss Sissie had written it on purpose in order to open Cecil Holsworthy's eyes she couldn't have managed the matter better or more effectually. It breathed ardent love, tempered by a determination to sell her charms in the best and highest matrimonial market.

"Now, I know this man, C.," I said when I had finished. "And I want to ask whether you will let me show him Miss Montague's letter. It would set him against the girl, who, as a matter of fact, is wholly unwor—I mean totally unfitted for him."

"Let you show it to him? Like a bird! Why, Sissie promised me herself that if she couldn't bring 'that solemn ass, C.,' up to the scratch by Christmas she'd chuck him and marry me. It's here, in writing." And he handed me another gem of epistolary literature.

"You have no compunctions?" I asked again, after reading it.

"Not a blessed compunction to my name."

"Then neither have I," I answered.



"I DON'T MIND LETTING YOU HAVE A SQUINT AT ONE OF HER BILLY-DOOS."

literary style and her liking for champagne abundantly demonstrate it!" His acute sense of humour did not enable him to detect the irony of my observation. I doubt if it extended much beyond oyster-shells.

He handed me the letter. I read it through with equal amusement and gratifica-

I felt they both deserved it. Sissie was a minx, as Hilda rightly judged; while as for Nettlecraft—well, if a public school and an English University leave a man a cad, a cad he will be, and there is nothing more to be said about it.

I went straight off with the letters to Cecil

Holsworthy. He read them through half incredulously at first: he was too honest-natured himself to believe in the possibility of such double-dealing—that one could have innocent eyes and golden hair and yet be a trickster. He read them twice: then he compared them word for word with the simple affection and childlike tone of his own last letter received from the same lady. Her versatility of style would have done honour to a practised literary craftsman. At last he handed them back to me. “Do you think,” he said, “on the evidence of these, I should be doing wrong in breaking with her?”

“Wrong in breaking with her!” I exclaimed. “You would be doing wrong if you didn’t. Wrong to yourself: wrong to your family: wrong, if I may venture to say so, to Daphne: wrong even in the long run to the girl herself, for she is not fitted for you, and she *is* fitted for Reggie Nettlecraft. Now do as I bid you. Sit down at once and write her a letter from my dictation.”

He sat down and wrote, much relieved that I took the responsibility off his shoulders.

“DEAR MISS MONTAGUE,” I began, “the inclosed letters have come into my hands without my seeking it. After reading them, I feel that I have absolutely no right to stand between you and the man of your real choice. It would not be kind or wise of me to do so. I release you at once, and consider myself released. You may therefore regard our engagement as irrevocably cancelled.

“Faithfully yours,

“CECIL HOLSWORTHY.”

“Nothing more than that?” he asked, looking up and biting his pen. “Not a word of regret or apology?”

“Not a word,” I answered. “You are really too lenient.”

I made him take it out and post it, before he could invent conscientious scruples. Then he turned to me irresolutely. “What shall I do next?” he asked, with a comical air of doubt.

I smiled. “My dear fellow, that is a matter for your own consideration.”

“But—do you think she will laugh at me?”

“Miss Montague?”

“No! Daphne.”

“I am not in Daphne’s confidence,” I answered. “I don’t know how she feels.

But on the face of it, I think I can venture to assure you that at least she won’t laugh at you.”

He grasped my hand hard. “You don’t mean to say so!” he cried. “Well, that’s really very kind of her! A girl of Daphne’s high type! And I, who feel myself so utterly unworthy of her!”

“We are all unworthy of a good woman’s love,” I answered. “But, thank Heaven, the good women don’t seem to realize it.”

That evening, about ten, my new friend came back in a hurry to my rooms at St. Nathaniel’s. Nurse Wade was standing there, giving her report for the night when he entered. His face looked some inches shorter and broader than usual. His eyes beamed. His mouth was radiant.

“Well, you won’t believe it, Dr. Cumberland,” he began, “but——”

“Yes, I *do* believe it,” I answered. “I know it. I have read it already.”

“Read it!” he cried. “Where?”

I waved my hand towards his face. “In a special edition of the evening papers,” I answered, smiling. “Daphne has accepted you!”

He sank into an easy chair, beside himself with rapture. “Yes, yes: that angel! thanks to *you*, she has accepted me!”

“Thanks to Miss Wade,” I said, correcting him. “It is really all *her* doing. If *she* had not seen through the photograph to the face, and through the face to the woman and the base little heart of her, we might never have found her out.”

He turned to Hilda, with eyes all gratitude. “You have given me the dearest and best girl on earth,” he cried, seizing both her hands.

“And I have given Daphne a husband who will love and appreciate her,” Hilda answered, flushing.

“You see,” I said, maliciously: “I told you they never find us out, Holsworthy!”

As for Reggie Nettlecraft and his wife, I should like to add that they are getting on quite as well as could be expected. Reggie has joined his Sissie on the music-hall stage: and all those who have witnessed his immensely popular performance of the Drunken Gentleman before the Bow Street Police Court acknowledge without reserve that, after “failing for everything,” he has dropped at last into his true vocation. His impersonation of the part is said to be “nature itself.” I see no reason to doubt it.

Two Railway Sensations.

I.—A GREAT RAILWAY RACE

BY JEREMY BROOME.

(Illustrations from photos. specially taken for *George Newnes, Ltd.*, by *C. M. Hobart, Omaha, Nebraska.*)

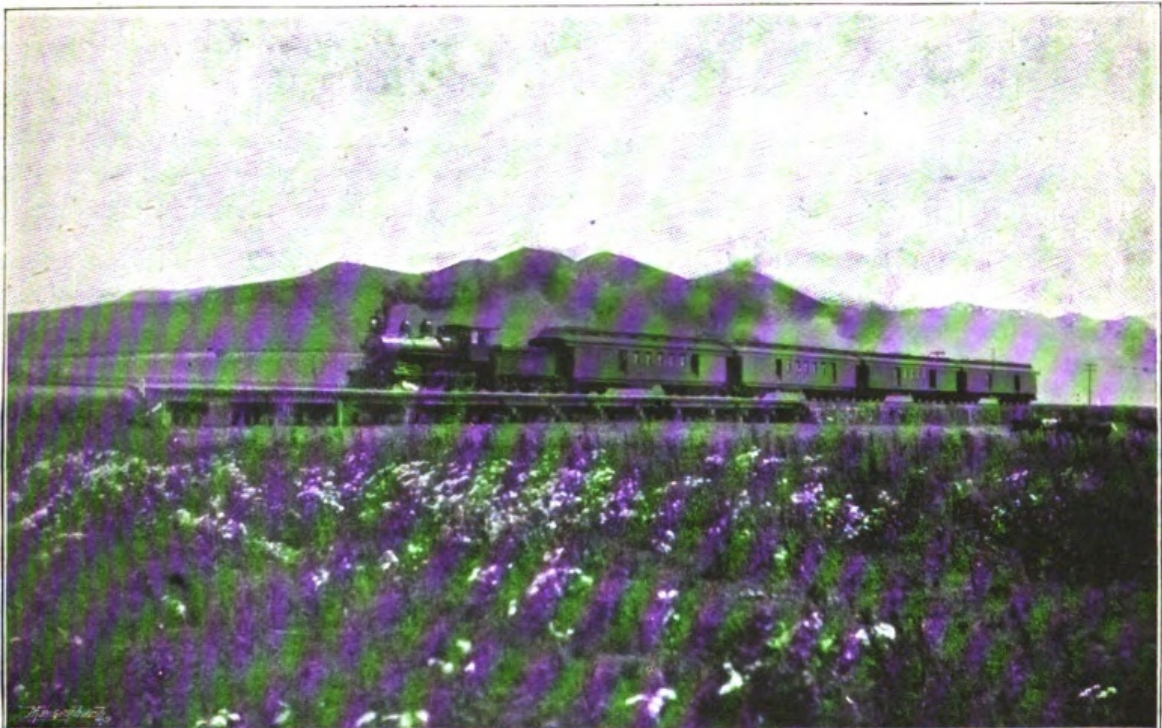


HIS is to do with the railway race that recently took place between Chicago and Omaha. Our photographer was on the spot. The result is shown in these pages, and the photographs are the only ones yet published, either in the United States or Great Britain, showing the actual trains in their fleet contest against time.

Now, there is rarely a race without a stake. In this case, the stake was a mail contract valued at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. For some time, it appears, this subsidy has been granted to two competing lines between Chicago and Omaha—the

San Francisco by thirteen hours, aroused anew the rivalry between the Burlington and North-Western, and it was understood that the contract would be awarded to the company which could show the fastest service for a week between Chicago and Omaha.

Behold, then, the opportunity for a genuine encounter between rival "fliers." For seven days, beginning with January 2nd of this year, the fast mail trains of each line rushed back and forth between the two points already named, often on time, sometimes ahead of time, and always without an accident to mar the success of the trips, and bring down upon the companies the retribution of an indignant public. The Press of two Continents



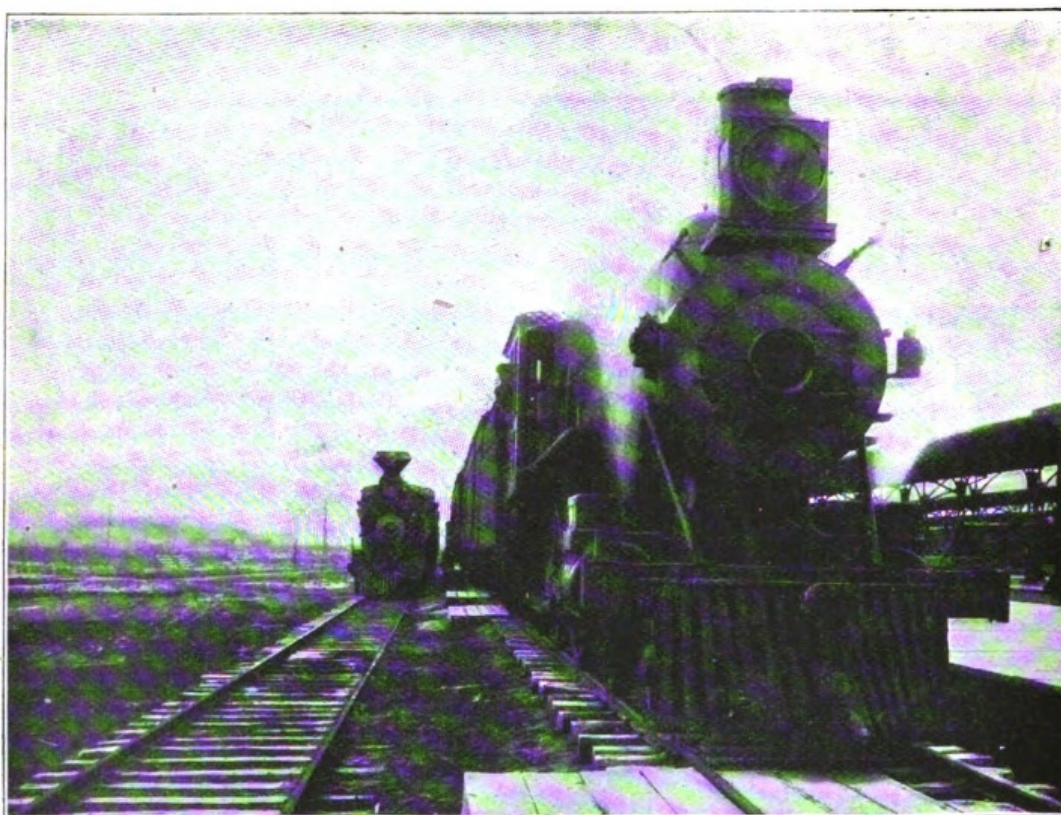
From a]

THE BURLINGTON "FLIER" APPROACHING COUNCIL BLUFFS AT 73 MILES AN HOUR.

[Photo.

Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and the Chicago and North-Western, and the major portion has been given to the former company. A new arrangement, however, made by the postal authorities, aiming at the reduction of the time between New York and

watched the outcome with interest, and described, through its special reporters, the events of each journey; and the public, always on the alert for a race, did not fail to follow the movements of the mails with keen enjoyment. They cared little whether Uncle



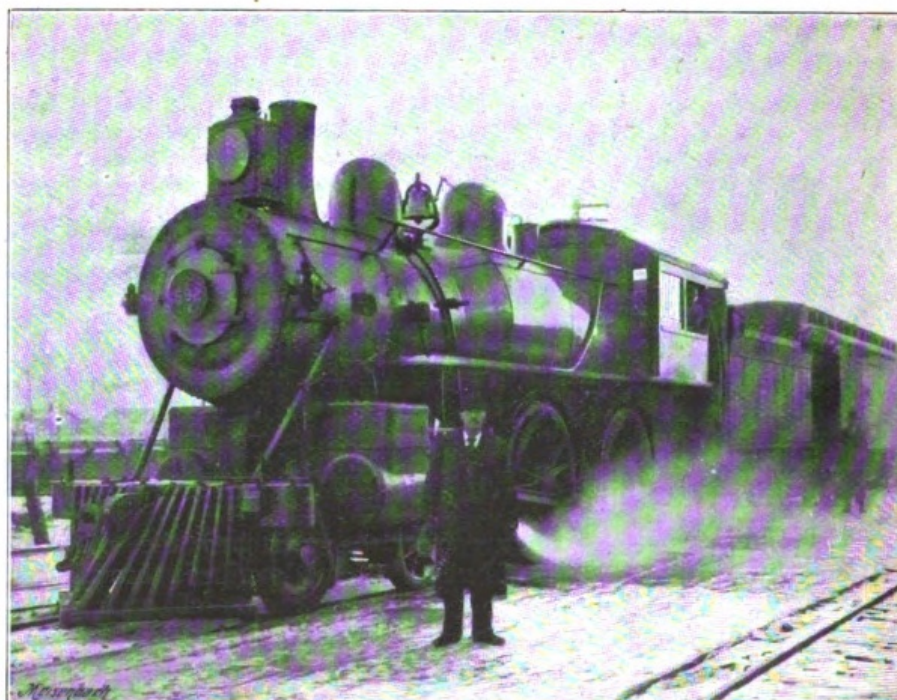
From a] THE BURLINGTON DELIVERING THE MAILS TO THE UNION PACIFIC (ON LEFT) AFTER THE RACE.

[Photo.

Sam's schedule between East and West was carried out. They cared only about the contest between the Burlington and North-Western.

The first real heat in this great contest took place during the night of January 2nd. At 8.28 o'clock p.m. the competing trains were awaiting in Chicago the arrival of the Lake Shore Express, carrying a huge cargo of mail, which had been dispatched from New York and Boston the previous night at 9.15 p.m. Promptly on time the mails arrived, and in forty-five minutes the bags were on the Burlington train, ready for the second stage of their journey to Omaha and the Far

West. At 9.30 the "flier" was due to start, and promptly on time she rolled out of the station on her westward run of 500 miles. A half-hour later the North-Western left Chicago, with 492 miles to be covered in the night.



From a]

THE NORTH-WESTERN FAST MAIL READY TO START.

[Photo.

It was, indeed, a stirring contest, and the Press teemed with stories of the trips. Hot boxes figured prominently. The heroism and skill of the engineers were detailed at length. The onward rush in the darkness was described by vivid pens. A thousand and one trifling incidents were recorded to show that a railway race is one of the most thrilling of existing contests. At times the "fliers" nearly jumped the tracks in their impetuosity, and it was humorously hinted by the Press that in the thick of the struggle several Chicago reporters had lost their nerve. The excitement, in fact, was enough to stir the most phlegmatic, and the danger of a

mile record, including a record of a mile in 32sec. made in 1893, was broken on the trip, and the distance between Siding to Arion, 21 $\frac{1}{10}$ ths miles, was covered in 1min. 20sec., or at the rate of 110 miles per hour. These exceptional records in themselves bespeak a night of excitement and constant danger.

When the Burlington train was approaching Council Bluffs, the mail transfer station near Omaha, she ran at a speed of seventy-three miles an hour, and it was at this moment that one of our photographs was taken. She arrived at Council Bluffs eight minutes ahead of schedule time, having made her 500 miles with twelve



From a

THE NORTH-WESTERN ARRIVES IN A SNOW-STORM.

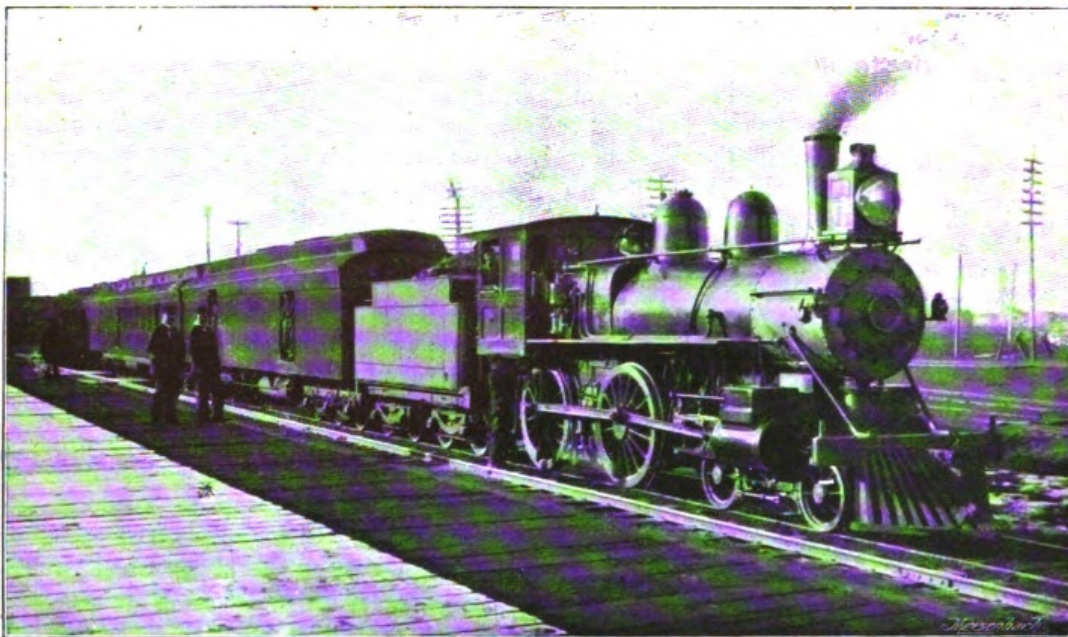
[Photo.]

headlong flight in the darkness enough to daunt the strongest heart.

Thus the battle between giants took place, and several times the battle was drawn. Both trains, during the first night, ran at various times at a speed of eighty miles an hour, while the lowest rate of speed was 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. On the Burlington the best time was made between Chicago and Burlington, where several stretches were covered at the rate of ninety miles an hour. On a straight level track of fifteen miles between Arion and Arcadia, Iowa, the North-Western left the mile-posts behind at the rate of one every 35sec. Every fast-

stops in 10hrs. 7min. The North-Western "flier" arrived in a snow-storm seventeen minutes ahead of schedule time, having covered 492 miles, with eighteen stops, in 9hrs. 58min. The trains had a head wind all the way. The honours of the night were slightly with the North-Western.

At Council Bluffs a scene of excitement ensued. The men at the station rushed to and fro preparing to shift the mails from one train to the other with the least possible loss of time. Haste was imperative, else the struggle against time, which the "fliers" had made, would have gone for naught. As we may see in our illustration, the Union Pacific



From a]

THE BURLINGTON AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNION PACIFIC WITH THE EAST-BOUND MAIL.

[Photo.

train on the left drew up alongside of the Burlington cars, so that the doors of the mail cars were side by side. Amid excitement the bags were tossed from one car to the other. In a few minutes the Burlington fast mail was empty, the Union Pacific was disappearing in the West, and the great

locomotive which had made its noteworthy run in the night stood alone, ready for its well-earned rest in the "round-house."

The contests between Omaha and Chicago, with the East-bound mails taken from the Union Pacific, were likewise full of interest, and on this page we show two photographs



From a]

THE BURLINGTON OFF ON ITS 500-MILE RACE TO CHICAGO.

[Photo.

representing the Burlington train a few moments before it started, and as it was when Council Bluffs had been left behind. The public interest in the Eastward race had been fired by a remarkable preliminary canter taken by the Burlington on January 2nd. Owing to delays in the West, the mails were 1hr. 2min. late at Council Bluffs, yet the whole distance between that place and Chicago—500·2 miles,—excluding stops, was made in 523½min.

The last 206 miles were covered in 213min., or 200min. of actual running time. It was a remarkable trip, and notwithstanding the delay at the start, the train arrived punctually on time. The officials, it is reported, were satisfied with having made the fastest time on record between the two cities, and the contract for which the race was so keenly fought is now understood to remain with this well-known company.

II.—A RAILWAY SMASH TO ORDER.

[The photographs which illustrate this article were taken by Mr. Fred. A. Westland, of Denver, Colorado, under extraordinary difficulties, and in one instance, at least, at the risk of his life.]



A RAILWAY collision as a public spectacle! The idea could have occurred to no human being but an enterprising Yankee showman, with an eye to business of the most colossal kind. A train-wrecking scene, pre-arranged, and witnessed by forty thousand people, is a notion which beats Barnum on his own ground. Yet such a "show" is an accomplished fact. The collision, which was between two powerful railway locomotives, took place some time ago near Denver, Colorado.

The instigators of the scheme were a number of "free silver" agitators, who represented the majority of the residents in the Western States. They were intrusted with the duty of raising funds to defray expenses.

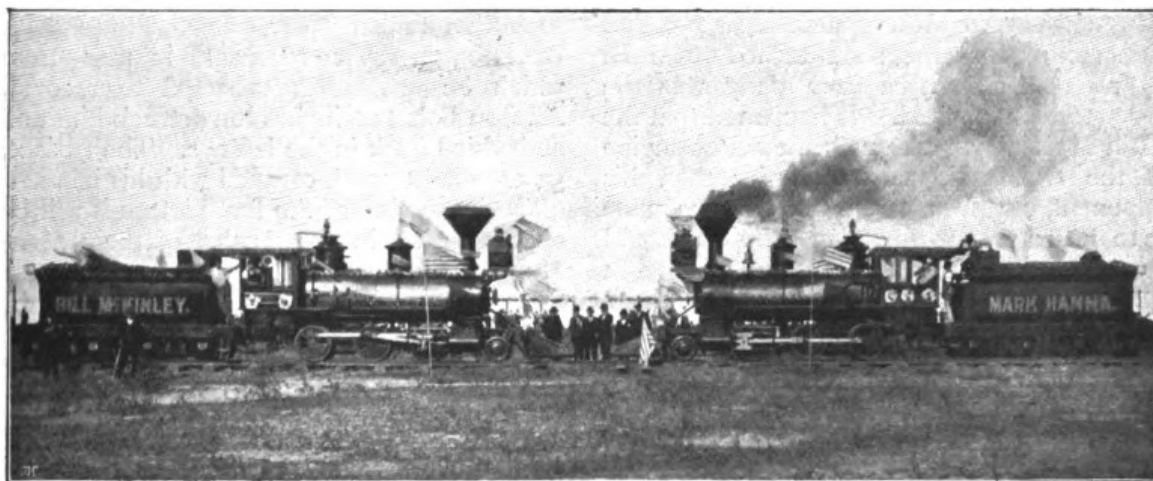
A suitable site was selected and inclosed with fencing, solid and high enough to prevent the "show" from being witnessed by

anyone not paying an entrance fee of fifty cents.

The engines were of great power, and, though not new, were by no means obsolete. A track somewhat over a mile in length was laid in the centre of the arena. On the day of the great event the engines were decorated with flags and bunting. In our first picture we see the two mighty foes face to face; the engine-drivers are receiving their instructions, and are duly photographed, together with some of the officials and promoters of the scheme.

It was decided that one of the engines should be called "Bill McKinley," the other "Mark Hanna." Now, there is a deal of humour in the selection of these names. For the namesakes of these doomed monsters were the two great statesmen whose political policy the "free silver" organizers of the smash were engaged in fighting.

The opposing engines, standing in the



From a
Vol. xvii.—57

THE SALUTE,

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[Photo.]

position shown in the illustration, saluted each other with their whistles. Then each was backed half a mile from the mid-way spot at which they were to meet in the colossal crash.

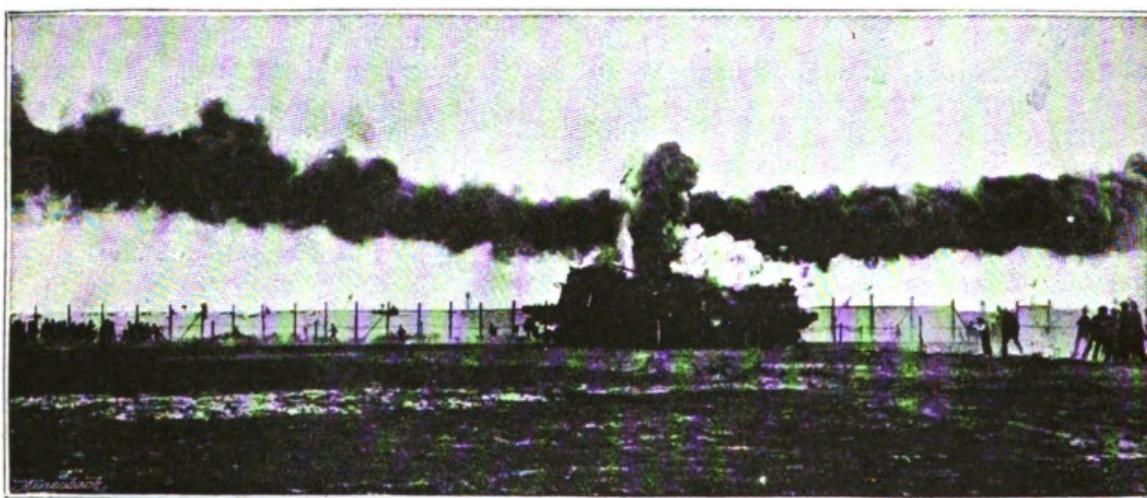
At a given signal the drivers again turned on the whistles, threw open the throttles, and jumped for their lives.

Away went "Bill McKinley" and "Mark Hanna"—slowly at first, but with ever-gathering speed. Puffing, snorting, their whistles screaming like two fiends in fury, the terrific monsters bore down upon each other. There came a crash, a sound like thunder, the sharp crackling of steel rods and iron plates, the fierce hiss of steam, and clouds of smoke that hung above the ruins like a funeral pall—and the "show" was at an end.

It was a scene that will never be forgotten by the forty thousand silent and awe-struck witnesses, many of whom were

The "crash" was voted perfect, however, except by the spectators on the side nearest to the unexpected meeting-place, who at the moment were seeking shelter in flight. Indeed, the spectacle of twenty thousand souls rushing to safety was in itself an appalling one.

It is marvellous to record, however, that no one was seriously hurt. Our plucky photographer was not more than a hundred feet from the very place where these monsters met, yet he had sufficient nerve to open the shutter as though he were snapping a mere honeymoon couple on their wedding day. The result of his extraordinary courage under such exceptional circumstances is shown in our second photograph, which probably beats the record of anything of the kind which has ever been attempted. To give an instance of the risk incurred, we may recall



From a]

THE CRASH.

[Photo.

heard to say that on no account would they ever consent to witness such a sight again. The fact is that the show turned out to be by no means so free from danger as the spectators anticipated. It happened that the "Bill McKinley" was much the better engine of the two, and, starting earlier than his opponent, upset the careful calculations made as to the exact spot where the collision should take place. The faster engine reached a speed of forty miles per hour to the other's twenty-five or thirty. The consequence was that the engines, instead of meeting in the open space left clear of spectators for the purpose, collided at a point round which a great crowd was assembled, and only a panic-stricken stampede prevented a terrible disaster.

the fact that, on another occasion, when a somewhat similar "performance" took place, the photographer received injuries from which he was never expected to recover. An iron bolt two inches long struck him and embedded itself in the left eye. The patient, we are glad to add, escaped with his life.

On inspection of the first picture it will be observed that in the "cab" of the "Mark Hanna" is seated what appears to be the fireman or stoker at his post. Indeed, he sat there throughout the fatal ride, and was not even seen to tremble. The trembling was all on the spectators' side. He died as he had lived, a mere dummy of rags and straw.

Our third photograph, taken about twenty minutes after the crash, shows the excited



From a]

RELIC-HUNTERS.

[Photo.

mass of humanity who have made the wreck their own. They were photographed in the act of removing every portable particle of the *débris* as mementos of such a sight as they would probably never witness again. Even the bells, which weighed more than 100lb. apiece, were carried away while still warm.

The last photograph, taken the day after the occurrence, shows what destruction can be accomplished in a fraction of a second, and the danger to which the drivers of engines are exposed by the telescoping of the cab and tender. The two rods projecting from the front of the locomotive on the right were each fastened to a pilot, the object being to pierce the antagonist's boiler. At the crash they were both driven into one boiler, with the result that the other boiler

had only the open whistle to exhaust the steam.

It will be noticed in the first illustration that the locomotives are twins, except in the style of funnels with which they are equipped, and a few minor points. In the second photograph they appear to be hugging each other; but a few moments after having been photographed, the locomotives settled down to the earth; and curiously enough at some distance from each other. The sun had disappeared some minutes before the collision actually took place, and the process of photographing became, therefore, a matter of great difficulty.

Everybody was satisfied, however—even the collision promoters, who had a balance over expenses of about ten thousand dollars, or in plain £ s. d., something over £2,000!



From a]

THE DAY AFTER.

[Photo.



A GENTLE CUSTOM.

BY ARTHUR I. DURRANT.

Author of "Yussuf," "The Hidden Harmony," etc.

"**T**HAR, stranger, if you care to look over thar you'll see a small specimen of what this country can do in the mountain line," said Rube Waydon, in a casual sort of way, as he turned to his companion and waved his hand indifferently towards the horizon on his left.

Ralph Westwood did care to look, and the sight almost took away his breath. Not that he had much to spare just then, however, for he had been toiling for some time up the steep side of the Pink Mushroom, the name given locally to one of the lesser peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

The view of the two travellers had been hitherto confined by the sloping walls of rock between which Forked Lightning Pass zig-zagged its way over the mountain to Pioneer City, a rapidly-growing town of some thousands of inhabitants.

Ralph Westwood, it should be said, was on a visit to a friend of his father's, a Mr. Marland, who possessed a large estate on the outskirts of Pioneer City. Rube Waydon was Mr. Marland's overseer, and had met Ralph at East Peaksville on the other side of the range, in order to conduct him on foot to Pioneer. As Ralph had missed that morning's coach a day would be thus saved.

"You see it?" queried Rube, pointing to a far-distant summit, that rose like a pyramid of purple shadow above the vaporous clouds encircling the rest of the mountains.

"I do, and a glorious sight it is, too," replied Ralph, fervently.

"Well," continued Rube, with a somewhat patronizing air, "that peak is one of the 'Three Goblins,' end it's fourteen thousand feet high if it's an inch. End thar's a river running down the slope we're on now thet is calc'lated to make you sit up. Yes, siree, thet river mayn't be much to brag about in regard to width, but it scoops the pool every time in the matter of depth. Thet river, sir, is only fifty feet wide, but its depth is a quarter of a mile!" The words came very slowly, in order to allow the stranger to fully grasp the significance of the figures. "And I *may* add thet the water slides between those rocks so swiftly as to *boil*, sir! Yes, sir, *boil*!"

"Ah!" was all Ralph could gasp.

"Thet's so," resumed Rube, warming to his work; "thet current is no slouch. You might heave a matter of half a ton of rock into thet stream, sir, end it wouldn't have time to sink till it struck the valley two miles down. You'd see it floating on the surface all the time. But I warn you, stranger, against heaving rocks into thet river when there's any person around, because it kinder got to be a popular amusement awhile back, end the rocks accumulated in the valley and nearly choked up the channel. End if you're caught at it now you're taxed a hundred dollars towards fishing out some of those rocks."

Rube paused to take a breath, and glanced

at Ralph to note the effect of his fluent oratory. "I guess you can't enumerate many rivers like thet in Great Britain, eh, stranger?" he concluded, unctuously.

"You are right," answered Ralph; "we can't boast of anything to equal that." The look of amazement on his face seemed to satisfy even Rube, and for the next few minutes the mighty wonders of Nature escaped further advertisement.

Presently, however, when he thought Ralph had somewhat recovered from his previous attack, he again opened fire.

"In about ten minutes, stranger, you'll see something that'll prop up your eyelids. Just before we get on the straight track for Pioneer there's a bit of a drop clear down to the river—two thousand four hundred feet. Nothing out of the ordinary, thet, of course," he added, apologetically, "but the peculiarity is thet it's a sheer drop, without the sign of a crack or crevice from top to bottom of the rock face on either side. It's called 'Blue Beard's Gallows.'"

"What on earth for?" asked Ralph, whose curiosity was fully aroused by the startling title.

"Well, of course, you've heard of Blue Beard?"

"Not since I left the nursery—that is, only in the pantomimes," interjected Ralph.

"Not heard of Blue Beard!" cried Rube, incredulously. "Why," he went on, compassionately, "you haven't begun to live yet. Blue Beard, sir, is the all-firedest, dog-gondest road-agent in this eternal continent. Thet's Blue Beard's kind of man."

"What, a highwayman? But why 'Blue Beard'?"

"*He* calls himself Road-Agent, and he was christened Blue Beard when he was dipped in a vat of blue dye. Maybe I'll tell you thet tale later. Anyhow, he operates around these parts."

"Nowadays?" questioned Ralph. "Surely not?"

"Right now," said Rube, decisively. "Once or twice a year he waits down by the road in the valley, just where we shall strike it. Hope he won't annex your traps when they're being conveyed around to-morrow, because thet's his scheme. He runs a matter of five or six assistants. Say the coach from East Peaksville or Morningmist City comes waltzing gaily along, and the whole universe 'pearing right down saturated with peace and harmony. Then, from the centre of nowhere come a couple of little streaks of light, and pop! pop! end the

leaders subside gracefully in their tracks. Then half-a-dozen gentlemen saunter up and the decorated one drawls, 'Your chips, pards,' quite pleasant like. End they hand them over pretty spry, you may gamble on thet. You see, they know thet if they don't it'll be checks instead of chips they'll hand over."

"That means——" commenced Ralph, inquiringly.

"Thet if they don't pass out their valuables, they take a little journey over the ridge."

"Over the ridge? Where to? Whatever are you driving at?" exclaimed Ralph, mystified and perhaps a little irritated by Rube's highly symbolical language.

"Well, stranger," returned Rube, leisurely, "don't kick your boots off. You haven't learnt the American language yet. You only know English, which is a trifle too antique for practical use in this country. Translated into your effete tongue, what I said meant that if the passengers don't accede to Blue Beard's polite request for their cash, they—die," and Rube screwed the corners of his mouth up in a significant manner, adding shortly the word "variously."

"Variously?" repeated Ralph. "I suppose you mean they have a choice of routes 'over the ridge'?"

"*He* has the choice," corrected Rube; "they don't have much to say in the matter."

"This Blue Beard fellow must be a unique specimen of a road-agent," smilingly remarked Ralph.

"Well, yes," responded Rube, with great gusto. "He *is* a thought masterful in his ways. He's an ingenious cuss, too, and what's more, he's got a considerable amount of humour in his indigo skull."

"Ah," said Ralph, "in what way?"

Rube settled into a steady stride, and was evidently in the mood to spin a yarn.

"Two winters ago, when Blue Beard held up the 'Bonaventure' coach, one of the passengers showed fight. Of course, it was simply throwing away his hand—Blue Beard took care of thet. Well, by his orders thet fool passenger was hitched on the tail of a long rope, end h'isted over Blue Beard's Gallows, which is how it came by its name."

"If you've a lively imagination, stranger, you may have a slight idea of how thet passenger felt, dangling around over a sheer drop of two thousand four hundred feet, with short notice to quit, and a nice, soft bed of spiky crags waiting for him at the edge of the river. Likewise of his feelings when Blue Beard and his pet lambkins strolled round

to the other side and started taking pot-shots at the rope a couple of feet above that fool passenger's head. End he looking at them all the while, mind. Now, wasn't he a fool?

"They do say," he continued, with evident relish, "that Blue Beard's crew couldn't have been very brilliant with their artillery, because they fired forty-nine shots before they cut the rope. End they do say, too, thet at the twenty-second shot thet fool passenger burst out laughing, end simply howled with laughter till the finish of the show. Stark, staring crazy, *I reckon*," Rube concluded, laconically.

"What a monster!" ejaculated Ralph.

"M'yes, he might answer to thet description. But the idea so tickled his monster-ship thet it's got to be a regular custom with him now. And the hangees, I'm told, always start laughing before the thirtieth shot. Sorter cotton to the humour of the thing. Oh, he's humorsome, is B. B. He's a daisy, he is."

"Got to be a custom!" cried Ralph; "why, in the name of all that is civilized, don't they stop him at the game?"

"Huh!" replied Rube, contemptuously, "why don't you stop this little breeze thet's playing around now? *Its* game would likelier be easier to stop than Blue Beard's."

They had now arrived at the edge of Blue Beard's Gallows, and further conversation on the subject of the eccentric robber's iniquities was cut short by Rube's asking Ralph whether he would like to look down.

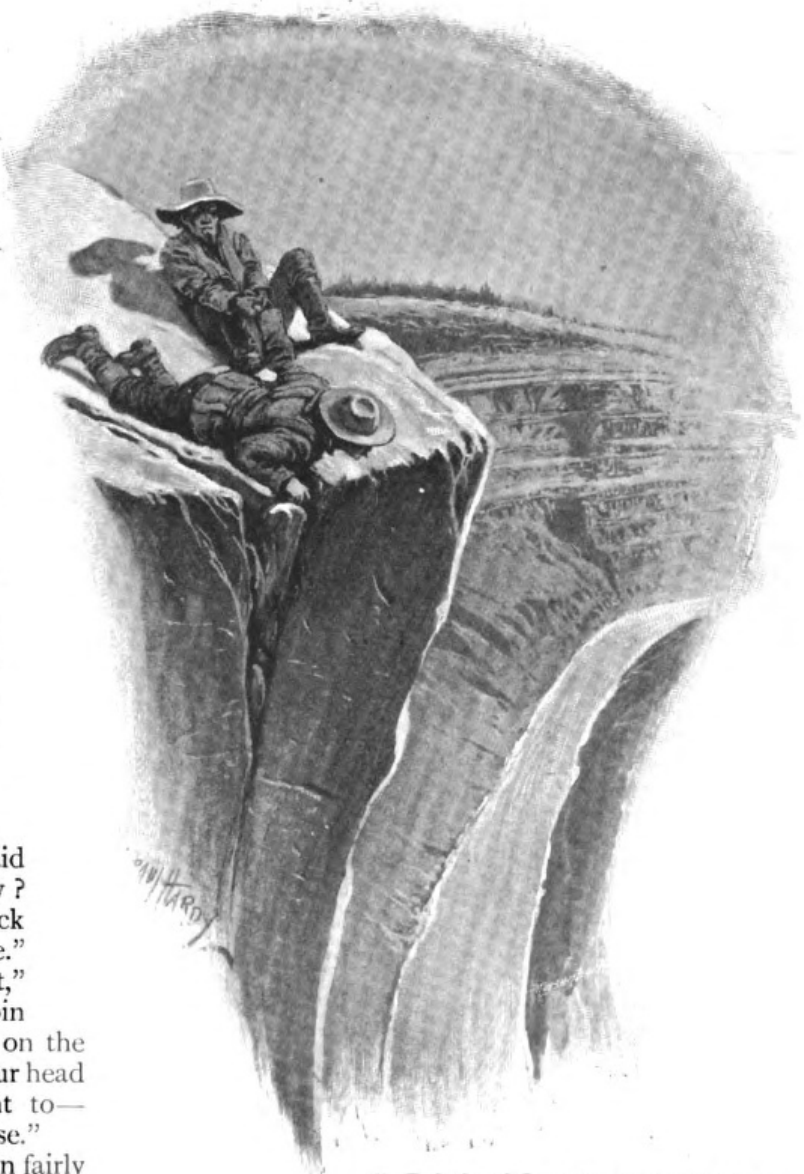
"I should, indeed," said Ralph, eagerly, "but how? It looks to me as if the rock slopes down towards the edge."

"We'll soon fix thet," answered Rube. "We'll join hands end lay ourselves flat on the rock so thet you can hike your head over, and look all you want to—thet is, if your head isn't loose."

"Oh, I think it is screwed on fairly tight," responded Ralph, smilingly.

Without further ado they threw themselves down and clasped hands, Ralph near the edge and Rube with one foot planted against a slight projection. By dint of a little wriggling, Ralph soon managed to reach the extremity of the little slope and look over into the depths below. It was well that Ralph's head was not loose, for the sight beneath him made his every nerve tingle.

That side of the cañon where Ralph lay was curved inwards from its summit, and there was in consequence absolutely nothing between his eyes and the rocks and river. And the latter were so far below him that the rocks, huge as they must have been, looked like mere pebbles, and the swiftly flowing river like a silver ribbon fringed with floss silk where the water dashed



"THE SIGHT BENEATH HIM MADE EVERY NERVE TINGLE."

itself into foam against the boulders lining the channel on either side.

Ralph was fascinated by the spectacle. Forgetting the peril of his position, he began to squirm himself nearer still to the edge in the endeavour to obtain a better view.

"Hold on, stranger, we'll go down by the usual track this trip," suddenly exclaimed Rube, and Ralph found the grip on his hand tighten like a vice.

"Come on, stranger," Rube continued; "I guess you've had enough of this show for one performance." And with that he hauled on Ralph's hand so vigorously, that, whether he would or not, he was obliged to comply with his guide's command.

"Well, now," queried Rube, with a self-satisfied air, "it's a dainty little gallows, eh?"

"Dainty!" echoed Ralph; "it's grand, it's sublime! But—gallows—ugh! I had forgotten Blue Beard. I don't wonder at his wretched victims going mad."

Resuming the track, they settled down into a steady pace, and in less than an hour Ralph was taking tea with Mr. Marland and his daughter, and was chatting away with them as easily and familiarly as if he had known them for years. Rube was also one of the party, for he was thought so much of by all, that he was considered one of the family.

That meal was an exceedingly pleasant one for Ralph. Not only was a most hearty welcome extended to him by his host, but what was even more gratifying to the Englishman, his host's daughter was evidently graciously disposed towards him.

Lurly Marland, the young lady in question, was the delightful product of all that is best in the influences which mould the character of the American woman. In her, the school and society culture of the East and the mountain and prairie freshness of the West were blended in the happiest proportions. Her real name, Lurline, was given to her by her father, for she was only a few days old when her mother died. That was nearly fourteen years before he had to leave his banking business in New York to go West in search of health. But "Lurline" was, of course, an impossible name in Pioneer City, and so everyone called her "Lurly."

Lurly's charms of person and manner seemed to incite the Englishman to make the most of his conversational powers, which were of no mean order. Indeed, Rube, for one, would have been sorry to dispute the fact, for before the meal was over he found to his chagrin that Ralph was far from being

gulled by the absurdly exaggerated descriptions with which he had been bombarded on the way from East Peaksville. The wily fellow, in fact, having read up a recently published account of the State, possessed more technical knowledge of the locality than Rube himself. And some of Ralph's comments on that worthy's ideas of measurement and on his tale of Blue Beard created so much amusement that Rube heartily regretted his eagerness to take a rise out of the visitor.

Lurly in particular railed at Rube right merrily for allowing himself to be, as she quaintly put it, "rendered microscopical" by a mere Britisher.

The next morning, as they were finishing breakfast, Mr. Marland announced his intention of riding to West Point, a small township some distance away, and gave Ralph the option of either accompanying him or staying behind and making himself acquainted with the immediate neighbourhood.

Ralph glanced at Lurly. She was regarding him with a demure smile. The idea of inducing her to become his guide settled the question.

"Well, there's a good deal that's pleasant hereabouts," remarked Mr. Marland, as he said "good-bye." Ralph acquiesced, perhaps a little too emphatically. Anyhow, as Lurly leaned towards her father to kiss him, she shot a mischievous glance over his shoulder at Ralph which considerably perturbed that young man's equanimity.

As Mr. Marland and Rube reached the door, however, the former turned back, and drawing a small package from his pocket, handed it to Lurly, saying:—

"See, Lurly, I guess I will leave these notes with you. They are the eight thousand dollars I had from New York this morning. I don't want to carry them around with me all day."

"Right, Popper," replied Lurly, as she took the notes. "I daresay," she went on, turning to Ralph, "you would like to explore with Rube?" There was an exasperating twinkle in her eyes, and Ralph saw it. He was completely nonplussed, and could only stutter:—

"Er—I shouldn't like to interfere with Rube's duties, you know. I thought—I would infinitely rather——"

"Oh," laughed Lurly, "why didn't you say so? We don't experimentalize much in thought-reading here—we speak out."

Ralph recovered himself. "I beg your pardon," he said, with feigned humility, "may I have the pleasure of——"

"No, I think I will sit this one out," she interrupted, mockingly. "Come, now," she continued, laughingly, "we are not running a dancing academy. Yes, I will come with you. But I've lots to do, and can only spare you—say, half an hour."

Ralph's face fell.

"But," she resumed, quietly, "if you like to amuse yourself about the place for an hour or two, I might," she hesitated, and then said, coyly, "find that I could postpone the rest of my duties—till to-morrow."

Ralph brightened up wonderfully. "Thank you," he cried, gratefully; "I won't hinder you any more. I will be back in an hour's time."

When he reached the door, however, he could not refrain from glancing round at Lurly's retreating figure, and in doing so he blundered against the door-post, nearly flying headlong to the ground. He was muttering objurgations on his stupidity when he ran plump into the arms of Rube.

"Ah," said Rube, calmly, "I guessed you wouldn't have gone very far. What do you say to a look around?"

"I should like it," replied Ralph, "so long as I can get back soon."

"Oh," returned Rube, "I guess it won't take long to show you what I want to," and they started off up the road to which Rube had, the day before, alluded as the coach track.

They had gone, perhaps, a mile, when they heard a slight scuffling behind them, and a gruff voice growl peremptorily:—

"Hands up, pards!"

Ralph and Rube sprang round simultaneously to find themselves gazing into the muzzles of five revolvers levelled point-blank at their heads. And behind the revolvers were five as bloodthirsty-looking ruffians as ever the Farthest West could show in its wildest days of turbulence and anarchy.

But the aspect of one of the men surpassed that of all the rest by its ferocious grotesqueness. His whole head—face, beard, and all—was *blue*, a deep, coarse, unmistakable blue!

Rube's veracity was vindicated. Here was Blue Beard himself, with a vengeance.

Ralph was bewildered. "Up with your hands, you fool!" ejaculated Rube, whose hands were already high above his head. Ralph mechanically obeyed.

"Go over 'em," said Blue Beard to two of his band; and in less than a minute the contents of the pockets of the two victims were handed to him.

A muttered curse broke from him, and he turned savagely on his prisoners.

"Whar's them notes old man Marland pouched this morning?"

"Got them on him," answered Rube, sullenly.

"You lie! We've just been through him."

"What, killed him?" cried Ralph, horrified beyond measure.

"Killed him!" returned Blue Beard, mincingly, "no, we ain't killed him! He knows his Bible—skinned out right smart end told us all we asked ez politely ez a boarding-school miss. So we let him flit. Said he'd conveyed them notes to you two to hold," and he turned to Rube threateningly.

"He didn't give them to me," said Rube, hurriedly.

The vision of Lurly's laughing face rose before Ralph's eyes. "He gave them to me," he said, boldly, "and I've hidden them where you won't find them."

Blue Beard made no reply to Ralph, but turned on his heel to the rest of the gang, saying, quietly:—

"I guess we'll have a little gun practice this forenoon."

Gun practice! Rube's tale of the gallows came back to Ralph with a shock. Better, a thousand times better, sudden death than that. With one bound he sprang on Blue Beard, struck him a terrific blow between the eyes, and, as he was falling, snatched his revolver from his hand. Quick as Ralph was, however, the other four had recovered from their astonishment at the sudden onslaught and were upon him. Before he could use his weapon it was torn from his grasp, and, despite his frantic struggles, he was soon overpowered, bound, and gagged.

By this time, Blue Beard had picked himself up and was tenderly caressing his bruised forehead and swelling eyes. He grunted a word or two, and Ralph was, for some reason he could not divine, blindfolded.

Exhausted by his exertions, and dazed with rage and apprehension, Ralph was dragged to the foot of the pass. Every now and then, in the hope that his captors might be exasperated into shooting him, he threw himself on the ground and offered as much obstruction to his warders as he could. It was in vain. They were evidently determined to make Ralph pay the full penalty of his fruitless resistance.

They began to ascend the pass. Up and ever up, struggling and stumbling, they forced their unhappy prisoner. At last they stopped: they had reached the spot where the dread sentence would be carried out.

Up to this time Ralph's consciousness had

been almost entirely concentrated on the contest with his foes. Now he began to realize his fate. Less than an hour ago he was with his newly found, bright-eyed little friend—with Lurly—she was laughing at him merrily now, death, hideous, terrible, grinned in his face. As the rope was being knotted under his arms, he thought also of his parents, his friends, England, of numberless things. Suddenly, like a blow, came in gruff, vindictive tones:—

"Sling him over!"

The rope was jerked up, nearly tearing his arms off; someone gave him a push, and he was swinging in mid-air. He could feel a cold sweat gathering on his forehead. He heard as in a dream a muttering of voices—footsteps receding from the cliffs above him. Then silence.

He was not so much afraid now. He had shown these brutal Yankees that he was an Englishman. His love of life, intense though it was, had not induced him for an instant to think of betraying his trust. There was comfort in that. But now a horrible thought darted through his mind. Suppose he went mad, as the others had done, and divulged his secret in his ravings! That thought was the supremest torture. He would, he *must*, for Lurly's sake, keep cool. Thank God, the ruffians had forgotten to remove the bandage from his eyes. That gave him a better chance. He would fix his mind on the mental picture of Lurly's face. He would not——

Crack!

A thrill flashed through him like an electric shock. The end had begun.

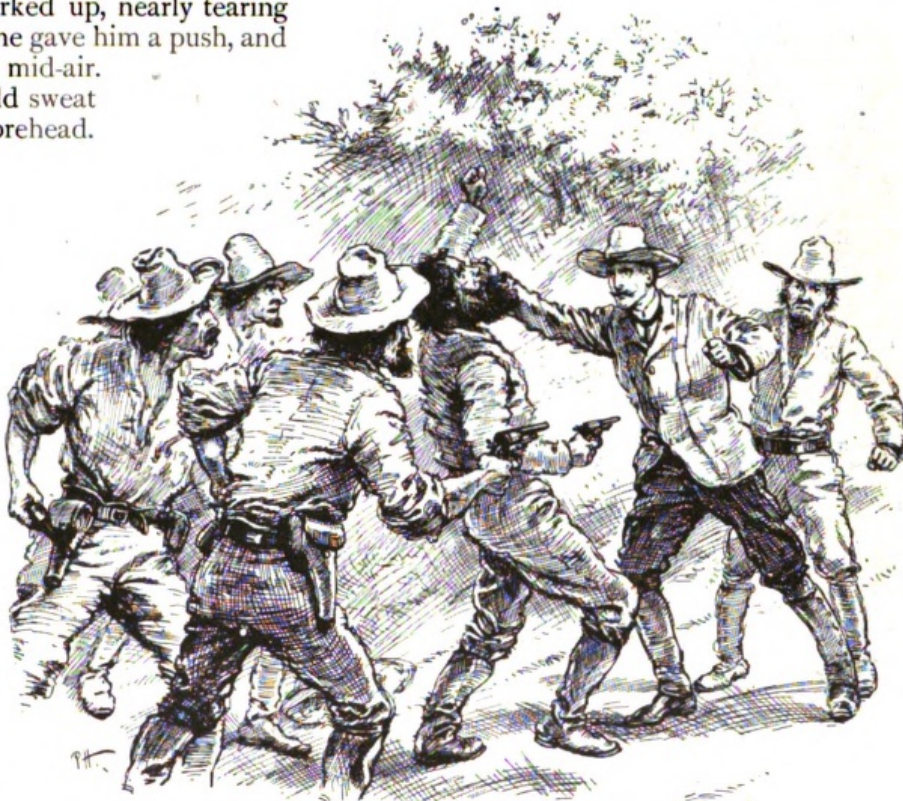
Crack! Crack! Crack!

He could hear the bullets pattering against the rock at his back. The rope was sawing his chest in two. His brain was getting fiery hot. God! he *must* keep calm. All he prayed for now was a true shot. The

breeze swayed him to and fro. He cursed it with all the bitterness of his heart as he cursed his tormentors for not shooting straight. His brain was catching fire—he fancied that he could see his will slipping and sliding away from him, and he tried to clutch it with both hands—but they were bound to his sides. It was all useless, he was going mad—mad!

Tch-k-k!

Ah! at last. A bullet had cut half



"WITH A BOUND HE SPRANG ON BLUE BEARD."

through the rope. The remaining strands parted with a crackle. A strange, momentary feeling of gratitude that the end had come in time, and then, as consciousness flickered out, Ralph felt himself falling—falling——

The subdued hum of a million bees, the drowsy murmur of little waves lipping a shallow shore, and many curious and unknown sounds, muffled by vast distances, greeted Ralph back to life.

He opened his eyes. He was lying on his back, and he must be in Heaven, for the first thing he saw was—Lurly's face! No, it could not be Heaven, for her features were clouded with wrath, and she was rating, in most unmeasured terms, several men whom Ralph now discerned to be standing round.



"YOU ARE A PACK OF COWARDLY RUFFIANS."

"You are a pack of cowardly ruffians; and as for you, Rube Waydon—you, who, I thought, did possess some of the instincts of a gentleman—you are a low-down skunk!"

"There's no harm done, Miss Lurly," replied Rube, penitently. "We shouldn't have carried it so far, only look what he did for Luke," and Rube nodded towards one of the bystanders.

Ralph had, in the meantime, fully returned to his senses. He found that he was no longer bound or gagged, nor were his eyes bandaged. He could see that he was lying in the path, while on an overhanging ledge some ten feet above him dangled a yard of rope with the end frayed. He had fallen twelve or fourteen inches. The whole thing was a practical joke!

At Rube's words, Ralph turned and glanced at the individual indicated. It was the erstwhile Blue Beard, but a sorrier looking road-agent was surely never seen. Ralph's blow had been a most effective one. Luke's eyes were hardly visible, and there was a huge swelling on his forehead. The blue on his face was partly smeared off, and the bruise showed purple through what remained. As he stood hanging his head dejectedly, he looked such a pitiable object that the indignant Lurly was somewhat mollified by the sight.

"Go home, scarecrow!" she cried, "and put your head in a plaster. It's a great pity you weren't all served alike."

Turning to Ralph she continued, but in a very different tone, "Do you feel nicer now?

Do you think you can walk home—with me?" she added, archly.

Ralph looked his feelings, and started to his feet. "A trifle stiff," he said, "that is all, I think. I was a perfect idiot to be taken in so easily."

"Well," broke in Rube, "you might have known you were being hazed. For example, look at Luke's face and then at your knuckles. Dye, I guess, can't be wiped off so. That's one reason why we wound that bandanna round your head. Another was——" Lurly made a little gesture of impatience. "Anyhow," resumed Rube, taking the hint, "I do admire your grit. You ought'er been an American. It was darned rough on you, I allow. Will you shake?" and he held out his hand to Ralph.

It was a very handsome apology for a native of the States to make, and Ralph knew it. He grasped Rube's hand and shook it warmly. "We shall be the better friends for it," he cried.

"You bet!" was the hearty response.

"Now clear," said Lurly, waving them off. "I want to walk with a gentleman," and the discomfited band trooped back to tasks more useful, if less congenial, than the one they had just been engaged upon.

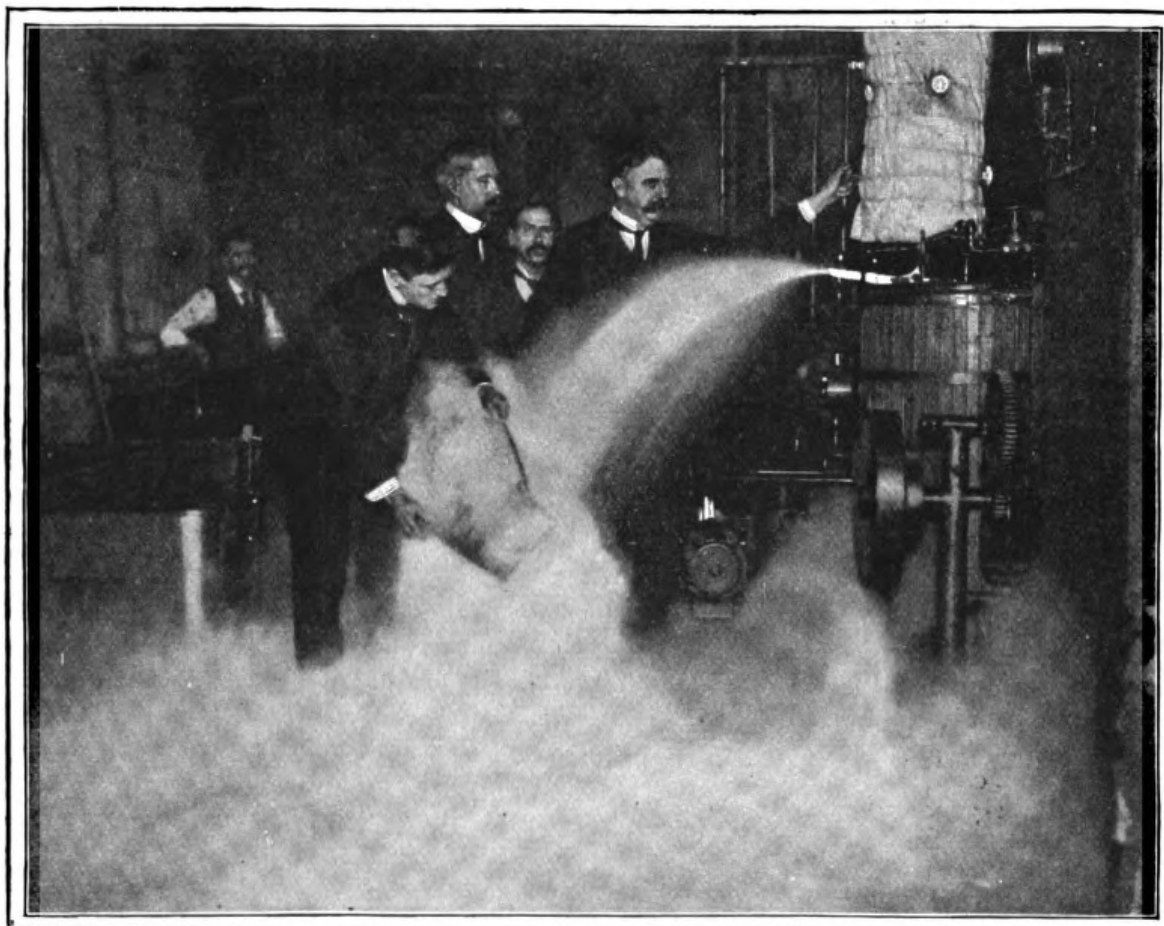
And Ralph Westwood has since declared that, though the ordeal through which he had passed was indeed a terrible one, he would cheerfully undergo it a dozen times over for another such walk as that which followed it. Only, he might add, there is now no need.

Liquid Air.

A NEW SUBSTANCE THAT PROMISES TO DO THE WORK OF COAL
AND ICE AND GUNPOWDER, AT NEXT TO NO COST.

By RAY STANNARD BAKER.

Illustrated from Photographs taken expressly for this Article.



MR. TRIPLER ALLOWING THE LIQUID AIR TO FLOW FROM THE LIQUEFIER.

On striking the warm outer atmosphere, part of the liquid air instantly vaporizes, and flows out upon the floor in thick, billowy clouds.



HARLES E. TRIPLER, of New York, reduces the air of his laboratory to a clear, sparkling liquid that boils on ice, freezes pure alcohol, and burns steel like tissue paper. And yet Mr. Tripler dips up this astounding liquid in an old tin saucepan and pours it about like so much water. Although fluid, it is not wet to the touch, but it burns like a white-hot iron, and when exposed to the open air for a few minutes, it vanishes in a cold, grey vapour, leaving only a bit of white frost.

All this is wonderful enough, but it is by no means the most wonderful of the inventor's achievements. I saw Mr. Tripler

admit a quart or more of the liquid air into a small engine. A few seconds later the piston began to pump vigorously, driving the fly-wheel as if under a heavy head of steam. The liquid air had not been forced into the engine under pressure, and there was no perceptible heat under the boiler; indeed, the tube which passed for a boiler was soon shaggy with white frost. Yet the little engine stood there in the middle of the room running apparently without motive power, making no noise and giving out no heat or smoke, and producing no ashes. And that is something that can be seen nowhere else in the world—it is a new and almost inconceivable marvel.

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"If I can make little engines run by this power, why not big ones?" asks Mr. Tripler. "And if I can produce liquid air practically without cost—and I will show you that I really can—why shouldn't we be able soon to do entirely away with coal and wood and all other fuel?"

"And run entirely with air?"

"Yes, with liquid air in place of the water now used in steam boilers, and the ordinary heat of the air instead of the coal under the boilers. Air is the cheapest material in the world, but we have only begun learning how to use it. We know little about compressed air, but almost nothing about utilizing the heat of the air. For centuries men have been digging their source of heat out of the earth at enormous expense, and then wasting 90 per cent. of it in burning. Coal is only the sun's energy stored up. What I do is to use the sun's energy direct.

"It is really one of the simplest things in the world," Mr. Tripler continues, "when you understand it. In the case of a steam engine, you have water and coal. You must take heat enough out of the coal and put it into the water to change the water into a gas—that is, steam. The expansion of this gas produces power. And the water will not give off any steam until it has reached the boiling point of 212deg. Fahrenheit.

"Now, steam bears the same relation to water that air bears to liquid air. Air is a liquid at 312deg. below zero—a degree of cold that we can hardly imagine. If you raise it above 312deg. below zero it boils, just as water boils above 212deg. Now, then, we live at a temperature averaging, say, 70deg. above zero—about the present temperature of this room. In other words, we are 382deg. warmer than liquid air. Therefore, compared with the cold of liquid air, we are living in a burning fiery furnace. A race of people who could live at 312deg. below zero would shrivel up as quickly in this room as we should if we were shut up in a baking-oven. Now, then, you have liquid air—a liquid at 312deg. below zero. You expose it to the heat of this furnace in which we live, and it boils instantly, and throws off a vapour which expands and produces power. That's simple, isn't it?"

It did seem simple; and you remembered, not without awe, that Mr. Tripler was the first man who ever ran an engine with liquid air, as he was also the first to invent a machine for making liquid air in quantities, a machine which has, by the way, been

passed as original by the Patent Office in Washington. But these two achievements, extraordinary as they are, form merely the basis for more surprising experiments.

MANNER AND COST OF PRODUCING LIQUID AIR.

It is easy enough, after obtaining a supply of liquid air, to run an engine with it; but where is there any practical advantage in using steam power to make liquid air and then using the liquid air for running engines? Why not use steam power direct, as at present?

Mr. Tripler always anticipates this question after explaining his engine—which is still running smoothly before our eyes.

"You have seen how I run this engine with liquid air," he says. "Now, if I can produce power by using liquid air in my engine, why not use that power for producing more liquid air? A liquid-air engine, if powerful enough, will compress the air and produce the cold in my liquefying machine exactly as well as a steam engine. Isn't that plain?"

You look at the speaker hard and a bit suspiciously. "Then you propose making liquid air with liquid air?"

"I not only propose doing it, but this machine actually does it."

"You pour liquid air into your engine, and take more liquid air out of your liquefier?"

"Yes; it is merely an application of the power produced by my liquid-air engine."

This all but takes your breath away. "That is perpetual motion," you object.

"No," says Mr. Tripler, sharply, "no perpetual motion about it. The heat of the atmosphere is boiling the liquid air in my engine and producing power just exactly as the heat of coal boils water and drives off steam. I simply use another form of heat. I get my power from the heat of the sun; so does every other producer of power. Coal, as I said before, is only a form of the sun's energy stored up. The perpetual motion crank tries to utilize the attraction of gravitation, not the heat of the sun."

Then Mr. Tripler continues, more slowly: "But I go even further than that. If I could produce only two gallons of liquid air from my liquefying machine for every two gallons I put into my engine, I should gain nothing at all; I should only be performing a curious experiment that would have no practical value. But I actually find that I can produce, for every two gallons of liquid air that I pour into my engine, a larger

quantity of liquid air from my liquefier. This seems absolutely unbelievable, and it is hard to explain; you will understand it better after I show you exactly my process of making liquid air. Briefly, the liquefaction of air is caused by intense cold, not by compression, although compression is a part of the process. After once having produced this cold, I do not need so much pressure on the air which I am forcing into the liquefying machine. Indeed, so great does the cold actually become that the external air, rushing in under ordinary atmospheric pressure to fill the vacuum caused by liquefaction, itself becomes liquefied. That is, my liquefying machine will keep on producing as much liquid air as ever, while it takes very much less liquid air to keep the compressor engine going. This difference I save. It is hard to understand just how this comes about, for you must remember that we are dealing with intensely low temperatures—an unfamiliar domain, the influences and effects of which are not yet well understood—and not with pressures.

"I have actually made about ten gallons of liquid air in my liquefier by the use of about three gallons in my engine. There is, therefore, a surplusage of seven gallons that has cost me nothing, and which I can use elsewhere as power."

"And there is no limit to this production; you can keep on producing this surplusage indefinitely?"

"I think so. I have not yet finished my experiments, you understand, and I don't want to claim too much. I believe I have

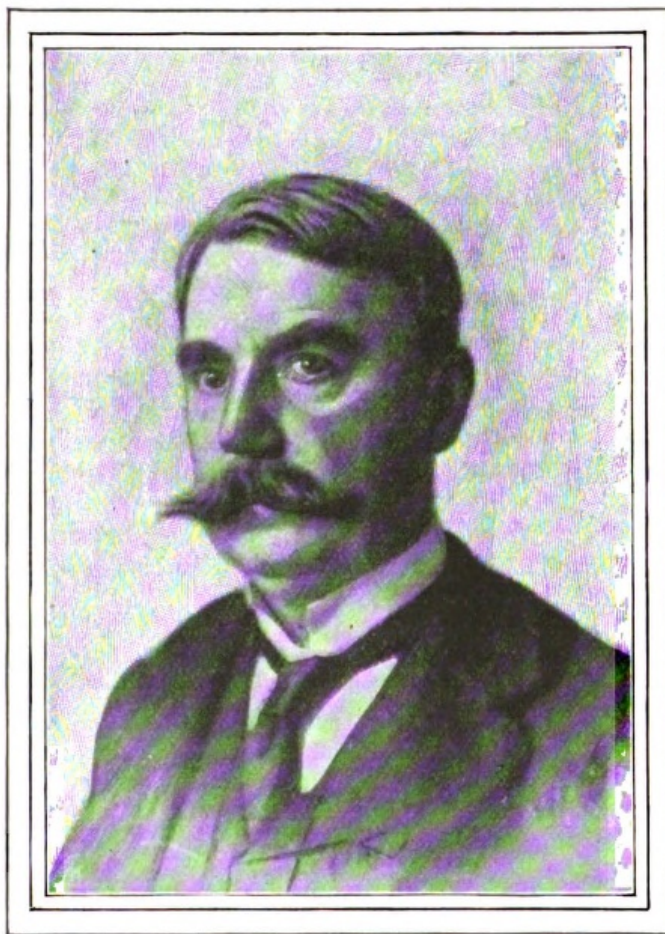
discovered a great principle in science, and I believe I can make practical machinery do what my experimental machine will do."

What if Mr. Tripler can build a successful "surplusage machine"? It is bewildering to dream of the possibilities of a source of power that costs nothing. Think of the ocean greyhound unencumbered with coal-bunkers, and sweltering boilers, and smoke-stacks, making her power as she sails, from the free sea air around her! Think of the boilerless locomotive running without a fire-box or fireman, or without need of water,

tanks or coal-chutes, gathering from the air as it passes the power which turns its driving-wheels! With costless power, think how travel and freight rates must fall, bringing bread and meat more cheaply to our tables and cheaply manufactured clothing more cheaply to our backs. Think of the possibilities of aerial navigation with power which requires no heavy machinery, no storage batteries, no coal—but I will take up these possibilities later. If one would practise his imagination on high flights, let him ruminate

on the question, "What will the world be when power costs nothing?"

It is not until you begin to speculate upon the changes that such a machine as Mr. Tripler's, if successful, will work, that you begin to doubt and waver and feel the total improbability of it all. The announcement fairly shocks the hearer out of his humdrum, and turns his well-regulated world all topsy-turvy. And yet it is not difficult to remember what people said when Morse sent words by telegraph from Washington



CHARLES E. TRIPLER.

to Baltimore, and when Bell spoke miles over a copper wire.

"We have just begun discovering things about the world," says Mr. Tripler.

Then he begins at the beginning of liquid air, and builds up his wonders step by step until they have almost assumed the familiar garb of present-day realities.

PREVIOUS ATTEMPTS TO LIQUEFY AIR.

Until twenty years ago, scientists thought that air was a permanent gas—that it never would be anything but a gas. They had tried compressing it under thousands of pounds of pressure to the square inch; they had tried heating it in reverberatory furnaces and cooling it to the greatest known depths of chemical cold; but it remained air—a gas. But, one day in 1877, Raoul Pictet submitted oxygen gas to enormous pressure combined with intense cold. The result was a few precious drops of a clear, bluish liquid that bubbled violently for a few seconds and then passed away in a cold, white mist. M. Pictet had proved that oxygen was not really a permanent gas, but merely the vapour of a mineral, as steam is the vapour of ice. Fifteen years later, Olzewski, a Pole, of Warsaw, succeeded in liquefying nitrogen, the other constituent of air. About the same time Professor Dewar, exploring independently in the region of the North Pole of temperature, not only liquefied oxygen and nitrogen, but produced liquid air in some quantity, and then actually froze it into a mushy ice—air ice. The first ounce that he made cost more than \$3,000. A little later he reduced the cost to \$500 a pint, and the whole scientific world rang with the achievement. Yesterday, in Mr. Tripler's laboratory, I saw five gallons of liquid air poured out like so much water. It was made at the rate of fifty gallons a day, and it cost, perhaps twenty cents a gallon.

Not long ago Mr. Tripler performed some of his experiments before a meeting of distinguished scientists at the University of the City of New York. It so happened that among those present was M. Pictet, the same who first liquefied oxygen. When he saw the prodigal way in which Mr. Tripler poured out the precious liquid, he rose solemnly, extended his arm across the table, and shook Mr. Tripler's hand. "It is a grand exhibition," he exclaimed, in French; "the grandest exhibition I ever have seen."

The principle involved in air liquefaction is exceedingly simple, although its application has sorely puzzled more than one wise man. When a gas is compressed, it gives out its

heat. Anyone who has inflated a bicycle tyre has felt the pump grow warm under his hand. When the pressure is removed and the gas expands, it must take back from somewhere the heat which it gave out. That is, it must produce cold.

Professor Dewar applied this simple principle in all his experiments. He compressed nitrous oxide gas and ethylene gas, and by expanding them suddenly in a specially constructed apparatus, he produced a degree of cold which liquefied air almost instantly. But nitrous oxide and ethylene are exceedingly expensive and dangerous, and the product that Professor Dewar drew off was worth more than its weight in gold; indeed, he could hardly afford enough of it for his experiments.

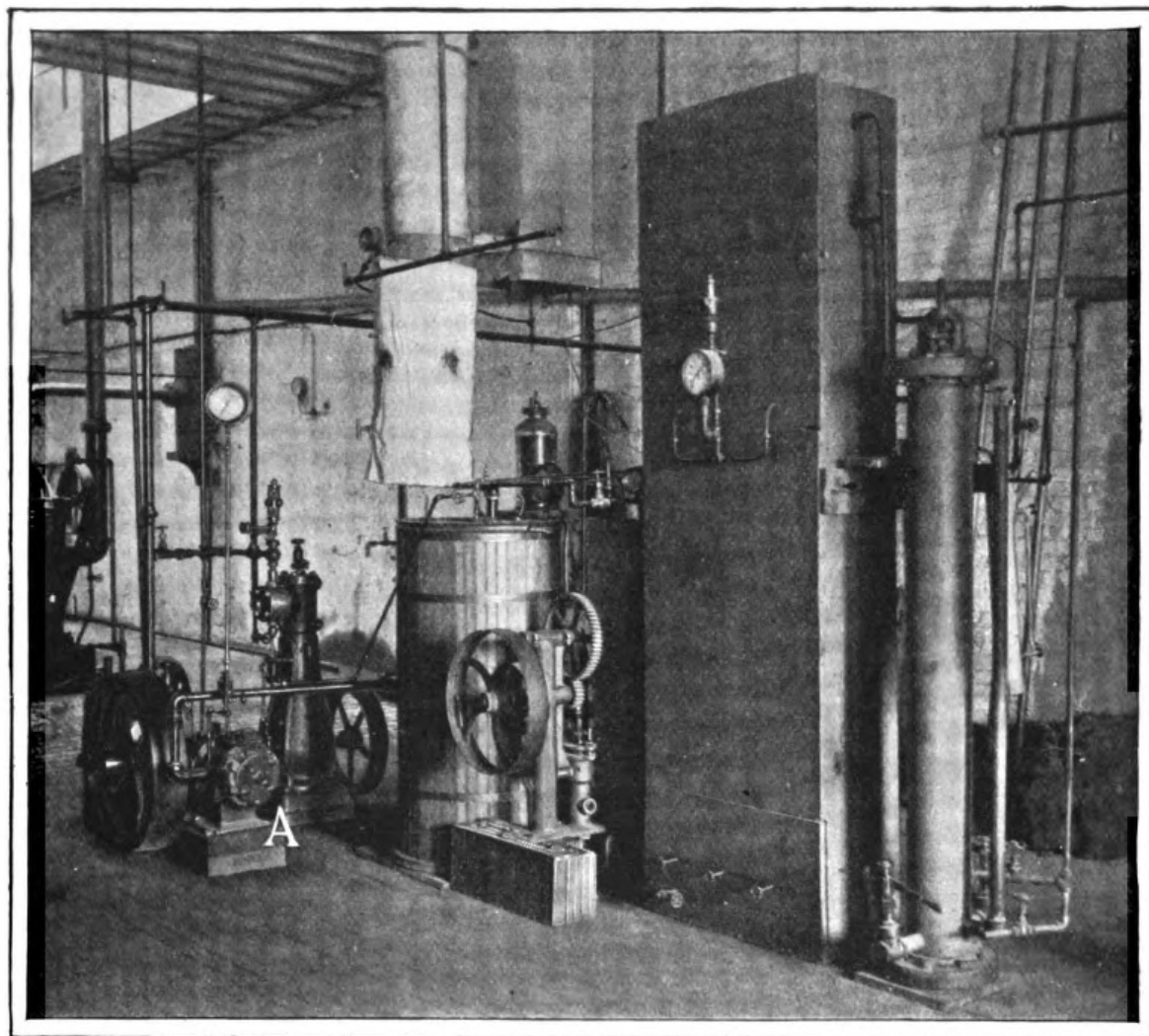
At the earliest announcement of the liquefaction of air, Mr. Tripler had seen with the quick imagination of the inventor its tremendous possibilities as a power-generator, and he began his experiments immediately. That was eight years ago. After futile attempts to utilize various gases for the production of the necessary cold, it suddenly occurred to him that air also was a gas. Why not produce cold with it?

"The idea was so foolishly simple that I could hardly bring myself to try it," he said; "but I finally fitted up an apparatus, turned on my air, and drew it out a liquid."

And thus Mr. Tripler makes liquid air with compressed air.

A NEAR VIEW OF THE ACTUAL MAKING.

Mr. Tripler's work-room has more the appearance of a machine shop than a laboratory. It is large and airy, and is filled with the litter of the busy inventor. The huge steam boiler and compressor engine in one end of the room strike one at first as oddly disproportionate in size to the other machinery. Apparently there is nothing for all this power—it is a fifty-horse-power plant—to work upon; it is hard to realize that the engine is drawing its raw material from the very room in which we are walking and breathing. Indeed, the apparatus by which the air is actually liquefied is nothing but a felt-and-canvas-covered tube about as large around as a small barrel and perhaps fifteen feet high. The lower end is set the height of a man's shoulders above the floor, and there is a little spout below from which, upon opening a frosty valve, the liquid air may be seen bursting out through a cloud of icy mist. I asked the old engineer who has been with Mr. Tripler for years what was inside of this mysterious swathed tube.



VACUUM PUMP, CONDENSER, AND LIQUEFIER USED BY MR. TRIPLER FOR MAKING LIQUID AIR BY THE USE OF LIQUID AIR. About three gallons of liquid air, used in the engine, will produce ten gallons of liquid air from the liquefier, a surplusage of seven gallons, produced without expense. A is the vacuum engine; the cylinder next on the right is the condenser, and the tall box with the steel cylinder next to it contains the liquefying apparatus. The canvas-covered pipe above the condenser is the liquefier used when steam power furnishes the means of compression.

"It's full of pipes," he said.

I asked Mr. Tripler the same question.

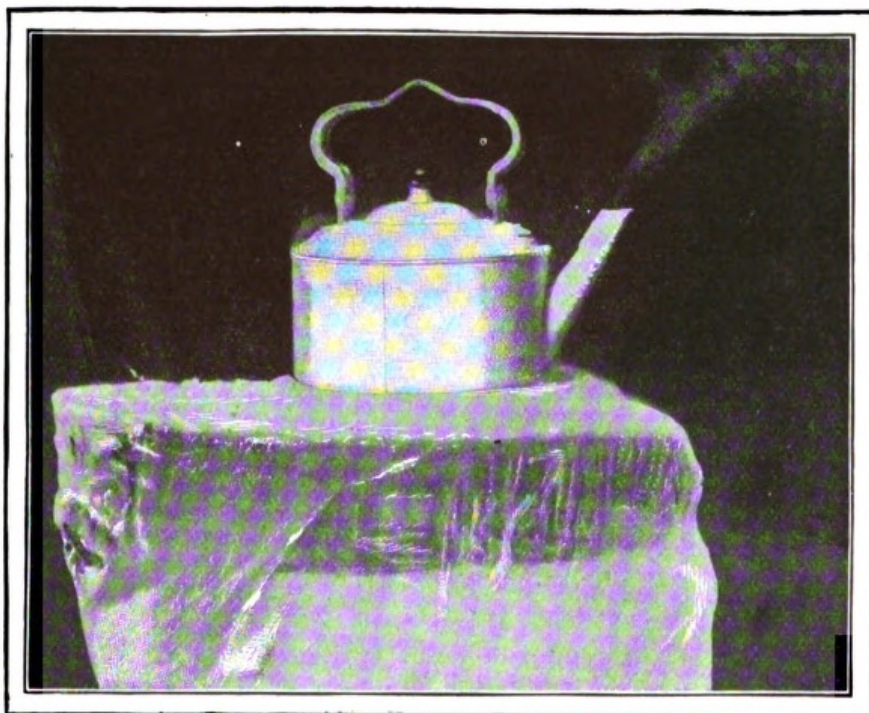
"Pipes," was his answer; "pipes and coils with specially constructed valves for the air to go in, and pipes and coils for it to go out—that's all there is to it."

So I investigated the pipes. Two sets led back to the compressor engine, and Mr. Tripler explained that they both carried air under a pressure of about 2,500lb. to the square inch. The heat caused by the compression had been removed by passing the pipes through coolers filled with running water, so that the air entered the liquefier at a temperature of about 50deg. Fahrenheit.

"The first of these pipes contains the air to be liquefied," explained Mr. Tripler; "the other carries the air which is to do the liquefying. By turning this valve at the bottom of the apparatus, I allow the air

to escape through a small hole in the second pipe. It rushes out over the first pipe, expanding rapidly and taking up heat. You see, the liquefier is so tall that it acts as a chimney, and the icy-cold air is drawn up to the top, following the first pipe all the way and greedily extracting its heat. This process continues until such a degree of cold prevails in the first pipe that the air is liquefied and drips down into a receptacle at the bottom. Then all I have to do is to turn a valve, and the liquid air pours out, ready for use."

Mr. Tripler says that it takes only ten or fifteen minutes to get liquid air after the compressor engine begins to run. Sometimes the cold air in the liquefier becomes so intense that the liquid air actually freezes hard, stopping the pipes. Mr. Tripler has never tried, but he says he believes he could get



LIQUID AIR BOILING ON A BLOCK OF ICE.

Compared with liquid air, the temperature of which is 312°deg. below zero, ice at 30°deg. F. is as hot as a furnace, and it produces the same effect on liquid air that a hot fire would on water. The tea-kettle is covered with white frost, moisture congealed from the atmosphere.

a degree of cold in his liquefier sufficient to reduce hydrogen gas to liquid form.

This very simple process has given rise to some curious questions on which future scientists may work at their pleasure.

"I've been puzzling myself a good deal," said Mr. Tripler, "over the question as to what becomes of all the heat that I take out of the air in the process of liquefaction. The air goes in at a temperature of this room, say, $70^{\circ}\text{deg. Fahrenheit}$. At liquefaction it is 312°deg. below zero. It has lost 382°deg. of heat in fifteen minutes, and you would expect that the air which rises from the top of my apparatus would be red hot; but it isn't, it's cold. Now, where did all that heat go? A little of it, I know, becomes electricity, because the liquid air is always more or less charged when it comes out, but that only accounts for a small part of the whole."

And then Mr. Tripler, who has the true speculative imagination of the scientist, which so often thrills the layman with its sudden reaches into the deep things of Nature, asked suddenly: "Where does heat go to, anyway? Did you ever think of that? Every transfer of energy tends to lower temperature. Every time that heat, for instance, is transferred into electricity, every time that electricity is transferred into heat, there is a loss—a leakage. Scientists used to think that there could be no real loss of energy—

that it was all conserved, although changed in form. They have given up that theory, at least so far as this earth is concerned. We are gradually cooling off, and some time the cold will be so great that the air will all fall in liquid drops like rain and freeze into a quartz-like mineral. Then the hydrogen gas will liquefy and freeze; then helium gas, and the world will be nothing but a dead, inert block of mineral, without a vestige of the vibrations which cause heat. Now, where does all this heat go?

"And when you come to think of it," Mr. Tripler continued, "we're a good deal nearer the cold end of the thermometer than we are to the hot end. I suppose that once we had a temperature equal to that of the sun, say $10,000^{\circ}\text{deg. Fahrenheit}$. We have fallen to an average of about 60°deg. in this latitude; that is, we have lost $9,940^{\circ}\text{deg.}$ We don't yet know just how cold the absolute cold really is—the final cold, the cold of interstellar space—but Professor Dewar thinks it is about 461°deg. below zero, Fahrenheit. If it is, we have only a matter of 521°deg. yet to lose, which is small compared with $9,940$. Still, I don't think we have any cause to worry; it may take a few billion years for the world to reach absolute cold."

Mr. Tripler handles his liquid air with a freedom that is awe-inspiring. He uses a battered saucepan in which to draw it out of the liquefier, and he keeps it in a double iron can, not unlike an ice-cream freezer, covering the top with a wad of coarse felting to keep out as much heat as possible. "You can handle liquid air with perfect safety," he said; "you can do almost anything with it that you can with water, except to shut it up tight."

This is not at all surprising when one remembers that a single cubic foot of liquid air contains 800 cubic feet of air at ordinary pressure—a whole bedroom full reduced

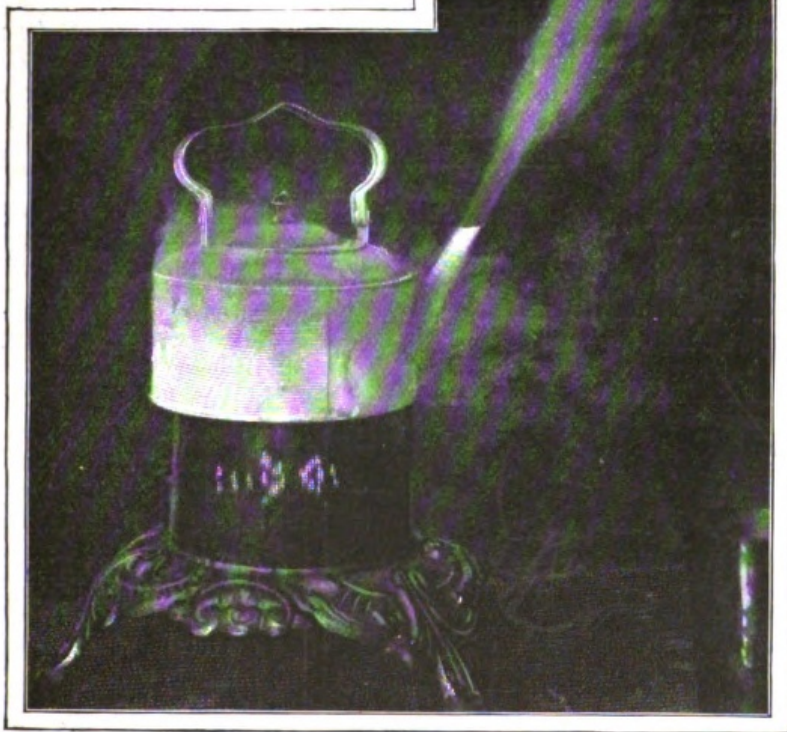
to the space of a large pail. Its desire to expand, therefore, is something quite irrepressible. But so long as it is left open, it simmers contentedly for hours, finally disappearing whence it came.

Mr. Tripler showed me a Dewar bulb—an odd glass apparatus invented by Professor Dewar—in which liquid air in small quantities can be kept safely for some time. It consists of two vessels of glass, one within the other, having a high vacuum between the walls and joined in a common neck at the top. The vacuum prevents the passage of heat, so that the evaporation of the liquid air in the inner tube is reduced to a minimum. The neck of the bulb is, of course, left open to the air, although the cold, heavy mist of evaporation acts somewhat as a stopper. Mr. Tripler has sent liquid air in open cans to Boston, Washington, and Philadelphia. "But it is my belief," says he, "that there will be little need of transporting it; it can be made quickly and cheaply anywhere on earth."

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF

LIQUID AIR.

Liquid air has many curious



LIQUID AIR OVER FIRE.

Liquid air is so cold that, when placed over a hot gas-stove, frost not only coats the entire receptacle in which it is contained, but a thick sheet of frost gathers on the bottom directly over the blaze.

properties. It is nearly as heavy as water, and quite as clear and limpid, although, when seen in the open air, it is always muffled in the dense white mist of evaporation that wells up over the edge of the receptacle in which it stands, and rolls out along the floor in beautiful billowy clouds. (See the illustration on the first page of this article.) No other substance in the world, unless it be liquid hydrogen, is as cold as liquid air, and yet Mr. Tripler dips his hand into it fearlessly, taking care, however, to remove it instantly. A few drops retained on a man's hand will sear the flesh like a white-hot iron; and yet it does not burn—it merely kills. For this reason it is admirably adapted to surgical uses where cauterization is necessary: it will eat out diseased flesh

much more quickly and safely than caustic potash or nitric acid, and it can be controlled absolutely. Indeed, Mr. Tripler has actually furnished a well-known New York physician with enough to sear out a cancer and entirely cure a difficult case. And it is cheaper than any cauterizing chemical in use.

It is difficult to conceive of the cold of liquid air. Mr. Tripler performs a number of striking experiments to illustrate its low temperature. He partially fills a tin tea-kettle with it and sets it on a cake of ice, as shown in the illustration on the opposite page, where the air at once begins to boil violently, throwing off a fierce white vapour. The temperature of the ice is about 32deg. Fahrenheit, while the temperature of the liquid air is 312deg. below zero. In other words, ice is 344deg. warmer than liquid air; consequently it makes the air boil.

Mr. Tripler set the tea-kettle over a hot gas-flame, but it boiled only a shade more vigorously than it did on the ice, and a thick sheet of frost actually formed on the bottom

of the kettle where the flame played most fiercely.

Alcohol freezes at so low a temperature—202deg. below zero—that it is used in thermometers to register all degrees of cold.

But it will not measure the fearful cold of liquid air. I saw a cup of liquid air poured into a tumbler partly filled with alcohol. Mr. Tripler stirred it up with a glass rod. It boiled violently for a few minutes, and then it thickened up suddenly until it looked like sugar syrup; then it froze solid, and Mr. Tripler held it up in a long steaming icicle. Mercury is frozen until it is as hard as granite. Mr. Tripler made a little paste-board box the shape of a hammer-head, filled it with mercury, suspended a rod in it for a handle, and then placed it in a pan of liquid air.

In a few minutes it was frozen so solid that it could be used for driving nails into a hardwood block. What would the scientists of twenty-five years ago have said if anyone had predicted the use of a mercury hammer for driving nails?

Liquid air freezes other metals just as thoroughly as it freezes mercury. Iron and steel become as brittle as glass. A tin cup which has been filled with liquid air for a few minutes will, if dropped, shatter into a hundred little fragments like thin glass. Copper, gold, and all precious metals, on the other hand, are made more pliable, so that even a thick piece can be bent readily between the fingers.

I saw an egg boiled—or frozen—in

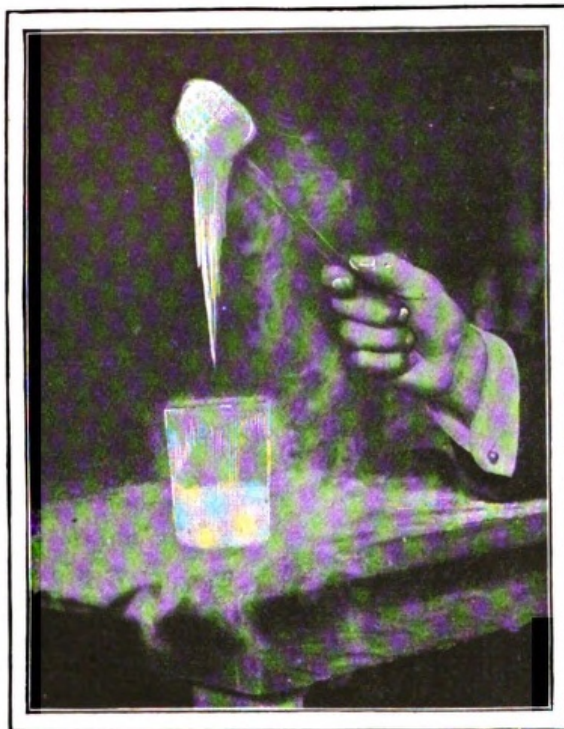
liquid air. It came out so hard that a sharp blow of a hammer was required to crack it, and the inside of it had the peculiar crystalline appearance of quartz—a kind of mineral egg.

"The time is certainly coming," says Mr.

Tripler, "when every great packing-house, every market, every hospital, every hotel, and many private houses will have plants for making liquid air. The machinery is not expensive, it can be set up in a tenth part of the space occupied by an ammonia ice-machine, and its product can be easily handled and placed where it is most needed. Ten years from now hotel guests will call for cool rooms in summer with as much certainty of getting them as they now call for warm rooms in winter.

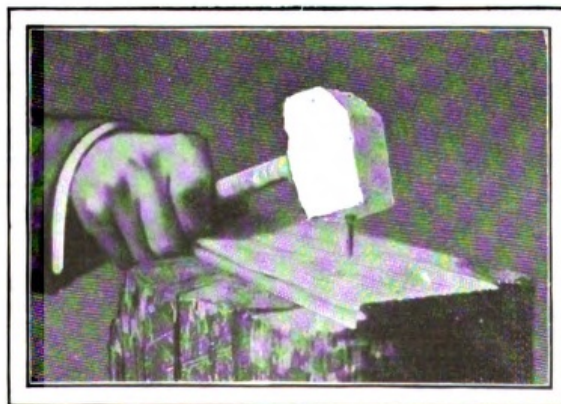
"And think of what unspeakable value the liquid air will be in hospitals. In the first place it is absolutely pure air; in the second place the proportion of oxygen is very large, so that it is vitalizing air. Why, it will not be necessary for the tired-out man of the future to make his usual summer trip to the mountains. He can have his ozone and his cool heights served to him in his room. Cold is always a disinfectant; some disease germs, like yellow fever, it kills outright. Think of the value of a 'cold ward' in an hospital, where the air could be kept absolutely fresh, and where nurses and friends could visit the patient without fear of infection."

Suppose, also, as Mr. Tripler does, that every war-ship could have a liquid



AN ICICLE OF FROZEN ALCOHOL.

An alcohol thermometer is supposed to measure all degrees of cold, but liquid air freezes alcohol in a few seconds to a hard lump of ice.



DRIVING A NAIL WITH A HAMMER MADE OF MERCURY FROZEN BY LIQUID AIR.

air plant. It would not only operate the ship's propellers, but it would be absolutely invaluable in cooling off the guns after firing, in saving the lives of the sailors in the sweltering sick bay, and, indeed, in firing the cannon.

Air is composed of twenty-two parts of oxygen and seventy-eight of nitrogen. Oxygen liquefies at 300deg. below zero, and nitrogen at 320deg. Consequently, when in the form of liquid air, nitrogen evaporates the more rapidly. This difference is shown by Mr. Tripler by pouring a quantity of the liquid air into a large glass vessel, partly filled with water. For a moment it floats, boiling with great violence, liquid air being slightly lighter than water. When, however, the nitrogen has all boiled away, the liquid oxygen, being heavier than water, sinks in beautiful, silvery bubbles which boil violently until they disappear. A few drops of liquid air thrown into water will instantly freeze for themselves little boats of ice, which sail around merrily until the liquid air boils away.

In this way liquid air left exposed becomes stronger in proportion of oxygen—and oxygen in such a concentrated form is a very wonderful substance. For instance, ordinary woollen felt can hardly be persuaded to burn even in a hot fire, but if it is dipped in this concentrated oxygen, or even in liquid air, and lighted, it will explode and burn with all the terrible violence of gun-cotton. Indeed, liquid air will burn steel itself. Mr. Tripler demonstrates this most strikingly by making a tumbler of ice, and filling it half full of liquid oxygen. Then he fastens a burning match to a bit of steel spring and dips it into the liquid air, where the steel

burns exactly like a greasy bit of pork rind—sputtering, and giving out a glare of dazzling brilliancy, as may be seen in the following illustration.

The property of liquid oxygen to promote rapid combustion will make it invaluable, Mr. Tripler thinks, for use as an explosive. A bit of oily waste, soaked in liquid air, was placed inside of a small iron tube, open at both ends. This was laid inside of a larger and stronger pipe, also open at both ends. When

the waste was ignited by a fuse, the explosion was so terrific that it not only blew the smaller tube to pieces, but it burst a great hole in the outer tube. Mr. Tripler thinks that by the proper mixture of liquid air with cotton, wool, glycerine, or any other hydrocarbon, an explosive of enormous power could be made. And unlike dynamite or nitro-glycerine, it could be handled like so much sand, there being not the slightest danger of explosion from concussion, although, of course, it must be kept away from fire. It will take many careful experiments to ascertain the best method for making this new explosive, but think of the reward for its successful application! The expense of heavy ammunition and its difficult transportation and storage

would be entirely done away with. No more would war-ships be loaded down with cumbersome explosives, and no more could there be terrible powder explosions on ship-board, because the ammunition could be made for the guns as it was needed, a liquid-air plant on ship-board furnishing all the necessary materials. But all other uses of liquid air fade into insignificance when compared with its utilization as power for running machinery, of which I have already spoken.



LIQUID AIR IN WATER.

Liquid air is slightly lighter than water. When a small quantity of it is poured into a tall flask of water, it floats for a few seconds; and then the nitrogen boils away, leaving the liquid oxygen, which, being slightly heavier than water, sinks in big silvery bubbles.

"My greatest object is the production of a power-giving substance," says Mr. Tripler; "if you can get cheap power, all other problems are solved."

And that is why Mr. Tripler has spent so much time on the little engine in his laboratory which runs by liquid air. The reasons for the supremacy of this strange liquid over steam are exceedingly simple. In the first place, liquid air has about a hundred times the expansive power of steam. In the second place, it begins to produce power the instant it is exposed to the atmosphere. In making steam, water has first to be raised to a temperature of 212deg. Fahrenheit. That is, if the water as it enters the boiler has a temperature of 50deg., 162deg. of heat must be put into it before it will yield a single pound of pressure. After that every additional degree of heat produces one pound of pressure, whereas every degree of heat applied to liquid air gives twenty pounds of pressure.

"Liquid air can be applied to any engine," says Mr. Tripler, "and used as easily and as safely as steam. You need no large boiler, no water, no coal, and you have no waste. The heat of the atmosphere, as I have said before, does all the work of expansion."

The advantages of compactness and the ease with which liquid air can be made to

produce power at once suggested its use in all kinds of motor vehicles, and a firm in Philadelphia is now making extensive experiments looking to its use. A satisfactory application will do away with the present huge, misshapen, machinery-laden automob-

iles, and make possible small, light, and inexpensive motors.

Mr. Tripler believes firmly that liquid air makes aerial navigation a distinct probability. The great problem in the past has been the immense weight of the steam or electrical machinery necessary to operate the air screws. With liquid air no heat of any kind save that of the sun would be required; the boiler could be made of light tubing, and much of the other machinery of aluminium, so that the weight would be scarcely noticeable.

Much has yet to be done before liquid air

becomes the revolutionizing power which Mr. Tripler prophesies. This much is certain: A machine has been built which will make liquid air in large quantities at small expense, and an engine has been successfully run by liquid air. Beyond these two actual accomplishments, Mr. Tripler has yet to perfect his machinery for producing liquid air without expense. When this is accomplished, liquid air must certainly take its place as the foremost source of the world's power-supply.



BURNING STEEL IN AN ICE TUMBLER PARTLY FILLED WITH LIQUID AIR.

A point of interest in this experiment is the contrast in temperatures; steel is burning at 3,500deg. F. in an ice receptacle containing liquid air at 312deg. below zero.

MR. BRISHER'S TREASURE

BY
H. G. WELLS.



“**Y**OU can’t be *too* careful *who* you marry,” said Mr. Brisher, and pulled thoughtfully with a fat-wristed hand at the lank moustache that hides his want of chin.

“That’s why——” I ventured.

“Yes,” said Mr. Brisher, with a solemn light in his bleary, blue-grey eyes, moving his head expressively and breathing intimately at me. “There’s lots as ’ave ’ad a try at me—many as I could name in *this* town—but none ’ave done it—none.”

I surveyed the flushed countenance, the equatorial expansion, the masterly carelessness of his attire, and heaved a sigh to think that by reason of the unworthiness of women he must needs be the last of his race.

“I was a smart young chap when I was younger,” said Mr. Brisher. “I ’ad my work cut out. But I was very careful—very. And I got through . . .”

He leant over the taproom table and thought visibly on the subject of my trustworthiness. I was relieved at last by his confidence.

“I was engaged once,” he said at last, with a reminiscent eye on the shuv-a’penny board.

“So near as that?”

He looked at me. “So near as that. Fact is——” He looked about him, brought his face close to mine, lowered his voice, and fenced off an unsympathetic world with a grimy hand. “If she ain’t dead or married to someone else or anything—I’m engaged still. Now.” He confirmed this statement with nods and facial contortions. “*Still*,” he said, ending the pantomime, and broke into a reckless smile at my surprise. “*Me!*”

“Run away,” he explained further, with coruscating eyebrows. “Come ’ome.”

“That ain’t all.”

“You’d ’ardly believe it,” he said, “but I found a treasure. Found a regular treasure.”

I fancied this was irony, and did not, perhaps, greet it with proper surprise. “Yes,” he said, “I found a treasure. And come ’ome. I tell you I could surprise you with things that has happened to me.” And for some time he was content to repeat that he had found a treasure—and left it.

I made no vulgar clamour for a story, but I became attentive to Mr. Brisher’s bodily needs, and presently I led him back to the deserted lady.

“She was a nice girl,” he said—a little sadly, I thought. “*And* respectable.”

He raised his eyebrows and tightened his

mouth to express extreme respectability—beyond the likes of us elderly men.

"It was a long way from 'ere. Essex, in fact. Near Colchester. It was when I was up in London—in the buildin' trade. I was a smart young chap then, I can tell you. Slim. 'Ad best clo'es 's good as anybody. 'At—*silk* 'at, mind you." Mr. Brisher's hand shot above his head towards the infinite to indicate a silk hat of the highest. "Umbrella—nice umbrella with a 'orn 'andle. Savin's. Very careful I was. . . ."

He was pensive for a little while, thinking, as we must all come to think sooner or later, of the vanished brightness of youth. But he refrained, as one may do in taprooms, from the obvious moral.

"I got to know 'er through a chap what was engaged to 'er sister. She was stopping in London for a bit with a naunt that 'ad a 'am an' beef shop. This aunt was very particular—they was all very particular people, all 'er people was—and wouldn't let 'er sister go out with this feller except 'er other sister, *my* girl that is, went with them. So 'e brought me into it, sort of to ease the crowding. We used to go walks in Battersea Park of a Sunday afternoon. Me in my topper, and 'im in 'is ; and the girls—well—stylish. There wasn't many in Battersea Park 'ad the larf of us. She wasn't what you'd call pretty, but a nicer girl I never met. I liked 'er from the start, and, well—though I say it who shouldn't—she liked me. You know 'ow it is, I dessay?"

I pretended I did.

"And when this chap married 'er sister—'im and me was great friends—what must 'e do but arst me down to Colchester, close by where She lived. Naturally I was introjuiced to 'er people, and well, very soon, her and me was engaged."

He repeated "engaged."

"She lived at 'ome with 'er father and mother, quite the lady, in a very nice little 'ouse with a garden—and remarkable respectable people they was. Rich you might call 'em a'most. They owned their own 'ouse—got it out of the Building Society, and cheap because the chap who had it before was a burglar and in prison—and they 'ad a bit of free'old land, and some cottages and money 'nvested—all nice and tight: they was what you'd call snug and warm. I tell you, I was On. Furniture too. Why! They 'ad a pianner. Jane—'er name was Jane—used to play it Sundays, and very nice she played too. There wasn't 'ardly a 'im toon in the book she *couldn't* play"

"Many's the evenin' we've met and sung 'ims there, me and 'er and the family.

"'Er father was quite a leadin' man in chapel. You should ha' seen him Sundays, interruptin' the minister and givin' out 'ims. He had gold spectacles, I remember, and used to look over 'em at you while he sang hearty—he was always great on singing 'earty to the Lord—and when *he* got out o' toon 'arf the people went after 'im—always. 'E was that sort of man. And to walk be'ind 'im in 'is nice black clo'es—is 'at was a brimmer—made one regular proud to be engaged to such a father-in-law. And when the summer came I went down there and stopped a fortnight.

"Now, you know there was a sort of Itch," said Mr. Brisher. "We wanted to marry, me and Jane did, and get things settled. But 'E said I 'ad to get a proper position first. Consequently there was a Itch. Consequently, when I went down there, I was anxious to show that I was a good useful sort of chap like. Show I could do pretty nearly everything like. See?"

I made a sympathetic noise.

"And down at the bottom of their garden was a bit of wild part like. So I says to 'im, 'Why don't you 'ave a rockery 'ere?' I says. 'It 'ud look nice.'

"'Too much expense,' he says.

"'Not a penny,' says I. 'I'm a dab at rockeries. Lemme make you one.' You see, I'd 'elped my brother make a rockery in the beer garden be'ind 'is tap, so I knew 'ow to do it to rights. 'Lemme make you one,' I says. 'It's 'olidays, but I'm that sort of chap, I 'ate doing nothing,' I says. 'I'll make you one to rights.' And the long and the short of it was, he said I might.

"And that's 'ow I come on the treasure."

"What treasure?" I asked.

"Why!" said Mr. Brisher, "the treasure I'm telling you about, what's the reason why I never married."

"What!—a treasure—dug up?"

"Yes—buried wealth—treasure trove. Come out of the ground. What I kept on saying—regular treasure" He looked at me with unusual disrespect.

"It wasn't more than a foot deep, not the top of it," he said. "I'd 'ardly got thirsty like, before I come on the corner."

"Go on," I said. "I didn't understand."

"Why! Directly I 'it the box I knew it was treasure. A sort of instinct told me. Something seemed to shout inside of me—'Now's your chance—lie low.' It's lucky I knew the laws of treasure trove or I'd 'ave

been shoutin' there and then. I daresay you know——?"

"Crown bags it," I said, "all but one per cent. Go on. It's a shame. What did you do?"

"Uncovered the top of the box. There wasn't anybody in the garden or about like. Jane was 'elping 'er mother do the 'ouse. I *was* excited—I tell you. I tried the lock and then gave a whack at the hinges. Open it came. Silver coins—full! Shining. It made me tremble to see 'em. And jest then—I'm blessed if the dustman didn't come round the back of the 'ouse. It pretty nearly gave me 'eart disease to think

so to speak, was laughing on its own account till I had it hid. I tell you I was regular scared like at my luck. I jest thought that it 'ad to be kep' close and that was all. 'Treasure,' I kep' whisperin' to myself, 'Treasure' and 'undreds of pounds, 'undreds, 'undreds of pounds.' Whispering to myself like, and digging like blazes. It seemed to me the box was regular sticking out and showing, like your legs do under the sheets in bed, and I went and put all the earth I'd got out of my 'ole for the rockery slap on top of it. I *was* in a sweat. And in the midst of it all out toddles 'er father. He didn't say anything to me, jest stood



"IT PRETTY NEARLY GAVE ME 'EART DISEASE."

what a fool I was to 'ave that money showing. And directly after I 'eard the chap next door—'e was 'olidaying too—I 'eard him watering 'is beans. If only 'e'd looked over the fence!"

"What did you do?"

"Kicked the lid on again and covered it up like a shot, and went on digging about a yard away from it—like mad. And my face,

behind me and stared, but Jane tole me afterwards when he went indoors, 'e says, 'That there jackanapes of yours, Jane'—he always called me a jackanapes some'ow—'knows 'ow to put 'is back into it after all.' Seemed quite impressed by it, 'e did."

"How long was the box?" I asked, suddenly.

"'Ow long?" said Mr. Brisher.

"Yes—in length?"

"Oh! 'bout so—by so." Mr. Brisher indicated a moderate-sized trunk.

"Full?" said I.

"Full up of silver coins—arf-crowns, I believe."

"Why!" I cried, "that would mean—hundreds of pounds."

"Thousands," said Mr. Brisher, in a sort of sad calm. "I calc'lated it out."

"But how did they get there?"

"All I know is what I found. What I thought at the time was this. The chap who's owned the 'ouse before 'er father 'd been a regular slap-up burglar. What you'd call a 'igh-class criminal. Used to drive 'is trap—like Peace did." Mr. Brisher meditated on the difficulties of narration and embarked on a complicated parenthesis. "I don't know if I told you it 'd been a burglar's 'ouse before it was my girl's father's, and I knew 'e'd robbed a mail train once, I did know that. It seemed to me——"

"That's very likely," I said. "But what did you do?"

"Sweated," said Mr. Brisher. "Regular run orf me. All that morning," said Mr. Brisher, "I was at it, pretending to make that

rockery and wondering what I should do. I'd 'ave told 'er father p'raps, only I was doubtful of 'is honesty—I was afraid he might rob me of it like, and give it up to the authorities—and besides, considering I was marrying into the family, I thought it would be nicer like if it came through me. Put me on a better footing, so to speak. Well, I 'ad three days before me left of my 'olidays, so there wasn't no hurry, so I covered it up and

went on digging, and tried to puzzle out 'ow I was to make sure of it. Only I couldn't.

"I thought," said Mr. Brisher, "and I thought. Once I got regular doubtful whether I'd seen it or not, and went down to it and 'ad it uncovered again, just as her ma came out to 'ang up a bit of washin' she'd done. Jumps again! Afterwards I was just thinking I'd 'ave another go at it, when Jane comes to tell me dinner was ready. 'You'll want it,' she said, 'seeing all the 'ole you've dug.'"

"I was in a regular daze all dinner, wondering whether that chap next door wasn't over the fence and filling 'is pockets. But in the afternoon I got easier in my mind—it seemed to me it must 'ave been there so long it was pretty sure to stop a bit longer—and I tried to get up a bit of a discussion to dror out the old man and see what 'e thought of treasure trove."

Mr. Brisher paused, and affected amusement at the memory.

"The old man was a scorcher," he said; "a regular scorcher."

"What!" said I; "did he——?"

"It was like this," explained Mr. Brisher, laying a friendly hand on my arm and breathing into my face to calm me. "Just to dror

'im out, I told a story of a chap I said I knew—pretendin', you know—who'd found a sovrin in a novercoat 'e'd borrowed. I said 'e stuck to it, but I said I wasn't sure whether that was right or not. And then the old man began. Lor! 'e *did* let me 'ave it!" Mr. Brisher affected an insincere amusement. "'E was, well—— what you might call a rare 'and at snacks. Said that was the sort of friend 'e'd naturally expect me to 'ave.



"'E DID LET ME 'AVE IT."

Said 'e'd naturally expect that from the friend of a out-of-work loafer who took up with daughters who didn't belong to 'im. There! I couldn't tell you 'arf 'e said. 'E went on most outrageous. I stood up to 'im about it, just to dror 'im out. 'Wouldn't you stick to a arf-sov', not if you found it in the street?' I says. 'Certainly not,' 'e says; 'certainly I wouldn't.' 'What! not if you found it as a sort of treasure?' 'Young man,' 'e says, 'there's 'i'er 'thority than mine—Render unto Cæsar'—what is it? Yes. Well, he fetched up that. A rare 'and at 'itting you over the 'ed with the Bible, was the old man. And so he went on. 'E got to such Snacks about me at last I couldn't stand it. I'd promised Jane not to answer 'im back, but it got a bit too thick. I—I give it 'im . . ."

Mr. Brisher, by means of enigmatical face-work, tried to make me think he had had the best of that argument, but I knew better.

"I went out in a 'uff at last. But not before I was pretty sure I 'ad to lift that treasure by myself. The only thing that kep' me up was thinking 'ow I'd take it out of 'im when I 'ad the cash . . ."

There was a lengthy pause.

"Now, you'd 'ardly believe it, but all them three days I never 'ad a chance at the blessed treasure, never got out not even a 'arf-crown. There was always a Somethink—always.

"'Stonishing thing it isn't thought of more," said Mr. Brisher. "Finding treasure's no great shakes. It's gettin' it. I don't suppose I slep' a wink any of those nights, thinking where I was to take it, what I was to do with it, 'ow I was to explain it. It made me regular ill. And days I was that dull, it made Jane regular 'uffy. 'You ain't the same chap you was in London,' she says, several times. I tried to lay it on 'er father and 'is Snacks, but bless you, she knew better. What must she 'ave but that I'd got another girl on my mind! Said I wasn't True. Well, we had a bit of a row. But I was that set on the Treasure, I didn't seem to mind a bit Anything she said.

"Well, at last I got a sort of plan. I was always a bit good at planning, though carrying out isn't so much in my line. I thought it all out and settled on a plan. First, I was going to take all my pockets full of these 'ere 'arf-crowns—see?—and afterwards—as I shall tell.

"Well, I got to that state I couldn't think of getting at the Treasure again in the daytime, so I waited until the night before I had to go, and then, when everything was still, up I gets and slips down to the back

door, meaning to get my pockets full. What must I do in the scullery but fall over a pail? Up gets 'er father with a gun—'e was a light sleeper was 'er father, and very suspicious—and there was me: 'ad to explain I'd come down to the pump for a drink because my water-bottle was bad. 'E didn't let me off a Snack or two over that bit, you lay a bob."

"And you mean to say——" I began.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Brisher. "I say, I'd made my plan. That put the kybosh on one bit, but it didn't 'urt the general scheme not a bit. I went and I finished that rockery next day, as though there wasn't a Snack in the world; cemented over the stones, I did, dabbed it green and everythink. I put a dab of green just to show where the box was. They all came and looked at it, and said 'ow nice it was—even 'e was a bit softer like to see it, and all he said was, 'It's a pity you can't always work like that, then you might get something definite to do,' he says.

"'Yes,' I says—I couldn't 'elp it—I put a lot in that rockery,' I says, like that. See? 'I put a lot in that rockery'—meaning——"

"I see," said I—for Mr. Brisher is apt to over-elaborate his jokes.

"'E didn't," said Mr. Brisher. "Not then, anyhow.

"Ar'ever—after all that was over, off I set for London. . . . Orf I set for London. . . ."

Pause.

"On'y I wasn't going to no London," said Mr. Brisher, with sudden animation, and thrusting his face into mine. "No fear! What do *you* think?

"I didn't go no further than Colchester—not a yard.

"I'd left the spade just where I could find it. I'd got everything planned and right. I 'ired a little trap in Colchester, and pretended I wanted to go to Ipswich and stop the night, and come back next day, and the chap I 'ired it from made me leave two sovrings on it right away, and off I set.

"I didn't go to no Ipswich neither.

"Midnight the 'orse and trap was 'itched by the little road that ran by the cottage where 'e lived—not sixty yards off, it wasn't—and I was at it like a good 'un. It was jest the night for such games—overcast—but a trifle too 'ot, and all round the sky there was summer lightning and presently a thunderstorm. Down it came. First big drops in a sort of fizzle, then 'ail. I kep' on.

I whacked at it—I didn't dream the old man would 'ear. I didn't even trouble to go quiet with the spade, and the thunder and lightning and 'ail seemed to excite me like. I shouldn't wonder if I was singing. I got so 'ard at it I clean forgot the thunder and the 'orse and trap. I precious soon got the box showing, and started to lift it . . ."

"Heavy?" I said.

"I couldn't no more lift it than fly. I *was* sick. I'd never thought of that! I got regular wild—I tell you, I cursed. I got sort of outrageous. I didn't think of dividing it like for the minute, and even then I couldn't 'ave took money about loose in a trap. I hoisted one end sort of wild like, and over the whole show went with a

think what I was doing. I never stopped—not even to fill my pockets. I went over the fence like a shot, and ran like one o'clock for the trap, cussing and swearing as I went. I *was* in a state. . . .

"And will you believe me, when I got to the place where I'd left the 'orse and trap, they'd gone. Orf! When I saw that I 'asn't a cuss left for it. I jest danced on the grass, and when I'd danced enough I started off to London. I was done."

Mr. Brisher was pensive for an interval. "I was done," he repeated, very bitterly.

"Well?" I said.

"That's all," said Mr. Brisher.

"You didn't go back?"

"No fear. I'd 'ad enough of *that* blooming



"THERE WAS THE OLD MAN COMING DOWN THE GARDEN."

tremenjous noise. Perfek smash of silver. And then right on the heels of that, Flash! Lightning like the day! and there was the back door open and the old man coming down the garden with 'is blooming old gun. He wasn't not a 'undred yards away!

"I tell you I was that upset—I didn't

treasure, any'ow for a bit. Besides, I didn't know what was done to chaps who tried to collar a treasure trove. I started off for London there and then. . . ."

"And you never went back?"

"Never."

"But about Jane? Did you write?"

"Three times, fishing like. And no answer. We'd parted in a bit of a 'uff on account of 'er being jealous. So that I couldn't make out for certain what it meant.

"I didn't know what to do. I didn't even know whether the old man knew it was me. I sort of kep' an eye open on papers to see when he'd give up that treasure to the Crown, as I hadn't a doubt 'e would considering 'ow respectable 'e'd always been."

"And did he?"

Mr. Brisher pursed his mouth and moved his head slowly from side to side. "Not 'im," he said.

"Jane was a nice girl," he said, "a thorough nice girl mind you, *if* jealous, and there's no knowing I mightn't 'ave gone back to 'er after a bit. I thought if he didn't give

up the treasure I might 'ave a sort of 'old on 'im . . . Well, one day I looks as usual under Colchester—and there I saw 'is name. What for d'yer think?"

I could not guess.

Mr. Brisher's voice sank to a whisper, and once more he spoke behind his hand. His manner was suddenly suffused with a positive joy. "Issuing counterfeit coins," he said.

"Counterfeit coins!"

"You don't mean to say——?"

"Yes—It. Bad. Quite a long case they made of it. But they got 'im, though he dodged tremenjous. Traced 'is 'aving passed, oh!—nearly a dozen bad 'arf-crowns."

"And you didn't——?"

"No fear. And it didn't do 'im much good to say it was treasure trove."



From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

L.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THERE is a general impression that Lord Rosebery's accession to the Premiership in 1894 was directly and absolutely due to Mr. Gladstone's nomination. The fact is the appointment was made on the personal initiative of the Queen. The selection of the Prime Minister remains, even in these democratic days, the absolute prerogative of the Sovereign. But the prerogative is not now enforced in antagonism to the obvious drift of popular feeling.

The last time it was exercised in anything approaching autocratic manner happened sixty-five years ago, when William IV. was King. When Lord Althorpe (of whom we had in the House of Commons a singularly close replica in the person of Lord Hartington) went to the House of Lords it became necessary to appoint a successor to the leadership in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell seemed inevitable. But it was known that the King did not like him, distrusting the Radical element he represented. Lord Melbourne cheerily undertook to put the matter through. He drove down to Brighton, where the King was staying, suggested the appointment, and was dumfounded by the reply. The King commanded him to give up the seals of office, and intrusted to his care, on the return journey to London, a letter commanding the Duke of Wellington to form a Ministry.

THE BED-CHAMBER WOMEN. In the second year of the Queen's reign a procedure only less arbitrary took place in connection with the Premiership. Lord Melbourne, defeated on the Jamaica Bill, resigned. The Queen, like her uncle, turned to the Duke of Wellington, who recommended Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert insisted as a condition of his undertaking the Government that the Whig Ladies-in-Waiting, who

surrounded the Queen, should be dismissed. Her Majesty resented this dictation, with the result that Lord Melbourne came back with foredoomed endeavour to carry on an impossible Government.

On the eve of the twentieth IN 1880. century neither King nor Queen would think of pitting preference for Bedchamber women against the claims to the Premiership of a popular statesman. That the tendency to enforce the prerogative in spite of popular feeling is nevertheless ineradicable in the Royal breast was testified so recently as 1880. The General Election had been won for the Liberals by the magic of one name, the tireless energy, the bound-



LORD ALTHORPE (AFTER H.K.B.).



WILLIAM IV. (AFTER H.K.B.).

less genius of one man. Lord Beaconsfield overthrown, Mr. Gladstone was inevitable. But the Queen did not disguise her hankering after another. She sent for Lord Hartington, and invited him to form a Ministry. He pointed out the impossibility of ignoring Mr. Gladstone's claims, but,

loyally yielding to pressure, went back to town and spent a day in endeavour to meet the Queen's wishes. The result was to confirm him in his earliest conviction.

Even then Her Majesty, with womanly persistence, fought against the inevitable. Lord Granville was sent for, and the command to form a Ministry transferred to him. He, like Lord Hartington, pleading the hopelessness of such endeavour, Mr. Gladstone was reluctantly summoned, and an interval that had filled the political world with marvel and disquiet happily closed.

WHAT FOURTEEN years later Her Majesty MIGHT HAVE BEEN was more fortunate in finding her preference for Lord Rosebery coincide not only with popular opinion, but with the personal predilections of the retiring Minister. A year or two before he withdrew from the Parliamentary stage, Mr. Gladstone publicly nominated Lord Rosebery as his successor. To that circumstance is attributable the impression, which still obtains, that it was Mr. Gladstone who selected Lord Rosebery. It was well known in the Cabinet of 1894 that what proved to be a crown of thorns was placed on Lord Rosebery's head by the Queen's own hands. Another arrangement privately talked of at the time, had it been regarded favourably by Her Majesty, would have pleasantly varied subsequent events as regarded from the point of view of the interests of the Liberal Party. It proposed Lord Spencer as Premier, Lord Rosebery as Foreign Secretary, Sir William Harcourt as Home Secretary and Leader of the Commons. In such case we should not have had the Death Duties Budget. But the circumambient atmosphere in Downing Street would have been more placid, and the example of discord in high places would not have spread through humbler party tracts.

MOMENTS FOR RESIGNATION. Talking of the troublous times between 1892 and 1895, a member who sat through both Mr. Gladstone's and Lord Rosebery's Cabinets is of opinion that two opportunities were lost for the sorely beset Liberal Government to retrieve its position by a General Election. Sustained by the advantage of reviewing the situation with full knowledge of subsequent events, this high authority

insists that Mr. Gladstone should have straightway gone to the country when the Lords threw out the Home Rule Bill. For him later to descend to the level of the Parish Councils Bill was to fritter away a great opportunity; whilst keeping members with their nose to the grindstone up to Christmas Eve, with prospect of resumption of the sittings in January, was a waste of priceless energy and endurance that would have been much better directed on the field of battle at the polls.

Mr. Gladstone was personally in favour of immediate resignation, counting upon the resentment created in the popular mind by the action of the Lords. It will be remembered with what persistence he, in the last speech delivered in the House of Commons, piled up the account against the Lords in the long Session then drawing to its close. He was out-voted by colleagues in the Cabinet, who did not think that even the joy of battering the doors of the House of Lords would counteract the apathy, verging on distaste, possessing the mind of the British elector in view of the Home Rule question.

A LIGHT
THAT
FAILED.

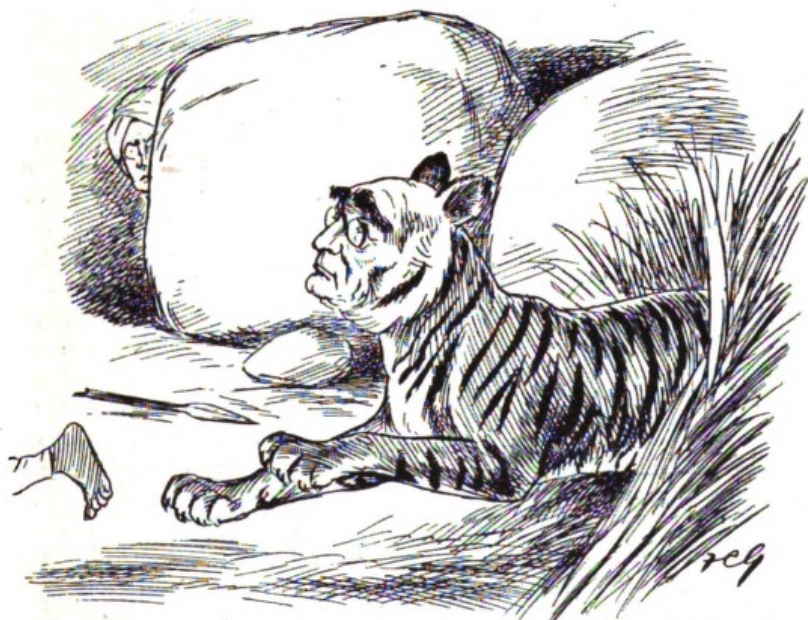
The other fortunate moment for resignation that promised to present itself during Lord Rosebery's Premiership flashed on the question of the Indian Cotton Duties. When Sir Henry James, backed by the full strength of the Unionist party temporarily recruited by some Liberals represent-



SIR HENRY JAMES AND THE COTTON DUTIES TRIBESMEN.

ing cotton districts, brought forward his motion in the interests of British cotton spinners trading in India, defeat of the Government seemed inevitable. In Cabinet Council Lord Rosebery was insistent that, immediately on the blow falling, Ministers should resign and an appeal be made to the country. He was confident that the answer of the electors to the commercial heresy of the Opposition would be highly satisfactory to sound Liberals.

It was Sir Henry Fowler who spoiled this



SIR HENRY FOWLER'S CHARGE.

promising game. He replied to Sir Henry James in a speech which completely knocked the bottom out of his case, and turned a threatened rout into a brilliant victory. Thus Lord Rosebery's Government had no luck. At a particular moment when disaster in the division lobby might have proved the herald of permanent access of strength in the country, they found themselves flushed with victory. This was the more aggravating as instances of a set speech in a party debate influencing votes are exceedingly rare.

LADIES IN THE HOUSE.

Mention of the presence of ladies in the House of Commons made by the Prussian traveller in England, quoted last month, is the more remarkable as it is generally understood that at the date of his visit, 1782, the presence of ladies was prohibited. Access to the House was forbidden them under circumstances interesting to consider in connection with the modern question of women's rights.

On the 2nd of February, 1778, the House was densely crowded in anticipation of debate on the state of the nation. It was to be raised upon a motion by Mr. Fox declaring that "no more of the Old Corps be sent out or the kingdom."

What happened is set forth in the current issue of the *London Chronicle*. "This day," it is written, "a vast multitude assembled in the lobby and environs of the House of Commons, but not being able to gain admission by either entreaty or interest, they forced their way into the gallery in spite of the doorkeepers. The House considered the intrusion in a heinous light, and a motion was directly made for clearing the gallery. A partial clearing only took place; the gentlemen were obliged to withdraw; the ladies, through complaisance, were suffered to remain; but Governor Johnstone observing that if the motive for clearing the House was a supposed propriety, to keep the state of the nation concealed from our enemies, he saw no reason to indulge the ladies so far as to make them acquainted with the arcana of the State, as he did not think them more

capable of keeping secrets than the men. Upon which, they were likewise ordered to leave the House. The Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Norton, and nearly sixty other ladies were obliged to obey the mandate."

Referring to Hansard of the date I find it recorded that, the scene over, Mr. Fox rose, and after an apology for the trouble he was about to give the Committee, extolled his own personal good fortune in having his audience reduced, "being persuaded he should not have answered the great expectations which had brought them there."

The learned Hatsell thus discourses on the incident:—

THE LAW ON THE MATTER.

"When a member in his place takes notice to the Speaker of strangers being in the House or gallery, it is the Speaker's duty immediately to order the Serjeant to execute the orders of the House, and

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to clear the House of all but members, and this without permitting any debate or question to be moved upon the execution of the order. It very seldom happens that this can be done without a violent struggle from some quarter of the House, that strangers may remain. Members often move for the order to be read, endeavour to explain it, and debate upon it, and the House as often runs into great heats upon this subject; but in a short time the confusion subsides, and the dispute ends by clearing the House, for if any one member insists upon it, the Speaker must enforce the order, and the House must be cleared."

"The most remarkable instance of this that has occurred in my memory," Hatsell writes, "was at a time when the whole gallery and the seats under the front gallery were filled with ladies. Captain Johnstone, of the Navy (commonly called Governor Johnstone), being angry that the House was cleared of all the 'men strangers,' amongst whom were some friends he had introduced, insisted that 'all strangers' should withdraw. This produced a violent ferment for a long time; the ladies showing great reluctance to comply with the order of the House; so that by their perseverance business was interrupted for nearly two hours. But at length they were compelled to submit. Since that time ladies, many of the highest rank, have made several powerful efforts to be again admitted. But Mr. Cornwall and Mr. Addington have as constantly declined to permit them to come in. Indeed, were this privilege allowed to any one individual, however high her rank, or respectable her character and manners, the galleries must soon be open to all women, who from curiosity, amusement, or any other motive, wish to hear the debates. And this to the exclusion of many young men, and of merchants and others, whose commercial interests render their attendance necessary to them, and of real use and importance to the public."

A
FACETIOUS
SPEAKER.

The earliest reference to the presence of ladies in the House of Commons is to be found in Grey's Debates: "During a debate on the 1st of June, 1675," says this precursor of Hansard, "some ladies were in the gallery, peeping over the gentlemen's shoulders. The Speaker spying them, called out, 'What borough do those ladies serve for?' to which Mr. William Coventry replied, 'They serve for the Speaker's Chamber!' Sir Thomas Littleton said, 'The Speaker might mistake them for gentlemen with fine sleeves, dressed like ladies.' Says the Speaker, 'I am sure I saw petticoats.'"

THE
DECEASED
WIFE'S
SISTER.

Sir John Hay, whose handsome presence long decorated the bench behind the Conservative leaders, used to tell a charming story about ladies in the House. Debate coming on on the still perennial subject of the Deceased Wife's Sister, Mr. Henley, thinking the question was not one to be discussed with fullest freedom in presence of ladies, induced the Speaker to order the Serjeant-at-Arms to have the gallery cleared. This was done with one exception. A strong-minded female announced her readiness to sit it out however disquieting the ordeal might be.

Mr. Henley, looking up to see if the Speaker's order had been obeyed, caught a glimpse of an angular and bonneted visage peering through the bars. He called the Speaker's attention to the defiance of his rule, and a messenger was dispatched with peremptory repetition of the order. The lady declined to move, threatening to scream if she were touched. This difficulty being communicated to Mr. Denison, then

Speaker, he beckoned Sir John Hay to the Chair.

"Tell Henley," he said, "I have twice sent the Serjeant-at-Arms up to clear the gallery. He reports all gone but one, and she won't budge. I believe her to be the deceased wife's sister. Better take no notice and go on with the debate."



THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

MR. CHRISTOPHER SYKES. At the time of his death Mr. Christopher Sykes was not a member of the House of Commons. But he lived there through many Sessions, and has left behind him deathless memories. Few men equally silent gave the House larger measure of delight. To behold him was a liberal education in deportment. Perhaps no one could be so proper or so wise as he habitually looked. But it is something for mortals to have at hand a model, even if it be unattainably high.

One night in the Session of 1884 Mr. Christopher Sykes startled the House by bringing in a Bill. If any member boldly imaginative had in advance associated the Yorkshire magistrate with such an undertaking, he would instinctively have conjured up a question of enormous gravity—say the repeal of the Union, or the re-establishment of the Heph-tarchy. When it was discovered that Mr. Sykes's bantling was a Bill to amend the Fisheries (Oysters, Crabs, and Lobsters) Act, 1877, the House shook with Homeric laughter.

Circumstances were favourable to the high comedy that followed. Ordinary members bring in Bills in the prosaic opening hour of a sitting. Mr. Sykes selected the alternative opportunity presented at its close. At that hour the House is always ready for a lark. The discovery of Mr. Sykes standing behind the empty Front Opposition Bench, grave, white-waist-coated, wearing in the buttonhole of his dinner-coat the white flower of a blameless life, promised sport. He held a paper in his hand, but said never a word, staring blankly at the Speaker, who was also on his legs, running through the Orders of the Day. For a member to remain on his feet whilst the Speaker is upstanding is a breach of order of which Mr. Sykes was riotously reminded. For all answer, he looked around with the air of a stolid man surveying, without understanding, the capering of a cage of monkeys.

The Speaker, charitably concluding that the hon. member was moving for leave to bring in the Bill, put the question. Sir Wilfrid Lawson observed that the Bill was evidently one of great importance. It was usual in such circumstances for the member in charge to explain its scope. Would Mr. Sykes favour the House with a few observations?

Mr. Sykes took no notice of this appeal or of the uproarious applause with which it was sustained. Leave being given to bring in the Bill, Christopher, who had evidently carefully rehearsed the procedure, rose and with long stride made his way to the Bar. Members in charge of Bills, having obtained leave to introduce them, stand at the Bar till, the list completed, the Speaker calls upon them by name to bring up their Bill, which they hand to the Clerk at the table. To the consternation of the Speaker and the uncontrollable amusement of the House, Mr. Sykes, having reached the Bar, straightway turned about, walked up the floor, Bill in hand, and stood at the table solemnly gazing on the Speaker. As nothing seemed to come of this, he, after a while, retired a few paces, bowed to the Mace, again advanced, halted at the foot of the table, and again stared at the Speaker. The Solicitor-General and another Minister who happened to be on the Treasury Bench took him by each arm, gently but firmly leading him back to the Bar, standing sentry beside him in preparation for any further unauthorized movement.

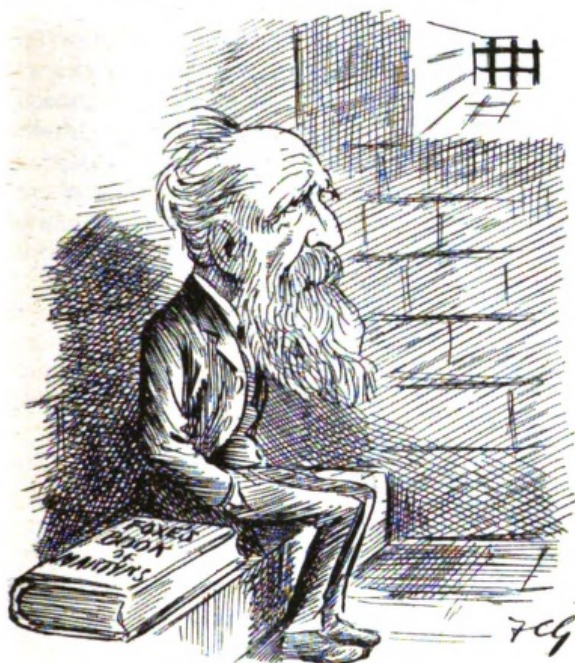
Other business disposed of, the Speaker called him by name. Mr. Sykes, whose unruffled visage and attitude of funereal gravity were in striking contrast with the uproarious merriment that prevailed on both sides, again advanced, handed the Bill to the waiting Clerk, and forthwith departed. This was a fresh and final breach of Parliamentary rules. It is ordered that a member, having brought in a Bill, shall stand at the table whilst the Clerk reads out its title. In reply to a question from the Speaker he names a day for the second reading. Swift messengers caught Mr. Sykes as he was crossing the Bar and haled him back to the table, where at



"THE AIR OF A STOLID MAN SURVEYING THE CAPERING OF A CAGE OF MONKEYS."

last, preserving amid shouts of laughter his impregnable air of gravity, he completed his work.

But he never brought in another Bill, and, though he did not immediately retire from Parliamentary life, he withdrew more



MR. JOHNSTON IN PRISON.

closely in his shell, even as the perturbed periwinkle or the alarmed cockle shrink from the rude advance of man.

In some particulars the member for South Belfast fails to realize the popular idea of an Irish member. He is certainly not boisterous in his humour, and never emulates Sir Boyle Roche. Yet humour he has, rather of dour, Covenanting style, highly successful in tickling the fancy of the House. The highest tribute to his excellent qualities of heart and mind is found in the fact that though a typical Orangeman, on whom glimpse of the flutter of the skirt of the Scarlet Lady has the same effect as the waving of a red rag on an infuriate bull, he is on friendliest terms with his Catholic compatriots. To the delight of the House, they fence with each other at question-time, Ballykilbeg

Vol. xvii.—61.

by no means always coming off worst in the encounter of wit.

There is one important particular in which Mr. Johnston can claim common ground with Irish members in the opposite camp. He has been in prison. The event happened long ago, and Mr. Johnston being then of only local fame did not loom large in the newspapers. Consequently it passed from recollection, the House being startled when, one night last Session, in Committee on the Irish Local Government Bill, Mr. Dillon, whose memory for such matters is fresher, made passing allusion to it.

It was one of the incidents consequent on the glorious celebration in the year 1867 of the Twelfth of July in County Down. There was at that time in existence a statute known as the Party Processions Act, which prohibited street demonstrations in Ireland. Mr. Johnston thought he observed that whilst the Act was negligently administered when there was question of Catholic or Nationalist street processions, no two or three Orangemen wearing harmless ribbons, beating the peaceful drum, and roaring "To — with the Pope!" might parade the streets of Belfast without straightway being haled to prison. He resolved to offer himself as a martyr to the cause of truth. Accordingly, on this 12th of July, now more than twenty-one years past, he arrayed himself in full fig, and placed himself at the head of an Orange procession. He was arrested, and committed for trial. Brought before the genial judge now (through the London season) an exile from his country under the style of Lord Morris, he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

It was intimated to him that, if he pleased, he might go forth from prison on his own recognisances. As that involved a pledge not to do it any more, he stoutly declined. He served his two months, and found in the discipline the making of his political fortunes. In 1868

came the General Election, pregnant with Mr. Gladstone's great boons for Ireland. The men of Belfast returned Mr. Johnston of Ballykilbeg at the head of the poll, and have since remained faithful to him.



BEATING THE ORANGE DRUM.



By E. NESBIT.



HE Princess and the gardener's boy were playing in the back yard.

"What will you do when you grow up, Princess?" asked the gardener's boy.

"I should like to marry you, Tom," said the Princess. "Would you mind?"

"No," said the gardener's boy. "I shouldn't mind much. I'll marry you if you like—if I have time."

For the gardener's boy meant, as soon as he was grown-up, to be a general and a poet and a Prime Minister and an admiral and a civil engineer. Meanwhile he was top of all his classes at school, and tip-top of the geography class.

As for the Princess Mary Ann, she was a very good little girl, and everyone loved her. She was always kind and polite, even to her Uncle James and to other people whom she did not like very much; and though she was not very clever, for a Princess, she always tried to do her lessons. Even if you know perfectly well that you can't do your lessons, you may as well try, and sometimes you find that by some fortunate

accident they really *are* done. Then the Princess had a truly good heart: she was always kind to her pets. She never slapped her hippopotamus when it broke her dolls in its playful gambols, and she never forgot to feed her rhinoceroses in their little hutch in the back yard. Her elephant was devoted to her, and sometimes Mary Ann made her nurse quite cross by smuggling the dear little thing up to bed with her and letting it go to sleep with its long trunk laid lovingly across her throat, and its pretty head cuddled under the Royal right ear.

When the Princess had been good all through the week—for, like all real, live, nice children, she was sometimes naughty, but never bad—nurse would allow her to ask her little friends to come on Wednesday morning early and spend the day, because Wednesday is the end of the week in that country. Then, in the afternoon, when all the little dukes and duchesses and marquises and countesses had finished their rice-pudding, and had had their hands and faces washed after it, nurse would say:—

"Now, my dears, what would you like to do this afternoon?" just as if she didn't

know! And the answer would be always the same:—

"Oh, do let's go to the Zoological Gardens and ride on the big guinea-pig and feed the rabbits and hear the dormouse asleep."

So their pinafores were taken off and they all went to the Zoological Gardens—where twenty of them could ride at a time on the guinea-pig, and where even the little ones could feed the great rabbits if some grown-up person were kind enough to lift them up for the purpose. And



there always was some such person, because in Rotundia everybody was kind—except one.

Now that you have read as far as this you know, of course, that the Kingdom of Rotundia was a very remarkable place; and if you are a thoughtful child—as of course you are—you will not need me to tell you what was the most remarkable thing about it. But in case you are not a thoughtful child—and it is just possible of course that you are *not*—I will tell you at once what that most remarkable thing was. *All the animals were the wrong sizes!* And this was how it happened.

In old, old, olden times, when all our world was just loose earth and air and fire and water mixed up anyhow like a pudding, and spinning round like mad trying to get the different things to settle into their proper places, a round piece of earth got loose and

went spinning away by itself across the water which was just beginning to try to get spread out smooth into a real sea. And as the great round piece of earth flew away, going round and round as hard as it could, it met a long piece of hard rock that had got loose from another part of the puddingy mixture, and the rock was so hard, and was going so fast, that it ran its point through the island and stuck out on the other side of it, so that the two together were like a very-very-much-too-big teetotum.

I am afraid all this is very dull, but you know geography is never quite lively, and after all I must give you a little

"THEY ALL WENT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS."

information even in a fairy tale—like the powder in jam.

Well, when the pointed rock smashed into the round bit of earth the shock was so great that it set them spinning together through the air—which was just getting into its proper place, like all the rest of the things—only, as luck would have it, they forgot which way round they had been going, and began to spin round the wrong way. Presently Centre of Gravity—a great giant who was managing the whole business—woke up in the middle of the earth and began to grumble.

"Hurry up," he said; "come down and lie still, can't you?"

So the rock with the round piece of earth fell into the sea, and the point of the rock went into a hole that just fitted it in the stony sea-bottom, and there it spun round the wrong way seven times and then lay still. And that round piece of land became, after millions of years, the Kingdom of Rotundia.

This is the end of the geography lesson. And now for just a little natural history, so that we may not feel that we are quite wasting our time. Of course, the consequence of the island having spun round the wrong way was that when the animals began to grow on the island they all grew the wrong sizes. The guinea-pig, as you know, was as big as our elephants, and the elephant—dear little pet—was the size of the silly, tiny, black-and-tan dogs that ladies carry sometimes in their muffs. The rabbits were about the size of our rhinoceroses, and all about the wild parts of the island they had made their burrows as big as railway tunnels. The dormouse, of course, was the biggest of all the creatures. I can't tell you how big he was. Even if you think of elephants it will not help you at all. Luckily there was only one of him, and he was always asleep. Otherwise I don't think the Rotundians could have borne with him. As it was, they made him a house, and it saved the expense of a brass band, because no band could possibly have been heard when the dormouse was talking in his sleep.

The men and women and children in this wonderful island were quite the right size, because their ancestors had come over with the Conqueror long after the island had settled down and the animals grown on it.

Now the natural history lesson is over, and if you have been attending, you know more about Rotundia than anyone there did, except three people: the Lord Chief Schoolmaster, and the Princess's uncle—who was a magician, and knew everything without learning it—and Tom, the gardener's son.

Tom had learned more at school than anyone else, because he wished to take a prize. The prize offered by the Lord Chief Schoolmaster was a "History of Rotundia"—beautifully bound, with the Royal arms on the back. But after that day when the Princess said she meant to marry Tom, the gardener's boy thought it over, and he decided that the best prize in the world would be the Princess, and this was the prize Tom meant to take; and when you are

a gardener's son, and have decided to marry a Princess, you will find that the more you learn at school the better.

The Princess always played with Tom on the days when the little dukes and marquises did not come to tea—and when he told her he was almost sure of the first prize, she clapped her hands and said:—

"Dear Tom, dear good, clever Tom, you deserve all the prizes. And I will give you my pet elephant—and you can keep him till we're married."

The pet elephant was called Fido, and the gardener's son took him away in his coat-pocket. He was the dearest little elephant you ever saw—about six inches long. But he was very, very wise—he could not have been wiser if he had been a mile high. He lay down comfortably in Tom's pocket, and when Tom put in his hand, Fido curled his little trunk round Tom's fingers with an affectionate confidence that made the boy's heart warm to his new little pet. What with the elephant, and the Princess's affection, and the knowledge that the very next day he would receive the "History of Rotundia," beautifully bound, with the Royal arms on the cover, Tom could hardly sleep a wink. And, besides, the dog did bark so terribly. There was only one dog in Rotundia—the kingdom could not afford to keep more than one: he was a Mexican lap-dog of the kind that in most parts of the world only measures seven inches from the end of his dear nose to the tip of his darling tail—but in Rotundia he was bigger than I can possibly expect you to believe. And when he barked, his bark was so large that it filled up all the night and left no room for sleep or dreams or polite conversation, or anything else at all. He never barked at things that went on in the island—he was too large-minded for that; but when ships went blundering by in the dark, tumbling over the rocks at the end of the island, he would bark once or twice, just to let the ships know that they couldn't come playing about there just as they liked.

But on this particular night he barked, and barked, and barked—and the Princess said, "Oh dear, oh dear, I wish he wouldn't, I am so sleepy." And Tom said to himself: "I wonder whatever is the matter. As soon as it's light I'll go and see."

So when it began to be pretty pink-and-yellow daylight, Tom got up and went out. And all the time the Mexican lap-dog barked so that the houses shook, and the tiles on

the roof of the palace rattled like milk-cans in a cart whose horse is frisky.

"I'll go to the pillar," thought Tom, as he went through the town. The pillar, of course, was the top of the piece of rock that had stuck itself through Rotundia millions of years before, and made it spin round the wrong way. It was quite in the middle of the island, and stuck up ever so far, and when you were at the top you could see a great deal farther than when you were not.

As Tom went out from the town, and across the downs, he thought what a pretty sight it was to see the rabbits in the bright, dewy morning, frisking with their young ones by the mouths of their burrows. He did not go very near the rabbits, of course, because when a rabbit of that size is at play it does not always look where it is going, and it might easily have crushed Tom with its foot, and then

bells tinkled, and the chimney of the apple factory rocked again.

But when Tom got to the pillar, he saw that he would not need to climb to the top to find out what the dog was barking at.



"BY THE PILLAR LAY A VERY LARGE PURPLE DRAGON."

it would have been very sorry afterwards. And Tom was a kind boy, and would not have liked to make even a rabbit unhappy. Ear-wigs in our country often get out of the way when they think you are going to walk on them. They too have kind hearts, and they would not like you to be sorry afterwards.

So Tom went on, looking at the rabbits and watching the morning grow more and more red and golden. And the Mexican lap-dog barked all the time, till the church

For there, by the pillar, lay a very large purple dragon. His wings were like old purple

umbrellas that have been very much rained on, and his head was large and bald, like the top of a purple toad-stool, and his tail, which was purple too, was very, very, very long, and thin, and tight like the lash of a carriage whip.

It was licking one of its purple umbrella-y wings, and every now and then it moaned and leaned its head back against the rocky pillar as though it felt faint. Tom saw at once what had happened. A flight of purple dragons must have crossed the island in the night, and this poor one must have knocked its wing and broken it against the pillar.

Everyone is kind to everyone in Rotundia, and Tom was not afraid of the dragon, although he had never spoken to one before. He had often watched them flying across the sea, but he had never expected to get to know one personally.

So now he said :—

"I am afraid you don't feel quite well."

The dragon shook his large purple head. He could not speak, but like all other animals, he could understand well enough when he liked.

"Can I get you anything?" asked Tom, politely.

The dragon opened his purple eyes with an inquiring smile.

"A bun or two, now," said Tom, coaxingly ; "there's a beautiful bun-tree quite close."

The dragon opened a great purple mouth and licked his purple lips, so Tom ran and shook the bun-tree, and soon came back with an armful of fresh currant buns, and as he came he picked a few of the Bath kind which grow on the low bushes near the pillar.

Because, of course, another consequence of the island's having spun the wrong way is that all the things we have to make—buns and cakes and shortbread—grow on trees and bushes, but in Rotundia they have to make their cauliflowers and cabbages and carrots and apples and onions, just as our cooks make puddings and turn-overs.

Tom gave all the buns to the dragon, saying :—

"Here, try to eat a little. You'll soon feel better then."

The dragon ate up the buns, nodded rather ungraciously, and began to lick his wing again. So Tom left him, and went back to the town with the news, and everyone was so excited at a real live dragon's being on the island—a thing which had never happened before—that they all went out to look at it, instead of going to the prize-giving, and the Lord Chief Schoolmaster went with the rest. Now, he had Tom's prize, the "History of Rotundia," in his pocket—the one bound in calf, with the Royal arms on the cover—and it happened to drop out, and the dragon ate it, so Tom never got the prize after

all. But the dragon, when he had got it, did not like it.

"Perhaps it's all for the best," said Tom. "I might not have liked that prize either, if I had got it."

It happened to be a Wednesday, so when the Princess's friends were asked what they would like to do, all the little dukes and marquises and earls said, "Let's go and see the dragon." But the little duchesses and marchionesses and countesses said they were afraid.

Then Princess Mary Ann spoke up royally, and said, "Don't be silly, because it's only in fairy stories and histories of England, and things like that, that people are unkind and want to hurt each other. In Rotundia everyone is kind, and no one has anything to be afraid of, unless they're naughty ; and then we know it's for our own good. Let's all go and see the dragon. We might take him some acid-drops."

So they went. And all the titled children took it in turns to feed the dragon with acid-drops, and he seemed pleased and flattered,



"THE TITLED CHILDREN TOOK IT IN TURNS TO FEED THE DRAGON."

and wagged as much of his purple tail as he could get at conveniently ; for it was a very, very long tail indeed. But when it came to the Princess's turn to give an acid-drop to the dragon, he smiled a very wide smile, and wagged his tail to the very last long inch of it, as much as to say, "Oh, you nice, kind, pretty little Princess." But deep down in his wicked purple heart he was saying, "Oh, you nice, *fat*, pretty little Princess, I should like to eat you instead of these silly acid-drops." But, of course, nobody heard him except the Princess's uncle, and he was a magician, and accustomed to listening at doors. It was part of his trade.

Now, you will remember that I told you there was *one* wicked person in Rotundia, and I cannot conceal from you any longer that this Complete Bad was the Princess's Uncle James. Now, magicians are always bad, as you know from your fairy books, and some uncles are bad, as you see by the "Babes in the Wood," or the "Norfolk Tragedy," and one James at least was bad, as you have learned from your English history. And when anyone is a magician, and is also an uncle, and is named James as well, you need not expect anything nice from him. He is a Three Fold Complete Bad—and he will come to no good.

Uncle James had long wanted to get rid of the Princess, and have the kingdom to himself. He did not like many things—a nice kingdom was almost the only thing he cared for—but he had never seen his way quite clearly, because everyone is so kind in Rotundia that wicked spells will not work there, but run off those blameless islanders like water off a duck's back. Now, however, Uncle James thought there might be a chance for him—because he knew that now there were two wicked

people on the island who could stand by each other—himself and the dragon. But he said nothing, only he exchanged a meaning glance with the dragon, and everyone went home to tea. And no one had seen the meaning glance, except Tom. And he went home, and told his elephant all about it. The intelligent little creature listened carefully, and then climbed from Tom's knee to the table, on which stood an ornamental calendar which the Princess had given Tom for a Christmas present. With its tiny trunk the elephant pointed out a date—the 15th of August—the Princess's birthday, and looked anxiously at its master.

"What is it, Fido—good little elephant—then?" said Tom, and the sagacious animal repeated its former gesture. Then Tom understood.

"Oh, something is to happen on her birthday? All right.



"BY-AND-BY HE BEGAN TO WANDER."

I'll be on the lookout," and he was.

At first the people of Rotundia were quite pleased with the dragon—who lived by the pillar and fed himself from the bun-trees, but by-and-by he began to wander. He

would creep into the burrows made by the great rabbits ; and excursionists, sporting on the downs, would see his long, tight, whip-like tail wriggling down a burrow and out of sight, and before they had time to say, "There he goes," his ugly purple head would

come poking out from another rabbit-hole—perhaps just behind them—or laugh softly to itself just in their ears. And the dragon's laugh was not a merry one. This sort of hide-and-seek amused people at first, but by-and-by it began to get on their nerves: and if you don't know what that means, ask mother to tell you next time you are playing hide-and-seek when she has a headache. Then the dragon got into the habit of cracking his tail, as people crack whips, and this also got on people's nerves. Then, too, little things began to be missed. And you know how unpleasant that is, even in a private school, and in a public kingdom it is, of course, much worse. The things that were missed were nothing much at first—a few little elephants, a hippopotamus or two, and some giraffes, and things like that. It was nothing much, as I say—but it made people feel uncomfortable. Then one day a favourite rabbit of the Princess's called Frederick mysteriously disappeared, and then came a terrible morning when the Mexican lap-dog was missing. He had barked ever since the dragon came to the island, and people had grown quite used to the noise. So when his barking suddenly ceased it woke everybody up—and they all went out to see what was the matter. And the lap-dog was gone!

A boy was sent to wake the army, so that it might look for him. But the army was gone too! And now the people began to be frightened. Then Uncle James came out on to the terrace of the palace, and he made the people a speech. He said:—

"Friends—fellow-citizens—I cannot disguise from myself or from you that this purple dragon is a poor penniless exile—a helpless alien in our midst, and, besides, he is a—is no end of a dragon."

The people thought of the dragon's tail and said, "Hear, hear."

Uncle James went on: "Something has happened to a gentle and defenceless member of our community. We don't know what has happened."

Everyone thought of the rabbit named Frederick and groaned.

"The defences of our country have been swallowed up," said Uncle James.

Everyone thought of the poor army.

"There is only one thing to be done." Uncle James was warming to his subject. "Could we ever forgive ourselves if by neglecting a simple precaution we lost more rabbits—or even, perhaps, our navy, our police, and our fire brigade? For I warn

you that the purple dragon will respect nothing, however sacred."

Everyone thought of themselves—and they said, "What is the simple precaution?"

Then Uncle James said:—

"To-morrow is the dragon's birthday. He is accustomed to have a present on his birthday. If he gets a nice present he will be in a hurry to take it away and show it to his friends, and he will fly off and never come back."

The crowd cheered wildly—and the Princess from her balcony clapped her hands.

"The present the dragon expects," said Uncle James, cheerfully, "is rather an expensive one. But, when we give, it should not be in a grudging spirit, especially to visitors. What the dragon wants is a Princess. We have only one Princess, it is true; but far be it from us to display a miserly temper at such a moment. And the gift is worthless that costs the giver nothing. Your readiness to give up your Princess will only show how generous you are."

The crowd began to cry, for they loved their Princess, though they quite saw that their first duty was to be generous and give the poor dragon what it wanted.

The Princess began to cry, for she did not want to be anybody's birthday present—especially a purple dragon's. And Tom began to cry because he was so angry.

He went straight home and told his little elephant—and the elephant cheered him up so much that presently the two grew quite absorbed in a tee-to-tum which the elephant was spinning with his little trunk.

Early in the morning Tom went to the palace. He looked out across the downs—there were hardly any rabbits playing there now—and then he gathered white roses and threw them at the Princess's window till she woke up and looked out.

"Come up and kiss me," she said.

So Tom climbed up the white rose bush and kissed the Princess through the window, and said:—

"Many happy returns of the day."

Then Mary Ann began to cry, and said:—

"Oh, Tom—how can you? When you know quite well——"

"Oh, don't," said Tom. "Why, Mary Ann, my precious, my Princess—what do you think I should be doing while the dragon was getting his birthday present? Don't cry, my own little Mary Ann! Fido and I have arranged everything. You've only got to do as you are told."

"Is that all?" said the Princess. "Oh—that's easy—I've often done *that*!"

Then Tom told her what she was to do. And she kissed him again and again. "Oh, you dear, good, clever Tom," she said; "how glad I am that I gave you Fido. You two have saved me. You dears!"

The next morning Uncle James put on his best coat and hat and the waistcoat with the gold snakes on it—he was a magician, and he had a bright taste in waistcoats—and he called with a cab to take the Princess out.

"Come, little birthday present," he said, tenderly, "the dragon *will* be so pleased. And I'm glad to see you're not crying. You know, my child, we cannot begin too young to learn to think of the happiness of others rather than our own. I should not like my dear little niece to be selfish, or to wish to deny a trivial pleasure to a poor, sick dragon, far from his home and friends."

And the Princess said she would try not to be selfish.

So presently the cab drew up near the pillar—and there was the dragon, his ugly purple head shining in the sun, and his ugly purple mouth half open.

Then Uncle James said, "Good morning, sir. We have brought you a small present for your birthday. We do not like to let such an anniversary go by without some suitable testimonial, especially to one who is a stranger in our midst. Our means are small, but our hearts are large. We have but one Princess, but we give her freely—do we not, my child?"

The Princess said she supposed so, and the dragon came a little nearer.

Suddenly a voice cried: "Run!" and there was Tom, and he had brought the Zoological guinea-pig and a pair of Belgian hares with him.

"Just to see fair," said Tom.

Uncle James was furious. "What do you mean, sir," he cried, "by intruding on a State function with your common rabbits and things? Go away, naughty little boy, and play with them somewhere else."

But while he was speaking the rabbits had come up one on each side of him, their great sides towering ever so high, and now they pressed him between them so that he was buried in their thick fur and almost choked. The Princess, meantime, had run to the other side of the pillar and was peeping round it to see what was going on. A crowd had followed the cab out of the town; now they reached the scene of the "State Function"—and they all cried out:—

"Fair play—play fair. We can't go back on our word like this. Give a thing and take a thing? Why, it's *never* done. Let the poor exiled stranger dragon have his birthday present." And they tried to get at Tom—but the guinea-pig stood in the way.

"Yes," Tom cried. "Fair play *is* a jewel. And your helpless exile

shall have the Princess: if he can catch her. Now then, Mary Ann."

Mary Ann looked round the big pillar and called to the dragon: "Bo! you can't catch me," and began to run as fast as ever she could, and the dragon after her. When the Princess had run half a mile she stopped, dodged round a tree, and ran back to the pillar and round it, and the dragon after her. You see, he was so long he could not turn as quickly as she



"THE DRAGON AFTER HER."

could. Round and round the pillar ran the Princess. The first time she ran round a long way from the pillar, and then nearer and nearer—with the dragon after her all the time; and he was so busy trying to catch her that he never noticed that Tom had tied the very end of his long, tight, whip-cord tail to the rock, so that the more the dragon ran round, the more times he twisted his tail round the pillar. It was exactly like winding a top—only the peg was the pillar, and the dragon's tail was the string. And the magician was safe between the Belgian hares, and couldn't see anything but darkness or do anything but choke.

When the dragon was wound on to the pillar, as much as he could possibly be, and as tight—like cotton on a reel—the Princess stopped running, and though she had very little breath left, she managed to say, "Yah—who's won now?"

This annoyed the dragon so much that he put out all his strength—spread his great purple wings, and tried to fly at her. Of course this pulled his tail, and pulled it very hard, so hard that as he pulled the tail *had* to come, and the pillar *had* to come round with the tail, and the island had to come round with the pillar, and in another minute the tail was loose, and the island was spinning round exactly like a tee-to-tum. It spun so fast that everyone fell flat on their faces and held on tight to themselves, because they felt something was going to happen. All but the magician, who was choking between the Belgian hares, and felt nothing but fur and fury.

And something did happen. The dragon had sent the kingdom of Rotundia spinning the way it ought to have gone at the beginning of the world, and as it spun round all the animals began to change sizes. The guinea-pigs got small and the elephants got big, and the men and women and children would have changed sizes, too, if they had not had the sense to hold on to themselves, very tight indeed, with both hands; which, of course, the animals could not be expected to know how to do. And the best of it was that when the small beasts got big and the big beasts got small the dragon got small too, and fell at the Princess's feet—a little, crawling, purple newt with wings.

"Funny little thing," said the Princess,

when she saw it. "I will take it for a birthday present."

But while all the people were still on their faces, holding on tight to themselves, Uncle James, the magician, never thought of holding tight—he only thought of how to punish Belgian hares and the sons of gardeners; so when the big beasts grew small, he grew small with the other beasts, and the little purple dragon, when he fell at the Princess's feet, saw there a very small magician named Uncle James. And the dragon took him because it wanted a birthday present.

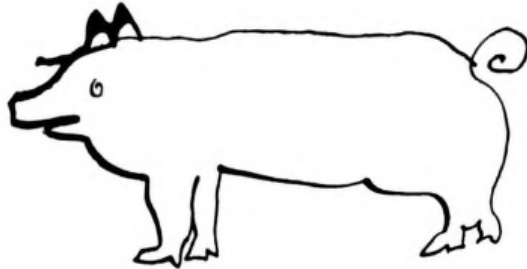
So now all the animals were new sizes—and at first it seemed very strange to everyone to have great lumbering elephants and a tiny little dormouse, but they have got used to it now, and think no more of it than we do.

All this happened several years ago, and the other day I saw in the *Rotundia Times* an account of the wedding of the Princess with Lord Thomas Gardener, K.C.D., and I knew she could not have married anyone but Tom, so I suppose they made him a Lord on purpose for the wedding—and K.C.D., of course, means Clever Conqueror of the Dragon. If you think that is wrong it is only because you don't know how they spell in Rotundia. The paper said that among the beautiful presents of the bridegroom to the bride was an enormous elephant, on which the bridal pair made their wedding tour. This must have been Fido. You remember Tom promised to give him back to the Princess when they were married. The *Rotundia Times* called the married couple "the happy pair." It was clever of the paper to think of calling them that—it is such a pretty and novel expression—and I think it is truer than many of the things you see in papers.

Because, you see, the Princess and the gardener's son were so fond of each other they could not help being happy—and besides, they had an elephant of their very own to ride on. If that is not enough to make people happy, I should like to know what is. Though, of course, I know there are some people who could not be happy unless they had a whale to sail on, and perhaps not even then. But they are greedy, grasping people, the kind who would take four helps of pudding, as likely as not, which neither Tom nor Mary Ann ever did.

Curiosities.*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



Harry Furniss

MR. HARRY FURNISS ON "BLINDFOLD PIGS."

At the end of an article last month on pigs drawn blindfold by various celebrated people, we promised to give in this issue the very interesting letter and sketches by which Mr. Harry Furniss exemplified his method of drawing such pigs with almost as much accuracy as when the eyes are open. Mr. Furniss's letter runs as follows: "With pleasure, I inclose my first attempt for you, but it is by no means my best blind pig. I have a trick in drawing with my eyes shut. It is not a difficult one—perhaps you would like to try it. Simply use your left hand as a guide. In drawing a pig with your eyes shut, use the little finger of the left hand to



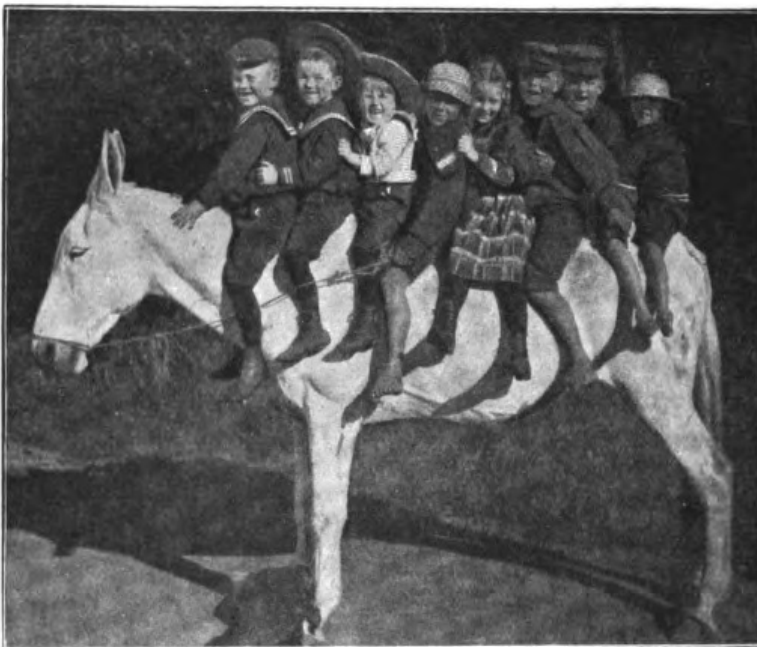
start from, by touch. (Keep the left hand on the paper firmly.) Begin with the ears of the pig, then the head, legs, tail—and you can then feel the pen travelling along the back till it comes over the little finger again. Then you have the eye a little lower. Don't give this away till you have your piggery full. Wishing you every success.—Believe me, yours sincerely, HARRY FURNISS."

GEORGE WASHINGTON ANDREW JACKSON IN PRISON.

George Washington Andrew Jackson, a celebrated but noisy juvenile of Darktown, has been taken in hand by the authorities, and is now doing penance for his misdeeds. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," but the wooden rungs of an old-fashioned chair seem to be even more effective than iron bars. There is a laugh in such a photograph as this, and it would please us to receive any similar photographs showing the humorous side of child life, whether black or white.

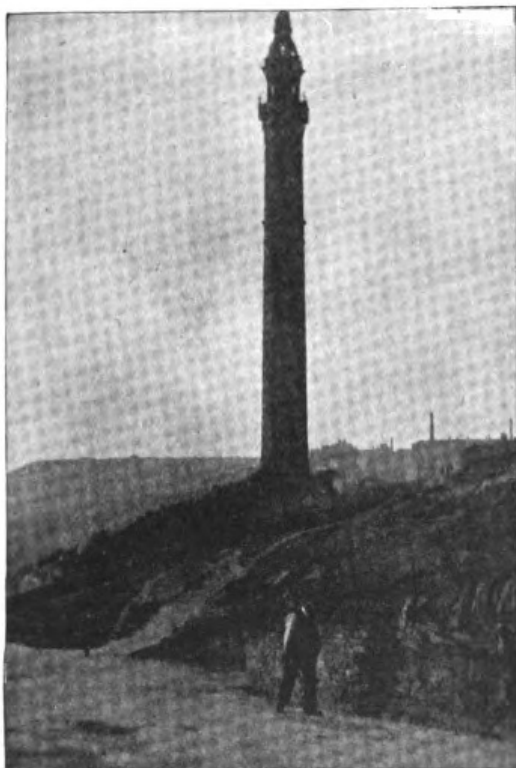
THE CAPACIOUS ARMY MULE.

This funny photograph, showing an old army mule in North-Western United States with a brigade of "army kids" on his long-suffering back, is another of the sort which we should like. The number of "kids" that will take passage on one of these uncertain animals depends entirely on the length of the said animal. Here we have young America as he really is, snap-shotted at the very moment when all the fun and mischief in his buoyant nature come out. In order that they may be specially considered, all such photographs may be addressed to Department A, STRAND MAGAZINE, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., London.

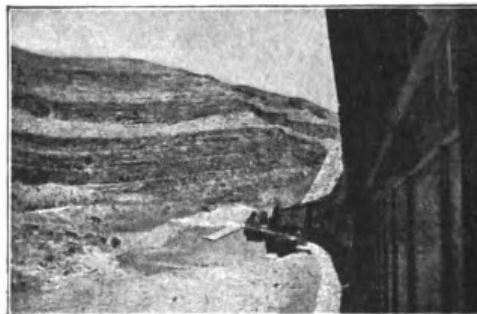


WAINWRIGHT'S FOLLY.

Such is the name locally given to the desolate looking tower depicted below, the sender of which is Mr. Fred. Sergeant, 6, Eldon Place, Hop-



wood Lane, Halifax, Yorks. It is situated on Shircoat Green, Halifax, and was originally intended for a chimney in order that the owner of some dyeworks near by might have an increased draught for his fires. But some disagreement arose between the dyer and the landowner whose estate adjoined the grounds in which the tower now stands, and instead of completing the structure as originally designed, he peremptorily suspended the old building operations and placed a decorative pediment upon the summit, his object being, it is said, to annoy his neighbour by overlooking his estate. The tower is 240ft. in height, and was built in 1870 at a cost of £2,000. The original top piece was blown off some years ago, but it was replaced by a smaller one.



A TRAIN IN PERSPECTIVE.

This is a pocket kodak snap-shot taken by Mr. J. Hamilton, of Quetta, India, from the window of a train proceeding up the Bolan Pass, India. The fore-shortening of the train is extremely curious, and stands out in a telling black against the dry sandy waste of those desolate regions.

IN THE GRIP OF AN OYSTER.

Rats have more than their natural foe, man, to fear in a fishmonger's establishment. Here we have a photograph of a rodent whose death was primarily caused by the oyster that is to be seen fastened on to its tail. The sender of the photograph, Mr. Guy C. Morris, of Dunedin, New Zealand, states that the oyster and its victim were found one morning by a fishmonger in his shop. The rat had sought the protection of its hole in a dark corner of the premises, but was unable to drag the oyster in after it. In its exasperation it beat both itself and the oyster wildly against the wainscoting, and for some time the fishmonger was much puzzled to account for the strange noises.



Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A WRECKED POTATO-SQUEEZER.

Here we have the fragments of a potato-squeezer that exploded. Mr. A. Bentley, of Eshwood Park Villa, Durham, the sender of the photograph, says that after washing the squeezer his wife had it placed in the oven to dry. It was however, forgotten, and the next morning, when the oven was heated for cooking purposes, there was a tremendous explosion, and the squeezer was found in the condition shown in the photograph. "The only reason I can give for the occurrence," adds Mr. Bentley, "is that the part of the implement that does the squeezing was hollow and air-tight, and the heat expanding the air in the chamber caused the thing to burst."



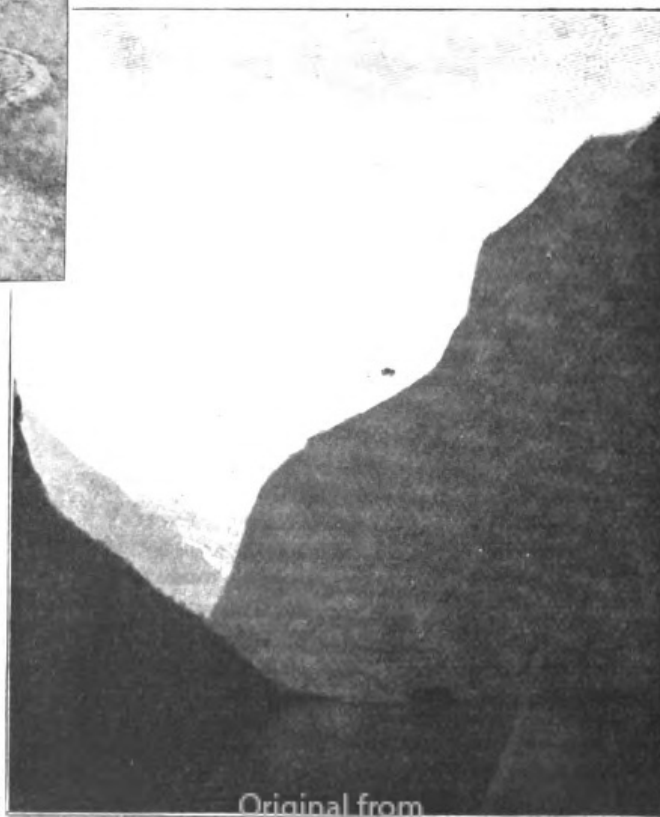
A MIRACULOUS SPRING.

This is not an optical delusion, but a fresh-water spring in the trunk of a healthy oak tree situated in Ouchy, Switzerland. It is more than a passing mystery how it has succeeded in making this outlet for itself, and it is hardly to be wondered at that the villagers regard it as supernatural and having some miraculous powers, especially in cases of courtship. The water was found so pure that a pipe was introduced to assist its flow, and a tank made to receive the sparkling liquid. The spring is the trysting spot of the adjacent villages.

A NOVEL MODE OF TRANSPORT.

The particular point of interest about this photograph is the little black spot to be seen apparently in the clouds just above the side of the mountain. This is a bundle of hay which is being transported across

the Loenvaad, Norway, on a wire rope. Mr. S. Capel Peck, 25, Fitzwilliam Street, Cambridge, who forwarded the photograph, writes: "The Norwegians, who live for weeks and months in the summer on the great heights on either side of their beautiful valleys, send down milk, cheeses, hay, etc., to the farms below by suspending them on inclined wires fastened at one end firmly to the ground and at the other to some point on the rocks above. The snap-shot shows a bundle of hay on its way from a great height on one side of the lake to the farm on the other side. It sped along, the friction causing it to shed sparks in all directions, and was timed to take forty-four seconds." The negative is not perhaps quite so clear as it might have been, but this is accounted for by its being taken just as it was stopping raining. If the bundle be closely examined the constriction caused by the cord holding it together is distinctly visible.



Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



From a Photo. by Aug. Striepling, Hameln.

SEVEN AT A BIRTH.

In the old town of Hameln, on the Weser, Germany, so famed on account of its association with the legendary Pied Piper, is a house in the Emmern Strasse, No. 3, on the outside wall of which is to be seen the tablet reproduced in the above photograph. The inscription, which explains itself, translated reads as follows: "Here resided a citizen, Roemer by name. His spouse, Anna Bregers, well known in the town, when they wrote the year 1600. On January 9th, in the morning at three, bare two boys and five maidens at the one time. They having received holy baptism, died a blessed death on the 20th of the same month at twelve o'clock. May God grant them that blessedness which is prepared for all believers." Immediately underneath follows this statement: "The above original monument, through the kindness of

the Burgomaster Domeier, has again been received by Hoppe, clerk of the court, the present owner of this house, formerly belonging to the Roemer family, and by him re-erected in the year 1818." This record is perhaps all the more remarkable when it is noticed that the seven children were born on the 9th of January, and did not die "a blessed death" until the 20th of the same month. The sender of the photograph is Fräulein M. H. Hillmuth, Werder, Hameln, Prov. Hanover, Germany.

THE EFFECT OF A JUMP.

This isn't the tail end of a whirlwind, but the photograph of a large St. Bernard dog taken in the act of jumping on his master, who is holding out a tempting morsel for him. The curious "door-mat" effect is due to the fact that rather too long an exposure was made. The individual in the photograph is 5ft. 11in. in height, which gives an idea as to the extent of the dog's leap. The photograph was sent in



by Mr. John Gilmour, 451, Stockport Road, Manchester.

A TREE AND ITS ROOTS.

This is the photograph of a curious maple tree growing near the mouth of the Green River, Kentucky, U.S.A. Some years ago the tree was on solid ground, but the gradual washing of the river has completely undermined it, leaving bare the roots in the strange manner seen in the photograph. The sender, Mr. D. A. Watt, of the United States Engineer Office, Bowling Green, Kentucky, U.S.A., states that the tree is still vigorous and healthy, and certainly it does not seem to suffer in the slightest from the exposure.





THE DOG THAT PRINTS A PAPER.

Gyp is the property of Messrs. Carroll and Bowers, proprietors of the *Plymouth Review*, of Plymouth, Wisconsin. He is one of their faithful henchmen, always reliable and never on strike. When the formes are ready for printing Gyp takes his place inside the wooden wheel, 8ft. in diameter and 4ft. wide, shown in our illustration. The wheel is balanced on a shaft with a pulley on the end, which in turn drives the main shaft and the press. For two years this remarkable mastiff has printed the *Review*, and in the wheel he works all alone for hours at a time, enjoying his labour and ever anxious to return to it. His occupation has now made him one of the most celebrated dogs in America.

A REMARKABLE FISH-TRAP.

The imprisoned fish seen in the accompanying photograph—which has been sent in by Mr. Fred. Grant, of Guildhall, Winchester—was discovered dead by Mr. Dumper, of Downgate, in the North Walls, in some water that runs at the bottom of his garden. It was a trout of about 2lb. in

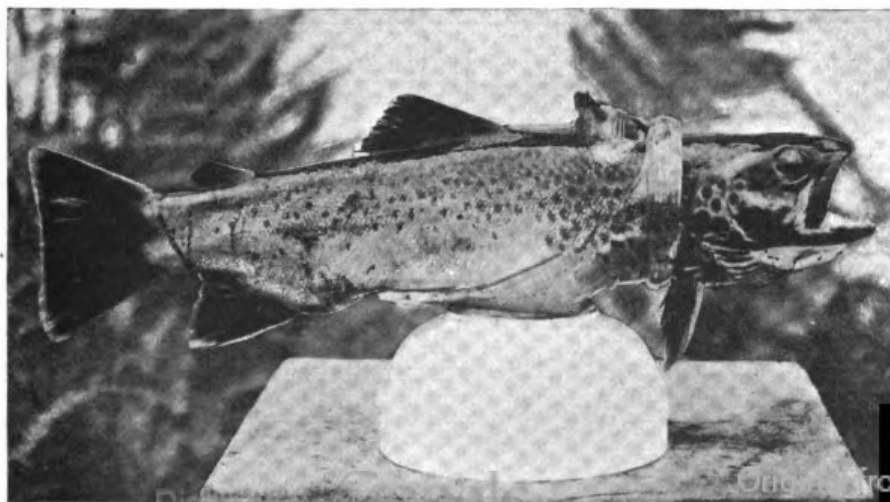
weight. Its head and fins were protruding from the mouth of a broken jam bottle and its body was lying in the bottom half, the top part being missing. There is no doubt that the fish suddenly darted and got its head and fins through the mouth, but could get no further, owing to the size of its body; neither could it return on account of its fins acting like the claws of an anchor, and there it had to remain.

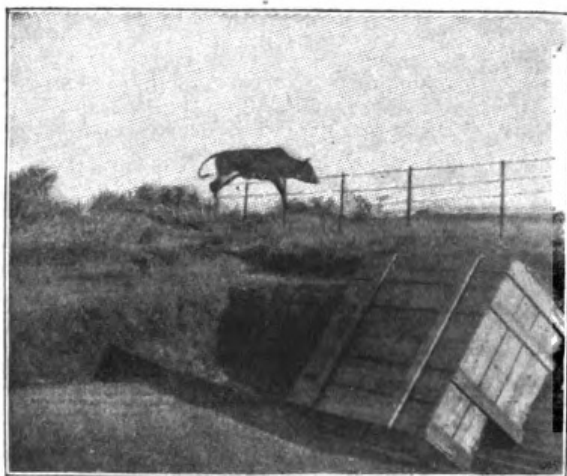
A QUAIN T CUSTOM.

In the southern part of County Wexford, in the district known as the Barony of Forth, is to be found a race of industrious, hard-working peasants, living in thatched cottages with clean, whitewashed walls, which by their perfect whiteness at once arrest the attention of the visitor. These people differ in many respects from the inhabitants of the other parts of the same county, and have habits and customs peculiar to themselves. Our photograph—which has been sent in by Mr. G. Hadden, Springfield, Wexford—illustrates one of these peculiar customs, and represents a huge pile of wooden crosses to be



seen by the side of the road at Brandy Cross, Kilmore. The people are devout Roman Catholics and strong believers in the efficacy of prayers for the dead. When, therefore, a funeral takes place two wooden crosses are provided; on the way to the cemetery a halt is made at the spot shown in the photo., and prayers are said for the deceased, after which one cross is deposited in the hawthorn bush or under it; the procession then goes on its way, and after the interment the other cross is fixed at the head of the grave. It is hard to account for this strange proceeding, which has been a custom from time immemorial,



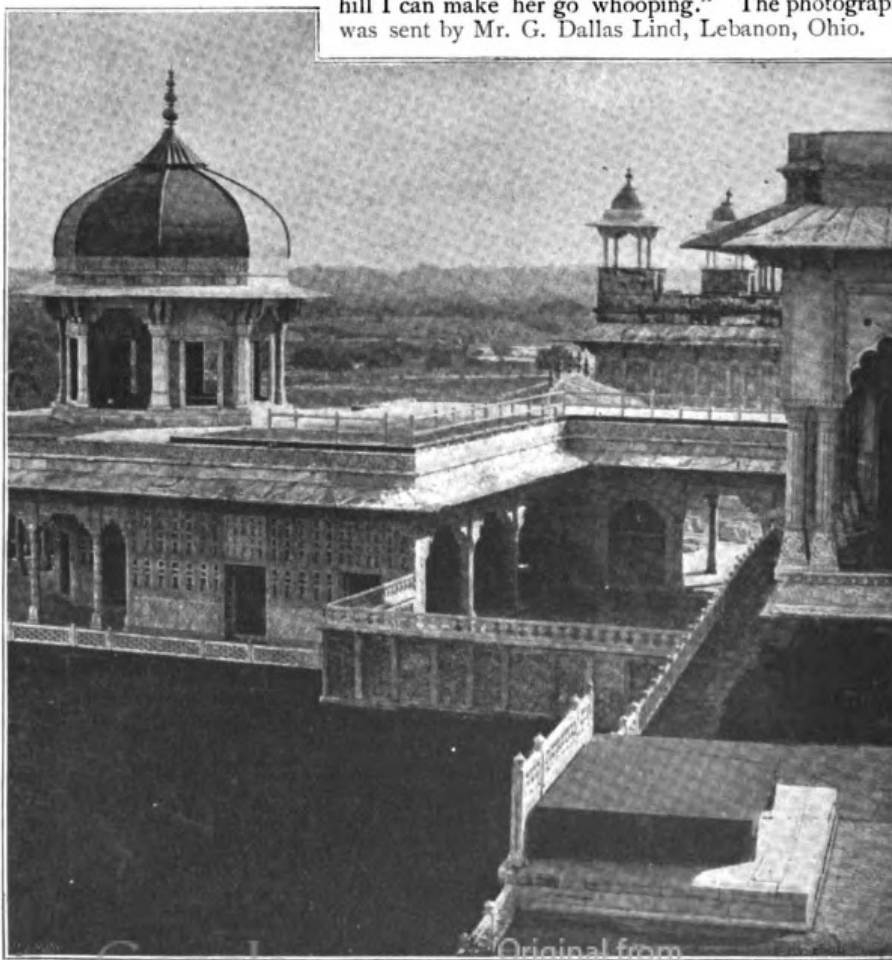


AN ATHLETIC COW.

The cow seen in the extraordinary position delineated in the photograph is not in difficulties, but is in the act of leaping over a fence, 4ft. high, in order to get at the green grass on the other side. How the creature came to find out where the best grazing was to be obtained is a mystery, but according to Mr. A. J. Chislett, station-master, Manderston, Natal, who forwarded us the snap-shot, it had long been in the habit of jumping this fence. You will notice that the cow is in mid-air, none of its feet touching the ground.

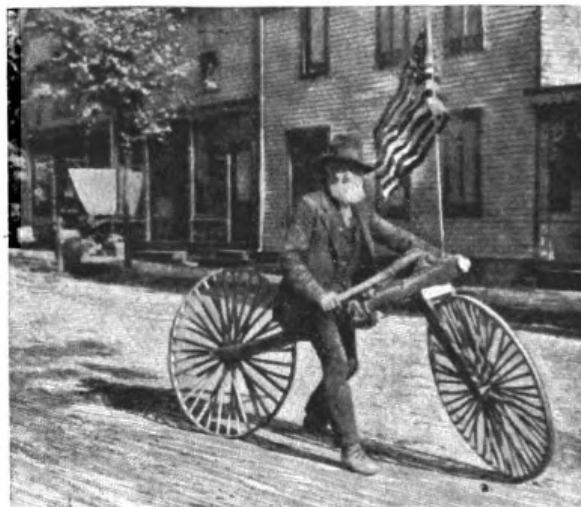
A STRANGE SUPERSTITION.

In our next photograph we have a good example of the superstition which exists among the Indian natives. The photograph is taken from the inside of the fort of Agra, and in the foreground is represented a black marble slab, which used to be a throne of the Mussulman Rajahs who reigned over Agra. From this they were wont to watch fights between wild animals and men, generally State prisoners, in the courtyard on the left below. "When the King was compelled by the British to evacuate Agra in 1857," writes Mr. Lionel H. Branson, Royal Military College, Camberley, the sender of the photograph, "he solemnly declared that when the first Hindu chief sat upon the throne it would spit and spurt blood." The guides of the fort point out the crack depicted in the illustration and affirm that the prophecy came true, believing themselves that it was actually the case.

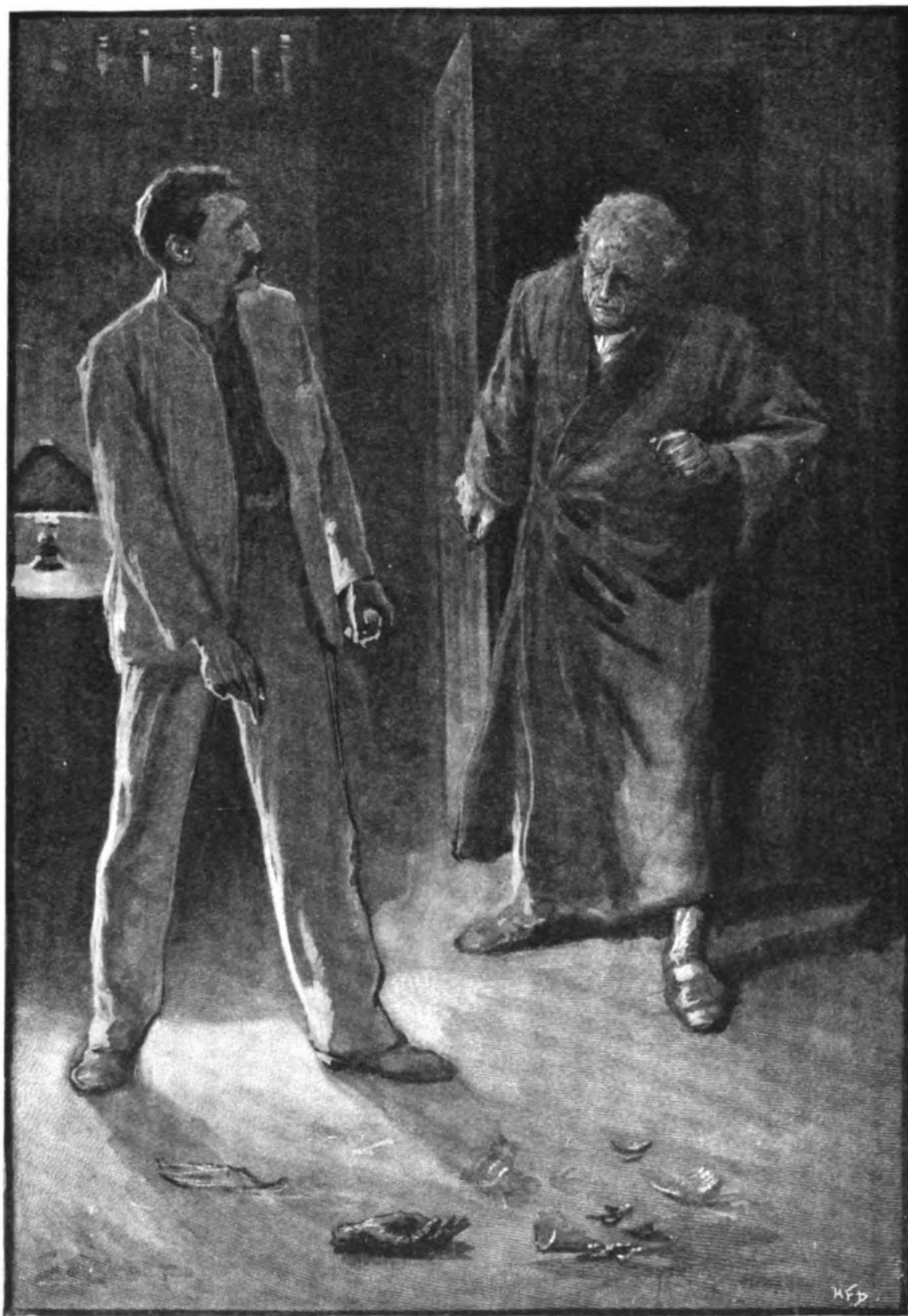


A HOME-MADE BICYCLE.

One of the quaintest things in bicycles imaginable is shown in our next photograph. It is made entirely of wood, and is in every particular the work of the old man standing alongside it. He lives near Lebanon, Ohio, and delights in riding into the town astride his somewhat cumbrous steed, which he propels by



touching the ground with his toes after the manner of the old velocipede riders. By way of decoration he carries a star-spangled banner to float in the breeze as he goes along. When asked how fast he could travel on his bicycle he naively replied: "Oh, down hill I can make her go whooping." The photograph was sent by Mr. G. Dallas Lind, Lebanon, Ohio.



"MY DOOR FLEW OPEN AND SIR DOMINICK RUSHED IN."

(See page 506.)

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Round the Fire.

XII.—THE STORY OF THE BROWN HAND.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



EVERYONE knows that Sir Dominick Holden, the famous Indian surgeon, made me his heir, and that his death changed me in an hour from a hard-working and impecunious medical man to a well-to-do landed proprietor. Many know also that there were at least five people between the inheritance and me, and that Sir Dominick's selection appeared to be altogether arbitrary and whimsical. I can assure them, however, that they are quite mistaken, and that, although I only knew Sir Dominick in the closing years of his life, there were none the less very real reasons why he should show his goodwill towards me. As a matter of fact, though I say it myself, no man ever did more for another than I did for my Indian uncle. I cannot expect the story to be believed, but it is so singular that I should feel that it was a breach of duty if I did not put it upon record—so here it is, and your belief or incredulity is your own affair.

Sir Dominick Holden, C.B., K.C.S.I., and I don't know what besides, was the most distinguished Indian surgeon of his day. In the Army originally, he afterwards settled down into civil practice in Bombay, and visited as a consultant every part of India. His name is best remembered in connection with the Oriental Hospital, which he founded and supported. The time came, however, when his iron constitution began to show signs of the long strain to which he had subjected it, and his brother practitioners (who were not, perhaps, entirely

disinterested upon the point) were unanimous in recommending him to return to England. He held on as long as he could, but at last he developed nervous symptoms of a very pronounced character, and so came back, a broken man, to his native county of Wiltshire. He bought a considerable estate with an ancient manor-house upon the edge of Salisbury Plain, and devoted his old age to the study of Comparative Pathology, which had been his learned hobby all his life, and in which he was a foremost authority.

We of the family were, as may be imagined, much excited by the news of the return of this rich and childless uncle to England. On his part, although by no means exuberant in his hospitality, he showed some sense of his duty to his relations, and each of us in turn had an invitation to visit him. From the accounts of my cousins it appeared to be a melancholy business, and it was with mixed feelings that I at last received my own summons to appear at Rodenhurst. My wife was so carefully excluded in the invitation that my first impulse was to refuse it, but the interests of the children had to be considered, and so, with her consent, I set out one October afternoon upon my visit to Wiltshire, with little thought of what that visit was to entail.

My uncle's estate was situated where the arable land of the plains begins to swell upwards into the rounded chalk hills which are characteristic of the county. As I drove from Dinton Station in the waning light of that autumn day, I was impressed by the weird nature of the scenery. The few

scattered cottages of the peasants were so dwarfed by the huge evidences of prehistoric life, that the present appeared to be a dream and the past to be the obtrusive and masterful reality. The road wound through the valleys, formed by a succession of grassy hills, and the summit of each was cut and carved into the most elaborate fortifications, some circular and some square, but all on a scale which has defied the winds and the rains of many centuries. Some call them Roman and some British, but their true origin and the reasons for this particular tract of country being so interlaced with entrenchments have never been finally made clear. Here and there on the long, smooth, olive-coloured slopes there rose small rounded barrows or tumuli. Beneath them lie the cremated ashes of the race which cut so deeply into the hills, but their graves tell us nothing save that a jar full of dust represents the man who once laboured under the sun.

It was through this weird country that I approached my uncle's residence of Rodenhurst, and the house was, as I found, in due keeping with its surroundings. Two broken and weather-stained pillars, each surmounted by a mutilated heraldic emblem, flanked the entrance to a neglected drive. A cold wind whistled through the elms which lined it, and the air was full of the drifting leaves. At the far end, under the gloomy arch of trees, a single yellow lamp burned steadily. In the dim half-light of the coming night I saw a long, low building stretching out two irregular wings, with deep eaves, a sloping gambrel roof, and walls which were criss-crossed with timber balks in the fashion of the Tudors. The cheery light of a fire flickered in the broad, latticed window to the left of the low-porched door, and this, as it proved, marked the study of my uncle, for it was thither that I was led by his butler in order to make my host's acquaintance.

He was cowering over his fire, for the

moist chill of an English autumn had set him shivering. His lamp was unlit, and I only saw the red glow of the embers beating upon a huge, craggy face, with a Red Indian nose and cheek, and deep furrows and seams from eye to chin, the sinister marks of hidden volcanic fires. He sprang up at my entrance with something of an old-world courtesy and welcomed me warmly to Rodenhurst. At the same time I was conscious, as the lamp was carried in, that it was a very critical pair of light blue eyes which looked out at me from under shaggy eyebrows, like scouts beneath a bush, and that this outlandish uncle of mine was carefully reading off my character with all the ease of a practised



"HE WELCOMED ME WARMLY TO RODENHURST."

observer and an experienced man of the world.

For my part I looked at him, and looked again, for I had never seen a man whose appearance was more fitted to hold one's attention. His figure was the framework of a giant, but he had fallen away until his coat dangled straight down in a shocking fashion from a pair of broad and bony shoulders. All his limbs were huge

and yet emaciated, and I could not take my gaze from his knobby wrists, and long, gnarled hands. But his eyes—those peering light blue eyes—they were the most arrestive of any of his peculiarities. It was not their colour alone, nor was it the ambush of hair in which they lurked; but it was the expression which I read in them. For the appearance and bearing of the man were masterful, and one expected a certain corresponding arrogance in his eyes, but instead of that I read the look which tells of a spirit cowed and crushed, the furtive, expectant look of the dog whose master has taken the whip from the rack. I formed my own medical diagnosis upon one glance at those critical and yet appealing eyes. I believed that he was stricken with some mortal ailment, that he knew himself to be exposed to sudden death, and that he lived in terror of it. Such was my judgment—a false one, as the event showed; but I mention it that it may help you to realize the look which I read in his eyes.

My uncle's welcome was, as I have said, a courteous one, and in an hour or so I found myself seated between him and his wife at a comfortable dinner, with curious pungent delicacies upon the table, and a stealthy, quick-eyed Oriental waiter behind his chair. The old couple had come round to that tragic imitation of the dawn of life when husband and wife, having lost or scattered all those who were their intimates, find themselves face to face and alone once more, their work done, and the end nearing fast. Those who have reached that stage in sweetness and love, who can change their winter into a gentle Indian summer, have come as victors through the ordeal of life. Lady Holden was a small, alert woman, with a kindly eye, and her expression as she glanced at him was a certificate of character to her husband. And yet, though I read a mutual love in their glances, I read also a mutual horror, and recognised in her face some reflection of that stealthy fear which I detected in his. Their talk was sometimes merry and sometimes sad, but there was a forced note in their merriment and a naturalness in their sadness which told me that a heavy heart beat upon either side of me.

We were sitting over our first glass of wine, and the servants had left the room, when the conversation took a turn which produced a remarkable effect upon my host and hostess. I cannot recall what it was which started the topic of the supernatural, but it ended in my showing them that the abnormal in psychical

experiences was a subject to which I had, like many neurologists, devoted a great deal of attention. I concluded by narrating my experiences when, as a member of the Psychical Research Society, I had formed one of a committee of three who spent the night in a haunted house. Our adventures were neither exciting nor convincing, but, such as it was, the story appeared to interest my auditors in a remarkable degree. They listened with an eager silence, and I caught a look of intelligence between them which I could not understand. Lady Holden immediately afterwards rose and left the room.

Sir Dominick pushed the cigar-box over to me, and we smoked for some little time in silence. That huge bony hand of his was twitching as he raised it with his cheroot to his lips, and I felt that the man's nerves were vibrating like fiddle-strings. My instincts told me that he was on the verge of some intimate confidence, and I feared to speak lest I should interrupt it. At last he turned towards me with a spasmodic gesture like a man who throws his last scruple to the winds.

"From the little that I have seen of you it appears to me, Dr. Hardacre," said he, "that you are the very man I have wanted to meet."

"I am delighted to hear it, sir."

"Your head seems to be cool and steady. You will acquit me of any desire to flatter you, for the circumstances are too serious to permit of insincerities. You have some special knowledge upon these subjects, and you evidently view them from that philosophical standpoint which robs them of all vulgar terror. I presume that the sight of an apparition would not seriously discompose you?"

"I think not, sir."

"Would even interest you, perhaps?"

"Most intensely."

"As a psychical observer, you would probably investigate it in as impersonal a fashion as an astronomer investigates a wandering comet?"

"Precisely."

He gave a heavy sigh.

"Believe me, Dr. Hardacre, there was a time when I could have spoken as you do now. My nerve was a by-word in India. Even the Mutiny never shook it for an instant. And yet you see what I am reduced to—the most timorous man, perhaps, in all this county of Wiltshire. Do not speak too bravely upon this subject, or you may find yourself subjected to as long-drawn a test as I am—a test which can only end in the madhouse or the grave."

I waited patiently until he should see fit to go farther in his confidence. His preamble had, I need not say, filled me with interest and expectation.

"For some years, Dr. Hardacre," he continued, "my life and that of my wife have been made miserable by a cause which is so grotesque that it borders upon the ludicrous. And yet familiarity has never made it more easy to bear—on the contrary, as time passes my nerves become more worn and shattered by the constant attrition. If you have no physical fears, Dr. Hardacre, I should very

would be as well to guard against them in advance."

"What shall I do, then?"

"I will tell you. Would you mind following me this way?" He led me out of the dining-room and down a long passage until we came to a terminal door. Inside there was a large bare room fitted as a laboratory, with numerous scientific instruments and bottles. A shelf ran along one side, upon which there stood a long line of glass jars containing pathological and anatomical specimens.

"You see that I still dabble in some of my old studies," said Sir Dominick. "These jars are the remains of what was once a most excellent collection, but unfortunately I lost the greater part of them when my house was burned down in Bombay in '92. It was a most unfortunate affair for me—in more ways than one. I had examples of many very rare conditions, and my splenic collection was probably unique. These are the survivors."

I glanced over them, and saw that they really were of a very great value and rarity from a pathological point of view: bloated organs, gaping cysts, distorted bones, odious parasites—a singular exhibition of the products of India.

"There is, as you see, a small settee here," said my host. "It was far from our intention to offer a guest so meagre an accommodation, but since affairs have taken

this turn, it would be a great kindness upon your part if you would consent to spend the night in this apartment. I beg that you will not hesitate to let me know if the idea should be at all repugnant to you."

"On the contrary," I said, "it is most acceptable."

"My own room is the second on the left, so that if you should feel that you are in need of company a call would always bring me to your side."



"AS TIME PASSES MY NERVES BECOME MORE WORN AND SHATTERED."

much value your opinion upon this phenomenon which troubles us so."

"For what it is worth my opinion is entirely at your service. May I ask the nature of the phenomenon?"

"I think that your experiences will have a higher evidential value if you are not told in advance what you may expect to encounter. You are yourself aware of the quibbles of unconscious cerebration and subjective impressions with which a scientific sceptic may throw a doubt upon your statement. It

"I trust that I shall not be compelled to disturb you."

"It is unlikely that I shall be asleep. I do not sleep much. Do not hesitate to summon me."

And so with this agreement we joined Lady Holden in the drawing-room and talked of lighter things.

It was no affectation upon my part to say that the prospect of my night's adventure was an agreeable one. I have no pretence to greater physical courage than my neighbours, but familiarity with a subject robs it of those vague and undefined terrors which are the most appalling to the imaginative mind. The human brain is capable of only one strong emotion at a time, and if it be filled with curiosity or scientific enthusiasm, there is no room for fear. It is true that I had my uncle's assurance that he had himself originally taken this point of view, but I reflected that the breakdown of his nervous system might be due to his forty years in India as much as to any psychical experiences which had befallen him. I at least was sound in nerve and brain, and it was with something of the pleasurable thrill of anticipation with which the sportsman takes his position beside the haunt of his game that I shut the laboratory door behind me, and partially undressing, lay down upon the rug-covered settee.

It was not an ideal atmosphere for a bedroom. The air was heavy with many chemical odours, that of methylated spirit predominating. Nor were the decorations of my chamber very sedative. The odious line of glass jars with their relics of disease and suffering stretched in front of my very eyes. There was no blind to the window, and a three-quarter moon streamed its white light into the room, tracing a silver square with filigree lattices upon the opposite wall. When I had extinguished my candle this one bright patch in the midst of the general gloom had certainly an eerie and discomposing aspect. A rigid and absolute silence reigned throughout the old house, so that the low swish of the branches in the garden came softly

and soothingly to my ears. It may have been the hypnotic lullaby of this gentle susur-rus, or it may have been the result of my tiring day, but after many dozings and many efforts to regain my clearness of perception, I fell at last into a deep and dreamless sleep.

I was awakened by some sound in the room, and I instantly raised myself upon my elbow on the couch. Some hours had passed, for the square patch upon the wall had slid downwards and sideways until it lay obliquely at the end of my bed. The rest of the room was in deep shadow. At first I could see nothing, but presently, as my eyes became accustomed to the faint light, I was aware, with a thrill which all my scientific absorption could not entirely prevent, that something was moving slowly along the line of the wall. A gentle, shuffling sound, as of soft slippers, came to my ears, and I dimly discerned a human figure walking stealthily from the direction of the door. As it emerged into the patch of



"HIS EYES WERE CAST UPWARDS TOWARDS THE LINE OF BOTTLES."

moonlight I saw very clearly what it was and how it was employed. It was a man, short and squat, dressed in some sort of dark grey gown, which hung straight from his shoulders to his feet. The moon shone upon the side of his face, and I saw that it was chocolate-brown in colour, with a ball of black hair like a woman's at the back of his head. He walked slowly, and his eyes were cast upwards towards the line of bottles which contained those gruesome remnants of humanity. He seemed to examine each jar with attention, and then to pass on to the next. When he had come to the end of the line, immediately opposite my bed, he stopped, faced me, threw up his hands with a gesture of despair, and vanished from my sight.

I have said that he threw up his hands, but I should have said his arms, for as he assumed that attitude of despair I observed a singular peculiarity about his appearance. He had only one hand! As the sleeves drooped down from the upflung arms I saw the left plainly, but the right ended in a knobby and unsightly stump. In every other way his appearance was so natural, and I had both seen and heard him so clearly, that I could easily have believed that he was an Indian servant of Sir Dominick's who had come into my room in search of something. It was only his sudden disappearance which would have suggested anything more sinister to me. As it was I sprang from my couch, lit a candle, and examined the whole room carefully. There were no signs of my visitor, and I was forced to conclude that there had really been something outside the normal

laws of Nature in his appearance. I lay awake for the remainder of the night, but nothing else occurred to disturb me.

I am an early riser, but my uncle was an even earlier one, for I found him pacing up and down the lawn at the side of the house. He ran towards me in his eagerness when he saw me come out from the door.

"Well, well!" he cried. "Did you see him?"

"An Indian with one hand?"

"Precisely."

"Yes, I saw him" and I told him all that occurred. When I had finished, he led the way into his study.

"We have a little time before breakfast," said he. "It will suffice to give you an explanation of this extraordinary affair—so far as I can explain that which is essentially inexplicable. In the first place, when I tell you that for four years I have never passed one single night, either in Bombay, aboard ship, or here in England without my sleep being broken by this fellow, you will understand why it is that I am a wreck of my former self.

His programme

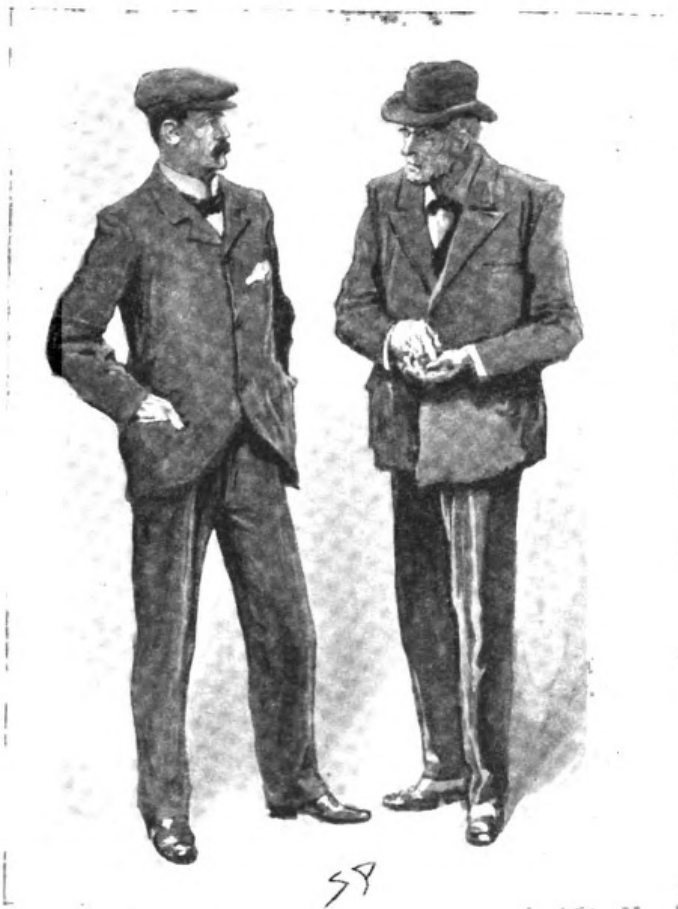
is always the same. He appears by my bedside, shakes me roughly by the shoulder, passes from my room into the laboratory, walks slowly along the line of my bottles, and then vanishes. For more than a thousand times he has gone through the same routine."

"What does he want?"

"He wants his hand."

"His hand?"

"Yes, it came about in this way. I was summoned to Peshawur for a consultation some ten years ago, and while there I was



"I TOLD HIM ALL THAT HAD OCCURRED."

asked to look at the hand of a native who was passing through with an Afghan caravan. The fellow came from some mountain tribe living away at the back of beyond somewhere on the other side of Kaffiristan. He talked a bastard Pushtoo, and it was all I could do to understand him. He was suffering from a soft sarcomatous swelling of one of the metacarpal joints, and I made him realize that it was only by losing his hand that he could hope to save his life. After much persuasion he consented to the operation, and he asked me, when it was over, what fee I demanded. The poor fellow was almost a beggar, so that the idea of a fee was absurd, but I answered in jest that my fee should be his hand, and that I proposed to add it to my pathological collection.

"To my surprise he demurred very much to the suggestion, and he explained that according to his religion it was an all-important matter that the body should be reunited after death, and so make a perfect dwelling for the spirit. The belief is, of course, an old one, and the mummies of the Egyptians arose from an analogous superstition. I answered him that his hand was already off, and asked him how he intended to preserve it. He replied that he would pickle it in salt and carry it about with him. I suggested that it might be safer in my keeping than in his, and that I had better means than salt for preserving it. On realizing that I really intended to carefully keep it, his opposition vanished instantly. 'But remember, sahib,' said he, 'I shall want it back when I am dead.' I laughed at the remark, and so the matter ended. I returned to my practice, and he no doubt in the course of time was able to continue his journey to Afghanistan.

"Well, as I told you last night, I had a bad fire in my house at Bombay. Half of it was burned down, and, among other things, my pathological collection was largely destroyed. What you see are the poor remains of it. The hand of the hillman went with the rest, but I gave the matter no particular thought at the time. That was six years ago.

"Four years ago—two years after the fire—I was awakened one night by a furious tugging at my sleeve. I sat up under the impression that my favourite mastiff was trying to arouse me. Instead of this, I saw my Indian patient of long ago, dressed in the long grey gown which was the badge of his people. He was holding up his stump and looking reproachfully at me. He then went

over to my bottles, which at that time I kept in my room, and he examined them carefully, after which he gave a gesture of anger and vanished. I realized that he had just died, and that he had come to claim my promise that I should keep his limb in safety for him.

"Well, there you have it all, Dr. Hardacre. Every night at the same hour for four years this performance has been repeated. It is a simple thing in itself, but it has worn me out like water dropping on a stone. It has brought a vile insomnia with it, for I cannot sleep now for the expectation of his coming. It has poisoned my old age and that of my wife, who has been the sharer in this great trouble. But there is the breakfast gong, and she will be waiting impatiently to know how it fared with you last night. We are both much indebted to you for your gallantry, for it takes something from the weight of our misfortune when we share it, even for a single night, with a friend, and it reassures us as to our sanity, which we are sometimes driven to question."

This was the curious narrative which Sir Dominick confided to me—a story which to many would have appeared to be a grotesque impossibility, but which, after my experience of the night before, and my previous knowledge of such things, I was prepared to accept as an absolute fact. I thought deeply over the matter, and brought the whole range of my reading and experience to bear upon it. After breakfast, I surprised my host and hostess by announcing that I was returning to London by the next train.

"My dear doctor," cried Sir Dominick, in great distress, "you make me feel that I have been guilty of a gross breach of hospitality in intruding this unfortunate matter upon you. I should have borne my own burden."

"It is, indeed, that matter which is taking me to London," I answered; "but you are mistaken, I assure you, if you think that my experience of last night was an unpleasant one to me. On the contrary, I am about to ask your permission to return in the evening and spend one more night in your laboratory. I am very eager to see this visitor once again."

My uncle was exceedingly anxious to know what I was about to do, but my fears of raising false hopes prevented me from telling him. I was back in my own consulting-room a little after luncheon, and was confirming my memory of a passage in a recent book upon occultism which had arrested my attention when I read it.

"In the case of earth-bound spirits," said



"A RECENT BOOK UPON OCCULTISM."

my authority, "some one dominant idea obsessing them at the hour of death is sufficient to hold them to this material world. They are the amphibia of this life and of the next, capable of passing from one to the other as the turtle passes from land to water. The causes which may bind a soul so strongly to a life which its body has abandoned are any violent emotion. Avarice, revenge, anxiety, love, and pity have all been known to have this effect. As a rule it springs from some unfulfilled wish, and when the wish has been fulfilled the material bond relaxes. There are many cases upon record which show the singular persistence of these visitors, and also their disappearance when their wishes have been fulfilled, or in some cases when a reasonable compromise has been effected."

"A reasonable compromise effected"—those were the words which I had brooded over all the morning, and which I now verified in the original. No actual atonement could be made here—but a reasonable compromise! I made my way as fast as a train could take me to the Shadwell Seamen's Hospital, where my old friend Jack Hewett was house-surgeon. Without explaining the situation I made him understand exactly what it was that I wanted.

"A brown man's hand!" said he, in

amazement. "What in the world do you want that for?"

"Never mind. I'll tell you some day. I know that your wards are full of Indians."

"I should think so. But a hand——" He thought a little and then struck a bell.

"Travers," said he to a student-dresser, "what became of the hands of the Lascar which we took off yesterday? I mean the fellow from the East India Dock who got caught in the steam winch."

"They are in the *post-mortem* room, sir."

"Just pack one of them in antiseptics and give it to Dr. Hardacre."

And so I found myself back at Rodenhurst before dinner with this curious outcome of my day in town. I still said nothing to Sir Dominick, but I slept that night in the laboratory, and I placed the Lascar's hand in one of the glass jars at the end of my couch.

So interested was I in the result of my experiment that sleep was out of the question. I sat with a shaded lamp beside me and waited patiently for my visitor. This time I saw him clearly from the first. He appeared beside the door, nebulous for an instant, and then hardening into as distinct an outline as any living man. The slippers beneath his grey gown were red and heelless, which accounted for the low, shuffling sound which he made as he walked. As on the previous night he passed slowly along the line of bottles until he paused before that which contained the hand. He reached up to it, his whole figure quivering with expectation, took it down, examined it eagerly, and then, with a face which was convulsed with fury and disappointment, he hurled it down on to the floor. There was a crash which resounded through the house, and when I looked up the mutilated Indian had disappeared. A moment later my door flew open and Sir Dominick rushed in.

"You are not hurt?" he cried.

"No—but deeply disappointed."

He looked in astonishment at the splinters of glass, and the brown hand lying upon the floor.

"Good God!" he cried. "What is this?"

I told him my idea and its wretched sequel. He listened intently, but shook his head.

"It was well thought of," said he, "but I fear that there is no such easy end to my sufferings. But one thing I now insist upon. It is that you shall never again upon any

pretext occupy this room. My fears that something might have happened to you—when I heard that crash—have been the most acute of all the agonies which I have undergone. I will not expose myself to a repetition of it."

He allowed me, however, to spend the remainder of that night where I was, and I lay there worrying over the problem and lamenting my own failure. With the first light of morning there was the Lascar's hand still lying upon the floor to remind me of my fiasco. I lay looking at it—and as I lay suddenly an idea flew like a bullet through

in the *post-mortem* room. And so I returned to Rodenhurst in the evening with my mission accomplished and the material for a fresh experiment.

But Sir Dominick Holden would not hear of my occupying the laboratory again. To all my entreaties he turned a deaf ear. It offended his sense of hospitality, and he could no longer permit it. I left the hand, therefore, as I had done its fellow the night before, and I occupied a comfortable bedroom in another portion of the house, some distance from the scene of my adventures.

But in spite of that my sleep was not



"IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT MY HOST BURST INTO MY ROOM."

my head and brought me quivering with excitement out of my couch. I raised the grim relic from where it had fallen. Yes, it was indeed so. The hand was the *left* hand of the Lascar.

By the first train I was on my way to town, and hurried at once to the Seamen's Hospital. I remembered that both hands of the Lascar had been amputated, but I was terrified lest the precious organ which I was in search of might have been already consumed in the crematory. My suspense was soon ended. It had still been preserved

destined to be uninterrupted. In the dead of the night my host burst into my room, a lamp in his hand. His huge gaunt figure was enveloped in a loose dressing-gown, and his whole appearance might certainly have seemed more formidable to a weak-nerved man than that of the Indian of the night before. But it was not his entrance so much as his expression which amazed me. He had turned suddenly younger by twenty years at the least. His eyes were shining, his features radiant, and he waved one hand in triumph over his head. I sat up astounded, staring

sleepily at this extraordinary visitor. But his words soon drove the sleep from my eyes.

"We have done it! We have succeeded!" he shouted. "My dear Hardacre, how can I ever in this world repay you?"

"You don't mean to say that it is all right?"

"Indeed I do. I was sure that you would not mind being awakened to hear such blessed news."

"Mind! I should think not indeed. But is it really certain?"

"I have no doubt whatever upon the point. I owe you such a debt, my dear nephew, as I never owed a man before, and never expected to. What can I possibly do for you that is commensurate? Providence must have sent you to my rescue. You have saved both my reason and my life, for another six months of this must have seen me either in a cell or a coffin. And my wife—it was wearing her out before my eyes. Never could I have believed that any human being could have lifted this burden off me." He seized my hand and wrung it in his bony grip.

"It was only an experiment—a forlorn hope—but I am delighted from my heart that it has succeeded. But how do you know that all is right? Have you seen something?"

He seated himself at the foot of my bed.

"I have seen enough," said he. "It satisfies me that I shall be troubled no more. What has passed is easily told. You know that at a certain hour this creature always comes to me. To-night he arrived at the usual time, and aroused me with even more violence than is his custom. I can only surmise that his disappointment of last night

increased the bitterness of his anger against me. He looked angrily at me and then went on his usual round. But in a few minutes I saw him, for the first time since this persecution began, return to my chamber. He was smiling. I saw the gleam of his white teeth through the dim light. He stood facing me at the end of my bed, and three times he made the low Eastern salaam which is their solemn leave-taking. And the third time that he bowed he raised his arms over his head, and I saw his *two* hands outstretched in the air. So he vanished, and, as I believe, for ever."

So that is the curious experience which won me the affection and the gratitude of my celebrated uncle, the famous Indian surgeon. His anticipations were realized, and never again was he disturbed by the visits of the restless hillman in search of his lost member. Sir Dominick and Lady Holden spent a very happy old age, unclouded, as far as I know, by any trouble, and they finally died during the great influenza epidemic within a few weeks of each other. In his lifetime he always turned to me for advice in everything which concerned that English life of which he knew so little; and I aided him also in the purchase and development of his estates. It was no great surprise to me, therefore, that I found myself eventually promoted over the heads of five exasperated cousins, and changed in a single day from a hard-working country doctor into the head of an important Wiltshire family. I at least have reason to bless the memory of the man with the brown hand, and the day when I was fortunate enough to relieve Rodenhurst of his unwelcome presence.

Illustrated Interviews.

LXIV. - MR. A. C. MACLAREN.

BY FRED. W. WARD.

IT is a generally accepted fact that, like a poet, a cricketer is born, not made. The art of batting, or of bowling, generally runs in the family: "like father, like son." If this should not be the case, the schoolboy gives promise of the man. The lad who scores freely, or performs the hat trick with the ball, passes on to his county eleven. Sometimes he comes off, as they remark in cricket parlance; more frequently, however, he fails to do himself justice, and is, perhaps, relegated to the second eleven before he is permitted to again pit his strength against his comrades.

There are exceptions to every rule, however. Mr. W. G. Grace never looked back after he had once secured county honours. Mr. A. C. MacLaren may fairly say he has done likewise. He played a great innings for his county when he was first included in the team, and beyond a doubt Lancashire is weakened by more than I care to say when the Old Harrovian is missing from her ranks.

Mr. MacLaren, although he has visited the Antipodes twice, is yet under thirty. To be exact, he was born on December 1st, 1871, so that at the present time he is but twenty-eight years of age. As a schoolboy he displayed remarkable aptitude for the game, but did not come before the public prominently until the Eton v. Harrow match of 1887. Even at that early date Mr. MacLaren displayed all the finish of an experienced batsman: possibly he possessed even more polish then

than now, but he lacked generalship and hitting power. Be that as it may, he was the top scorer for his side in either innings with 55 and 67, but despite these individual efforts, Harrow lost by five wickets.

In 1888, however, his school defeated Eton by 156 runs. Curiously enough, Mr. MacLaren had very little to do with this result, for he made but 0 (that dreaded duck!) and 4, while his ill-fortune pursued him a twelve-month later, Harrow gaining an easy victory, while he scored but 17 and 16.

Still, every cloud has its silver lining, and this form was far too bad to be true. In 1890 Mr. MacLaren captained the Harrow eleven against Eton. He was the first to go to the wickets, but he was also the seventh to leave.

He hit the bowling to all parts of the field; the spectators of this ultra fashionable fixture were never provided with better value for their time spent round the ring; the young batsman had made 76 before he returned to the pavilion.

This performance naturally placed the seal of excellence upon his play, and he was asked to represent Lancashire in her county fixtures. Mr. MacLaren came, saw, and conquered, for against Sussex at Brighton on August 14th he hit up what was practically a faultless 108. How many players are there who have effected a similar performance, coming into county cricket from a public school style of play? I can recollect no other.

Following Mr. Hornby and Mr. Crosfield, Mr. MacLaren was elected captain of the Lancashire



MR. MACLAREN, AGED 6 MONTHS.
From a Photo. by Arthur Reston, Manchester.



MR. MACLAREN, AGED 18 MONTHS.
From a Photo. by Arthur Reston, Manchester.

team, and in 1895 scored the highest individual innings yet made in first-class cricket. Playing against Somerset, at Taunton, in July, he compiled 424 runs, thus beating the 344 standing to the credit of Mr. W. G. Grace by a no uncertain margin.

Prior to this, however, Mr. MacLaren had toured through Australia as one of Mr. A. E. Stoddart's eleven. He was a success, for he secured the second place upon the batting averages: 47.4 for twenty innings in eleven a-side matches, and 40.9 for thirty-three innings, all matches played being considered. More than that, he was also busy amongst the "centurions"—if I may be pardoned for the use of the word. Against Victoria, on November 16th, he placed 228—his highest total for the tour—against his name, this being followed by 106 *v.* Queensland and New South Wales on February 15th, and 120 against Australia, at Melbourne, on March 1st.

Mr. MacLaren's performances for his county need no comment from me, but I may just touch briefly upon his last Australian tour. He wooed and won his bride "down under," and he never played better cricket in his life than when last at the Antipodes. We were fairly and squarely beaten in the test matches, I am ready to admit that; but Mr. MacLaren can look back upon the visit with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction.

In the five test matches he was at the head of the batting averages with 54.22 runs for ten innings, 124 being his highest contribution. In the eleven a-side matches his average was 54.57 for twenty innings, and in all matches 54.34 for twenty-eight innings.

These figures speak for themselves, but I may add Mr. MacLaren was also responsible for exactly half-a-dozen centuries during the tour: 181 *v.* Thirteen of Queensland and New South Wales; 142 *v.* New South Wales;

140 *v.* New South Wales (the return match); 124 *v.* Australia, at Adelaide; 109 *v.* Australia, at Sydney; and 100 *v.* New South Wales, also at Sydney.

Returning home, the Lancashire captain could only take part in six of the county fixtures. In these he secured an average of 23.30, with 76 as his highest contribution. But he was as dashing as of old while at the wicket, and even smarter in the field. At slip or at cover-slip he appears to judge the flight of the ball unerringly, while boundary after boundary is saved by the manner in which he picks up the fastest cut, snick, or drive with either hand. I was ruminating over these things as the South-Western express whirled me away over the gleaming metals to Wokingham, where, in a delightful old countryside mansion, Mr. MacLaren has established himself in

the heart of as delightful scenery as may well be met with within a hundred miles of London.

There, in his study, he sat and chatted over cricket matters. The Lancashire eleven, the great scene at the Oval after the finish of the last test match there—these and kindred pictures reflected the ruddy fireglow from the walls. Outside, the sun was throwing its rays athwart the gravelled drive; there was the indefinite hum inseparable from the country, the missel thrushes and the black-birds disported themselves among the trees, just budding into life; while, stranger still, the red coat and bushy tail of a squirrel could be seen just at the edge of the copse that ran down to the lawn.

But this is not cricket. I must drag myself away. The memory of the Harrow *v.* Eton match I have already referred to was crossing my mind. I lost no time, but, plunging directly into my subject, wondered what the Lancashire captain thought of public school cricket of these days. Did it compare favourably with days that are past



MR. MACLAREN, AGED 6.
From a Photo. by Lafosse, Manchester.

and gone? Mr. MacLaren hesitated slightly ere he replied. But there were no signs of hesitation when he was once induced to talk.

"No," he remarked; "I really do not think public school cricket, as cricket, has advanced since a few years back. I can naturally only speak of Harrow personally; yet what do we find? That year by year these public school matches remain drawn; they are not finished in the time allowed for their decision.

"And why? That is a difficult question to answer. My own opinion is, gained by watching the boys at the game, that their batting is as good as, or maybe better than, ever, but there is a marked falling off in the class of bowling. Bowling is very moderate, to say the least of it.

"Of course, it is much easier to teach a boy how to bat than to teach him how to become a successful bowler. It is quite possible to make a batsman, provided the boy is willing to listen to the hints, and possesses some idea of the game; but the best coach cannot make a successful bowler.

"In saying this, I may explain that you can give a boy hints in bowling, but he must be born, not made. He may be told a few things, how to place his feet as he delivers the ball, and what length of run is best to take; but he cannot be made a real bowler under these conditions unless he has an inclination for that kind of work. Unfortunately, too, a school-boy does not, as a rule, take so kindly to bowling as to batting. There is not the same pleasure in bowling from his point of view: he has not the same inducement in attempting to secure wickets, and as a natural consequence, public school bowling, I am sorry to say, is becoming worse, instead of better, every year. I am sorry to say this is the case, but it is a fact.

"As regards University cricket, I am a little diffident in touching this, seeing that I have only played about twice against Cambridge. But I think the same criticism will apply as in the public schools: that batting is advancing, while the bowling is at least standing still, if not falling off in quality.

"We get very few real bowlers from the

'Varsities now. Yes, we have had Mr. C. L. Townsend, Mr. F. S. Jackson, Mr. S. M. J. Woods, and Mr. Kortright, men who are worth their places in a county team for this department alone; but what I complain of is, that we get no new blood.

"As a matter of fact, I cannot say who is their best real bowler. No, I fear they cannot produce anyone approaching the stamp of the late Mr. A. G. Steele. Of course, Mr. C. M. Wells is a good bowler, but he has left his University for a long time now. He was the last of the bowlers to come from either Oxford or Cambridge; since he left, they have produced none that might be termed really first-class."

After this expression of opinion upon what are generally looked upon as the training grounds for county cricket, it was difficult to

muster up courage sufficient to enable me to suggest amateur cricket as a whole.

But Mr. MacLaren reassured me at once.

"Amateur cricket," he opined, "is improving, and in this way there are more good cricketers now than there were in the past. But" (and here he qualified it) "the players of the present day are no better than they were twenty years ago. There are more of them, that is all. There are more good batsmen to-day than there were at the time I have mentioned, but that may be explained by the growth of the game. The bowling, I think, must have

been better then than now, and when the best elevens are contrasted there is very little difference to be discovered, the improvements in the grounds also being taken into consideration.

"Briefly, our batsmen now are as good as the old ones, but there are more of them; the class of cricket is just about the same, but the All England eleven of 1879 was about as good as we could place in the field now, possibly better.

"Yes, I feel constrained to admit that the class of all-round bowling in county cricket is to-day much below the average. Indeed, there are not so many good bowlers now as there were five years ago. It is impossible, or it appears to be, to discover new bowlers of any degree of excellence, Rhodes, of



MR. MACLAREN, AGED 12.
From a Photo. by F. Baum, Manchester.

Yorkshire, being the exception. Of late years, what have we found? That a young bowler of more than average form is a *rara avis*. Look at Lancashire, for instance. She hasn't discovered one really good bowler during the past five years.

"Yet what a contrast we find in Australia. They *have* got some bowlers; it will take our very best All England side to beat them this coming summer. They will, of course, be without poor Harry Trott, the finest captain and one of the best fellows I have ever met. But it will be found, I think, the best eleven Australia has ever sent across to this country, and one that will require considerable beating."

"That is consoling," I remarked; "but cannot we expect something from our professional players?"

"Well," was Mr. MacLaren's rejoinder, "we are certainly getting more professionals every year. My idea is that the amateurs are steadily decreasing in numbers, while the professionals are becoming much finer players. Yes, it is very difficult to say whether they are better in bowling or in batting."

"It is more like an all-round improvement, but I will say this, there are more professionals capable of getting a hundred runs against the best bowling than was formerly the case."

"Certainly; the professional bowlers are far in advance of the amateurs. Why? I suppose it must be that they take more trouble over it. A large number know that their livelihood depends upon their ability to get wickets, so they try their hardest to reach the highest standard of excellence. That is how I judge matters, my opinion being formed from the men I play against."

"Bowlers are of two classes: head bowlers,

men who bowl with their heads; and mechanical bowlers. Which is best? The former, without a doubt.

"This is where the Australians are so much ahead of us in their own country. Their wickets are dry and hard, and it is useless for a man to keep on bowling dead on the wicket. He must perforce use his

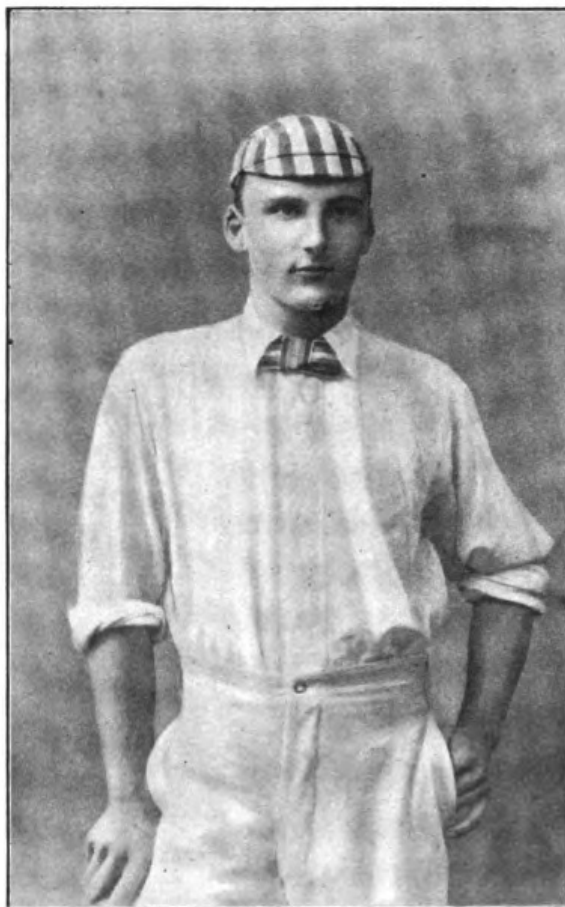
judgment, and as a natural consequence the bowler at Sydney, or Adelaide, or any other of the Australian grounds, is obliged to try experiments in the attempt to secure a wicket. They try far more of these experiments and dodges than our bowlers here—they must do so in order to justify their reputation.

"When a batsman goes in, the bowler is continually trying some device in order to get him out, or to tempt him in some fashion. This style of play is strange to a new-comer, and he falls into the trap laid for him. Then he wonders why he could not have seen what was likely to happen. But a new man possesses very little chance of be-

coming a success upon Australian wickets: he has too much to learn to be able to crowd all his experience into the beginning of one tour.

"English bowlers are also at a considerable disadvantage upon an Australian wicket. The condition of the ground does not assist them, and then there is the difference in the game to be considered. The English batsman plays in a free and dashing style; the Australian will not be tempted. He knows the game will be played to a finish, he need not hurry himself; so he is cautious in every stroke he plays. Visiting bowlers would be far more successful were the home batsmen to play the game to which they had been accustomed, *but they won't*.

"The conditions of bowling are altogether different in the two countries, and a strange



MR. MACLAREN, AGED 19.
From a Photo. by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

team will discover the change in either. Here in England the climatic conditions, the wet weather, frequently assists the bowlers to a no uncertain extent. They are enabled to get far more work upon the ball—McKibbin discovered that, when he was last here, he broke back far too much. It is a dangerous thing to prophesy about Australian bowlers, I am aware, but I fully expect them to show their real form.

"Their best performer with the ball? Hugh Trumble, without a doubt. He knows our wickets well; he is remarkably good upon his own wickets, and he uses his judgment to the best advantage. Upon a wicket that suits him he is practically unplayable, while he is a man who can be always relied upon. MacLeod, again, is another man who may be a very good bowler for them, while his performances with the bat are well-known features in his play."

It was evident Mr. MacLaren possessed a high opinion of the calibre of our visitors. No doubt he recollected the last of the English tours. To test him, however, I brought the conversation round to the subject of Australian cricket, and asked him what he thought of the all-round conditions at the Antipodes.

"We were beaten, fairly and squarely," he admitted; "but after all, we had a far more formidable task than that faced by any of the earlier elevens. On the former occasions cricket had not secured such a hold upon the Australian public. They had not been educated up to it—the game was in a transitory stage, so to speak.

"Now the case is vastly different. Cricket has been improved all round in Australia, while, as I have said before, a new man must almost entirely alter his style of play if he wishes to be a success. And some men cannot do that, consequently they fail.

"Even when he does make this alteration, it takes a very long time before he can feel

at all at home under the different conditions. It is always the same, and it by no means follows that because a man is a great player here in England he will prove an equal success in Australia.

"Far from it. First-class batsmen might prove harmless; it would take time to conform to the new order of things, and it is only natural that a player should be a greater success upon a second visit than during his first. The Australian bowling was a great factor in their success against us in the test matches. You may recollect only three centuries were scored against them, yet there are men here in England, not in the front rank, who I feel confident would get any amount of runs off their bowlers.

"But it does not follow that, because the Australians have scored hundred after hundred upon their own wickets, they will be equally successful here. They, under altered conditions, last time they were here, were dismissed cheaply on occasions, and I should like to see them get thirty runs apiece, instead of the centuries, should the pitch prove suitable for our bowlers.

"Australian cricket, taking it right through, is not on a par with county cricket here, but it is good enough, and

they will be a very great side this year. If they get fair luck, we shall need to be at our best to beat them; but should they get soft wickets, they may not be able to play upon them.

"In speaking of Australian cricket at home, it must not be forgotten that four years ago they were a very young eleven, and almost inexperienced. That is quite different now. There is twice the number of players, and they have gained a greater knowledge of the game, and how to play it to the best advantage.

"Up-country cricket during the tour of an English eleven is not looked upon in a serious light at all, I can assure you. These matches are simply considered in the nature of a picnic. The names of the players are



MR. MACLAREN, AGE 25.
From a Photo. by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

placed in a hat, and every man determines upon having a day out.

"Still, there is this to be said of the matches we played in the country during our last tour in Australia: the matting wickets put many of our batsmen right off their game. They had, perhaps, almost recovered from the effects of the long voyage. They would practise upon turf and then go upon matting. That would upset their form at once, and entirely.

"It is a fearful drawback to any visiting team, this playing first on turf and then on matting. If I have anything to say about the arrangements of another team and its tour in Australia, I shall most strongly deprecate the custom of playing under these conditions. We should never play upon matting at all.

"Upon the average, during our last tour, we played three of these matches in a fortnight. We found the ball came in at a lightning pace, and regulated our style accordingly.

"Then we would play another match upon the turf. That is fast enough, but not nearly so fast as matting. The Australians may smile when they read this, but I am absolutely certain

several of our batsmen's failures were caused by the exchange of surface. Yes, I hope when England plays Australia again, on their own ground, it will be stipulated that turf wickets must be provided for all the fixtures entered upon, both test matches and up-country contests.

"These matches, played far away from the usual grounds, of course do a great deal of

good from a cricket point of view; that is to say, locally. But our batsmen did not attempt to do their best. Many of them got out as soon as they could. When they had made thirty or forty runs they would become reckless, simply because they did not like, playing against odds, to make too big a score. The curious thing, though, is that we met many good bowlers in these

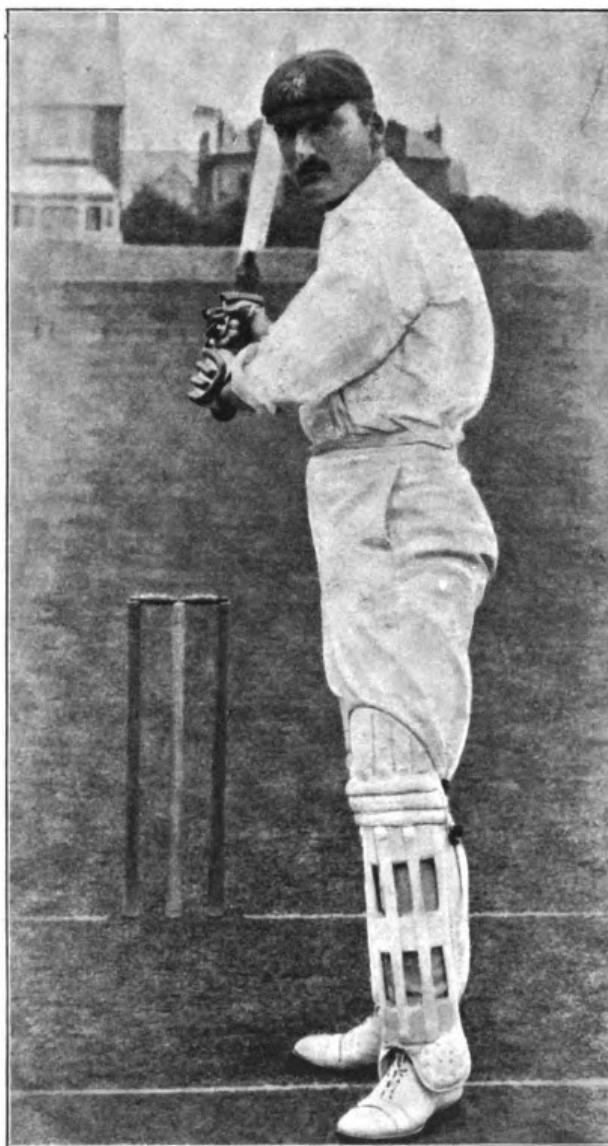
matches. That and the wicket-keeping were their strongest points. There were one or two of these up-country bowlers whom I should like to see playing for Lancashire. Their batting, on the other hand, was not of a very high-class order. But these matches were very enjoyable, after all."

After this I was somewhat chary in suggesting "spectators" as a subject for discussion, but Mr. MacLaren plunged into the matter at once.

"I regret to say the spectators behaved very badly on occasions," he admitted. "There was a great deal too much of the 'barracking' humour about them, especially at Sydney, on the occasion of our last test match there. At Melbourne, however, the crowd behaved much fairer to us. There

is a great difference between an Australian and an English crowd. The former are not nearly so generous: they do not like to see you winning. As long as they are on top they are satisfied; but if there is a prospect of their being beaten, then they commence to 'boo' and yell at the visiting players.

"There are too many critics in Australia, and, as is generally the case, those who know



MR. MACLAREN "BATTING."
From a Photo. by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

least have the most to say. As regards the umpiring while we were there I have nothing at all to complain of. It was perfectly fair."

"But what about the number of players taken out?" I hazarded. "There was something said about too small a reserve. Was that the case?"

"No, certainly not," was Mr. MacLaren's rejoinder; "when you are forming a cricket team to tour abroad you cannot take more than thirteen. When you play your first match upon Australian soil, let us suppose the side makes a total of 400 or 500 runs. That is not at all improbable, seeing the scoring that has occurred during the progress of the recent inter-Colonial fixtures. Every man of the side makes from 55 to 56 runs apiece."

"Who are you to leave out? Why, you cannot take a batsman out of the team who can score to the extent I have mentioned, and the result is that you have about four men looking on, match after match, with but a very slight chance of their being given a trial."

"Very frequently a man may be in Australia, under these circumstances, for four or five weeks before he is asked to get into his flannels. Look at Mr. Philipson when he was taken out as a reserve wicket-keeper. How frequently were his services required? No, a side comprising thirteen members is quite large enough for all practical purposes."

"It was not the paucity of our numbers that upset us in Australia. It was the heat. During the day we would be beneath a broiling sun; then at night, up would come the hot wind, and we could not sleep. That in itself was enough to put a man off his form. However, the Australians will be at a disadvantage should they experience any cold weather during their visit here, so we must not complain upon that score."

The winter payment of professionals proved a good subject, and Mr. MacLaren spoke up decidedly in the matter of rendering the closing days of a good old servant a little easier than is sometimes the case.

"I think," he sug-

gested, "that winter payments to professional cricketers should be made the general rule. But in this connection there should be a universal law: one man should be paid as well as another. It is hard that one man should be paid £2 or £1 a week and that another should get nothing."

"Professionals are underpaid at the best of times, for it must not be forgotten they soon get old. After they have reached the age of thirty-five, they are not much good for county work. The great cricketers, the idols of the public, are all right—they may depend upon a rousing benefit; but what of the smaller men?"

"They have wives and families, and they are put to the same expense as a more successful member of the team. Yet what have they to look forward to in their old age? A few secure posts as coaches at the public schools, but they are exceptionally fortunate. Time after time I have seen professionals upon the cricket-field looking as miserable as possible. Wondering where their next sovereign was coming from, very likely. Is this fair? Can a man show his real form when he is over-burdened with responsibilities?"

"Certainly not. The professional player is a sober, honest, hardworking servant of the club or county, and he deserves better all-round treatment. The big man can go to the secretary or treasurer and say, 'Oh, if you won't pay me at a certain rate, another county will,' and he gains his point. What chance has a little man of making a similar bargain? None at all."

"A fast bowler? No; why should it make a greater difference to him? The public must not forget that he does not generally last as long as a medium pace or slow bowler. That fact explains more than one failure on previous form."

Then Mr. MacLaren cried "enough," and refused to be drawn farther. But I may add he is equally at home with his gun as with his cricket bat, and that if he has a weakness it runs in the direction of greyhounds.



MRS. MACLAREN.
From a Photo. by Vandyck, Melbourne.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Hilda Wade.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

III.—THE EPISODE OF THE WIFE WHO DID HER DUTY.



O make you understand my next yarn, I must go back to the date of my introduction to Hilda.

"It is witchcraft!" I said the first time I saw her, at Le Geyt's luncheon-party.

She smiled a smile which was bewitching, indeed, but by no means witchlike. A frank open smile, with just a touch of natural feminine triumph in it. "No, not witchcraft," she answered, helping herself with her dainty fingers to a burnt almond from the Venetian glass dish. "Not witchcraft. Memory: aided perhaps by some native quickness of perception. Though I say it myself, I never met anyone, I think, whose memory goes quite as far as mine does."

"You don't mean quite as far *back*," I cried, jesting: for she looked about twenty-four, and had cheeks like a ripe nectarine, just as pink and just as softly downy.

She smiled again, showing a row of semi-transparent teeth, with a gleam in the depths of them. She was certainly most attractive. She had that indefinable, incommunicable, unanalyzable personal quality which we know as *charm*.

"No, not as far *back*," she repeated.

"Though, indeed, I often seem to remember things that happened before I was born (like Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth): I recollect so vividly all that I have heard or read about them. But as far *in extent*, I mean. I never let anything drop out of my memory. As this case shows you, I can recall even quite unimportant and casual bits of knowledge, when any chance clue happens to bring them back to me."

She had certainly astonished me. The occasion for my astonishment was the fact that when I handed her my card, "Dr. Hubert Ford Cumberledge, St. Nathaniel's Hospital," she had glanced at it for a second and exclaimed, without sensible pause or break, "Oh, then, of course, you're half Welsh, as I am."

The instantaneousness and apparent inconsecutiveness of her inference took me aback. "Well, m'yes: I *am* half Welsh," I replied. "My mother came from Carnarvonshire. But why *then* and *of course*? I fail to perceive your train of reasoning."

She laughed a sunny little laugh, like one well accustomed to receive such inquiries. "Fancy asking a *woman* to give you 'the train of reasoning' for her intuitions!" she cried, merrily. "That shows, Dr. Cumberledge, that you are a mere man—a man of science, perhaps, but *not* a psychologist. It also suggests that you are a confirmed bachelor. A married man accepts intuitions, without expecting them to be based on reasoning. . . . Well, just this once, I will stretch a point to enlighten you. If I recollect right, your mother died about three years ago?"



"You are quite correct. Then you knew my mother?"

"Oh, dear me, no. I never even met her. Why *then*?" Her look was mischievous. "But, unless I mistake, I think she came from Hendre Coed, near Bangor."

"Wales is a village!" I exclaimed, catching my breath. "Every Welsh person seems to know all about every other."

My new acquaintance smiled again. When she smiled she was irresistible: a laughing face protruding from a cloud of diaphanous drapery. "Now, shall I tell you how I came to know that?" she asked, poisoning a *glacé* cherry on her dessert fork in front of her. "Shall I explain my trick, like the conjurers?"

"Conjurers never explain anything," I answered. "They say, 'So, you see, *that's* how it's done!'—with a swift whisk of the hand—and leave you as much in the dark as ever. Don't explain like the conjurers, but tell me how you guessed it."

She shut her eyes and seemed to turn her glance inward. "About three years ago," she began slowly, like one who reconstructs with an effort a half-forgotten scene, "I saw a notice in the *Times*—Births, Deaths, and Marriages—'On the 27th of October'—was it the 27th?" The keen brown eyes opened again for a second and flashed inquiry into mine.

"Quite right," I answered, nodding.

"I thought so. 'On the 27th of October, at Brynmor, Bournemouth, Emily Olwen Josephine, widow of the late Thomas Cumberledge, sometime colonel of the 7th Bengal Regiment of Foot, and daughter of Iolo Gwyn Ford, Esq., J.P., of Hendre Coed, near Bangor.' Am I correct?" She lifted her dark eyelashes once more and flooded me.

"You are quite correct," I answered, surprised. "And that is really all that you knew of my mother?"

"Absolutely all. The moment I saw your card, I thought to myself, in a breath, 'Ford, Cumberledge: what do I know of those two names? I have some link between them. Ah, yes: found! Mrs. Cumberledge, wife of Colonel Thomas Cumberledge, of the 7th Bengals, was a Miss Ford, daughter of a Mr. Ford, of Bangor.' That came to me like a lightning-gleam. Then I said to myself again, 'Dr. Hubert Ford Cumberledge must be their son.' So there you see you have 'the train of reasoning.' Women *can* reason—sometimes. I had to think twice, though, before I could recall the exact words of the *Times* notice."

"And can you do the same with everyone?"

"Everyone! Oh, come, now: that is expecting too much! I have not read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested everyone's family announcements. I don't pretend to be the Peerage, the Clergy List, and the London Directory rolled into one. I remembered *your* family all the more vividly, no doubt, because of the pretty and unusual old Welsh names, 'Olwen' and 'Iolo Gwyn Ford,' which fixed themselves on my memory by their mere beauty. Everything about Wales always attracts me: my Welsh side is uppermost. But I have hundreds—oh, thousands of such facts stored and pigeon-holed in my memory: if anybody else cares to try me," she glanced round the table, "perhaps we may be able to test my power that way."

Two or three of the company accepted her challenge, giving the full names of their sisters or brothers; and, in three cases out of five, my witch was able to supply either the notice of their marriage or some other like published circumstance. In the instance of Charlie Vere, it is true, she went wrong, just at first, though only in a single small particular: it was not Charlie himself who was gazetted to a sub-lieutenancy in the Warwickshire Regiment, but his brother Walter. However, the moment she was told of this slip, she corrected herself at once, and added, like lightning, "Ah, yes: how stupid of me! I have mixed up the names. Charles Cassilis Vere got an appointment on the same day in the Rhodesian Mounted Police, didn't he?" Which was in point of fact quite accurate.

But I am forgetting that all this time I have not even now introduced my witch to you.

Hilda Wade, when I first saw her, was one of the prettiest, cheeriest, and most graceful girls I have ever met—a dusky blonde, brown-eyed, brown-haired, with a creamy, waxen whiteness of skin that was yet warm and peach-downy. And I wish to insist from the outset upon the plain fact that there was nothing uncanny about her. In spite of her singular faculty of insight, which sometimes seemed to illogical people almost weird or eerie, she was in the main a bright, well-educated, sensible, winsome, lawn-tennis-playing English girl. Her vivacious spirits rose superior to her surroundings, which were often sad enough. But she was above all things wholesome, unaffected, and sparkling—a gleam of sunshine. She laid no claim to supernatural powers: she

held no dealings with familiar spirits: she was simply a girl of strong personal charm, endowed with an astounding memory and a rare measure of feminine intuition. Her memory, she told me, she shared with her father and all her father's family: they were famous for their prodigious faculty in that respect. Her impulsive temperament and quick instincts on the other hand descended to her, she thought, from her mother and her Welsh ancestry.

Externally, she seemed thus at first sight little more than the ordinary pretty, light-hearted English girl, with a taste for field sports (especially riding), and a native love of the country. But at times, one caught in the brightened colour of her lustrous brown eyes certain curious undercurrents of depth, of reserve, and of a questioning wistfulness which made you suspect the presence of profounder elements in her nature. From the earliest moment of our acquaintance, indeed, I can say with truth that Hilda Wade interested me immensely. I felt drawn. Her face had that strange quality of compelling attention for which we have as yet no English name, but which everybody recognises. You could not ignore her. She stood out. She was the sort of girl one was constrained to notice.

It was Le Geyt's first luncheon-party since his second marriage. Big-bearded, genial, he beamed round on us jubilant. He was proud of his wife, and proud of his recent Q.C.-ship. The new Mrs. Le Geyt sat at the head of the table, handsome, capable, self-possessed, a vivid, vigorous woman and a model hostess. Though still quite young, she was large and commanding. Everybody was impressed by her. "Such a good mother to those poor motherless children!" all the ladies declared, in a chorus of applause. And, indeed, she had the face of a splendid manager.

I said as much in an undertone over the ices to Miss Wade, who sat beside me—though I ought not to have discussed them at their own table. "Hugo Le Geyt seems to have made an excellent choice," I murmured. "Maisie and Ettie will be lucky indeed to be taken care of by such a competent step-mother. Don't you think so?"

My witch glanced up at her hostess with a piercing dart of the keen brown eyes, held her wine-glass half raised, and then electrified me by uttering, in the same low voice, audible to me alone, but quite clearly and unhesitatingly, these astounding words:—

"I think, before twelve months are out, 'Mr. Le Geyt will have murdered her.'"

For a minute I could not answer, so startling was the effect of this confident prediction. One does not expect to be told such things at lunch, over the port and peaches, about one's dearest friends, beside their own mahogany. And the assured air of unfaltering conviction with which Hilda Wade said it to a complete stranger took my breath away. *Why* did she think so at all? And *if* she thought so, why choose *me* as the recipient of her singular confidences?

I gasped and wondered.

"What makes you fancy anything so unlikely?" I asked aside at last, behind the Babel of voices. "You quite alarm me."

She rolled a mouthful of apricot ice reflectively on her tongue, and then murmured, in a similar aside, "Don't ask me now. Some other time will do. But, I mean what I say. Believe me, I do not speak at random."

She was quite right, of course. To continue would have been equally rude and foolish. I had perforce to bottle up my curiosity for the moment, and wait till my Sibyl was in the mood for interpreting.

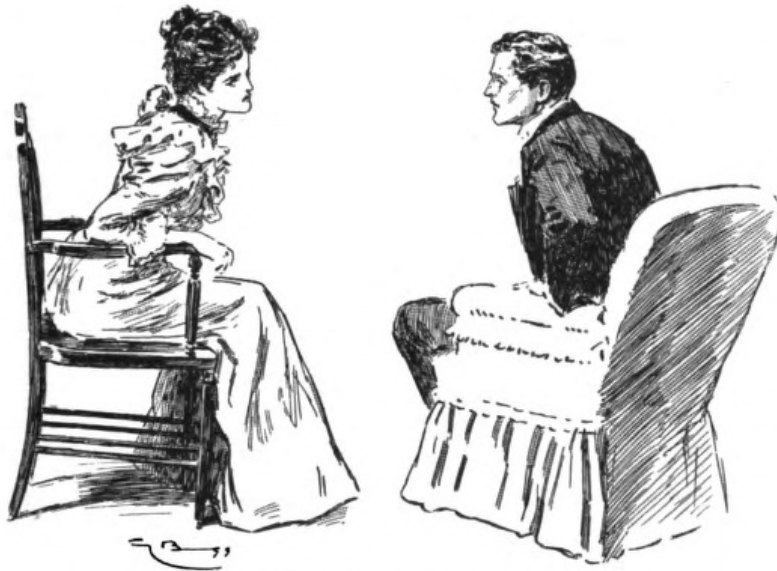
After lunch we adjourned to the drawing-room. Almost at once, Hilda Wade flitted up with her brisk step to the corner where I was sitting. "Oh, Dr. Cumberledge," she began, as if nothing odd had occurred before, "I *was* so glad to meet you and have a chance of talking to you, because I *do* so want to get a nurse's place at St. Nathaniel's."

"A nurse's place!" I exclaimed, a little surprised, surveying her dress of palest and softest Indian muslin, for she looked to me far too much of a butterfly for such serious work. "Do you really mean it, or are you one of the ten thousand modern young ladies who are in quest of a Mission, without understanding that Missions are unpleasant? Nursing, I can tell you, is not all crimped cap and becoming uniform."

"I know that," she answered, growing grave. "I ought to know it. I am a nurse already at St. George's Hospital."

"You a nurse! And at St. George's! Yet you want to change to Nathaniel's? Why? St. George's is in a much nicer part of London, and the patients there come on an average from a much better class than ours in Smithfield."

"I know that too: but . . . Sebastian is at St. Nathaniel's—and I want to be near Sebastian."



"I AM A NURSE ALREADY."

"Professor Sebastian!" I cried, my face lighting up with a gleam of enthusiasm at our great teacher's name. "Ah, if it is to be under Sebastian that you desire, I can see you mean business. I know now you are in earnest."

"In earnest?" she echoed, that strange deeper shade coming over her face as she spoke, while her tone altered. "Yes, I think I am in earnest! It is my object in life to be near Sebastian—to watch him and observe him. I mean to succeed. . . . But, I have given you my confidence, perhaps too hastily, and I must implore you not to mention my wish to him."

"You may trust me implicitly," I answered.

"Oh, yes, I saw that," she put in, with a quick gesture. "Of course, I saw by your face you were a man of honour—a man one could trust—or I would not have spoken to you. But—you promise me?"

"I promise you," I replied, naturally flattered. She was delicately pretty, and her quaint, oracular air, so incongruous with the dainty face and the fluffy brown hair, piqued me not a little. That special mysterious commodity of *charm* seemed to pervade all she did and said. So I added, "And I will mention to Sebastian that you wish for a nurse's place at Nathaniel's. As you have had experience, and can be recommended, I suppose, by Le Geyt's sister," with whom she had come, "no doubt you can secure an early vacancy."

"Thanks so much," she answered, with that delicious smile: it had an infantile simplicity about it which contrasted most piquantly with her prophetic manner.

"Only," I went on, assuming a confidential tone, "you really *must* tell me why you said that just now about Hugo Le Geyt. Recollect, your Delphian utterances have gravely astonished and disquieted me. Hugo is one of my oldest and dearest friends; and I want to know why you have formed this sudden bad opinion of him."

"Not of *him*, but of *her*," she answered, to my surprise, taking a small Norwegian dagger from the what-not and playing with it to distract attention.

"Come, come, now," I cried, drawing back. "You are trying to mystify me.

This is deliberate seer-mongery. You are presuming on your powers. But I am not the sort of man to be caught by horoscopes. I decline to believe it."

She turned on me with a meaning glance. Those truthful eyes fixed me. "I am going from here straight to my hospital," she murmured, with a quiet air of knowledge—talking, I mean to say, like one who really knows. "This room is not the place to discuss this matter, is it? If you will walk back to St. George's with me, I think I can make you see and feel that I am speaking, not at haphazard, but from observation and experience."

Her confidence roused my most vivid curiosity. When she left, I left with her. The Le Geyts lived in one of those new streets of large houses on Campden Hill, so that our way eastward lay naturally through Kensington Gardens. It was a sunny June day, when light pierced even through the smoke of London, and the shrubberies breathed the breath of white lilacs. "Now, what did you mean by that enigmatical saying?" I asked my new Cassandra, as we strolled down the scent-laden path. "Woman's intuition is all very well in its way: but a mere man may be excused if he asks for evidence."

She stopped short as I spoke and gazed full into my eyes. Her hand fingered her parasol handle. "I meant what I said," she answered, with emphasis. "Within one year, Mr. Le Geyt will have murdered his wife. You may take my word for it."

"Le Geyt!" I cried. "Never! I know the man so well! A big, good-natured,

kindly schoolboy! He is the gentlest and best of mortals. Le Geyt a murderer! Im—possible!”

Her eyes were far away. “Has it never occurred to you,” she asked, slowly, with her pythonesse air, “that there are murders and murders?—murders which depend in the main upon the murderer . . . and also murders which depend in the main upon the victim?”

“The victim? How do you mean?”

“Well, there are brutal men who commit murder out of sheer brutality—the ruffians of the slums; and there are sordid men who commit murder for sordid money—the insurers who want to forestall their policies, the poisoners who want to inherit property: but have you ever realized that there are also murderers who become so by accident, through their victims’ idiosyncrasy? I thought all the time while I was watching Mrs. Le Geyt, ‘That woman is of the sort predestined to be murdered.’ . . . And when you asked me, I told you so. I may have been imprudent: still, I saw it, and I said it.”

“But this is second sight!” I cried, drawing away. “Do you pretend to prevision?”

“No, not second sight: nothing uncanny, nothing supernatural. But prevision, yes: prevision based, not on omens or auguries, but on solid fact—on what I have seen and noticed.”

“Explain yourself, oh prophetess!”

She let the point of her parasol make a curved trail on the gravel, and followed its serpentine wavings with her eyes. “You know our house-surgeon?” she asked at last, looking up of a sudden.

“What, Travers? Oh, intimately.”

“Then come to my ward and see. After you have seen you will perhaps believe me.”

Nothing that I could say would get any further explanation out of her just then. “You would laugh at me if I told you,” she persisted: “you won’t laugh when you have seen it.”

We walked on in silence as far as Hyde Park Corner. There my Sphinx tripped lightly up the steps of St. George’s Hospital. “Get Mr. Travers’s leave,” she said, with a nod and a bright smile, “to visit Nurse Wade’s ward. Then come up to me there in five minutes.”

I explained to my friend the house-surgeon that I wished to see certain cases in the accident ward of which I had heard; he smiled a restrained smile—“Nurse Wade, no doubt!” but, of course, gave me per-

mission to go up and look at them. “Stop a minute,” he added, “and I’ll come with you.” When we got there, my witch had already changed her dress, and was waiting for us demurely in the neat dove-coloured gown and smooth white apron of the hospital nurses. She looked even prettier and more meaningful so than in her ethereal outside summer-cloud muslin.

“Come over to this bed,” she said at once to Travers and myself, without the least air of mystery. “I will show you what I mean by it.”

“Nurse Wade has remarkable insight,” Travers whispered to me as we went.

“I can believe it,” I answered.

“Look at this woman,” she went on, aside, in a low voice—“no, *not* the first bed: the one beyond it: number 60. I don’t want the patient to know you are watching her. Do you observe anything odd about her appearance?”

“She is somewhat the same type,” I began, “as Mrs.——”

Before I could get out the words “Le Geyt,” her warning eye and puckering forehead had stopped me. “As the lady we were discussing,” she interposed, with a quiet wave of one hand. “Yes, in some points very much so. You notice in particular her scanty hair—so thin and poor—though she is young and good-looking?”

“It is certainly rather a feeble crop for a woman of her age,” I admitted. “And pale at that, and washy.”

“Precisely. It’s done up behind about as big as a nutmeg . . . Now, observe the contour of her back as she sits up there: it is curiously curved, isn’t it?”

“Very,” I replied. “Not exactly a stoop, nor yet quite a hunch, but certainly an odd spinal configuration.”

“Like our friend’s, once more?”

“Like our friend’s, exactly!”

Hilda Wade looked away, lest she should attract the patient’s attention. “Well, that woman was brought in here, half-dead, assaulted by her husband,” she went on, with a note of unobtrusive demonstration.

“We get a great many such cases,” Travers put in, with true medical unconcern, “very interesting cases: and Nurse Wade has pointed out to me the singular fact that in almost all instances the patients resemble one another physically.”

“Incredible!” I cried. “I can understand that there might well be a type of men who assault their wives, but not, surely, a type of women who get assaulted.”

"That is because you know less about it than Nurse Wade," Travers answered, with an annoying smile of superior knowledge.

Our instructress moved on to another bed, laying one gentle hand as she passed on a patient's forehead. The patient glanced gratitude. "That one again," she said once more, half-indicating a cot at a little distance: "Number 74. She has much the same thin hair—sparse, weak, and colourless. She has much the same curved back, and much the same aggressive, self-assertive features. Looks capable, doesn't she? A born housewife! . . . Well, she too was knocked down and kicked half-dead the other night by her husband."

"It is certainly odd," I answered, "how very much they both recall——"

"Our friend at lunch! Yes, extraordinary. See here": she pulled out a pencil and drew the quick outline of a face in her note-book.



"SHE DREW THE QUICK OUTLINE OF A FACE IN HER NOTE-BOOK."

"That is what is central and essential to the type. They have *this* sort of profile. Women with faces like that *always* get assaulted."

Travers glanced over her shoulder. "Quite true," he assented, with his *bourgeois* nod. "Nurse Wade in her time has shown me dozens of them. Round dozens: bakers' dozens! They all belong to that species. In fact, when a woman of this type is brought in to us wounded now, I ask at once, 'Husband?' and the invariable answer comes pat: 'Well, yes, sir; we had some

words together.' The effect of words, my dear fellow, is something truly surprising."

"They can pierce like a dagger," I mused.

"And leave an open wound behind that requires dressing," Travers added, unsuspecting. Practical man, Travers!

"But *why* do they get assaulted—the women of this type?" I asked, still bewildered.

"Number 87 has her mother just come to see her," my sorceress interposed. "*She's* an assault case; brought in last night: badly kicked and bruised about the head and shoulders. Speak to the mother. She'll explain it all to you."

Travers and I moved over to the cot her hand scarcely indicated. "Well, your daughter looks pretty comfortable this afternoon, in spite of the little fuss," Travers began, tentatively.

"Yus, she's a bit tidy, thank'y," the mother answered, smoothing her soiled black gown, grown green with long service. "She'll git on naow, please Gord. But Joe most did for 'er."

"How did it all happen?" Travers asked, in a jaunty tone, to draw her out.

"Well, it was like this, sir, yer see. My daughter, she's a lidy as keeps 'erself to 'erself, as the sayin' is, an' 'olds 'er 'ead up. She keeps up a proper pride, an' minds 'er 'ouse an' 'er little 'uns. She ain't no gadabaht. But she 'ave a tongue, she 'ave": the mother lowered her voice cautiously lest the "lidy" should hear. "I don't deny it that she 'ave a tongue, at times, through myself 'avin' suffered from it. And when she *do* go on, Lord bless you, why, there ain't no stoppin' of 'er."

"Oh, she has a tongue, has she?" Travers replied, surveying the "case" critically. "Well, you know, she looks like it."

"So she do, sir; so she do.. An' Joe, 'e's a man as wouldn't 'urt a biby—not when 'e's sober, Joe wouldn't. But 'e'd bin aht, that's where it is; an' 'e cum 'ome lite, a bit fresh, through 'avin' bin at the friendly lead: an' my daughter, yer see, she up an' give it to 'im. My word, she *did* give it to 'im! An' Joe, 'e's a peaceable man when 'e ain't a bit fresh: 'e's more like a friend to 'er than an 'usband, Joe is; but 'e lost 'is temper that time, as yer may say, by reason o' bein' fresh, an' 'e knocked 'er abaht a



"SHE DID GIVE IT TO 'IM."

little, an' knocked 'er teeth aht. So we brought 'er to the orspital."

The injured woman raised herself up in bed with a vindictive scowl, displaying as she did so the same whale-like curved back as in the other "cases." "But we've sent 'im to the lock-up," she continued: the scowl giving way fast to a radiant joy of victory as she contemplated her triumph: "an' wot's more, I 'ad the last word of 'im. An' 'e'll git six month for this, the neighbours says; an' when he comes aht again, my Gord, won't 'e ketch it!"

"You look capable of punishing him for it," I answered, and as I spoke, I shuddered: for I saw her expression was precisely the expression Mrs. Le Geyt's face had worn for a passing second when her husband accidentally trod on her dress as we left the dining-room.

My witch moved away. We followed. "Well, what do you say to it now?" she asked, gliding among the beds with noiseless feet and ministering fingers.

"Say to it?" I answered. "That it is wonderful, wonderful. You have quite convinced me."

"You would think so," Travers put in, "if you had been in this ward as often as I have, and observed their faces. It's a dead certainty. Sooner or later, that type of woman is cock-sure to be assaulted."

"In a certain rank of life, perhaps," I answered, still loth to believe it; "but not

surely in ours. Gentlemen do not knock down their wives and kick their teeth out."

My Sibyl smiled. "No: there, class tells," she admitted. "They take longer about it, and suffer more provocation. They curb their tempers. But in the end, one day, they are goaded beyond endurance; and then—a convenient knife—a rusty old sword—a pair of scissors—anything that comes handy, like that dagger this morning. One wild blow—half unpre-

meditated—and . . . the thing is done! Twelve good men and true will find it wilful murder."

I felt really perturbed. "But can we do nothing," I cried, "to warn poor Hugo?"

"Nothing, I fear," she answered. "After all, character must work itself out in its interactions with character. He has married that woman, and he must take the consequences. Does not each of us in life suffer perforce the Nemesis of his own temperament?"

"Then is there not also a type of men who assault their wives?"

"That is the odd part of it—no. All kinds, good and bad, quick and slow, can be driven to it at last. The quick-tempered stab or kick: the slow devise some deliberate means of ridding themselves of their burden."

"But surely we might caution Le Geyt of his danger!"

"It is useless. He would not believe us. We cannot be at his elbow to hold back his hand when the bad moment comes. Nobody will be there, as a matter of fact: for women of this temperament—born naggers, in short, since that's what it comes to—when they are also ladies, graceful and gracious as she is, never nag at all before outsiders. To the world, they are bland: everybody says, 'What charming talkers!' They are 'angels abroad, devils at home,' as the proverb puts it. Some night she will provoke him when they are alone, till she has reached his utmost limit of endurance—and then," she drew one

hand across her dovelike throat, "it will be all finished."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. We human beings go straight like sheep to our natural destiny."

"But—that is fatalism."

"No, not fatalism: insight into temperament. Fatalists believe that your life is arranged for you beforehand from without: willy nilly, you *must* act so. I only believe that in this jostling world your life is mostly determined by your own character, in its interaction with the characters of those who surround you. Temperament works itself out. It is your own acts and deeds that make up Fate for you."

For some months after this first meeting, neither Hilda Wade nor I saw anything more of the Le Geyts. They left town for Scotland at the end of the season: and when all the grouse had been duly slaughtered, and all the salmon duly hooked, they went on to Leicestershire for the opening of fox-hunting: so it was not till after Christmas that they returned to Campden Hill. Meanwhile, I had spoken to Dr. Sebastian about Miss Wade, and on my recommendation he had found her a vacancy at our hospital. "A most intelligent girl, Cumberledge," he remarked to me with a rare burst of approval—for the Professor was always critical—after she had been at work for some weeks at St. Nathaniel's. "I am glad you introduced her here. A nurse with brains is such a valuable accessory—unless of course she takes to *thinking*. But Nurse Wade never *thinks*: she is a useful instrument—does what she's told, and carries out one's orders implicitly."

"She knows enough to know when she doesn't know," I answered. "Which is really the rarest kind of knowledge."

"Unrecorded among young doctors!" the Professor retorted, with his sardonic smile. "They think they understand the human body from top to toe, when in reality—well, they might do the measles!"

Early in January, I was invited again to lunch with the Le Geyts. Hilda Wade was invited too. The moment we entered the house, we were both of us aware that some grim change had come over it. Le Geyt met us in the hall, in his old genial style, it is true, but still with a certain reserve, a curious veiled timidity which we had not known in him. Big and good-humoured as he was, with kindly eyes beneath the shaggy eyebrows, he seemed strangely subdued now:

the boyish buoyancy had gone out of him. He spoke rather lower than was his natural key, and welcomed us warmly though less effusively than of old. An irreproachable housemaid in a spotless cap ushered us into the transfigured drawing-room. Mrs. Le Geyt, in a pretty cloth dress, neatly tailor-made, rose to meet us, beaming the vapid smile of the perfect hostess—that impartial smile which falls, like the rain from Heaven, on good and bad indifferently. "So charmed to see you again, Dr. Cumberledge!" she bubbled out, with a cheerful air—she was always cheerful, mechanically cheerful, from a sense of duty. "It is such a pleasure to meet dear Hugo's old friends. And Miss Wade, too; how delightful! You look so well, Miss Wade! Oh, you're both at St. Nathaniel's now, aren't you? So you can come together. What a privilege for you, Dr. Cumberledge, to have such a clever assistant—or, rather, fellow-worker. It must be a great life, yours, Miss Wade: such a sphere of usefulness! If we can only feel we are *doing good*—that is the main matter. For my own part, I like to be mixed up with every good work that's going on in my neighbourhood: I'm the soup-kitchen, you know, and I'm visitor at the workhouse; and I'm the Dorcas Society, and the Mutual Improvement Class, and the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and to Children, and I'm sure I don't know how much else: so that, what with all that, and what with dear Hugo and the darling children"—she glanced affectionately at Maisie and Ettie, who sat bolt upright, very mute and still, in their best and stiffest frocks, on two stools in the corner—"I can hardly find time for my social duties."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Le Geyt," one of her visitors said with effusion, from beneath a nodding bonnet—she was the wife of a rural dean from Staffordshire; "*everybody* is agreed that *your* social duties are performed to a marvel. They are the envy of Kensington. We all of us wonder, indeed, how one woman can find time for all of it!"

Our hostess looked pleased. "Well, yes," she answered, gazing down at her fawn-coloured dress with a half-suppressed smile of self-satisfaction, "I flatter myself I *can* get through about as much work in a day as anybody!" Her eye wandered round her rooms with a modest air of placid self-approval which was almost comic. Everything in them was as well kept and as well polished as good servants thoroughly drilled could make it. Not a stain or a speck any-

where. A miracle of neatness. Indeed, when I carelessly drew the Norwegian dagger from its scabbard, as we waited for lunch, and found that it stuck in the sheath, I almost started to discover that rust could intrude into that orderly household.



"THE NORWEGIAN DAGGER."

I recollected then how Hilda Wade had pointed out to me during those six months at St. Nathaniel's that the women whose husbands assaulted them were almost always "notable housewives," as they say in America—good souls who prided themselves not a little on their skill in management. They were capable, practical mothers of families, with a boundless belief in themselves, a sincere desire to do their duty, as far as they understood it, and a habit of impressing their virtues upon others which was quite beyond all human endurance. Placidity was their note: provoking placidity. I felt sure it must have been of a woman of this type that the famous phrase was first coined—"Elle a toutes les vertus—et elle est insupportable."

"Clara, dear," her husband said, "shall we go in to lunch?"

"You dear, stupid boy! Are we not all waiting for *you* to give your arm to Lady Maitland?"

The lunch was perfect, and it was perfectly served. The silver glowed: the linen was marked with H. C. Le G. in a most artistic monogram. I noticed that the table decorations were extremely pretty. Somebody com-

plimented our hostess upon them. Mrs. Le Geyt nodded and smiled—"I arranged them. Dear Hugo, in his blundering way—the big darling—forgot to get me the orchids I had ordered. So I had to make shift with what few things our own wee conservatory afforded. Still, with a little taste and a little ingenuity——" She surveyed her handicraft with just pride, and left the rest to our imaginations.

"Only you ought to explain, Clara——" Le Geyt began, in a deprecatory tone.

"Now, you darling old bear, we won't harp on that twice-told tale again," Clara interrupted, with a knowing smile. "*Point de réchauffés!* Let us leave one another's misdeeds and one another's explanations for their proper sphere—the family circle. The orchids did *not* turn up, that is the point; and I managed to make shift with the plumbago and the geraniums. Maisie, my sweet, *not* that pudding, *if* you please: too rich for you, darling. I know your digestive capacities better than you do. I have told you fifty times it doesn't agree with you. A small slice of the other one!"

"Yes, mamma," Maisie answered, with a cowed and cowering air. I felt sure she would have murmured, "Yes, mamma," in the self-same tone if the second Mrs. Le Geyt had ordered her to hang herself.

"I saw you out in the park, yesterday, on your bicycle, Ettie," Le Geyt's sister, Mrs. Mallet, put in. "But do you know, dear, I didn't think your jacket was half warm enough."

"Mamma doesn't like me to wear a warmer one," the child answered, with a visible shudder of recollection, "though I should love to, Aunt Lina."

"My precious Ettie, what nonsense—for a violent exercise like bicycling! Where one gets so hot! So unbecomingly hot! You'd be simply stifled, darling." I caught a darted glance which accompanied the words and which made Ettie recoil into the recesses of her pudding.

"But yesterday was so cold, Clara," Mrs. Mallet went on, actually venturing to oppose the infallible authority. "A nipping morning. And such a flimsy coat! Might not the dear child be allowed to judge for herself in a matter purely of her own feelings?"

Mrs. Le Geyt, with just the shadow of a shrug, was all sweet reasonableness. She smiled more suavely than ever. "Surely, Lina," she remonstrated, in her frankest and most convincing tone, "*I* must know best what is good for dear Ettie when I have been

watching her daily for more than six months past, and taking the greatest pains to understand both her constitution and her disposition. She needs hardening, Ettie does. Hardening. Don't you agree with me, Hugo?"

Le Geyt shuffled uneasily in his chair. Big man as he was, with his great black beard and manly bearing, I could see he was afraid to differ from her overtly. "Well, —m— perhaps, Clara," he began, peering from under the shaggy eyebrows, "it would be best for a delicate child like Ettie——"

Mrs. Le Geyt smiled a compassionate smile. "Ah, I forgot," she cooed sweetly. "Dear Hugo never *can* understand the upbringing of children. It is a sense denied him. We women know"—with a sage nod. "They were wild little savages when I took them in hand first—weren't you, Maisie? Do you remember, dear, how you broke the looking-glass in the boudoir like an untamed young monkey? Talking of monkeys, Mr. Cotswould, *have* you seen those delightful, clever, amusing French pictures at that place in Suffolk Street? There's a man there—a Parisian—I forget his honoured name—Leblanc, or Lenoir, or Lebrun, or something—but he's a most humorous artist, and he paints monkeys and storks and all sorts of queer beasties *almost* as quaintly and expressively as you do. Mind, I say *almost*, for I will never allow that any Frenchman could do anything *quite* so good, quite so funnily mock-human, as your marabouts and professors."

"What a charming hostess Mrs. Le Geyt makes," the painter observed to me after lunch. "Such tact! Such discrimination! . . . And, what a devoted step-mother!"

"She is one of the local secretaries of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children," I said, drily.

"And charity begins at home," Hilda Wade added, in a significant aside.

We walked home together as far as Stanhope Gate. Our sense of doom oppressed us. "And yet," I said, turning to her, as we left the doorstep, "I don't doubt Mrs. Le Geyt really believes she *is* a model step-mother!"

"Of course she believes it," my witch answered. "She has no more

doubt about that than about anything else. Doubts are not in her line. She does everything exactly as it ought to be done—who should know if not she?—and therefore she is never afraid of criticism. Hardening, indeed! that poor slender, tender, shrinking little Ettie! A frail exotic. She would harden her into a skeleton if she had her way. Nothing's much harder than a skeleton I suppose, except Mrs. Le Geyt's manner of training one."

"I should be sorry to think," I broke in, "that that sweet little, floating thistledown of a child I once knew was to be done to death by her."

"Oh, as for that, she will *not* be done to death," Hilda answered, in her confident way. "Mrs. Le Geyt won't live long enough." I started. "You think not?"

"I don't think. I am sure of it. We are at the fifth act now. I watched Mr. Le Geyt closely all through lunch, and I'm more confident than ever that the end is coming. He is temporarily crushed: but he is like steam in a boiler, seething, seething, seething. One



day, she will sit on the safety-valve, and the explosion will come. When it comes"—she raised aloft one quick hand in the air as if striking a dagger home—"good-bye to her!"

For the next few months I saw much of Le Geyt; and the more I saw of him, the more I saw that my witch's prognosis was essentially correct. They never quarrelled: but Mrs. Le Geyt in her unobtrusive way held a quiet hand over her husband which became increasingly apparent. In the midst of her fancy-work (those busy fingers were never idle) she kept her eyes well fixed on him. Now and again I saw him glance at his motherless girls with what looked like a tender protecting regret, especially when "Clara" had been most openly drilling them: but he dared not interfere. She was crushing their spirit as she was crushing their father's—and all, bear in mind, for the best of motives! She had their interest at heart: she wanted to do what was right for them. Her manner to him and to them was always honey-sweet—in all externals; yet one could somehow feel it was the velvet glove that masked the iron hand: not cruel, not harsh even, but severely, irresistibly, unflinchingly crushing. "Ettie, my dear, get your brown hat at once. What's that? Going to rain? I did not ask you, my child, for *your* opinion on the weather. My own suffices. A headache? Oh, nonsense! Headaches are caused by want of exercise. Nothing so good for a touch of headache as a nice brisk walk in Kensington

Gardens. Maisie, don't hold your sister's hand like that: it is imitation sympathy! You are aiding and abetting her in setting my wishes at naught. Now, no long faces! What *I* require is *cheerful* obedience."

A bland, autocratic martinet, smiling, inexorable! Poor, pale Ettie grew thinner and wanner under her law daily, while Maisie's temper, naturally docile, was being spoiled before one's eyes by persistent, needless thwarting.

As spring came on, however, I began to hope that things were really mending. Le Geyt looked brighter; some of his own careless, happy-go-lucky self came back again at intervals. He told me once, with a wistful sigh, that he thought of sending the children to school in the country—it would be better for them, he said, and would take a little work off dear Clara's shoulders: for never even to me was he disloyal to Clara. I encouraged him in the idea. He went on to say that the great difficulty in the way was . . . Clara. She was *so* conscientious: she thought it her duty to look after the children herself, and couldn't bear to delegate any part of that duty to others. Besides, she had such an excellent opinion of the Kensington High School!

When I told Hilda Wade of this, she set her teeth together and answered at once: "That settles it! The end is very near. *He* will insist upon their going, to save them from that woman's ruthless kindness: and *she* will refuse to give up any part of what she calls her duty. *He* will reason with her: he will



"THAT SETTLES IT! THE END IS VERY NEAR."

plead for his children: *she* will be adamant. Not angry—it is never the way of that temperament to get angry: just calmly, sedately, and insupportably provoking. When she goes too far, he will flare up at last: some taunt will rouse him: the explosion will come: and . . . the children will go to their Aunt Lina, whom they dote upon. When all is said and done, it is the poor man I pity!"

"You said within twelve months."

"That was a bow drawn at a venture. It may be a little sooner: it may be a little later. But—next week or next month—it is coming: it is coming!"

June smiled upon us once more; and on the afternoon of the 13th, the anniversary of our first lunch together at the Le Geyts, I was up at my work in the accident ward at St. Nathaniel's. "Well, the ides of June have come, Sister Wade!" I said, when I met her, parodying Cæsar.

"But not yet gone," she answered; and a profound sense of foreboding spread over her speaking face as she uttered the words.

Her oracle disquieted me. "Why, I dined there last night," I cried, "and all seemed exceptionally well."

"The calm before a storm, perhaps," she murmured.

Just at that moment I heard a boy crying in the street, "*Pall Mall Gazette*: 'ere y'are: speshul edishun! Shocking tragedy at the West-end! Orful murder! 'Ere y'are! Speshul *Globe*! *Pall Mall*, extry speshul!"

A weird tremor broke over me. I walked down into the street and bought a paper. There it stared me in the face on the middle page: "Tragedy at Campden Hill: Well-known Barrister murders his Wife: Sensational Details."

I looked closer and read. It was just as I feared. The Le Geyts! After I left their house the night before, husband and wife must have quarrelled, no doubt over the question of the children's schooling: and at some provoking word, as it seemed, Hugo must have snatched up a knife—"a little ornamental Norwegian dagger,"

the report said, "which happened to lie close by on the cabinet in the drawing-room," and plunged it into his wife's heart. "The unhappy lady died instantaneously, by all appearances, and the dastardly crime was not discovered by the servants till eight o'clock this morning. Mr. Le Geyt is missing."

I rushed up with the news to Nurse Wade, who was at work in the accident ward. She turned pale, but bent over her patient and said nothing.

"It is fearful to think," I groaned out at last, "for us who know all—that poor Le Geyt will be hanged for it! Hanged for attempting to protect his children!"

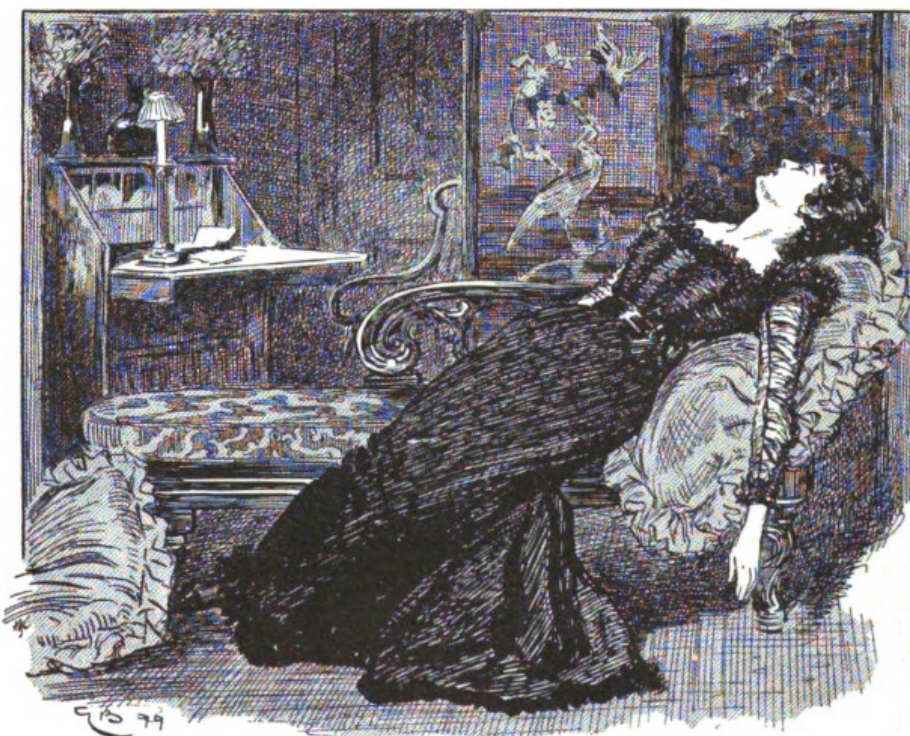
"He will *not* be hanged," my witch answered, with the same unquestioning confidence as ever.

"Why not?" I asked, astonished once more at this bold prediction.

She went on bandaging the arm of the patient whom she was attending. "Because . . . he will commit suicide," she replied, without moving a muscle.

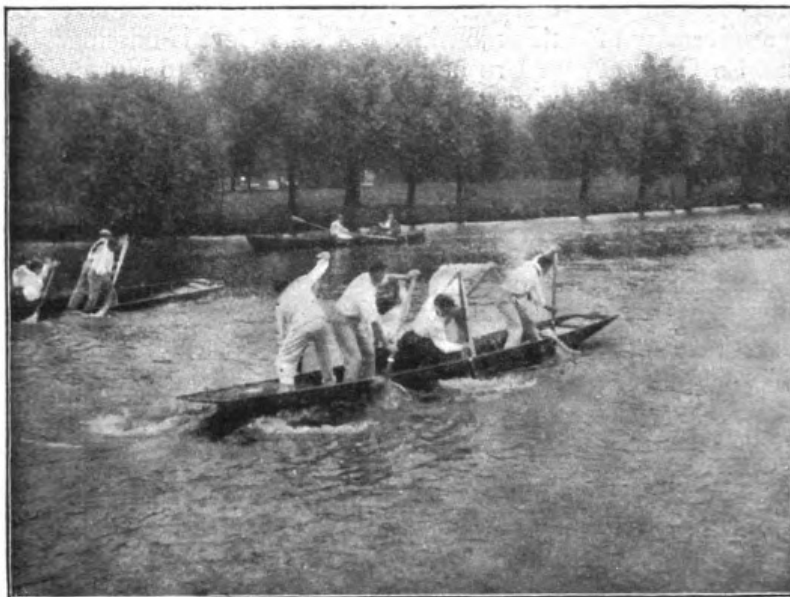
"How do you know that?"

She stuck a steel safety-pin with deft fingers into the roll of lint. "When I have finished my day's work," she answered slowly, still continuing the bandage, "I may perhaps find time to tell you."



Curious Water Sports.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. CALLCOTT.



[From a]

DONGOLA RACE.

[Photograph.



WITH the growing popularity of the river amongst pleasure-seekers, the list of sports connected with it has of recent years become a much more formidable one. The old forms of racing were too slow, and needed too much hard work and preliminary training for the man who is anxious to show his skill without the expenditure of any great amount of labour or time. An account of some of the novelties recently introduced may be of interest, especially to those who may be thinking of organizing such sports during the coming months.

The first of these novelties seems to have been the Dongola race; why so called it is impossible to say. It is rowed in punts propelled by six ladies or gentlemen, armed generally with paddles, though sometimes punting-poles are used. This was,

I believe, first introduced at Molesey, which has always been the happy hunting-ground of the more frivolous water sports. It is now very general at nearly all the up-river regattas except Henley, which needs no such attractions and sticks entirely to business. From this was developed the tug-of-war in punts. The two punts are fastened together at one end and placed broadside across the river, when the crews paddle in opposite directions, each trying to drag the opposing boat to the bank. The struggle very frequently ends in one at least of the

punts being filled with water, and gradually sinking beneath the feet of its crew. For this reason, no doubt, the pastime has not yet found favour with the fair sex, but is confined to those who do not object to a ducking.

Another development of punting is "punting in canoes." This also was first seen at Molesey Invitation Regatta, and on this occasion hardly one of the competitors was able to bring his frail craft to the winning-



[From a]

TUG-OF-WAR IN PUNTS.

[Photograph.

post—a canoe, of course, being very much more liable to be upset when the occupier is standing upright than is the case with a punt. Many performers have since, by practice, become very expert in its management, and the sport may now frequently be seen at other regattas.

Water jousting in canoes is also an innovation. In the old sport, common



From a]

A WATER TOURNAMENT.

[Photograph.



From a]

PUNTING IN CANOES.

[Photograph.

amongst watermen, the competitors stood at the end of punts and tried to upset each other's equilibrium by thrusts from mops. The amateur in adopting this amusement has replaced the punt by a canoe, and in some cases a water tournament is organized where three boats distinguished by red mops contend against an equal number armed with blue mops.

The tub race, too,
Vol. xvii.—67

which was always held at old-fashioned regattas for the benefit of the boys, who generally paddled about with a spade for some time, going in no particular direction, finally upsetting their lop-sided craft without arriving at their destination, has been imitated in the coracle race, also introduced at Molesey Invitation Regatta. The coracle is very similar to the tub, but has rather greater floating abilities, and with proper paddles can be navigated in a very satisfactory manner.

The walking the greasy pole for a pig is a very old form of pastime which



From a]

A CORACLE RACE.

[Photograph.

always causes amusement. As it is nearly always the last item in a regatta programme, it is rather difficult to get enough light for a photograph, and one taken at Sunbury will probably be of interest.

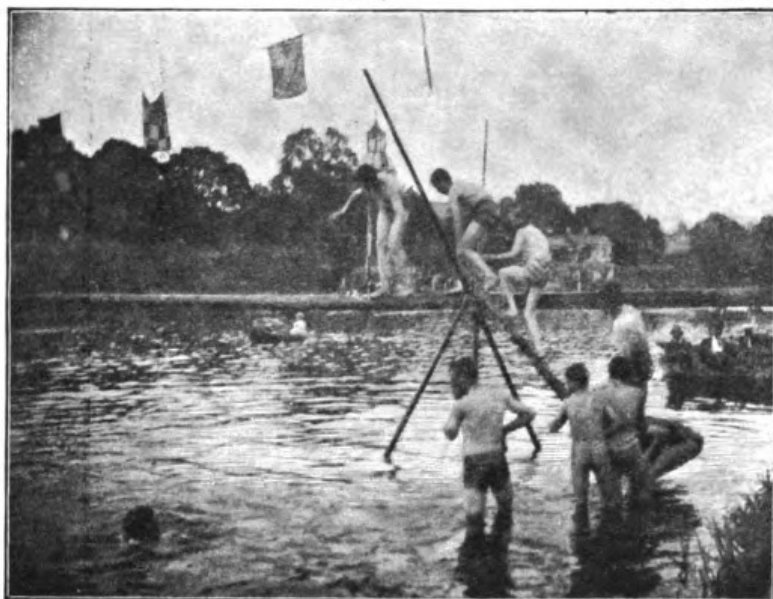
The Water Derby is seen at many regattas both on the river and on the coast, the sport consisting in propelling oneself by means of a paddle while astride



From a]

THE WATER DERBY.

[Photograph.



From a]

WALKING THE GREASY POLE.

[Photograph.

of a tub decorated with a horse's head. The steeds generally seem rather unruly, and the riders are more frequently thrown than not.

Log-rolling cannot be said to have yet been introduced in this country as a sport, it being confined to a few exponents of the art who have had a proper training, but one of these recently



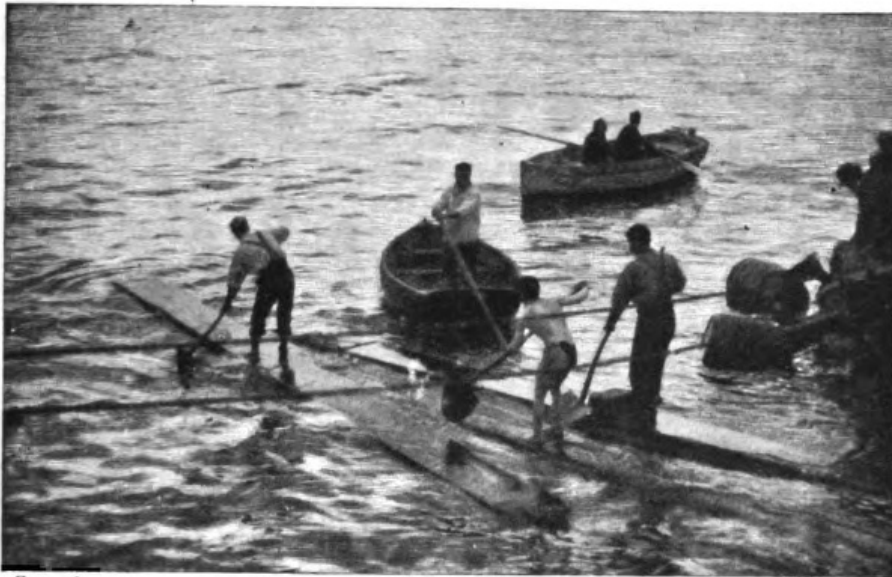
From a]

LOG-ROLLING.

Original from

[Photograph.

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From a]

PLANK ROWING.

[Photograph.

river, was remarkable for the peculiarity of the vessels entered. The only conditions were that the craft employed must be of a kind not previously used in a race, and that on reaching the opposite bank the competitor must land and drag his boat after him round a pole and paddle back again to the



From a]

THE JUBILEE RACE.

[Photograph.



From a]

NOVELTY RACE.

[Photograph.

starting-point. The makeshift craft used included a clothes - basket, a table turned upside down, a washing-tub, and an air-mattress, the latter finishing first, while most of the others performed somersaults in mid-stream.

The Jubilee race at Molesey Invitation Regatta held at the end of the 1897 season was a race between two

eights, one being a representative Molesey B.C. eight of 1897, and the other composed of old members of the club supposed to be of the time of 1837, and dressed in the costume of the period. The race looked like a win for the 1837 crew until within a few yards of the finish, when the boat capsized, and the top-hatted crew had to swim ashore.



I. PRETTY girl stood alone on the jetty of an old-fashioned wharf at Wapping, looking down upon the silent deck of a schooner below. No smoke issued from the soot-stained cowl of the galley, and the fore-scuttle and the companion were both inhospitably closed. The quiet of evening was over everything, broken only by the whirr of the paddles of a passenger-steamer as it passed carefully up the centre of the river, or the plash of a lighterman's huge sweep as he piloted his unwieldy craft down on the last remnant of the ebb-tide. In-shore, various craft sat lightly on the soft Thames mud: some affecting a rigid uprightness, others with their decks at various angles of discomfort.

The girl stood a minute or two in thought, and put her small foot out tentatively towards the rigging some few feet distant. It was an awkward jump, and she was still considering it, when she heard footsteps behind, and a young man, increasing his pace as he saw her, came rapidly on to the jetty.

"This is the *Foam*, isn't it?" inquired the girl, as he stood expectantly. "I want to see Captain Flower."

"He went ashore about half an hour ago," said the other.

The girl tapped impatiently with her foot. "You don't know what time he'll be back, I suppose?" she inquired.

He shook his head. "I think he's gone for the evening," he said, pondering; "he was very careful about his dress."

The ghost of a smile trembled on the girl's

lips. "He has gone to call for me," she said. "I must have missed him. I wonder what I'd better do."

"Wait here till he comes back," said the man, without hesitation.

The girl wavered. "I suppose he'll guess I've come here," she said, thoughtfully.

"Sure to," said the other, promptly.

"It's a long way to Poplar," she said, reflectively. "You're Mr. Fraser, the mate, I suppose? Captain Flower has spoken to me about you."

"That's my name," said the other.

"My name's Tyrell," said the girl, smiling. "I daresay you've heard Captain Flower mention it?"

"Must have done," said Fraser, slowly. He stood looking at the girl before him, at her dark hair and shining dark eyes, inwardly wondering why the captain, a fervid admirer of the sex, had *not* mentioned her.

"Will you come on board and wait?" he asked. "I'll bring a chair up on deck for you if you will."

The girl stood a moment in consideration, and then, with another faint reference to the distance of Poplar from Wapping, assented. The mate sprang nimbly into the ratlines, and then, extending a hand, helped her carefully to the deck.

"How nice it feels to be on a ship again!" said the girl, looking contentedly about her as the mate brought up a canvas chair from below. "I used to go with my father sometimes when he was alive, but I haven't been on a ship now for two years or more."

The mate, who was watching her closely, made no reply. He was thinking that a

straw hat with scarlet flowers went remarkably well with the dark eyes and hair beneath it, and also that the deck of the schooner had never before seemed such an inviting place as it was at this moment.

"Captain Flower keeps his ship in good condition," said the visitor, somewhat embarrassed by his gaze.

"He takes a pride in her," said Fraser; "and it's his uncle's craft, so there's no stint. She never wants for paint or repairs, and Flower's as nice a man to sail under as one could wish. We've had the same crew for years."

"He's very kind and jolly," said the girl.

"He's one of the best fellows breathing," said the mate, warmly; "he saved my life once—went overboard after me when we were doing over ten knots an hour, and was nearly drowned himself."

"That was fine of him," said Miss Tyrell, eagerly. "He never told me anything about it, and I think that's rather fine too. I like brave men. Have you ever been overboard after anybody?"

Fraser shook his head somewhat despondently. "I'm not much of a swimmer," said he.

"But you'd go in for anybody if you saw them drowning?" persisted Miss Tyrell, in a surprised voice.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Fraser. "I hope I should."

"Do you mean to say," said Miss Tyrell, severely, "that if I fell into the river here, for instance, you wouldn't jump in and try to save me?"

"Of course I should," said Fraser, hotly. "I should jump in after you if I couldn't swim a stroke."

Miss Tyrell, somewhat taken aback, murmured her gratification.

"I should go in after you," continued the mate, who was loth to depart from the subject, "if it was blowing a gale, and the sea full of sharks."

"What a blessing it is there are no sharks round our coast," said Miss Tyrell, in somewhat of a hurry to get away from the mate's heroism. "Have you ever seen one?"

"Saw them in the Indian

Ocean when I was an apprentice," replied Fraser.

"You've been on foreign-going ships, then?" said the girl. "I wonder you gave it up for this."

"This suits me better," said Fraser; "my father's an old man, and he wanted me home. I shall have a little steamer he's got an interest in as soon as her present skipper goes, so it's just as well for me to know these waters."

In this wise they sat talking until evening gave way to night, and the deck of the *Foam* was obscured in shadow. Lamps were lit on the wharves, and passing craft hung out their side-lights. The girl rose to her feet.

"I won't wait any longer; I must be going," she said.

"He may be back at any moment," urged the mate.

"No, I'd better go, thank you," replied the girl; "it's getting late. I don't like going home alone."

"I'll come with you, if you'll let me," said the mate, eagerly.

"All the way?" said Miss Tyrell, with the air of one bargaining.

"Of course," said Fraser.

"Well, I'll give him another half-hour,



"Saw them in the Indian Ocean when I was an apprentice," replied Fraser.

"I SHOULD JUMP IN AFTER YOU IF I COULDN'T SWIM A STROKE."

Original from
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then," said the girl, calmly. "Shall we go down into the cabin? It's rather chilly up here now."

The mate showed her below, and, lighting the lamp, took a seat opposite and told her a few tales of the sea, culled when he was an apprentice, and credulous of ear. Miss Tyrell retaliated with some told her by her father, from which Fraser was able to form his own opinion of that estimable mariner. The last story was of a humorous nature, and the laughter which ensued grated oddly on the ear of the sturdy, good-looking seaman who had just come on board. He stopped at the companion for a moment listening in amazement, and then, hastily descending, entered the cabin.

"Poppy!" he cried. "Why, I've been waiting up at the Wheelers' for you for nearly a couple of hours."

"I must have missed you," said Miss Tyrell, serenely. "Annoying, isn't it?"

The master of the *Foam* said it was, and seemed from his manner to be anxious to do more justice to the subject than that.

"I didn't dream you'd come down here," he said, at length.

"No, you never invited me, so I came without," said the girl, softly; "it's a dear little schooner, and I like it very much. I shall come often."

A slight shade passed over Captain Flower's face, but he said nothing.

"You must take me back now," said Miss Tyrell. "Good-bye, Mr. Fraser."

She held out her hand to the mate, and giving a friendly pressure, left the cabin, followed by Flower.

The mate let them get clear of the ship, and then, clambering on to the jetty, watched them off the wharf, and, plunging his hands into his pockets, whistled softly.

"Poppy Tyrell," he said to himself, slowly. "Poppy Tyrell! I wonder why the skipper has never mentioned her. I wonder why she took his arm. I wonder whether she knows that he's engaged to be married."

Deep in thought he paced slowly up and down the wharf, and then wandered listlessly round the piled-up empties and bags of sugar in the open floor beneath the warehouse. A glance through the windows of the office showed him the watchman slumbering peacefully by the light of a solitary gas-jet, and he went back to the schooner and gazed at the dark water and the dim shapes of the neighbouring craft in a vein of gentle melancholy. He walked to the place where her chair had been, and tried to conjure up the scene again; then, becoming uncertain as to the exact spot, went down to the cabin, where, the locker being immovable, no such difficulty presented itself. He gazed his fill

and then, smoking a meditative pipe, turned in and fell fast asleep.

He was awakened suddenly from a dream of rescuing a small shark surrounded by a horde of hungry Poppies, by the hurried and dramatic entrance of Captain Fred Flower. The captain's eyes were wild and his face harassed, and he unlocked the door of his state-room and stood with the handle of it in his hand before he paused to answer the question in the mate's sleepy eyes.

"It's all right, Jack," he said, breathlessly.

"I'm glad of that," said the mate, calmly.

"I hurried a bit," said the skipper.

"Anxious to see me again, I suppose," said the mate; "what are you listening for?"

"Thought I heard somebody in the water as I came aboard," said Flower, glibly.

"What have you been up to?" inquired the other, quickly.

Captain Flower turned and regarded him with a look of offended dignity.

"Good heavens! don't look like that," said the mate, misreading it. "You haven't chucked anybody overboard, have you?"

"If anybody should happen to come aboard this vessel," said Flower, without deigning to reply to the question, "and ask questions about the master of it, he's as unlike me, Jack, as any two



THE CAPTAIN.

people in this world can be. D'ye understand?"

"You'd better tell me what you've been up to," urged the mate.

"As for your inquisitiveness, Jack, it don't become you," said Flower, with severity; "but I don't suppose it'll be necessary to trouble you at all."

He walked out of the cabin and stood listening at the foot of the companion-ladder, and the mate heard him walk a little way up. When he re-entered the cabin his face had cleared, and he smiled comfortably.

"I shall just turn in for an hour," he said, amiably; "good-night, Jack."

"Good-night," said the curious mate. "I say——" he sat up suddenly in his bunk and looked seriously at the skipper.

"Well?" said the other.

"I suppose," said the mate, with a slight cough—"I suppose it's nothing about that girl that was down here?"

"Certainly not," said Flower, violently. He extinguished the lamp, and, entering his state-room, closed the door and locked it, and the mate, after lying a little while drowsily wondering what it all meant, fell asleep again.

II.

WHILE the skipper and mate slumbered peacefully below, the watchman sat on a post at the extreme end of the jetty, yearning for human society and gazing fearfully behind him at the silent, dimly-lit wharf. The two gas-lamps high up on the walls gave but a faint light, and in

no way dispelled the deep shadows thrown by the cranes and the piled-up empties which littered the place. He gazed intently at the dark opening of the floor beneath the warehouse, half-fancying that he could again discern the veiled apparition which had looked in at him through the office window, and had finally vanished before his horror-struck eyes in a corner the only outlet to which was a grating. Albeit a careful man and tender, the watchman pinched himself. He was

awake, and, rubbing the injured part, swore softly.

"If I go down and tell 'em," he murmured softly, in allusion to the crew, "what'll they do? Laugh at me."

He glanced behind him again, and, rising hastily to his feet, nearly fell on to the deck below as a dark figure appeared for a moment at the opening and then vanished again. With more alacrity than might have been expected of a man of his figure, he dropped into the rigging and lowered himself on to the schooner.

The scuttle was open, and the seamen's lusty snores fell upon his ears like sweet music. He backed down the ladder, and groped in the darkness towards the bunks with outstretched hand. One snore stopped instantly.

"Eh!" said a sleepy voice. "Wot! 'Ere, what the blazes are you up to?"

"A' right, Joe," said the watchman, cheerfully.

"But it ain't all right," said the seaman, sharply, "comin' down in the dark an' ketchin' 'old o' people's noses. Give me quite a start, you did."

"It's nothing to the start I've 'ad," said the other, pathetically; "there's a ghost on the wharf, Joe. I want you to come up with me and see what it is."

"Yes, I'm sure to do that," said Joe, turning over in his bunk till it creaked with his weight. "Go away, and let me get to sleep again. I don't get a night's rest like you do, you know."

"Wha's the matter?" inquired a sleepy voice.

"Old George 'ere ses

there's a ghost on the wharf," said Joe.

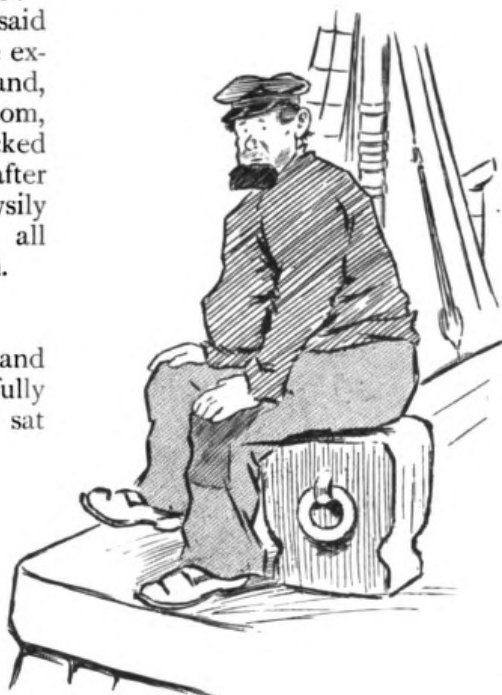
"I've seen it three times," said the watchman, eager for sympathy.

"I expect it's a death-warning for you, George," said the voice, solemnly. "The last watchman died sudden, you remember."

"So he did," said Joe.

"His 'art was wrong," said George, curtly; "'ad been for years."

"Well, we can't do nothin' for you, George," said Joe, kindly; "it's no good us going up. We sha'n't see it. It isn't meant for us."



"HALF-FANCYING THAT HE COULD DISCERN THE VEILED APPARITION."

"Ow d'yer know it's a ghost?" said a third voice, impatiently; "very likely while you're all jawing about it down 'ere it's a-burglin' the offis."

Joe gave a startled grunt, and, rolling out of his bunk, grabbed his trousers, and began to dress. Three other shadowy forms followed suit, and, hastily dressing, followed the watchman on deck and gained the wharf. They went through the gloomy ground floor in a body, yawning sleepily.

"I shouldn't like to be a watchman," said a young ordinary seaman named Tim, with a shiver; "a ghost might easy do anything with you while you was all alone. P'r'aps it walks up an' down behind you, George, makin' faces. We shall be gorn in another hour, George."

The office, when they reached it, was undisturbed, and, staying only long enough to drink the watchman's coffee, which was heating over a gas-jet, they left it and began to search the wharf, Joe leading with a lantern.

There was a faint scream and an exclamation of triumph from the seaman. "I've got it!" he shouted.

The others followed hastily, and saw the fearless Joe firmly gripping the apparition. At the sight the cook furtively combed his hair with his fingers, while Tim modestly buttoned up his jacket.

"Take this lantern, so's I can hold her better," said Joe, extending it.

The cook took it from him and, holding it up, revealed the face of a tall, good-looking woman of some seven or eight and twenty.

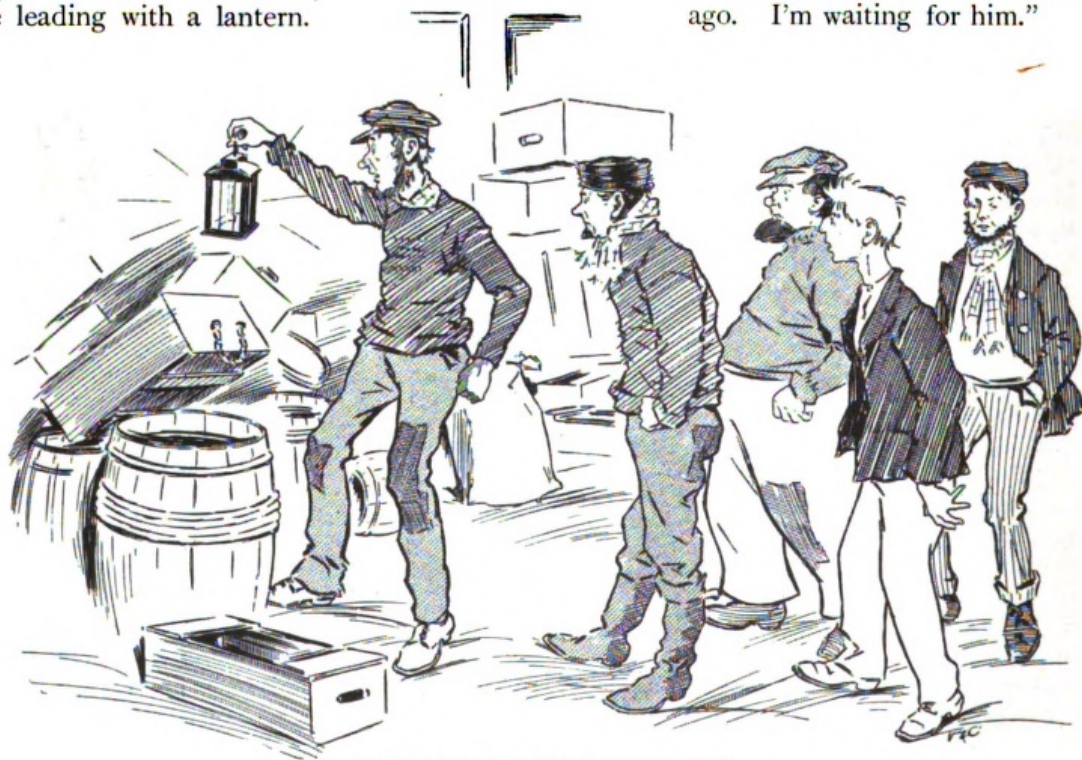
"What are you doin' here?" demanded the watchman, with official austerity.

"I'm waiting for a friend of mine," said the visitor, struggling with Joe. "Make this man leave go of me, please."

"Joe," said the watchman, with severity, "I'm ashamed of you. Who is your friend, miss?"

"His name is Robinson," said the lady.

"He came on here about an hour ago. I'm waiting for him."



"THEY BEGAN TO SEARCH THE WHARF."

"Are we all 'ere?" demanded Tim, suddenly.

"I am," said the cook, emphatically.

"Cos I see su'thing right behind them bags o' sugar," said the youth, clutching hold of the cook on one side and the watchman on the other. "Spread out a bit, chaps."

Joe dashed boldly round with the lantern.

"There's nobody here," said the watchman, shaking his head.

"I think he has gone on that little ship," said the lady; "I suppose I can wait here till he comes off. I'm not doing any harm."

"The ship'll sail in about an hour's time, miss," said Tim, regretfully, "but there ain't nobody o' the name of Robinson aboard her."

All the crew's 'ere, and there's only the skipper and mate on her besides."

"You can't deceive me, young man, so don't try it," said the lady, sharply. "I followed him on here, and he hasn't gone off, because the gate has been locked since."

"I can't think who the lady means," said Joe. "I ain't seen nobody come aboard. If he did, he's down the cabin."

"Well, I'll go down there," said the lady, promptly.

"Well, miss, it's nothing to do with us," said Joe, "but it's my opinion you'll find the skipper and mate has turned in."

"Well, I'm going down," said the lady, gripping her parasol firmly by the middle; "they can't eat me."

She walked towards the *Foam*, followed by the perplexed crew, and with the able assistance of five pairs of hands reached the deck. The companion was open, and at Joe's whispered instructions she turned and descended the steps backwards.

It was at first quite dark in the cabin, but as the visitor's eyes became accustomed to it, she could just discern the outlines of a small table, while a steady breathing assured her that somebody was sleeping close by. Feeling her way to the table she discovered a locker, and taking a seat coughed gently. The breathing continuing quite undisturbed, she coughed again, twice.

The breathing stopped suddenly. "Who the devil's that coughing?" asked a surprised voice.

"I beg pardon, I'm sure," said the visitor, "but is there a Mr. Robinson down here?"

The reply was so faint and smothered that she could not hear it. It was evident that the speaker, a modest man, was now speaking from beneath the bed-clothes.

"Is Mr. Robinson here?" she repeated, loudly.

"Never heard of him," said the smothered voice.

"It's my opinion," said the visitor, hotly, "that you're trying to deceive me. Have you got a match?"

The owner of the voice said that he had not, and with chilly propriety added that he wouldn't give it to her if he had. Whereupon the lady rose, and, fumbling on the little mantelpiece, found a box and struck

one. There was a lamp fixed at the side of the mantelpiece, and calmly removing the chimney she lit it.

A red, excited face, with the bed-clothes fast about its neck, appeared in a small bunk and stared at her in speechless amaze. The visitor returned his gaze calmly, and then looked carefully round the cabin.

"Where does that lead to?" she asked, pointing to the door of the state-room.

The mate, remembering in time the mysterious behaviour of Flower, considered the situation. "That's the pantry," he said, untruthfully.

The visitor rose and tried the handle. The door was locked, and she looked doubtfully at the mate. "I suppose that's a leg of mutton I can hear asleep in there," she said, with acerbity.

"You can suppose what you like," said the



"WHY DON'T YOU GO AWAY?"

mate, testily; "why don't you go away? I'm surprised at you."

"You'll be more surprised before I've done with you," said the lady, with emotion. "My Fred's in there, and you know it."

"Your Fred!" said Fraser, in great surprise.

"Mr. Robinson," said the visitor, correcting herself.

"I tell you there's nobody in there except the skipper," said the mate.

"You said it was the pantry just now," exclaimed the other, sharply.

"The skipper sleeps in the pantry so's he can keep his eye on the meat," explained Fraser.

The visitor looked at him angrily. "What sort of a man is he?" she inquired, suddenly.

"You'll soon know if he comes out," said the mate. "He's the worst-tempered man afloat, I should think. If he comes out and finds you here, I don't know what he'll do."

"I'm not afraid of him," said the other, with spirit. "What do you call him? Skipper?"

The mate nodded, and the visitor tapped loudly at the door. "Skipper!" she cried, "Skipper!"

No answer being vouchsafed, she repeated her cry in a voice louder than before.

"He's a heavy sleeper," said the perturbed Fraser; "better go away, there's a good girl."

The lady, scornfully ignoring him, rapped on the door and again called upon its occupant. Then, despite her assurance, she sprang back with a scream as a reply burst through the door with the suddenness and fury of a thunder-clap.

"HALLOA!" it said.

"My goodness," said the visitor, aghast. "What a voice! What a terrible voice!"

She recovered herself and again approached the door.

"Is there a gentleman named Robinson in there?" she asked, timidly.

"GENTLEMAN - NAMED - WHO?" came the thunder-clap again.

"Robinson," said the lady, faintly.

"No! No!" said the thunder-clap. Then—"GO AWAY," it rumbled. "GO AWAY."

The reverberation of that mighty voice rolled and shook through the cabin. It even affected the mate, for the visitor, glancing towards him, saw that he had nervously concealed himself beneath the bed-clothes, and was shaking with fright.

"I daresay his bark is worse than his bite," said the visitor, trembling; "anyway, I'm going to stay here. I saw Mr. Robinson come here, and I believe he's got him in there. Killing him, perhaps. Oh! Oh!"

To the mate's consternation she began to laugh, and then changed to a piercing scream, and, unused to the sex as he was, he realized that this was the much-dreaded hysteria of which he had often heard, and faced her with a face as pallid as her own.

"Chuck some water over yourself," he said, hastily, nodding at a jug which stood on the table. "I can't very well get up to do it myself."

The lady ignored this advice, and by dint of much strength of mind regained her self-

control. She sat down on the locker again, and folding her arms showed clearly her intention to remain.

Half an hour passed; the visitor still sat grimly upright. Twice she sniffed slightly, and, with a delicate handkerchief, pushed up her veil and wiped away the faint beginnings of a tear.

"I suppose you think I'm acting strangely?" she said, catching the mate's eye after one of these episodes.

"Oh, don't mind me," said the mate, with studied politeness; "don't mind hurting my feelings or taking *my* character away."

"Pooh! you're a man," said the visitor, scornfully; "but, character or no character, I'm going to see into that room before I go away, if I sit here for three weeks."

"How're you going to manage about eating and drinking all that time?" inquired Fraser.

"How are you?" said the visitor; "you can't get up while I'm here, you know."

"Well, we'll see," said the mate, vaguely.

"I'm sure I don't want to annoy anybody," said the visitor, softening, "but I've had a lot of trouble, young man, and, what's worse, I've been made a fool of. This day three weeks ago I ought to have been married."

"I'm sure you ought," murmured the other.

The lady ignored the interruption. "Travelling under Government on secret service, he said he was," she continued; "always away: here to-day, China to-morrow, and America the day after."

"Flying?" queried the interested mate.

"I daresay," snapped the visitor; "anything to tell me, I suppose. We were to be married by special license. I'd even got my *trousseau* ready."

"And it didn't come off?" inquired the mate, leaning out of his bunk.

"All my relations bought new clothes, too," continued the visitor; "leastways, those that could afford it did. He even went and helped me choose the cake."

"Well, is that wrong?" asked the puzzled mate.

"He didn't buy it, he only chose it," said the other, having recourse to her handkerchief again. "He went outside the shop to see whether there was one he would like better, and when I came out he had disappeared."

"He must have met with an accident," said the mate, politely.

"I saw him to-night," said the lady, tersely. "Once or twice he had mentioned Wapping

in conversation, and then seemed to check himself. That was my clue. I've been round this dismal, heathenish place for a fortnight. To-night I saw him; he came on this wharf, *and he has not gone off*. . . . It's my belief he's in that room."

Before the mate could reply the hoarse voice of the watchman came down the companion-way. "Ha'-past eleven, sir; tide's just on the turn."

"Aye, aye," said the mate. He turned imploringly to the visitor.

"Would you do me the favour just to step on deck a minute?"

"What for?" inquired the visitor, shortly.

"Because I want to get up," said the mate.

"I sha'n't move," said the lady.

"But I've got to get up, I tell you," said the mate; "we're getting under way in ten minutes."

"And what might that be?" asked the lady.

"Why, we make a start. You'd better go ashore unless you want to be carried off."

"I sha'n't move," repeated the visitor.

"Well, I'm sorry to be rude," said the mate. "George."

"Sir," said the watchman, from above.

"Bring down a couple o' men and take this lady ashore," said the mate, sternly.

"I'll *send* a couple down, sir," said the watchman, and moved off to make a selection.

"I shall scream 'murder and thieves,'" said the lady, her eyes gleaming. "I'll bring the police up and cause a scandal. Then perhaps I shall see into that room."

In face of determination like this the mate's courage gave way, and in a voice of much anxiety he called upon his captain for instructions.

"CAST OFF," bellowed the mighty voice. "IF-YOUR-SWEETHEART-WON'T-GO-ASHORE-SHE-MUST-COME-TOO.—YOU-MUST-PAY-HER-PASSAGE."

"Well, of all the cursed impudence," muttered the incensed mate. "Well, if you're bent on coming," he said, hotly, to the visitor, "just go on deck while I dress."

The lady hesitated a moment and then withdrew. On deck the men eyed her curiously, but made no attempt to interfere with her, and in a couple of minutes the mate came running up to take charge.

"Where are we going?" inquired the lady, with a trace of anxiety in her voice.

"France," said Fraser, turning away.

The visitor looked nervously round. At the adjoining wharf a sailing barge was also getting under way, and a large steamer was slowly turning in the middle of the river. She took a pace or two towards the side.

"Cast off," said Fraser, impatiently, to the watchman.

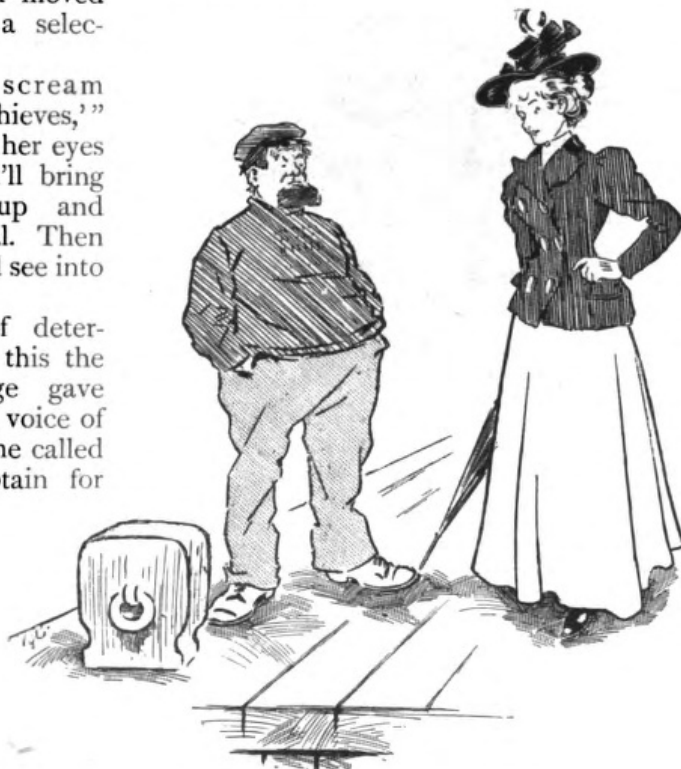
"Wait a minute," said the visitor, hastily, "I want to think."

"Cast off," repeated the mate.

The watchman obeyed, and the schooner's side moved slowly from the wharf. At the sight the visitor's nerve forsook her, and with a frantic cry she ran to the side and, catching the watchman's outstretched hand, sprang ashore.

"Good-bye," sang out the mate; "sorry you wouldn't come to *France* with us. The lady was afraid of the *foreigners*, George. If it had been *England* she wouldn't have minded."

"Aye, aye," said the watchman, significantly, and, as the schooner showed her stern, turned to answer, with such lies as he thought the occasion demanded, the eager questions of his fair companion.



From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

A PLEASING hope that last Session fluttered the breast of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was doomed to disappointment. When discovery was made that Mr. Villiers, who for years had been in receipt of a Cabinet pension of £2,000 a year, died worth £354,687 15s. 9d., it was assumed that the executors would make haste to repay with compound interest the aggregate of the pension drawn. There had evidently been a mistake somewhere. The pension of ex-Cabinet Ministers is a plan devised towards the middle of the century with the commendable object of preventing statesmen out of office from suffering in their personal estate. Proportionately the emoluments of Ministers who serve the British Crown are pitiful. Mr. Gladstone, who for more than sixty years devoted his time to the service of the country, died leaving a personal fortune amounting to about one-seventh of that bequeathed by Mr. Villiers. Mr. Gladstone never drew the pension of an ex-Cabinet Minister, taking his salary only when in office. At one time he even saved the Exchequer the annual amount of a first-class Ministerial salary by combining the work of two offices for the remuneration of one.

Mr. Gladstone inherited a modest personal fortune, and never had occasion to make the indispensable declaration that accompanies application for Cabinet pension—that its allotment is necessary in order that the suppliant may maintain the position of an ex-Minister of the Crown. Mr. Disraeli was in other circumstances, and, very properly, availed himself of the privilege of a pension the country cheerfully paid.

Another man of genius whose case the Cabinet pension fund fortuitously fits is Lord Cross. There is a general impression that he is a man of supreme business capacity, whose knowledge of financial affairs in connection with the investment of private property is justly valued in the highest quarter. There is even a dim notion that he is beneficially connected with a flourishing banking institution. This, like much other talk about public men, must be a popular delusion. Lord Cross is a patriot statesman who, having for a brief time enjoyed in succession the emoluments of Home Secretary and Secretary of State for India, has for many years regularly drawn his £2,000, paid quarterly from the pension list.

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE. When Mr. Villiers began to draw his pension he, like Lord Cross, must needs have made the statutory declaration that the money was necessary to enable him to maintain a position compatible with his former Ministerial office. That the solemn declaration agreed with his circumstances at the time is beyond the shadow of a doubt. Obviously they must have changed at some later period, or the pensioner would not have been in a position to bequeath to his nephews



"A PENSIONER."

something over a third of a million sterling. Mr. Arthur Balfour, approached last Session on the subject, privately intimated to the member who placed the question on the paper that, in his opinion, the published statement of Mr. Villiers's personalty did not affect the question of the pension. He had, Mr. Balfour said, been enriched by the bequeathal of the fortune of a lady, but had resolutely declined to benefit by the bequest, now transferred to his heirs.

There is evidently a serious misunderstanding here, either on Mr. Balfour's part or on that of the member with whom he communicated. The lady in question was Miss Mellish, who died at her residence in Great Stanhope Street on the 17th of February, 1880. She left personal estate sworn under £120,000 value. This she bequeathed in trust to pay the income to Mr. Villiers during his life, it passing absolutely on Mr. Villiers's death to another gentleman, named co-executor with him. These yearly payments, accruing only since 1880, would not amount to anything like £354,687, not to mention the fifteen and ninepence.

A
PARALLEL
CASE.

I understand that during the present Session an attempt will be made to enforce a regulation preventing recurrence of this scandal. Some years ago an ex-Liberal Minister, who at a particular date found himself in a position to make the statutory declaration which is an essential preliminary to receiving such pension, came into a fortune. Whilst in his mind was crystallizing the simply honest intention of writing to the Treasury to inform them of his good fortune, and begging that his name might be removed from the pension list, hon. gentlemen seated opposite in the House of Commons, zealous for public economy, began to move in the matter. Questions were with relentless pertinacity addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was speedily able to announce that the pension was stopped.

What is needed is a further regulation that once a year, or at least triennially, recipients of these pensions shall be required to renew their declaration as to the condition of their private resources. Mr. Villiers had been for so long in receipt of a pension granted in recognition of a few years' service at the Poor Law Board, that he came to regard it as a matter of course, forgetting the definite condition upon which it had been allotted. Had he been reminded by some such communication as is here suggested, he would have awakened to a true sense of the situation, and as an honourable man would forthwith have relinquished the pension, possibly even have repaid what he had inadvertently overdrawn.

A ROMANCE
OF THE
PEERAGE.

When the late Lord Barrington, seventh in succession to the Irish Viscountcy, was made a peer of the United Kingdom, people asked why. He had long sat as member for that intelligent constituency of Eye, immediately afterwards connected with quite another order of statesman. He never, as far as I remember, took part in debate, and such services as he rendered to the State appeared to be adequately rewarded by his appointment as Vice-Chamberlain of the Queen's household. Nevertheless, Lord Beaconsfield, finding his Government crushed by the General Election of 1880, made haste, before it fell, to make Lord Barrington an English peer.

Members of the House of Commons, ransacking their memories for suggestion of reason, recalled how one night, whilst Dizzy was still with us in the Commons, he, awakening from profound reverie, could not find his eye-glass. He wanted to stick it in his right eye and take his accustomed survey of the House. With a haste and perturbation foreign to his impassive manner, he rooted about in the recesses of his waistcoat, tugged at his shirt-collar, peered on the ground at his feet, had given it up for a bad job, when Lord Barrington, who was sitting near him, quietly put his hand between the Premier's shoulders and brought round the errant glass.

Dizzy, though not demonstrative, never forgot a friend or a favour. So it came about five years later, when the reins of power were slipping out of his fingers, he held them for a moment longer to give Lord Barrington a seat in the House of Lords

and a place on the roll of the English peerage. At least, that was what was said at the time in the private conversation of Lord Barrington's friends.

HER-
SCHELL'S
MAIDEN
SPEECH.

The late Lord Herschell made his mark in the House of Commons at the very first opportunity. I have occasion to remember it, for the member for the City of Durham, after he came to the Woolsack, more than once alluded in terms of quite undeserved kindness to an episode connected with the event. When Herschell came into Parliament he was quite unknown outside Bar and Circuit circles. Over a space of a quarter of a



"THE LOST EYE-GLASS."

century I well remember how one night there rose from the third bench above the gangway, on the Opposition side, a dark-visaged, self-possessed, deliberately spoken young man, who, making his maiden speech, addressed the House as if he had been born and nurtured on the premises. The topic was the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the audience small, and not demonstratively appreciative. I was much struck with the new-comer's capacity and promise, and noted them (I think) in the articles "Under the Clock" then commencing in the *World*.

In later years praise and appreciation came full-handed to the Solicitor-General, the Lord Chancellor, the chosen representative of Great Britain in International conferences. Lord Herschell, not given to gushing, more than once said that appreciation coming at that particular time was more useful in its encouragement, more gratefully remembered, than was the din of applause that greeted and sustained his prime.

Herschell did admirably in the House of Commons, steadily working his way through it to the Woolsack. But he was at his best in the House of Lords. The place, its surroundings, and its associations were more in unison with his unemotional, somewhat cold, stately nature and manner. He had not the light touch that delights a jaded House of Commons. He always spoke as if he were seated, wigged and gowned, on the Bench, never varying from judicial manner. In the Lords, whilst the same style was prevalent, there was something in the prevailing atmosphere, and in the relative position of the party to which he belonged and the overwhelming numbers opposed to it, that stirred the depths of his nature. When he stepped aside from the Woolsack to take part in debate,



LORD HERSCHELL — A SKETCH IN THE LOBBY.

he spoke with an animation of voice and gesture quite unfamiliar with him in the Commons. Perhaps the associations of the wig and gown with their memories of assize conflict had something to do with the increased animation. However that be, it was strongly marked, and added considerably to the effect of his speech.

As years advanced and honours increased, Herschell's conscientiousness, his shrinking from any step that savoured of a job, grew in predominance. He raised quite a storm by his disinclination to make use of the magisterial Bench as a means of distributing rewards among good Liberals. The same extreme, perhaps morbid, delicacy ruled his conduct in the appointment of judges. There was a time during his Lord Chancellorship when the long-overlooked claim of Mr. Arthur Cohen to a judgeship seemed certain of recognition. Everybody said Cohen would be the new judge. Lord Herschell did not question his capacity or suitability. But Mr. Cohen had sat in the House of Commons for Southwark, and had taken active part in furthering the cause of the Liberal party. Herschell felt conscious of a disposition to recognise party services of that character and lived them down. Someone else who had



LORD HERSCHELL AS LORD CHANCELLOR.

done nothing for the Liberal party got the judgeship.

"Cohen at least oughtn't to be surprised," said one of the wittiest judges still in ermine. "He would know that he could not expect anything from a Jew but a passover."

I once asked the late Sir William Adam, the popular and able Liberal Whip of the 1874 Parliament, why Whips stand or walk about the lobby without their hats on. "I don't know," he answered, with Scottish caution, "unless it be to keep their heads cool. That, you know, is a necessary condition of success in our line of business."

That a Whip should never wear his hat whilst the House is in Session is one of the quaint unwritten laws of Parliament. Its origin, like the birth of Jeames, is "wropt up in a myst'ry." It probably arose in the case of some hot-blooded, bustling Whip, who found head-gear heating. However it be, the custom has reached the status of an immutable law. It would not be more surprising to see the Speaker sitting bare-headed in the Chair when the Mace is on the table than to find the chief Whips or any one of their colleagues going about his business in the lobby with his hat on.

So intimate is the association of ideas, that when one day last Session Lord Stalbridge looked in and stood for awhile by the door of the lobby with his hat on, old members gasped. It is many years since Lord Stalbridge, then Lord Richard Grosvenor, acted as Whip. So abiding are old associations that it was not without a shock he, after long interval, was observed wearing his hat in his old place on guard by the door, where he had instinctively planted himself.

THE CAMEL
OF THE
HOUSE OF
COMMONS.

The fascination which pertains to the office of Whip is incomprehensible to some minds. It is, at best, a thankless post. If things go right in the division lobby the result is accepted as a matter of course. If they go wrong, woe to the Whip! He is the camel of the House of Commons, doing all the drudgery, taking none of the honour. Moreover, he is not allowed to share the privilege of the camel, whose haughty "don't-know-you" air as it regards mankind must be some recompense for all

the toil and indignity it suffers. A Whip, on the contrary, must always be in beaming good humour. Like Cæsar's wife (according to the version of the Yorkshire mayor), he must be all things to all men.

LORD

—

There was in an elder Parliament a well-known exception to the rule that enforces equanimity of temper on the Whip. Many members of the present House retain memories of a noble lord, now gathered to his fathers, who was a terror to evil-doers. It was the epoch of all-night sittings, when fathers of families had a yearning desire to go home not later than one o'clock in the morning. Seated on the bench by the lobby door the Whip, who had been up all the previous night, might be forgiven if he dropped asleep. But he slept with one eye and one ear open. The anxious parent, closely watching him and timidly making for the door, never did more than touch its framework before a hand was on his shoulder, and there rattled in his ear observations which seemed quotations from the conversation of our army when in Flanders.

That was an exceptional personal idiosyncrasy, and the energetic remonstrator was not the Chief Whip. He was useful in his way. But his particular method of address had no precedent and has not been imitated.

THE PRIZES
OF
THE WHIPS'
ROOM.

The attraction of the Whips' office is certainly not based on pecuniary considerations. The Patronage Secretary has a salary of £2,000 a year, his colleagues, who rank as Junior Lords of the Treasury, receiving half that sum. When their party is out of office, the Whips, with very nearly as much work to do, draw no pay. It is true that the Whips' room is the rarely failing avenue to higher Ministerial office. In two recent cases, that of Mr. Brand and Mr. Peel, it led to the Speaker's Chair and a peerage. Mr. Arnold Morley was made Postmaster-General, Sir William Dyke became Vice-



ON GUARD—SIR WILLIAM WALROND,
CHIEF CONSERVATIVE WHIP.

President of the Council, his colleague, Mr. Rowland Wynn, being made a peer. The present First Commissioner of Works was long time Conservative Whip. The late Colonel Tylour was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The long services of Sir William Adam received niggardly reward by appointment to the Governorship of Madras.

In former times the Chief Government Whip, who still retains the style of Patronage Secretary, had a multitude of good things to give away. Beginning his career fifty years ago, and not having his steps directed towards the Woolsack, the Patronage Secretaryship would have just suited Lord Halsbury. Now the Patronage Secretaryship is, like friendship, "but a name." The Chief Whip has nothing in his wallet for hungry dependents, or for influential constituents—not even a tide-waitership or a country post-mastership. Nevertheless the post of Whip continues to wield potent fascination for young, active, and ambitious members of the House. It is a life of constant, in the main, obscure drudgery, rarely illumined, as it happily was last Session, by the flash of silver cigar caskets and the sheen of golden match-boxes.

The great gilt instrument that rests upon the table of the House of Commons, when the Speaker is in the Chair, is the third of its race. The first that lives in history has no birth-date. But its disappear-

at spectacle of a symbol, put the Mace in the melting-pot and the proceeds of the transaction in his pocket. However it be, the first Mace was seen in its resting-place on such and such a day and, like ships posted up at Lloyd's, has not since been heard of.

When Cromwell came into power, and Parliamentary proceedings were resumed, he ordered another Mace to be made. This lives in history as the bauble which, later, Cromwell himself ordered to be taken away. His command was literally obeyed. The second Mace was so effectually removed that, like the first, it was never more seen or heard of.

The Mace which now glistens on the table of the House of Commons, and is carried before

the Speaker when he visits the House of Lords, is of considerable antiquity. It was made in 1660, on the restoration of Charles II. It is watched over with infinite care, being through the Session in personal charge of the Serjeant-at-Arms. During the recess it is, as was the wont and usage of traitors in olden times, committed to the Tower, where it is guarded as not the least precious among the jewels of the Crown.

Whilst Lord Peel was yet "GONE TO SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JAMAICA," mons, he, from information received, was momentarily flushed with hope that Cromwell's Mace had been discovered in Jamaica. Diligent inquiry on the spot blighted this hope. It turned out that there are two Maces in the Colony, but



THE LATE MR. T. E. ELLIS—CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP.



THE MACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ance is authoritatively recorded. On or about the very day when Charles I. lost his head on the scaffold, the Mace of the House of Commons disappeared. Probably some stern Roundhead, his Puritanic gorge rising

they are comparatively modern, dating from the uninteresting Georgian period. One, like the lamp-posts in the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace, has stamped on its head the initials "G. R." There is the date-mark,

1753-4. The other is stamped with the King's head, and the date-mark 1757-8. Both are silver gilt.

The Speaker's inquiries brought to light the interesting fact that Jamaica at one time possessed a Mace presented to the Colony by Charles II. Doubtless it was ordered at the same time as the one at present in the House of Commons. It cost nearly £80, and was conveyed to Jamaica by Lord Windsor, the first Governor commissioned by Charles II. By an odd coincidence this Mace also disappeared. In 1672 Jamaica suffered one of its not infrequent earthquakes. Parliament House was amongst the many public buildings in Port Royal that were engulfed. It is believed that King Charles's Mace went down with the rest. However it be, like Cromwell's bauble, it has vanished from human ken.

Referring to a recent note
BAPTISM about a member of the
BY present House of Com-
IMMERSION. mons, originally a clergy-
man of the Church of
England, who inadvertently united a
blushing bride with the best man
instead of with the bridegroom, an-
other member writes to remind me of
even a worse case of absent-minded-
ness. The reverend gentleman in this
case was George Dyer, an intimate
friend of Charles Lamb. Early in his
career he did duty as a Baptist minister,
his ministration being on the whole
not unattended with success. One
day, performing the rite of baptism by
total immersion, he fell into a train of
profound thought, meanwhile holding
an old woman under water till she
was drowned.

This led to some unpleasantness,
and Mr. Dyer retired from the ministry.
But he never overcame his proneness to
absent-mindedness. One night, on leaving
Charles Lamb's hospitable house, he walked
straight ahead out of the front door and
strode plump into the New River.

THE PRE- Lord Rathmore has many good
DICAMENT stories. One, not the worst, is
OF A NEW autobiographical. Shortly after
PEER. he was raised to the peerage he
took a trip to the Riviera. The

French railway company, desirous to do
honour to a distinguished English *confrère*,
reserved a carriage for his private use. He
made the most of the opportunity, getting a
good sleep shortly after leaving Paris on the
journey south. At some unknown hour of
the night, at some unrecognised station, the

door of the carriage was suddenly opened.
A lantern was flashed upon him, and a voice
sharply cried, "*Votre nom ?*"

Lord Rathmore, wakened out of his sleep,
looking up in a partly dazed condition, dis-
covered a railway official on his way round
for tickets. Lord Rathmore's name was on
the paper affixed to the window, marking the
compartment as reserved. The official, in
performance of his duty, and with that pas-
sion for regularizing everything which besets
Frenchmen in uniform, merely desired to
identify the occupant of the carriage with the
person to whose use it was inscribed.

"*Votre nom ?*" he sternly repeated, seeing
the passenger hesitate.

In response there sprang to Lord Rath-
more's lips the familiar "David Plunket."
Happily he remembered in time that he was



"WHAT ON EARTH IS MY NAME?"

no longer David Plunket, but for the life of
him, wakened out of his sleep, and thus
abruptly challenged, he could not remember
what title in the peerage he had selected.

Here was a pickle! Anyone familiar with
the arbitrary ways of the French railway
official will know what would have happened
supposing the passenger had confessed that
he really didn't know his own name. Cold
sweat bedewed the forehead a coronet had
not yet pressed. The new peer began to
regret more bitterly than ever that he had
left the House of Commons. The interval
seemed half an hour. Probably it was only
half a minute before recollection of his new
name surged back upon him, and he hurriedly
but gratefully pronounced it.



BY JOHN OXENHAM.

Author of "God's Prisoner," etc., etc.

MR. CHARLES CHERRITON was a gentleman of independent means, and—until he bought that cabinet—of unlimited leisure. But when once he possessed that cabinet—or the cabinet possessed him—it took up a considerable amount of his time.

For forty years Mr. Cherriton had been something in the City, and had gone in and out and done his many duties with the regularity of an American timepiece. Then, having laid by a certain sum during many years of modest living, he claimed his pension from the bank and retired with Mrs. Cherriton to the tranquil delights of suburbandom.

There one of his peculiar pleasures was to stroll about of a morning in slippers, with a pipe, reading his newspaper and watching his neighbours play havoc with their internal machinery by rushing frantically for their trains, with their little handbags in their hands, and the fag-ends of their breakfasts still in their throats, and their hastily-lighted cigars or cigarettes wasting fruitlessly in the wind of their going. Then Mr. Cherriton would saunter into the house and sit down opposite Mrs. Cherriton and enjoy his breakfast as he never had done during those forty

years in which he himself went to the City. Not that he had ever been in the habit of racing for his train in that fashion. He was far too methodical for that. But to thoroughly enjoy one's breakfast one must have a mind absolutely at peace with the world and free from care, and he is a lucky business man who has that nowadays.

As he sauntered down the road one morning he stopped to read once more a bill elevated on a board in his next-door neighbour's garden, which announced the sale of the furniture of the house, and, as he read, his neighbour came out hastily on his way to the City.

"Morning, Cherry!" he cried, jovially.

Mr. Cherriton was always "Cherry" to everyone, and always had been. The name so obviously fitted the cheerful little round red and white face, and the little round button of a nose. He was Cherry to the life, and nobody ever thought of calling him anything else.

"Morning, Cherry! You and Mrs. Cherry coming in to-day to look over things?" He was or had been something in or about Throgmorton Street, but had somehow made a mess of things, and was selling off his household goods preparatory to a fresh start. He was jovial in manner and irregular in his

habits, going down at any time of day and coming home at any hour of the night or morning.

"Say, old man! there's a thing you might do for me," he said, confidentially, pointing to one big line in the bill: "that buhl cabinet was my wife's father's. It's a real beauty—worth £40 if it's worth a penny. The auctioneer was in last night, just to get an idea of things, don't you know, and he said he'd rarely come across a handsomer piece. He said the last one he sold wasn't in half as good condition, and he got £35 for it. Some of the Jew dealers have got wind of this. They've been asking him about it, and you know how those fellows do—make their own price and get all the plunder. Now, it'd be a mighty neighbourly thing of you, Cherry, if you'd look in to-morrow when the sale's on, and just put a spoke in their wheels if they're up to any tricks."

"How do you mean?" asked Mr. Cherriton.

"Why, if you see they're trying to get it for £5 or so, just bid it up a bit. They'll not let it slip, never you fear. But if you should get left on it, why, I'll take it off your hands and sell it again, and if there's any loss, of course I'll make it good to you. I'd hate to see it go for less than £15 or £20."

"Well, maybe we'll look in during the day," said Mr. Cherriton, and went in to enjoy his breakfast.

"Jane," he said to his wife, "we'll go in next door during the day and just take a look at their things. Clemow says that cabinet named in the advertisement is worth £40."

"Really," said Mrs. Cherriton; "I shouldn't have thought they had anything worth £40. But we don't want a £40 cabinet, Charles."

"No, my dear,

we certainly don't, and we're not going to buy one. Clemow's afraid the Jews may get it at a break-up price, £5 or so. He was just asking me to bear a hand to-morrow, and poke them up if they're up to any tricks."

Mrs. Cherriton shook her head doubtfully. "If you don't take care you'll find you've bought it."

"Oh, I'll see to that all right. I feel a bit sorry for Clemow. He's a bright, smart fellow, but he's got left somehow."

Mrs. Cherriton's wise head shook again. "I wish he would remember that decent people are generally asleep at three o'clock in the morning, and if he must drive home all the way from town, I wish he wouldn't quarrel with the cabman just outside our gate. I'm sure the neighbours thought it was you."

"He'd been to a smoker at the Holborn and missed his train, and the man thought he was drunk and wanted to overcharge him."

"I don't suppose the man was very far wrong," said Mrs. Cherriton.

During the day Mr. and Mrs. Cherriton went in next door, and they were surprised at the beauty of the buhl cabinet. It was a massive ebony affair, inlaid with red tortoiseshell and delicate yellow metal work, and seemed very much out of place among the rest of the Clemow furniture. One of the auctioneer's men on duty there, seeing them admiring it, offered the



"IT OUGHT TO FETCH A MATTER OF £20 OR MORE."

remark that that was as handsome a piece as he'd seen for many a day, and it ought to fetch a matter of £20 or more. Several greasy individuals who were shuffling about sniffed disparagingly when they heard this, and Mr. Cherriton's instinct told him they were Jew dealers in search of plunder.

The sale was to commence at twelve o'clock precisely, and a quarter of an hour before that time found Mr. and Mrs. Cherriton seated in the room where the selling was to take place, waiting for it to begin, Mrs. Cherriton having come, of course, to see that Mr. Cherriton did not make a fool of himself. There were more people there than they had expected to find, and they mostly sat in gloomy silence, eyeing one another askance, and wondering how much any of the others would be likely to give for the particular article they themselves were after. The professional element, however, amused itself in its own way with many reminiscences of bygone auctions, and much pointed and personal chaff, and with spasmodic jokes whose humour was hidden from the world.

The time dragged slowly on, and the auctioneer did not come. The atmosphere of desecration, the general gloom, the jarring, incomprehensible jokes, all reminded Mr. Cherriton of an inquest he had once had to attend. The auctioneer's men went out to look up and down the road for his coming, and the gloom inside deepened each time they returned.

It was after one before the auctioneer put in an appearance and climbed up on to the table, on which another smaller table and a chair had been placed for his use. He began rapidly handing out catalogues, and then briskly announced "Lot 1."

The cabinet was Lot 99, but the auctioneer, having once made a start, proved himself a man of parts and rattled away at a great rate.

By two o'clock, however, both Mr. and Mrs. Cherriton were beginning to feel hungry, and at last Mr. Cherriton insisted on his wife slipping out to get something to eat, while he stayed to keep an eye on the sale.

The room was so full that she had some difficulty in getting out, and it was only the knowledge that her husband must be starving inside that made her force her way back to where he sat. The other people got somewhat annoyed at these comings and goings, and grumblingly asked if they knew whether they wanted to be there or not, and urged them to keep to the right if they must use that room as a promenade.

When Mr. Cherriton struggled out the auctioneer was vaunting the merits of Lot

No. 55—"Massive mahogany sideboard; wood alone worth £10; you don't see much work like that nowadays, gentlemen; anything over two pounds? Two pounds only bid for the massive," etc., etc.—and it seemed to Mr. Cherriton that he would have ample time to supply the void which was painfully apparent inside of him, and to get back long before Lot 99 was reached.

When he did get back, however, the auctioneer's foreman was shouting at the front door, "Lot 99 now selling, gentlemen. Eb'ny bull cabinet now selling," and when he saw Mr. Cherriton he said, "You're agoin' to miss that there cabinet unless you look sharp, sir. There's them inside as wants it and knows' its value. Here y'are. Stand there. He can see you here all right.—Lot 99 now selling, gentlemen. Massive bull eb'ny cabinet now selling."

"Five pounds is all I am offered for this unique piece of furniture. Is there any advance on £5?" said the auctioneer, whom Cherriton could just see over the heads of the crowd. "Come, gentlemen, we wish to sell; but to mention £5—guineas, thank you! Five guineas—any advance on five guineas?—to mention such a sum as five guineas in connection with such a piece of furniture as this is simply—five-ten! five-ten! any advance on five pounds ten?—five-fifteen—six pounds. It's against you, sir!—six-ten, thank you!—worth twenty pounds of any man's money—six-fifteen—seven pounds—seven pounds—guineas—seven guineas—any advance on seven guineas?—and a half—seven-seventeen—six—eight pounds," and so on, bit by bit, till the cabinet stood at £12, and Cherry glowed with satisfaction at the way he had poked up those rascally dealers and benefited his friend Clemow.

He was half inclined to go on and run it up to £20, for it was evident that the value of the cabinet was known, and if it was worth a dealer's while to give £12 for it, it was probably worth anybody else's to do the same. Cherry got quite excited over it. He was not used to auctions, and this one had got into his head. There couldn't be much risk in it, anyhow—especially since Clemow had undertaken to relieve him of it if he got stuck. So he flung out an intrepid nod at the auctioneer, and the auctioneer made it guineas, and then, somewhat to Cherry's dismay, the hammer fell and the cabinet was his—"and absolutely given away at the price," said the auctioneer, soothingly, as he gave in his name and paid his deposit.

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Mr. Cherriton lost interest in the sale after that, and wandered outside to wonder, somewhat tardily, if Clemow were to be relied upon to keep his promise.

When the sale was over he felt inclined to take a walk rather than meet Mrs. C. He knew exactly the kind of told-you-so look of gentle reproach with which she would meet him. And she did. She was very quiet during tea, and it was not until his first feeling of discomfort was beginning to wear off under the soothing influence of his second pipe, that she said:—

"Charles, do you know I'm very much afraid you and I were bidding against one another all the time? I couldn't see who it was. Where were you?"

"I was just inside the door, towards the right. It was at £5 when I got back. How did he get through so quick?"

"Some of the lots were struck out, whatever that means, and there were some numbers with nothing to them. Then I'm pretty sure it was you. How very silly!"

"Oh, never mind, my dear. Clemow will take it off our hands, and after all we were trying to do him a good turn."

But Mrs. Cherriton shook her head somewhat dubiously, as though she did not pin much faith to the promise of a man who drove home from town at three o'clock in the morning and roused the neighbours by wrangling with the cabman at somebody else's front gate.

The following day Mr. Cherriton had to pay the balance of the purchase-money and remove the cabinet, and as it would not fit in with the rest of the furniture in the Cherriton drawing-room, and as moreover it was likely—they sincerely hoped so, at all events—to be taken away at a moment's notice by Mr. Clemow, according to promise, they decided to send it to a local furniture dealer's to be stored.

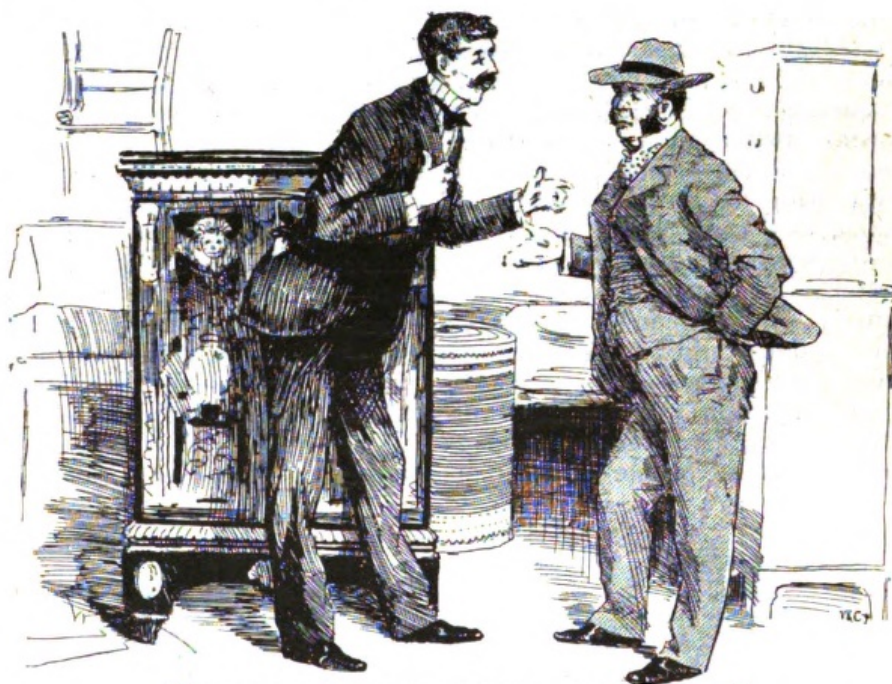
But day after day passed, and no word

came from Clemow. Cherry wrote to his office address. The letter came back in due course, marked "Gone—no address."

In desperation Cherry consulted with the local furniture man.

"I'll manage it for you, Mr. Cherriton. I've a sale on myself at the 'Elms,' next week—you know, that big house corner of the Avenue. It'll sell there, you bet. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you got £20 for it. It's a very fine piece indeed—a very fine piece. It's been much admired since I've had it here. I've got a first-rate man coming down from London to do the selling, and there'll be a lot of good-class people there."

Cherry went home in high spirits. If he could get £20 for the cabinet that would



"I'VE GOT A FIRST-RATE MAN COMING DOWN FROM LONDON."

be a turning of the tables on the faithless Clemow, and even on Mrs. Cherriton, who could not forget that it was Cherry himself who ran the price up, and got caught at the top, quite forgetting that if he had not been caught she herself must have been.

He decided to say nothing about the possibility of getting £20 for it, but simply mentioned that he had arranged with Newton to include it in the forthcoming sale at the "Elms."

"And I sincerely hope that'll be the last of it," said Mrs. Cherriton.

The sale at the "Elms" attracted a large crowd, and Cherry's hopes ran high. That £20 and the pleasure of announcing it were

his in anticipation before even the auctioneer climbed up on to his table.

The cabinet was described in large type, and when he came to it the auctioneer emphasized all that had been said, and added to it, and Cherry glowed with satisfaction and expectation.

"Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "what shall we start at? That cabinet is worth every penny of £40. Shall we say twenty to start with? Twenty pounds—any advance on twenty? Oh, well, anything you like, only please make a start. Ten pounds—thank you, sir!—quarter of its value, as no one knows better than yourself; still, it's a start. Ten pounds, gentlemen, for this splendid piece of furniture—any advance on ten pounds?—guineas, thank you—ten—eleven pounds—in two places—guineas—thank you—eleven guineas I am offered—any advance on eleven guineas?—twelve pounds—it is against you, sir—shall I make it guineas?—yes? Thank you—twelve guineas—twelve guineas only offered for this unique cabinet—come, gentlemen—it was never made for several times that amount—well, one can't spend the whole day on it. Is there any advance on twelve guineas?—going for twelve guineas—thirteen—thirteen—thirteen—ten—fourteen—ten—fourteen pounds and ten shillings—fifteen—fifteen—fifteen—ten—"

Mr. Cherriton was bursting with excitement. That £20 was as good as in his pocket. These people evidently knew the

proper value of the cabinet—his cabinet—he was proud of his connection with it—it couldn't do any harm to help it on a bit.

"Sixteen pounds," said the auctioneer, in answer to his nod.

He was hot all over at his own temerity in taking the plunge—but he was not going to let that twenty pounds run away for the lack of a little assistance.

"Sixteen—ten—seventeen—seventeen—seventeen pounds only bid—any advance on seventeen pounds?—seventeen—ten, thank you!—seventeen—ten—eighteen—eighteen pounds—eighteen—ten—nineteen—nineteen—nineteen—nineteen—ten—twenty pounds! any advance on twenty pounds?—twenty pounds only bid for this most beautiful cabinet—any advance on twenty pounds?—going for twenty pounds—going if no advance on twenty pounds—gone! Name, sir, if you please?"

"Cherriton," said that gentleman, feebly, feeling as if he would like to lie down and die.

"Cherrystones?" asked the auctioneer, doubtfully; "perhaps you will be so good as to hand your card to the clerk, sir, and he will take the deposit."

Mr. Cherriton crept into his own house and was met by his hopeful wife. "Well, Charles, is the horrid thing sold?"

"Yes—it's sold!" he said, sinking dejectedly into a chair. "Give me a cup of tea, Jane."

"And it only fetched about £5," said his



"NAME, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE?"

wife, sympathizingly. "Well, never mind, dear, it's off your mind, anyhow, and I know it's been worrying you dreadfully, and if ever you catch that horrid Mr. Clemow, you must make him pay the difference."

"It sold for £20!" said Cherry, making a bolt of it.

"Oh, Charles!" and Mrs. Cherriton clasped her hands in delight. "And who bought it? And will he ever pay for it? Could anybody be so foolish as to actually pay £20 for it? Who was it?"

"It was me," said Cherry, grimly.

"Oh, Charles!" cried Mrs. Cherriton.

"Yes," said Cherry, anticipately, "there are a great many fools in the world, but I'm about the biggest."

Mrs. Cherriton said nothing.

The cabinet returned to its retreat at Newton's.

Then there came another first-rate chance in Arling itself, and, by arrangement, Cherry had the cabinet inserted in the usual big type in the catalogue, and in the advertisements of the sale.

He attended it in person, and to his huge delight the bidding was brisk without any assistance from him, and at last the hammer fell at £15.

"Thank Heaven! it's gone at last," he announced in answer to his wife's apprehensive look as he came into the house. "Fifteen pounds, my dear, so we shall come out about clear after all; not quite, perhaps, but not far off, and we've had all the fun and excitement of the thing."

"Fun!" said Mrs. Cherriton. "It's not been my idea of fun at all. But I'm very thankful it's gone at last."

"So'm I," said Cherry. "Clever man, that auctioneer. He just fairly talked their heads off. But, you see, I was right after all, and the cabinet was well worth what I gave for it."

Next day, however, when he called round at the shop of the man who had the sale in hand, he was stupefied at being told:—

"I'm real sorry about that cabinet, Mr. Cherriton. You see, auctioneers have to do that kind of thing sometimes. They have to pretend they get bids, you see, and sometimes they get left."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"It was his own bid, don't you see, and so it's left on our hands. They do it for the good of the sale, and you can't say anything against it. Sometimes it comes off, sometimes it don't."

"I call it a swindle," said Cherry, with vehemence.

"Just one of the tricks of the trade," said the man.

"That's only another name for a swindle. Well, what's to be done?"

"He told me to tell you he'd got a good sale on down in West Kensington next week, and if you cared to send it there he was pretty sure he could get a matter of £20 for it. He says it's well worth forty."

"Yes, I've heard all that before," said Cherry. "I'm getting tired of hearing it. Well," after some sulky consideration, "you'd better send it, and tell him I want it sold."

He determined to go and see the last of the cabinet, and as he started:—

"Now, Charles, dear, let me beg of you—don't bid yourself, let somebody else have it."

"I won't open my mouth till I get back," said Cherry.

It was a very fine house, and the auctioneer was not the same one who had been out to Arling. This was the head of the firm, a man of eminence in his profession, who only handled the hammer on special occasions. He was sharp and dictatorial in his ways, and stood no nonsense. Cherry heard him knock off the various lots at what seemed to him very high prices, and his spirits rose.

He reached the cabinet at last, and described it in the usual eulogistic terms, which Cherry had all off by heart, and was thoroughly sick of hearing.

"Now, gentlemen, what shall we say? Start it somebody, please. I value this piece at £40. Shall we say twenty to begin with?" Cherry's spirits went up into his head. "There's rather a run on these buhl cabinets just now, and this is as handsome a one as I've come across for a long time. The last one we sold brought—how much was it, James?" to his clerk. "Ah, yes, £15, and it wasn't a patch on this one. Come, gentlemen, make a start! I can't sit here all day while you make up your minds you don't want any bargains. Fifteen for a start—very well—fifteen—fifteen—any advance on fifteen?—fifteen—ten—sixteen—sixteen—ten—seventeen—and a half—seventeen—ten—eighteen—eighteen—ten——" and so on, and so on, just as it was in the habit of ringing through Cherry's head in the wakeful early mornings, till he couldn't lie still for it all.

The cabinet was skilfully manipulated up to £25, and Cherry's eyes were fairly hanging out with satisfaction. Why didn't the man

knock it down and make sure of it? Twenty-five pounds! Why, there would be a clear ten pounds' profit after leaving a fair margin for all the annoyance and worry. Why couldn't he drop that hammer and end it?

The auctioneer looked inquiringly at him. The auctioneer simply couldn't help it, he seemed so excited and interested.

"He wants to know if he shall let it go at the price," said Cherry to himself. "Yes, man, yes, sell it and be d—done with it!" and he nodded vigorously in his excitement.

"Twenty-five-ten!" said the auctioneer, inflexibly, "any advance on twenty-five pounds ten?—for the last time—twenty-five pounds ten—going—going—gone!"

"Name, sir, if you please?" he said, pointing his hammer at Cherry and almost knocking him over by that simple action.

"I—I—I——" said the amazed Cherry.

"Your name, sir!—if—you—please. My clerk will take your deposit. Now, sir, come, you are retarding the sale."

"Damnation!" said Cherry, in lieu of bursting. "Cherriton."

"Cherrystones, Sam, it sounded like," said the auctioneer to his clerk. "Perhaps you will send up your card, sir. Next lot!"

"Why," said a stout lady standing by the door, just as Cherry made his miserable way out, "that's the same Mr. Cherrystones as bought a buhl cabinet at Arling the other day. I've seen him myself buy at least half-a-dozen. He must be in a big way, for they're not things that sell quick. Who is he?"

Cherry almost feared to go home. He felt much more inclined to wander away into the desert and bury himself in the mud and pass away and be forgotten.

"Killed by a buhl cabinet," would be the inscription on his tombstone, if ever they found his body, and he smiled grimly to himself to think how it would excite the wondering comment of future generations. And so, having come to himself, he went home and told Mrs. Cherriton that the cabinet was still unsold.

When he opened the daily paper next morning his horror-stricken eye fell on this paragraph, and he read it at least a dozen times in a dazed kind of way:—

"We all of us have young friends who collect postage-stamps—we have probably all been guilty of the offence, if it be one, in our youth. We most of us know—to our cost, maybe—people who collect autographs, or coins, or crests. We hear of individuals whose chief gratification in

life is the acquisition of fans—or pipes, or medals, or similar easily-stowed-away articles. But there is an eccentric person down Arling way, who possesses the eccentric name of Cherrystones, and whose little hobby is the collection of—buhl cabinets! The acquisition of these massive and costly articles of furniture is a positive monomania with the eccentric Cherrystones. He buys everyone that is offered, and is said to have now the finest and largest collection in this country, and he is still constantly adding to it. Is the eccentric Mr. Cherrystones simply a collector from motives of pleasure, we wonder, or is he an extremely far-sighted individual looking forward to the time—probably not so very far distant—when buhl cabinets will be in again, and good specimens will reach fancy prices, and Mr. Cherrystones' acumen will be rewarded?" (Then followed a learned dissertation on buhl cabinets.) "Meanwhile the prices of buhl cabinets are stiffening—the one at the Burton sale in West Kensington yesterday went for over £25—to Mr. Cherrystones—and if any one of our readers happens to be the possessor of an unusually fine specimen, we advise him to stick to it till the eccentric Mr. Cherrystones comes along with his bottomless purse in his hand and makes an adequate offer for it."

Cherry folded up the paper when he had thoroughly assimilated that hideous paragraph, and placed it inside his waistcoat and went up to the City, and called on his lawyer, who was a very old friend of his. He showed him the objectionable paragraph, and stated his intention of issuing a writ for libel against the paper for holding him up to scorn, ridicule, and contempt.

"But what's it all about?" asked his friend.

"It's all a lie," said Cherry.

"But have you been buying buhl cabinets?"

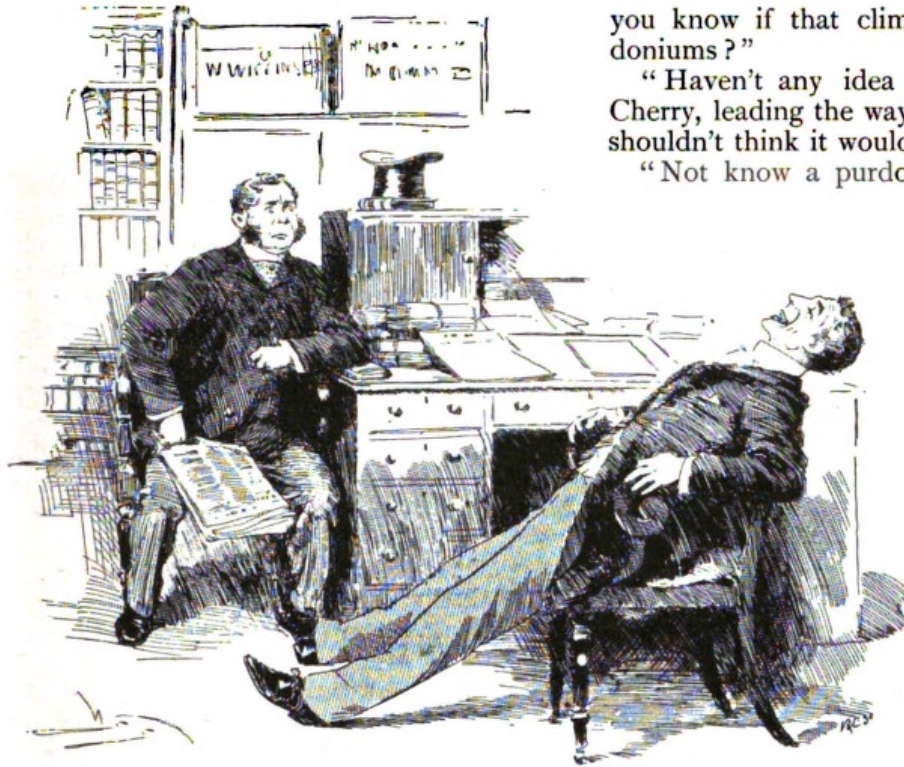
"Yes, I have"—and then he told the whole story from beginning to end, and, before he was through, his friend, who had humorous points about him, lay down flat in his chair to laugh, and felt like lying down on the hearth-rug.

"Well, have I a case?" asked Cherry, when his friend was in a condition to be spoken to again.

"Oh, yes, you've got any amount of a case, Cherry. But you can't possibly fight it. Your defence is infinitely funnier than the original libel."

"I don't see any fun in the original libel."

"The whole thing's too funny to speak of.



"HIS FRIEND LAY DOWN FLAT IN HIS CHAIR TO LAUGH."

My advice, old man, is to get rid of that collection of cabinets, and retire into private life."

The following day an elderly gentleman of mild and benevolent appearance called at Mr. Cherriton's house and asked to see Mr. Cherriton. Cherry walked into the drawing-room, where he was waiting.

"Mr. Cherrystones?" asked the visitor, blandly.

"Cherriton, sir, Cherriton," said Cherry, irritably.

"Ah! but, all the same, the gentleman who is collecting buhl cabinets. I have called, Mr. Cherryst—Cherriton, to ask if you will accord me the favour of a sight of those famous cabinets——"

"I do not collect cabinets, sir. You have been misinformed."

"I know, I know—I quite understand, Mr. Cherrysto—Cherriton. I know just how you feel. I, too, am a collector in a more humble sphere. My speciality is purdoniums. If at any time——"

"My dear sir, I tell you it is all a mistake. I have no buhl cabinets—at least——"

"At least?"

"None I can show you," said Cherry, getting angry at his persistence. "I ship them all to Central America for safety as soon as I buy them."

"Really! How very extraordinary! Do

you know if that climate is good for purdoniums?"

"Haven't any idea what they are," said Cherry, leading the way to the door; "but I shouldn't think it would be."

"Not know a purdonium!" said the old gentleman, and then Cherry closed the door.

Ten different visitors came that day to see the collection of buhl cabinets, and were all sent empty away. The servant who had been with them twenty-seven years threatened to leave if this kind of thing went on, for the callers, all being collectors of one thing or another, were extremely pertinacious, and

would not take "No" for an answer.

Next day Cherry wrote out a neat notice and pinned it under the knocker:—

"Mr. Cherriton is away from home. His collections are not on view."

Then he and Mrs. Cherriton went away to Richmond for the day, leaving old Margaret to repel the enemy. They returned in some trepidation as to what might have happened in their absence, and had to go round to the back before they could get in.

"Thought you were some more of them cranks," said Margaret; "that knocker's been going all day like a blacksmith's shop, and never once have I opened the door to any one of them. When they got tired they went away."

For several days visitors kept coming to ask if they could see the famous collection, and then Cherry hired a cart and went with it to the furniture shop where the cabinet was enjoying a well-earned rest, and had it loaded on to the cart.

There was murder in his eye.

"I've a sale on next week, Mr. Cherriton," said the furniture man, "out at Banwell. If you like to try that cabinet——"

"It's not a cabinet," snapped Cherry, "it's a nightmare, and I'm going to dispose of it myself."

He had it carried down to the bottom of his back garden, and then he got the wood-chopper.

He was eyeing the nightmare with malevolent regret, preparatory to planting the first blow, when a man came hastily down the path with Margaret at his heels.

Margaret was expostulating at the way he had slipped past her and gone through the house, "as if you was the landlord or a man in possession," said she.

"Yesh, my tear, yesh, thad's all ridght. Is dthis Misder Gherrystones? Shtop, my tear sir, shtop! Holy Moshesh! Whad you going to do?"

"I'm going to chop it in pieces and burn it with fire."

"Whad for?"

"Because—because there's a curse on it," said Cherry.

"I'd take id away, gurse an' all, if you bay the garriage."

"No, you won't. I'm going to burn it."

"Shtop! shtop!" cried the visitor again, as Cherry selected his spot and raised his chopper. "Shtop! I gif you one pound, and bay the garriage myself."

"I wouldn't let you have it for ten pounds," said Cherry, excitedly. "I tell you I'm going to smash it and burn it."

"I gif you eleven," moaned the other, wringing his hands as the chopper rose again. "Twelf!" he cried; "I gif you twelf and bay the garriage, and dtake it ridght away, gurse an' all."

"Make it guineas!" said Cherry.

"Moshesh and Aaron! All right—guineas!"

"Let's see your money," said Cherry.

The visitor counted out twelve sovereigns and twelve shillings on to the top of the cabinet, and Cherry threw down the chopper.

"Take it away!" he said, with an "Off-with-his-head" tone and manner.

He laid out the twelve sovereigns and the twelve shillings in a row in front of his

wife, and she said, "Thank goodness, it's gone!"

Three days later a paragraph appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* to the following effect:—

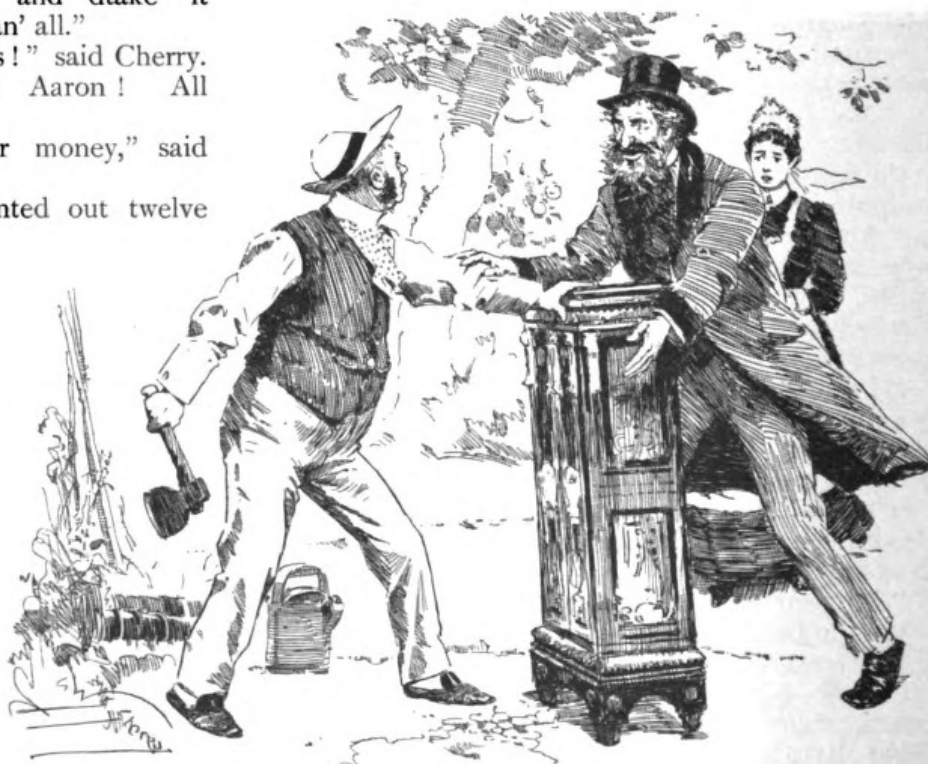
"Last week we informed our readers that buhl cabinets were likely soon to be in vogue again. Mr. Bernstein, the well-known dealer of Wardour Street, has just effected the purchase of an unusually fine specimen for Baron Louis de Beaumont. The price paid, we understand, was fifty guineas. Possibly our friend Mr. Cherrystones, to whom we referred in our previous article, was not so eccentric in his views on buhl cabinets as some people were inclined to think him. The cabinet in question, we believe, passed through Mr. Cherrystones' hands, and was regarded by that expert judge as one of the gems of his collection."

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Cherry.

A few days later he received the following from his late neighbour, Clemow:—

"MY DEAR CHERRY,—I offered to take that cabinet off your hands if you got stuck with it, and I have been waiting to hear from you on the subject. I understand you have now disposed of it at a good profit, and so will be glad if you will remit my half share of same to above address.—Yours truly, A. G. D. CLEWOW."

"Well, I *am* blowed!" said Cherry.



"MAKE IT GUINEAS!" SAID CHERRY.

In Nature's Workshop.

V.—SOME STRANGE NURSERIES.

BY GRANT ALLEN.



YOU could hardly find a better rough test of relative development in the animal (or vegetable) world than the number of young produced and the care bestowed upon them.

The fewer the offspring, the higher the type. Very low animals turn out thousands of eggs with reckless profusion; but they let them look after themselves, or be devoured by enemies, as chance will have it. The higher you go in the scale of being, the smaller the families, but the greater the amount of pains expended upon the rearing and upbringing of the young. Large broods mean low organization; small broods imply higher types and more care in the nurture and education of the offspring. Primitive kinds produce eggs wholesale, on the off chance that some two or three among them may perhaps survive an infant mortality of 99 per cent., so as to replace their parents: advanced kinds produce half-a-dozen young, or less, but bring a large proportion of these on an average up to years of discretion.

Without taking into account insects and such other small deer, this fundamental principle of population will become at once apparent if we examine merely familiar instances of back-boned or vertebrate animals. The lowest vertebrates are clearly the fishes: and fish have almost invariably gigantic families, especially in the lower orders of the race. A single cod, for example, is said to produce, roughly speaking, nine million eggs at a birth (I cannot pretend I have checked this calculation); but supposing they were only a million, and that one-tenth of those eggs alone ever came to maturity, there would still be a hundred thousand codfish in the sea this year for every pair that swam in it last year: and these would increase to a hundred thousand times that number next year: and so on, till in four or five years' time the whole sea would be but one solid mass of closely-packed cod-banks. We can see for ourselves that nothing of the sort actually

occurs—practically speaking, there are about the same number of cod one year as another. In spite of this enormous birth-rate, therefore, the cod population is not increasing—it is at a standstill. What does that imply? Why, that taking one brood and one year with another, only a pair of cod, roughly speaking, survive to maturity out of each eight or nine million eggs. The mother cod lays its millions, in order that two may arrive at the period of spawning. All the rest get devoured as eggs, or snapped up as young fry, or else die of starvation, or are otherwise unaccounted for. It seems to us a wasteful way of replenishing the earth: but it is nature's way; we can only bow respectfully to her final decision.

Frogs and other amphibians stand higher in the scale of life than fish: they have acquired legs in place of fins, and lungs instead of gills; they can hop about on shore with perfect freedom. Now, frogs still produce a great deal of spawn, as everyone knows: but the eggs in each brood are numbered in their case by hundreds, or at most by a thousand or two, not by millions as with many fishes. The spawn hatches out as a rule in ponds, and we have all seen the little black tadpoles crowding the edges of the water in such innumerable masses that one would suppose the frogs to be developed from them must cover the length and breadth of England. Yet what becomes of them all? Hundreds are destroyed in the early tadpole stage—eaten up or starved, or crowded out for want of air and space and water: a few alone survive to develop four legs and absorb their tails and hop on shore as tiny froglets. Even then the massacre of the innocents continues: only a tithe of those which succeed in quitting their native pond ever return to it full grown to spawn in due time and become the parents of further generations.

Lizards and other reptiles make an obvious advance on the frog type: they lay relatively few eggs, but they begin to care for their young: the family is not here abandoned at

birth, as among frogs, but is frequently tended and fed and overlooked by the mother. In birds we have a still higher development of the same marked parental tendency; only three or four eggs are laid each year, as a rule, and on these eggs the mother sits, while both parents feed the callow nestlings till such time as they are able to take care of themselves and pick up their own living. Among mammals, which stand undoubtedly at the head of created nature, the lower types, like mice and rabbits, have frequent broods of many young at a time; but the more advanced groups, such as the horses, cows, deer, and elephants, have usually one foal or calf at a birth, and seldom produce more than a couple. Moreover, in all these higher cases alike, the young are fed with milk by the mother, and so spared the trouble of providing for themselves in their early days, like the young codfish or the baby tadpole. Starvation at the outset is reduced to a minimum.

It is interesting to note, too, that anticipations of higher types, so to speak, often occur among lower races. An animal here and there among the simpler forms hits upon some device essentially similar to that of some higher group with which it is really quite unrelated. For example, those who have read my account of the common earwig in a former number of this Magazine (now republished in "Flashlights on Nature") will recollect how that lowly insect sits on her eggs exactly like a hen, and brings up her brood of callow grubs as if they were chickens. In much the same way, anticipations of the mammalian type occur pretty frequently among lower animals. Our commonest English lizard, for example, which frequents moors and sandhills, does not lay or deposit its eggs at all, but hatches them out in its own body, and so apparently brings them forth alive: while among snakes, the same habit occurs in the adder or viper. The very name *viper*, indeed, is a corruption of *vivipara*, the snake which produces living young. Still more closely do some birds resemble mammals in the habit of secreting a sort of milk for the sustenance of their nestlings. Most people think the phrase "pigeon's milk" is much like the phrase "the horse-marines"—a burlesque name for an absurd and impossible monstrosity. But it is nothing of the sort: it answers to a real fact in the economy of certain doves, which eat grain or seeds, grind and digest it in their own gizzards into a fine soft pulp or porridge, and then feed their young with it from their crops and beaks.

This is thus a sort of bird-like imitation of milk. Only, the cow or the goat takes grass or leaves, chews, swallows, and digests them, and manufactures from them in her own body that much more nutritive substance, milk, with which all mammals feed their infant offspring.

Now, after this rather long preamble, I am going to show you in this present article a few other examples of special care taken of the young in certain quarters where it might be least expected. Fish are not creatures from which we look for marked domestic virtues: yet we may find them there abundantly. Let us begin with that familiar friend of our childhood, the common English stickleback.

Which of us cannot look back in youth to the mysteries of the stickleback fisheries? Captains courageous, we sallied forth with bent pin and piece of thread, to woo the wily quarry with half an inch of chopped earthworm. For stickleback abound in every running stream and pond in England. They are beautiful little creatures, too, when you come to examine them, great favourites in the freshwater aquarium; the male in particular is exquisitely coloured, his hues growing brighter and his sheen more conspicuous at the pairing season. There are many species of sticklebacks—in England we have three very different kinds—but all are alike in the one point which gives them their common name, that is to say, in their aggressive and protective prickliness. They are armed against all comers. The dorsal fin is partly replaced in the whole family by strong spines or "stickles," which differ in number in the different species. One of our English sorts is a lover of salt water: he lives in the sea, especially off the Cornish coast, and has fifteen stickles or spines: on which account he is commonly known as the Fifteen-spined Stickleback: our other two sorts belong to fresher waters, and are known as the Ten-spined and the Three-spined respectively.

The special peculiarity of the male stickleback consists in the fact that he is, above all things, a model father. In his acute sense of parental responsibility he has few equals. When spring comes round, he first exhibits his consciousness of his coming charge by suddenly enduing himself in a glowing coat of many colours and of iridescent brilliancy. That is in order to charm the eyes of his prospective mate, or rather mates, for I may as well confess the sad truth at once that our amiable friend is a good parent but an



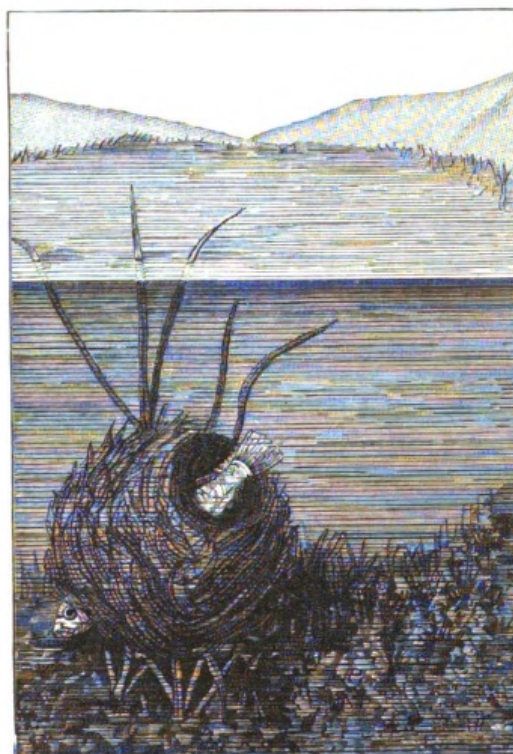
1.—STICKLEBACK'S NEST: THE MOTHER ABOUT TO ENTER.

abandoned polygamist. We all know that "In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast; In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest; In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove; In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Not to be out of the fashion, therefore, the romantic stickleback does precisely the same thing as all these distinguished and poetical compeers. And he does it for the same reason too: because he wants to get himself an appropriate partner. "There is a great deal of human nature in man," it has been said: I am always inclined to add, "And there is a great deal of human nature in plants and animals." The more we know of our dumb relations, the more closely do we realize the kinship between us. Fish in spring are like young men at a fair—all eager for the attention of their prospective partners.

The first care of the male stickleback, when he has acquired his courting suit, is to build a suitable home for his future wives and children. So he picks up stems of grass and water-weeds with his mouth, and weaves them deftly into a compact nest as perfect as a bird's, though somewhat different in shape and pattern. It rather resembles a barrel, open at both ends, as though the bottom were knocked out: this form is rendered necessary because the eggs, when laid, have

to be constantly aerated by passing a current of water through the nest, as I shall describe hereafter. No. 1 shows us such a nest when completed, with the female stickleback loitering about undecided as to whether or not she shall plunge and enter it. You will observe that the fabric is woven round a fixed support of some waving water-weeds; but the cunning little architect does not trust in this matter to his textile skill alone; he cements the straws and other materials together with a gummy mortar of mucous threads, secreted for the purpose by his internal organs.

As soon as the building operations are fully completed, the eager little householder sallies forth into his pond or brook in search of a mate who will come and stock his neatly-built home for him. At this stage of the proceedings, his wedding garment becomes even more brilliant and glancing than ever; he gleams in silver and changeable gems: when he finds his lady-love, he dances round her, "mad with excitement," as Darwin well phrased it, looking his handsomest and best with his lustrous colours glistening like an opal. If she will listen to his suit, he grows wild with delight, and coaxes her into the nest with most affectionate endearments. In No. 2, as you perceive, the mate of his choice has been induced to enter, and is laying her eggs in



2.—THE MOTHER LAYING THE EGGS.

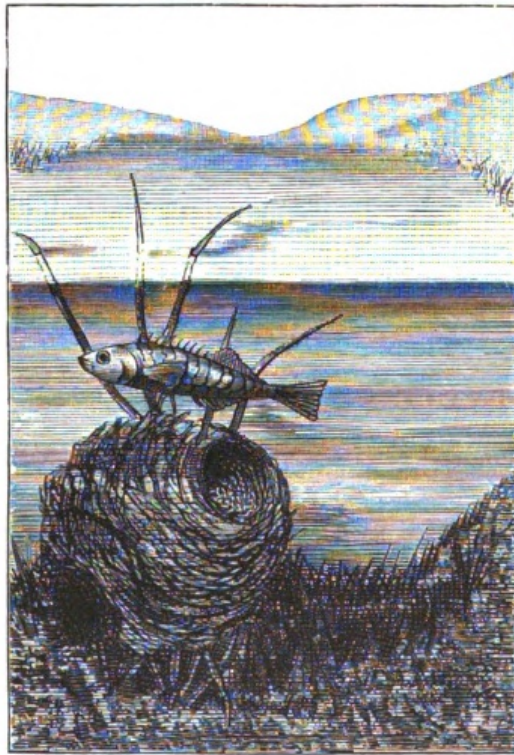
the dainty home his care has provided for her. The father fish, meanwhile, dances and capers around, in a *pas de triomphe* at the success of his endeavours.

One wife, however, does not suffice to fill the nest with eggs: and the stickleback is a firm believer in the advantages of large families. So, as soon as his first mate has laid all her spawn, he sets out once more in search of another. Thus he goes on until the home is quite full of eggs, bringing back one wife after another, in proportion to his success in wooing and fighting. For, like almost all polygamists, your stickleback is a terrible fighter. The males join wagers of battle with one another for possession of their mates; in their fierce duels they make fearful use of the formidable spines on their backs, sometimes entirely ripping up and cutting to pieces their ill-fated adversary. The spines thus answer to the spurs of the game-cock or the antlers of the deer; they are masculine weapons in the struggle for mates. Indeed, you may take it for granted that brilliant colours and decorative adjuncts in animals almost invariably go with irascible tempers, pugnacious habits, and the practice of fighting for possession of the harem. The consequence is, with the sticklebacks, that many males get killed during the struggle for supremacy, so that the survivors wed half-a-dozen wives each, like little Turks that they are in their watery seraglios. Only the most beautiful and courageous fish succeed

in gaining a harem of their own: and thus the wagers of battle tells in the end for the advantage of the race, by eliminating the maimed, the ugly, and the cowardly, and encouraging the strong, the handsome, the enterprising, and the valiant. This is nature's way of preventing degeneracy.

In No. 3 the nest is seen full of eggs, and the excellent father now comes out in his best light as their guardian and protector. He watches over them with ceaseless care, freeing them from parasites, and warding off the attacks of would-be enemies who desire to devour them, even though the intruder be several times his own size. The spines on his back here stand him once more in good stead: for small as he is, the stickleback is not an antagonist to be lightly despised: he can inflict a wound which a perch or a trout knows how to estimate at its full value. But that is not all the good parent's duty. He takes the eggs out of the nest every now and then with his snout, airs them a little in the fresh water outside, and then replaces and rearranges them, so that all may get a fair share of oxygen and may hatch out about simultaneously. It is this question of oxygen, indeed, which gives the father fish the greatest trouble.

That necessary of life is dissolved in water in very small quantities: and it is absolutely needed by every egg in order to enable it to undergo those vital changes which we know as hatching. To keep up a due supply of oxygen, therefore, the father stickleback ungrudgingly devotes laborious days to poisoning himself delicately just above the nest, as you see in No. 3, and fanning the eggs with his fins and tail, so as to set up a constant current of water through the centre of the barrel. He sits upon the eggs just as truly as a hen does: only, he sits upon them,



3.—THE FATHER STICKLEBACK AIRING THE EGGS.

not for warmth, but for aëration.

For weeks together this exemplary parent continues his monotonous task, ventilating the spawn many times every day, till the time comes for hatching. It takes about a month for the eggs to develop; and then the proud father's position grows more

arduous than ever. He has to rock a thousand cradles at once, so to speak, and to pacify a thousand crying babies. On the one hand, enemies hover about, trying to eat the tender transparent glass-like little fry, and these he must drive off: on the other hand, the good nurse must take care that the active young fish do not stray far from the nest, and so expose themselves prematurely to the manifold dangers of the outer world. Till they are big enough and strong enough to take care of themselves, he watches with incessant vigilance over their safety; as soon as they can go forth with tolerable security upon the world of their brook or pond, he takes at last a well-merited holiday.

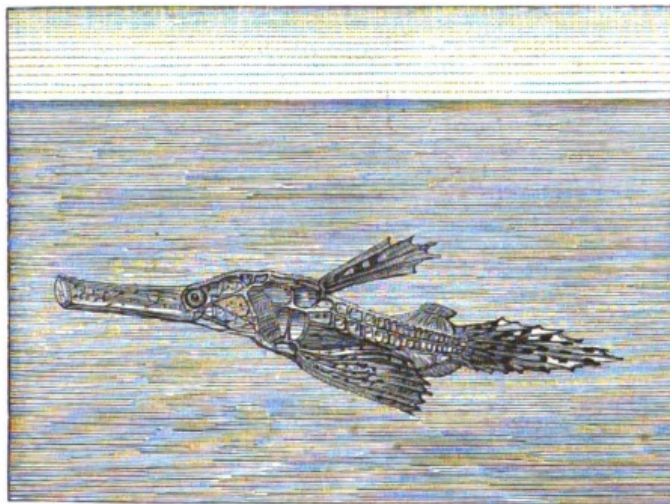
It is not surprising under these circumstances to learn that sticklebacks are successful and increasing animals. Their numbers are enormous, wherever they get a fair chance in life, because they multiply rapidly up to the extreme limit of the means of subsistence, and develop as fast as food remains for them. There the inexorable Malthusian law at last steps in: when there is not food enough for all some must starve: that is the long and the short of the great population question. But while provender is forthcoming they increase gaily. Sticklebacks live mainly on the spawn of other fish, though they are so careful of their own, and they are therefore naturally hated by trout-preserved and owners of fisheries in general. Thousands and thousands are caught each year; in some places, indeed, they are so numerous that they are used as manure. It is their numbers, of course, that make them formidable: they are the locusts of the streams, well armed and pugnacious, and provided with most remarkable parental instincts of a protective character, which enable them to fill up all vacancies in their ranks as fast as they occur with astonishing promptitude.

To those whose acquaintance with fish is mainly culinary, it may seem odd to hear that the father stickleback alone takes part in the care of the nursery. But this is really the rule among the whole class of fish: wherever the young are tended, it is almost always the father, not the mother, who undertakes the duty of incubation. Only two instances occur where the female fish assumes maternal functions towards her young: about these I shall have more to say a little later on. We must remember that reptiles, birds, and mammals are in all probability descended from fish as ancestors, and it is therefore clear that the habit of handing over the care of the young to the female alone belongs to the higher grades of vertebrates—in other words, is of later origin. We need not be astonished, therefore, to find that in many cases among birds and other advanced vertebrates a partial reversion to the earlier habit not infrequently takes place. With doves, for example, the cock and hen birds sit equally on the eggs, taking turns about at the nest; and as for the ostriches, the male bird there does most of the incubation, for he accepts the whole of the night duty, and also assists at intervals during the daytime. There are numerous other cases where the father bird shares the tasks of the nursery at least equally with the mother. I

will glance first, however, at one of the rare exceptions among fish where the main duty does not devolve on the devoted father.

In No. 4 we have an illustration of the tube-mouth or *Solenostoma*, one of the two known kinds of fish in which the female shows a due sense of her position as a

mother. The tube-mouth, as you can see at a glance, is a close relation of our old friend the sea-horse, whose disguised and undisguised forms in Australia and the Mediterranean we have already observed when dealing with the question of animal masqueraders. *Solenostoma* is a native



4.—THE MOTHER TUBE-MOUTH CARRYING HER EGGS IN A POUCH.

of the Indian Ocean, from Zanzibar to China, and in real life is about double the size of Mr. Enock's drawing. In the male, the lower pair of fins are separate, as is usual among fish: but in the female, represented in the accompanying sketch, they are lightly joined at the edge, so as to form a sort of pouch like a kangaroo's, in which the eggs are deposited after being laid, and thus carried about in the mother's safe keeping. No. 5 shows the arrangement of this pouch in detail, with the eggs inside it. The mother *Solenostoma* not only takes charge of the spawn while it is hatching in this receptacle, but also looks after the young fry, like the father stickleback, till they are of an age to go off on their own account in quest of adventures. The most frequent adventure that happens to them on the way is, of course, being eaten.

Our own common English pipe-fish is a good example of the other and much more usual case in which the father alone is actuated by a proper sense of parental responsibility. The pipe-fish, indeed, might almost be described as a pure and blameless ratepayer. No. 6 shows you the outer form of this familiar creature, whom you will recognise at a glance as still more nearly allied to the sea-horses than even the tube-mouth. Pipe-fishes are timid and skulking creatures. Like their horse-headed relations, they lurk for the most part among seaweed for protection, and, being but poor swimmers, never venture far from the covering shelter of their native thicket. But the curious part of them is that in this family the father fish is provided with a pouch even more perfect than that of the female tube-mouth, and

that he himself, not his mate, takes sole charge of the young, incubates them in his sack, and escorts them about for some time after hatching. The pouch, which is more fully represented in No. 7, is formed by a

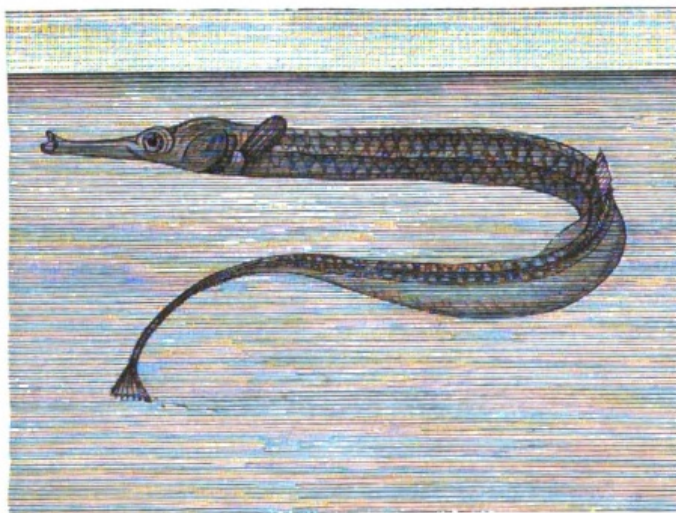
loose fold of skin arising from either side of the creature. In the illustration this fold is partly withdrawn, so as to show the young pipe-fish within their safe retreat after hatching out. It is said, I know not how truly, that the young fry will stroll out for an occasional swim on their own account, but will return at any threat of danger to their father's bosom, for a considerable time after the first hatching. This is just like what one knows of kangaroos and many other pouched mammals, where the mother's pouch becomes a sort of nursery, or place of refuge, to which the little ones return for warmth or safety after every excursion.

The sea-horses and many other fish have similar pouches; but, oddly enough, in every case it is the male fish which bears it, and which undertakes the arduous duty of nurse for his infant offspring.

A few female fish, on the other hand, even hatch the eggs within their own bodies, and so apparently bring forth their young alive, like the English lizard among reptiles. This, however, is far from a common case: indeed, in an immense number of instances, neither parent pays the slightest attention to the eggs after



5.—THE POUCH, WITH THE EGGS INSIDE IT.



6.—THE FATHER PIPE-FISH, CARRYING HIS YOUNG IN A POUCH.

they are once laid and got rid of: the spawn is left to lie on the bottom and be eaten or spared as chance directs, while the young fry have to take care of themselves, without the aid of parental advice and educa-

tion. But exceptions occur where both parents show signs of realizing the responsibilities of their position. In some little South American river fish, for instance, the father and mother together build a nest of dead leaves for the spawn, and watch over it in unison till the young are hatched. This case is exactly analogous to that of the doves



7.—THE POUCH HALF OPENED TO SHOW THE YOUNG.

among birds : I may add that wherever such instances occur they always seem to be accompanied by a markedly gentle and affectionate nature. Brilliantly-coloured fighting polygamous fishes are fierce and cruel : monogamous and faithful animals are seldom bright-hued, but they mate for life and are usually remarkable for their domestic felicity. The doves and love-birds are familiar instances.

Frogs are very closely allied to fish : indeed, one may almost say that every frog begins life as a fish, limbless, gill-bearing, and aquatic, and ends it as something very like a reptile, four-legged, lung-bearing, and more or less terrestrial. For the tadpole is practically in all essentials a fish. It is not odd, therefore, to find that certain frogs reproduce, in a very marked manner, the fatherly traits of their fish-like ancestors. There is a common kind of frog in France, Belgium, and Switzerland, which does not extend to England, but which closely recalls the habits of the stickleback and the pipe-fish. Among these eminently moral amphibians, it is the father, not the mother, who takes entire charge of the family—wheels the perambulator, so to speak. The female lays her spawn in the shape of long strings or rolls of eggs, looking at first sight like slimy necklaces. I have seen them as much as a couple of yards long, lying loose on the grass where the frog lays them. As soon as she has deposited them, however, the father frog hops up, twists the garlands dexterously in loose festoons round his legs and thighs, and then retires with his precious burden to some hole in the bank of his native pond, where he

lurks in seclusion till the eggs develop. Frogs do not need frequent doses of food—their meals are often few and far between—and during the six or eight weeks that the eggs take to mature the father probably eats very little, though he may possibly sally forth at night, unobserved, in search of provender. At the end of that time the devoted parent, foreseeing developments, takes to the water once more, so that the tadpoles may be hatched in their proper element. I may add that this frog is a great musician in the breeding season, but that as soon as the tadpoles have hatched out he loses his voice entirely, and does not recover his manly croak till the succeeding spring. This is also the case with the song of many

birds, the crest of the newt, the plumes of certain highly-decorated trogons and nightjars, and, roughly speaking, the decorative and attractive features of the male sex in general. Such features are given them during the mating period as allurements for their consorts : they disappear, for the time at least, like a ball-dress after a ball, as soon as no immediate use can any longer be made of them.

Some American tree-frogs, on the other hand, imitate rather the motherly *Solenostoma* than the fatherly instincts of the pipe-fish or the stickleback. These pretty little creatures have a pouch like the kangaroo, but in their case (as in the kangaroo's) it is the female who bears it. Within this safe receptacle the eggs are placed by the male, who pushes them in with his hind feet ; and they not only undergo their hatching in the pouch, but also pass through their whole tadpole development in the same place. Owing to the care which is thus extended to the eggs and young, these advanced tree-frogs are enabled to lay only about a dozen to fifteen eggs at a time, instead of the countless hundreds often produced by many of their relations.

Tree-frogs have, of course, in most circumstances much greater difficulty in getting at water than pond-frogs ; and this is especially true in certain tropical or desert districts. Hence most of the frogs which inhabit such regions have had to find out or invent some ingenious plan for passing through the tadpole stage with a minimum of moisture. The devices they have hit upon are very curious. Some of them make use of the little pools

collected at the bases of huge tropical leaf-stalks, like those of the banana plant; others dispense with the aid of water altogether, and glue their new-laid eggs on their own backs, where the fry pass through the tadpole stage in the slimy mucus which surrounds them. Nature always discovers such cunning schemes to get over apparent difficulties in her way: and the tree-frogs have solved the problem for themselves in half-a-dozen manners in different localities. Oddest of all, perhaps, is the dodge invented by "Darwin's frog," a Chilian species, in which the male swallows the eggs as soon as laid, and gulps them into the throat-pouch beneath his capacious neck:

into a bed of the soft skin, which soon closes over it automatically, thus burying each in a little cell or niche, where it undergoes its further development. The tadpoles pass through their larval stage within the cell, and then hop out, as the illustration shows, in the four-legged condition. As soon as they have gone off to shift for themselves, the mother toad finds herself with a ragged and honeycombed skin, which must be very uncomfortable. So she rubs the remnant of it off against stones or the bark of trees, and redevelops a similar back afresh at the next breeding season.

Almost never do we find a device in



8.—SURINAM TOAD, CARRYING HER FAMILY.

there they hatch out and pass through their tadpole stage: and when at last they arrive at frogly maturity, they escape into the world through the mouth of their father.

The Surinam toad, represented in No. 8, is also the possessor of one of the strangest nurseries known to science. It lives in the dense tropical forests of Guiana and Brazil, and is a true water-haunter. But at the breeding season the female undergoes a curious change of integument. The skin on her back grows pulpy, soft, and jelly-like. She lays her eggs in the water: but as soon as she has laid them, her lord and master plasters them on to her impressionable back with his feet, so as to secure them from all assaults of enemies. Every egg is pressed separately

nature which occurs once only. The unique hardly exists: nature is a great copyist. At least two animals of wholly unlike kinds are all but sure to hit independently upon the self-same mechanism. So it is not surprising to learn that a cat-fish has invented an exactly similar mode of carrying its young to that adopted by the Surinam toad: only, here it is on the under surface, not the upper one, that the spawn is plastered. The eggs of this cat-fish, whose scientific name is *Aspredo*, are pressed into the skin below the body, and so borne about by the mother till they hatch. This is the second instance, of which I spoke above, where the female fish herself assumes the care of her offspring, instead of leaving it entirely to her excellent partner.

Higher up in the scale of life, we get many instances which show various stages in the same progressive development towards greater care for the safety and education of the young. Among the larger lizards, for example, a distinct advance may be traced between the comparatively uncivilized American alligator and his near ally, the much more cultivated African crocodile. On the banks of the Mississippi, the alligator lays a hundred eggs or thereabouts, which she deposits in a nest near the water's edge, and then covers them up with leaves and other decaying vegetable matter. The fermentation of these leaves produces heat, and so does for the alligator's eggs what sitting does for those of hens and other birds: the mother deposes her maternal functions, so to speak, to a festering heap of decomposing plant-refuse. Nevertheless, she loiters about all the time, like Miriam round the ark which contained Moses, to see what happens; and when the eggs hatch out, she leads her little ones down to the river, and there makes alligators of them. This is a simple and relatively low stage in the nursery arrangements of the big lizards.

The African crocodile, on the other hand, goes a stage higher. It lays only about thirty eggs, but these it buries in warm sand, and then lies on top of them at night, both to protect them from attack and to keep them warm during the cooler hours. In short, it sits upon them. When the young crocodiles within the egg are ready to hatch, they utter an acute cry. The mother then digs down to the eggs, and lays them freely on the surface, so that the little reptiles may have space to work their way out unimpeded. This they do by biting at the shell with a specially developed tooth; at the end of two hours' nibbling they are free, and are led down to the water by their affectionate parent. In these two cases we see the beginnings of the instinct of hatching, which in birds, the next in order in the scale of being, has become almost universal.

I say *almost* universal, because even among birds there are a few kinds which have not to this day progressed beyond the alligator level. Australia is the happy hunting-ground of the zoologist in search of antiquated forms, elsewhere extinct; and several Australian birds, such as the brush-turkeys, still treat their eggs essentially on the alligator method. The cock birds heap up huge mounds of earth and decaying vegetable matter, as much as would represent several cartloads of mould; and in this natural hot-bed the hens lay their eggs, burying each separately with a good stock of leaves around it. The heat of the sun and the fermenting mould hatch them out between them; to expedite the process, the birds uncover the eggs during the warmer part of the day, expose them to the sun, and bury them again in the hot-bed towards evening. Several intermediate steps may also be found between this early stage of communal nesting by proxy and the true hatching instinct; a good one is supplied by the ostrich, which partially buries its eggs in hot sand, but sits on them at intervals, both father and mother birds taking shares by turn in the duties of incubation.

The vast subject which I have thus lightly skimmed is not without interest, again, from its human implications. Savages as a rule produce enormous families; but then, the infant mortality in savage tribes is proportionately great. Among civilized races, families are smaller, and deaths in infancy are far less numerous. The higher the class or the natural grade of a stock, the larger as a rule the proportion of children safely reared to the adult age. The goal towards which humanity is slowly moving would thus seem to be one where families in most cases will be relatively small—perhaps not more on an average than three to a household—but where most or all of the children brought into the world will be safely reared to full maturity. This is already becoming the rule in certain favoured ranks of European society.



BY K. AND HESKETH PRICHARD ("E. AND H. HERON").



I. BRAUNKSEY, the prize-fighter, had just "quit work," and was engaged in crossing a few last punches on the bag. His whole 200lb. of swift muscle and bone went and came with every blow. His dark head jugged up and down between his high shoulders as he hit the bag with a sort of latent fury that was not nice to witness.

He paused to listen to the man beside him. That individual was evidently urging some point. He was a smallish, greasy-looking man with soaped hair, and had in his time fought for the edification of low-class audiences. From that profession, in which he had hardly been a success, he passed to the keeping of a saloon. As he had migrated from Houndsditch as a boy, he still retained some of the quaint peculiarities of his mother tongue.

"What I want you to do," he was saying, "is to stand there at my bar and show yourself off. You'll draw the swell custom to my place, and I am willing to pay you a pretty stiff fee for the exclusive right of your patronage. I'm on the dead square. I want it to be known in Buffalo City that

Beetle—beg pardon, I mean Mr. Simeon Braunksey, the famous prize-fighter, is on view in my saloon every single evening, and that he is not to be seen under the same circumstances at any other place in Buffalo. It would be a good thing for both of us, and it'll be an easy way of earning money for you. Is it a go?"

"Whether it is or whether it's not depends entirely upon the terms you offer me. There are 274 other saloons in this city besides yours, and not one of them but would jump at the chance of hiring me."

The Cockney-American bar-keeper grunted. He was well aware of the truth of the facts stated by the prize-fighter, and he had come over to the latter's training-quarters with the intention of getting a signed agreement out of the man of blows. In the old days, when he had been a saloon-keeper in a frontier town, Blowney had cut out the opposition by putting cochineal in his whisky, and ascribing its consequent ruddiness of hue to the extreme excellence and antiquity of the spirit. He was a pushing man, and he knew to the full the benefit the advertisement of the prize-fighter's presence would confer upon his establishment. But he was not pleased to find Braunksey equally aware of the facts.

"Put it at ten dollars a night. Hours ten to twelve, and all you can drink thrown in," he said, at length.

"I'm in training, and so I don't drink, as I guess you're aware. Twenty dollars a night every night, Sundays in. Say that, and I'll call it a deal."

"It's out of the question. Your price is up just now, I am not denying it; but even you would be dear at the figure you name. It would mean my doing business at a loss!"

The prize-fighter scowled.

"I'm the most interesting man in America to-day," he said. "If you were to hire the President to come along and show himself, or the Emperor of Germany to gas around in your bar, neither of the two would be as lucrative an investment as I. No, sir; twenty dollars each night is the price I mentioned."

And, indeed, what Beetle Braunksey said was not so very far wide of the truth. In a fortnight he was due to fight the holder for the heavy-weight championship of the world. Consequently, there were not a few men in America who opened their newspapers for the sole reason that they wanted to see how and what the two opponents were doing. Braunksey was followed about by a little tribe of newspaper men, who recorded all his actions. He was introduced on an average to a hundred new acquaintances every day. And all these things made him realize to the full his own importance.

A heavy-weight championship glove-fight is at all times interesting. But if the two pugilists who are going to fight add rancour to the business, the fight becomes infinitely more interesting to the outside public. That is human nature.

Nor was there any lack of rancour in the present instance. Indeed, it was commonly reported that the adversaries had to be kept apart by the diplomacy of their respective backers. Otherwise the fight might come off in the streets at any hour should they chance to meet. Thus the situation did not lack piquancy.

"Look here," said Blowney, at last, "I'll pay you twenty dollars a night on one condition—and more besides."

"Let's have your condition."

"It's been done before," said the bar-keeper, half-apologetically; "and there is no reason I can see why it should not be done again. I'm a plain business man, and what I want to get out of you is a flaming big advertisement."

Blowney paused.

"Get on to facts, then," said the big prize-fighter, disdainfully. "I know what *you* want."

"It's this. I'd pay twenty dollars a night for fourteen nights, and a hundred over, if you would give us a bit of an exhibition the first night."

"What do you mean? Let's hear your meaning."

"I mean that there's a big, ugly, no-good Britisher, who is in my place 'most every evening. If you were to put up your hands to him and catch him a swing or two on the jaw—kill the beast if you like, I don't care. Do you understand me now?"

"You want me to knock this green hand about to make sport?"

"That's it."

"I'm a devil when I get my hands up," said Braunksey. "But anyway, he wouldn't show any fight. It's not easy to find a man willing to quarrel with me," he ended, proudly.

"You smack him in the face and see. You're not new to the game. How about that chap you killed in Hicks's bar down at New Orleans?"

The prize-fighter's eyes lit up.

"Remember who you're speaking to," he shouted. "The chap I killed in Hicks's bar deserved all he got, the swine! He gave me too much lip, so I just knocked him into his own funeral."

"Don't make trouble with me," said the bar-keeper; "I'm here offering you money. Will you smash him up to-night?"

Braunksey considered. The foulness of the scheme did not reach him.

"I'll drop round to-night and take a look at him. What's in this piece of paper?" he said, as Blowney handed him a document.

"Our agreement. I'll read it to you: 'I, Simeon Braunksey, hereby agree with Charles Blowney, saloon-keeper, to be on view between the hours of nine and twelve every evening till my fight with the present holder of the world's heavy-weight championship is decided, I receiving twenty dollars a night for such attendance.' That's all. Will you sign?"

"You don't make any mention of what we spoke of last?" said Braunksey, suspiciously.

"I guess it's better not to have any paper about over a matter of that sort. There are some fools who would not think it quite on the straight. No, it's just a difficulty that is going to crop up between you two, and that'll need settling right there."

Braunksey nodded.

"But about this chap I'm going to smash. What's his size?"

"You're twenty pounds heavier," said Blowney. "But he's a holy caution. They say he used to be a gentleman over in England, and I don't think he wears his right name. He keeps all his airs, though. It'll do him good to have to swallow the lesson in manners you are going to give him. He's like a cork in a bottle of wine. There's far too much of him dangling around."

"Well, he's going to get hurt," said Braunksey, as the other took his leave. "I'll be round to-night."

II.

ZACK raised his big black chin and balanced it in the palm of his hand. Zack was not his real name, but at any rate it was the variation of it he chose to be known by. I fancy he must have been thinking, which was a form of torture he rarely indulged in at that particular period of his life.

He walked slowly down Main Street, thinking. In his pocket there reposed the sum of 75 cents. He had earned them that morning by heaving pig-iron for seven and a half consecutive hours, and now he was going to make the most of them.

The electric light shone refulgently upon his face and garments. In all that hastening street he seemed to be the only purposeless man. The course of his life was like that of a ship which has lost her reckoning, and yet beats ahead through a fog. The events of the next hour might include a wreck.

In front of him, two men arm-in-arm were attracting the attention of the passers-by. Both were of fine make, and carried themselves with a certain swing which, if he had been noticing, would have discovered to him their profession. The two, indeed, were Braunksey and his sparring partner, Yatterham. Also their destination appeared to be his own, and the three turned aside into a

hot sanded saloon, whose walls were covered with the pictures of gentlemen belonging to the American prize-ring.

Blowney's saloon was fuller than usual. In the evening papers the great glove-fight vociferated itself in headlines. Braunksey was already on view. He stood at the bar-side, and received with the complacency of a west-end Duchess.

"Say, Mr. —, shake hands with Mr. Sim Braunksey, who knocked Keigh out in two rounds at New Orleans last year."

That was the form of introduction, and the proud and the brave numbered Simeon Braunksey among their acquaintance, fingered his forearm, discussed the Fitzsimmons swing, agreed that Corbett was the cleverer sparrer, and felt they were in the very first flight of American prize-fighting society. And certainly the society at Blowney's was representative.

Blowney himself. Dan Tone, who was paperchasing through the weeks with a colossal fortune. Here the fine neck and thickened shoulders of some clean-run and healthy young athlete; beside him perhaps the figure of a vicious weakling who bestowed his presence because it was the thing to do. A score of others also, who talked, betted, boasted, criticised: who, in fact, did everything but—fight.

Into this saloon, and caring for none of these things at that particular moment, walked Zack. He might have been playing the hard-up squire's son in far-off Hampshire instead of battling with the swinging world. But Zack had offended at home, had left Oxford at mid-term; had, in fact, committed so many sins that £50 and a second-class passage to

New York had been his portion. He had lived like a gentleman till the last bill he possessed broke into silver dollars, and then Zack had worked at many jobs, from carrying a traveller's bag to his hotel to heaving pig-iron in the interests of a Limited Liability Company.

He walked into Blowney's saloon with the



"ZACK."

unintrospective swing of a gentleman. That swing is well known in America. When coupled with shabby clothes it is the hallmark of a man who has gone under.

Blowney leaned across the bar.

"That's him," he whispered to Braunksey.

Braunksey looked round intolerantly. Zack had retired with his drink to one of the small round tables, and was engaged in filling up a wooden pipe. There was a certain suggestion of disdain of his surroundings in the Britisher's careless attitude.

"He'll show a game," whispered Blowney. "Maybe he knows who you are. Try him, Braunksey. That can't harm, anyway."

The prize-fighter was not a diplomatist. He was being paid to knock the Britisher about, and he went the shortest way to begin it. Elbowing a path through the crowd, he stood in front of Zack and regarded him with a lowering look. Zack returned it. One of two things was very evident from his eyes. Either he was not acquainted with Braunksey's record, or else he was a man of high-tempered courage. His look maddened the pugilist.

"I don't like your face. Take it away,"

At no time exactly a peaceful man, at that ebb of his fortunes Zack was not unready to come to blows.

"One of us has got to get out," he said. "Is it going to be you? You're working for a row. D'you want to challenge me to fight?"

"I'm going to smash your face for you," reiterated the prize-fighter, violently. With the words he bent forward and flung the table at which Zack was sitting backwards. In a second the Britisher was on his feet again.

"Will any gentleman do me the favour of acting as my second?" he asked.

"You won't need any," sneered Braunksey. "Do you think this is a championship glove-fight?"

A laugh went up from the crowd. It was very obvious that the stranger did not know the name of his opponent. Yet one of the clean-built athletes stepped forward. The audience even in that bar was by far too keen upon fair play to be solid in wanting the fight to proceed. There were a dozen men against it. The big man who had offered to

be his second whispered something in Zack's ear.

"Who is he?" asked Zack.

"It's Sim Braunksey. He's killed a man this way before now. Take my advice. I and my friends, all of us, do a little in the way of boxing. We could get you out safe. Will you run?"

"Thanks, no."

"D'you then know — much about fighting?"

"I have boxed a bit."

"The man you have before you will be heavy-

weight champion of the world inside a fortnight. You haven't a chance. Take advice. Besides, he's altogether outside your weight. What's yours?"

"About 180lb."

"He's 198 trained fine. Besides, he's in the very pink of condition. He made the



"ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE THAT FACE AWAY?"

Braunksey said, truculently. "Take the beastly thing away."

Zack gave a little gesture that brought the blood into Braunksey's face.

"Are you going to take that face away, you there, or are you going to stay and get it knocked in?" the pugilist continued.

row with you on purpose. It's just a put-up thing. Really, in your place I personally wouldn't let it go any further."

"Will you do me a favour?" asked Zack, suddenly.

The American nodded quickly. "Of course, if I can," said he.

"Then," said the Englishman, "I should be infinitely obliged to you if you will go and arrange the details with Braunksey's seconds. I suppose he has no objection to fighting me in rounds. I'm quite determined to go through with it, and see how I come out at the far end. May I count on you?"

"With pleasure," answered the American.

While Zack was holding his whispered conversation with his second the hush of intense interest had fallen upon the company. There was something they liked in the way the Britisher bore himself. There must be a kinship between the brave; anyhow, in either England or America, a man who looks his opponent in the face is sure of a backing.

And the motley crowd in Blowney's were pleased with Zack. He was about to stand up against the most savage fighter in the ring, and from his outward appearance no one could have said that his heart was beating abnormally. Besides, he made a fine figure standing there, with his square jaw and arched chest. And there was a look in his countenance that gained for him the respect of the better part of the spectators.

In the stillness, broken only by the occasional shuffle of feet, every word that passed between Yatterham and Zack's second, Morgan, was perfectly audible. Then there arose a hum as it became plain that the Britisher was determined to make a battle. Then followed an uneasy sway of the crowd, and a voice at the back struck up:—

"Don't let the brave fellow fight. It's a put-up job."

Braunksey made a rush towards the speaker, and in another moment the saloon would have been in chaos had not Zack's voice broken in.

"I'm very much obliged," he said, looking in the direction of the speaker, "but really the option of fighting or not seems to lie with me. Are you ready, Braunksey?"

Those words clinched the matter. Zack began to peel in an unostentatious corner. The prize-fighter merely buttoned up his coat.

"I'm going to knock the stuffing out of him," he reiterated.

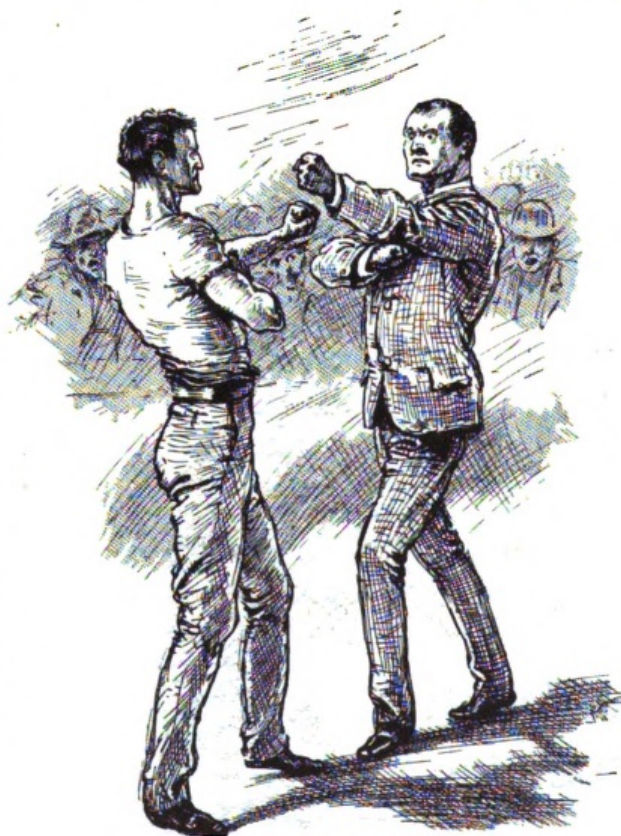
Zack answered nothing, but folded his garments, and the man who had spoken came forward and took charge of them. "I'm proud," said he.

Meantime the tables were moved back, and an extempore ring was formed. The electric light shone down in dazzling whiteness upon the scene; the bobbing hats and the tiers of faces, and in the middle the figures of the two opponents.

Braunksey was the larger man. He was far thicker than Zack. Indeed, he was one of those whose sojourn in the ring is of no

long duration. Their muscle fleshes over easily, and they find themselves grown unwieldy at thirty years of age. But as he stood Braunksey was physically excellent, and it was well known that a blow of his which went home often meant the winning of a fight. He was clever with his hands, too, but not superlatively clever. Indeed, he placed his chief reliance on a left-right that could crush a man like an egg-shell.

Zack, on the other hand, was equally tall, slimmer, yet deep of chest, with long, sinewy, and well-covered arms, and the light way he



"THE TWO OPPONENTS."

moved on his feet showed that, at one time or another, the no-good Britisher had tasted the pleasures of the fray.

Imagine to yourself the possibilities that stared him in the face. The eyes he was looking into showed dark with determination. Braunksey was "raised." In fact, the savage in Braunksey did not call for much raising. It dwelt conveniently near the surface. If the two were fighting their quarrel out with swords the issue would hardly have been less likely to end in maiming. A blow of Braunksey's that crashed home was every whit as dangerous to life as a sword-thrust or a pistol bullet.

There was no preliminary hand-shake, and the first thing that told the spectators of the beginning of the battle was a rush of Braunksey's, which the Britisher stopped with a hard left.

A shout went up, for the half-arm blow had gone and come as quick as a piston-rod. Braunksey fetched a grunt and feinted. His idea was to play with his victim a little, and after an exhibition to smash him. He hardly expected to be attacked. But he was. Whether his ease of movement was hampered by his coat, or whether he was careless, will never be known; yet the fact remains that Zack shot forward like a bolt and planted a clean left-right on the prize-fighter's waistcoat. But he did not get away scatheless—he received a showy swing between the eyes that sent a little streak of crimson trickling down his chin.

"Lay him out, Sim," yelled Yatterham, from his corner. "Don't let the —— be able to boast he made two rounds of it with you!"

"He'll make more than that," shouted Morgan, in return.

Braunksey heard, and his tactics changed. It would certainly never do to have it said that this unknown man had stood up against Sim Braunksey for more than a few counters! The prize-fighter's huge shoulders bunched up, and in another moment he was boring down on Zack with all his well-known ferocity.

Zack met him clean and straight, fighting him off with an extended left. Then came an easy feint and a right swing. The Britisher ducked and countered heavily. The prize-fighter gave a squeal of rage, and charged after him like a wounded elephant. The blows he had received had not hurt him, and his left came with a sickening whistle for Zack's jaw, who ducked and took the blow on his forehead, and was beaten to one

knee. He disengaged, however, and "time" was called amid a little thunder of applause.

The prize-fighter drew off sullenly, and a hum of conversation succeeded the shouting of the spectators.

"He's grit," reiterated Morgan, and then "Fight him off. Keep on fighting him off. Deuce only knows what luck you may have."

Zack said nothing. He glanced across at Braunksey, who had now taken off his coat. At the same moment the crowd noticed this new development, and cheered wildly for the plucky amateur.

"Let's stop the fight up right now," said the man who was holding Zack's clothes. "You're grit, mister, but you can't hope——"

Zack looked up from his basin.

"Perhaps I can help to get him licked this day fortnight," he said. And the two men were in their places again. This time, for Braunksey, there was no question of playing with his opponent. He took up the offensive and battered at Zack's defence. Blow after blow went half home, and the Englishman, now drenched in blood, met them grimly. The old Berserk was awake in him, and the crowd was not slow to realize the fact. They now saw that Zack would have to be knocked out of the fight; they knew also that he would never retire from it while he could stand. The set of his jaw showed how he had nailed his colours to the mast, and when just on time he landed a weakening blow on Braunksey's face the applause was positively deafening.

Round three began with a staggerer for the Englishman, who was just too late to stop a left jab. It plainly shook him, and with a grunt the pugilist rushed in to victory. But Zack dodged the rush, and gathering up his numbing muscles he battered gallantly at the prize-fighter's ribs. It was just that uncertain moment of the fight between first and second winds, and at the end of the round Zack staggered to his corner with a brightening eye and clearing brain.

At the end of the fourth round the spectators were delirious, for Zack had got in the majority of the blows. Yet Braunksey's one blow swamped two of the Britisher's, and close on time, feinting with his left, he swung his right and Zack ricocheted on his shoulder across the sanded floor.

"That was a peach of a blow," yelled Yatterham. "That's done it!"

But it had not, and the Britisher regained his feet. Meantime Yatterham was growing anxious. It was all very well to knock a green hand about, but it was not wise to risk

the purse of 50,000dols. offered by the Athletic Club by running the chance of being hurt in an inglorious by-battle.

Zack, however, had to be helped to his corner.

"Chuck it now," urged Morgan. "You're a man. And you've done quite enough to give you fame."

"My last round," gasped Zack. "One of the two of us will have to stop after this."

At the call of time the two men, now red from head to foot, took their places, and amid a dead hush that famous final round began.

Braunksey led off, hitting like a kicking dray-horse. And then under the blows, and with a purposeful rush, Zack ran in and clinched. He took his blows as he came, but he never heeded. He had been a famous wrestler, and he caught Braunksey in such a way that he could not be thrown off. His lean arms were round the prize-fighter's middle, and slowly—slowly the great man's two hundred pounds was lifted from the ground. Then came the sound of a fall and the rap of a striking head, and the two men lay as they had fallen.

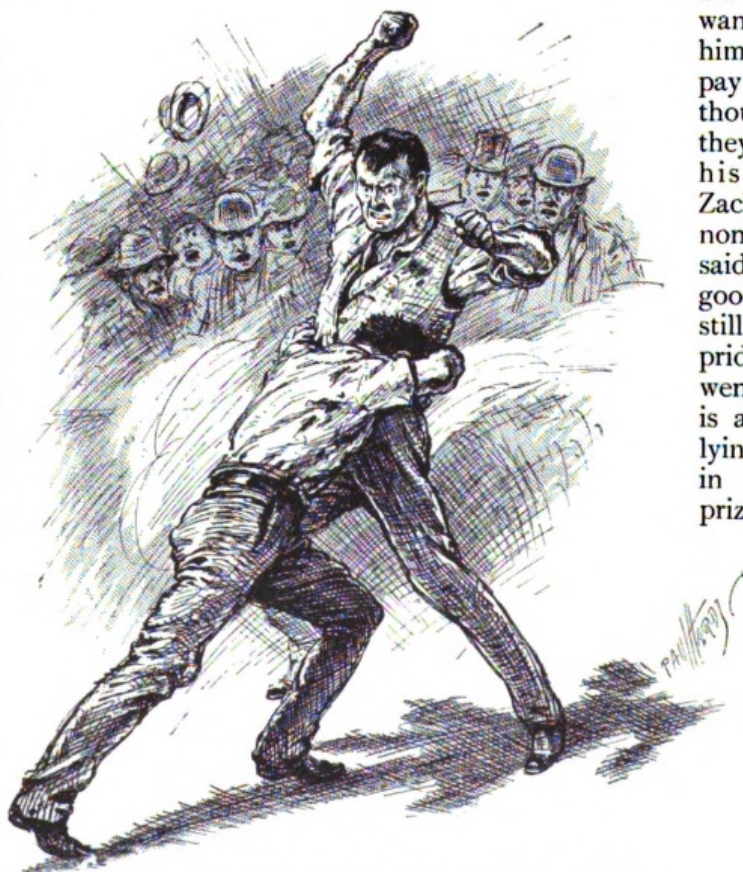
Neither moved. Someone counted a loud—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—and still the forms lay upon the sanded floor, the Britisher beside the pugilist. Then there arose a cheer, for it was known that Geoffrey Zack, the no-good Britisher, had

fought a battle to a knock-out with Simeon Braunksey, and had made a draw of it.

The Americans took him to the best hotel in Buffalo, where they washed his gory face tenderly. Then his seconds saw him safely into bed, and afterwards those wily men went out and laid money against Braunksey in his coming fight, and they laid a tidy sum in the name of Zack. Next morning America was ringing with the news, and early in the forenoon the Barnums and Baileys were vying with one another in endeavouring to induce Zack to join their respective establishments. They offered him a hundred dollars a day to exhibit himself, and Zack thanked them and declined politely.

A fortnight later Simeon Braunksey stood up to the world's champion, but he had very little show. Somehow he had been damaged in his by-battle with Zack, and he paid for trying to knock a green-horn about by losing the biggest battle in his career.

Zack left the city secretly. He found sudden popularity embarrassing. His American friends wanted to stand him a dinner and pay him the two thousand dollars they had won in his name, but Zack would have none of it. He said he was a no-good Britisher, but still he had his pride. Anyway, he went. But there is always a career lying open for Zack in the American prize-ring.



"HIS LEAN ARMS WERE ROUND THE PRIZE-FIGHTER'S MIDDLE."

Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. We shall be glad to receive similar anecdotes, fully authenticated by names of witnesses, for use in future numbers. While the stories themselves will be matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist will treat the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.

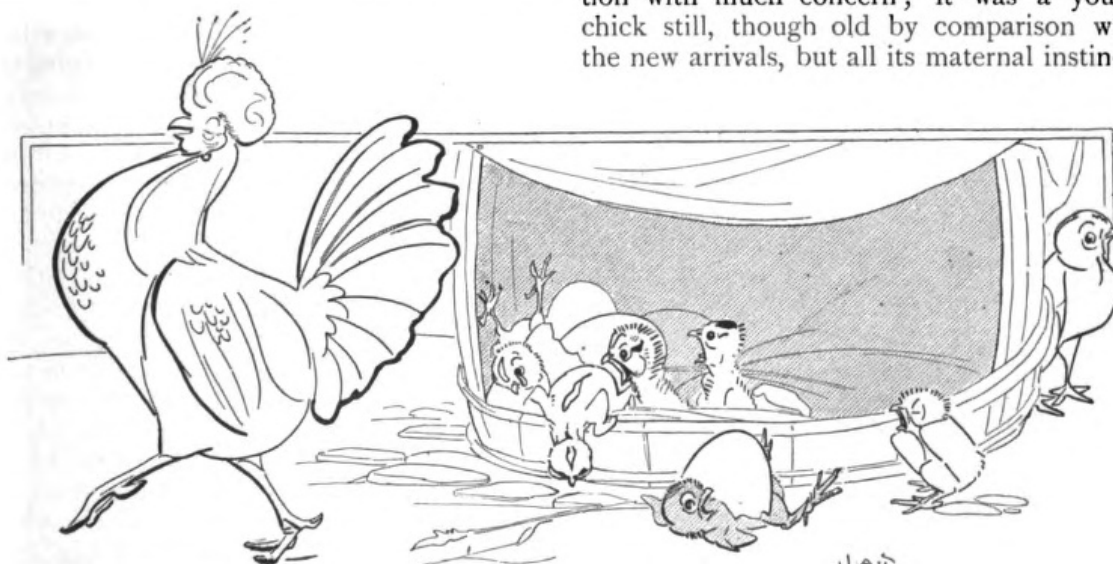
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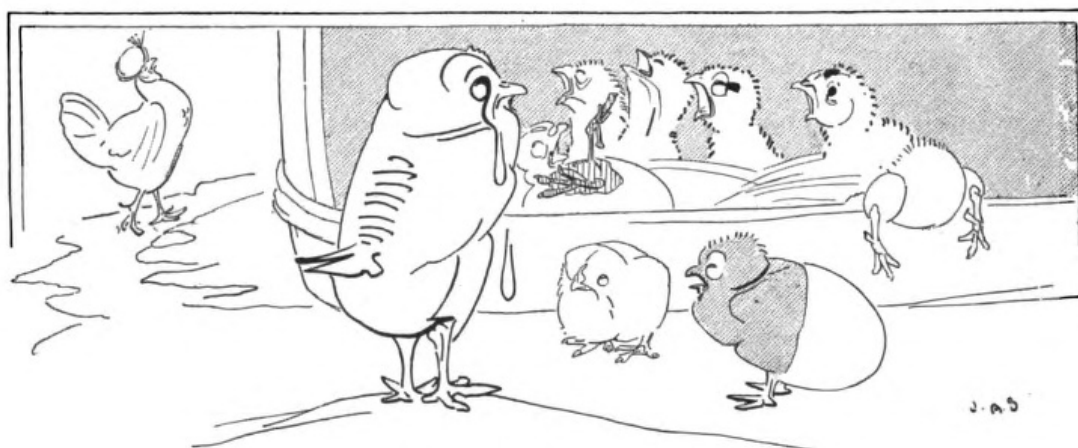


IN the fowl-run of the Rev. Robert Evans, at Walton, near Stafford, two years ago, occurred a sad example of misplaced instinct.

It was a populous fowl-run, this of Mr. Evans's, and the large families of the many hens were constantly welcoming fresh broods. It is with one particular chicken in one of these broods that this story is concerned. If you search the biographies of great men you will find in many, perhaps in most cases, they gave no signs of any special distinction in their early years. This chick was like those great men. It

was so much like the other chicks of the same brood of both sexes, that only its mother could have told it from any one of the others. At the age of three weeks, however, began a great development of character and instinct. Just at this period another hen had produced a hatch of nine. This hen was of a flighty, fashionable disposition—a *fin-de-siècle* society mother—and as soon as the chicks were well through their shells she set off calling on other hens in her set, and left the unhappy chicks to sprawl about and look after themselves. The three-weeks' old chick viewed this maternal desertion with much concern; it was a young chick still, though old by comparison with the new arrivals, but all its maternal instincts

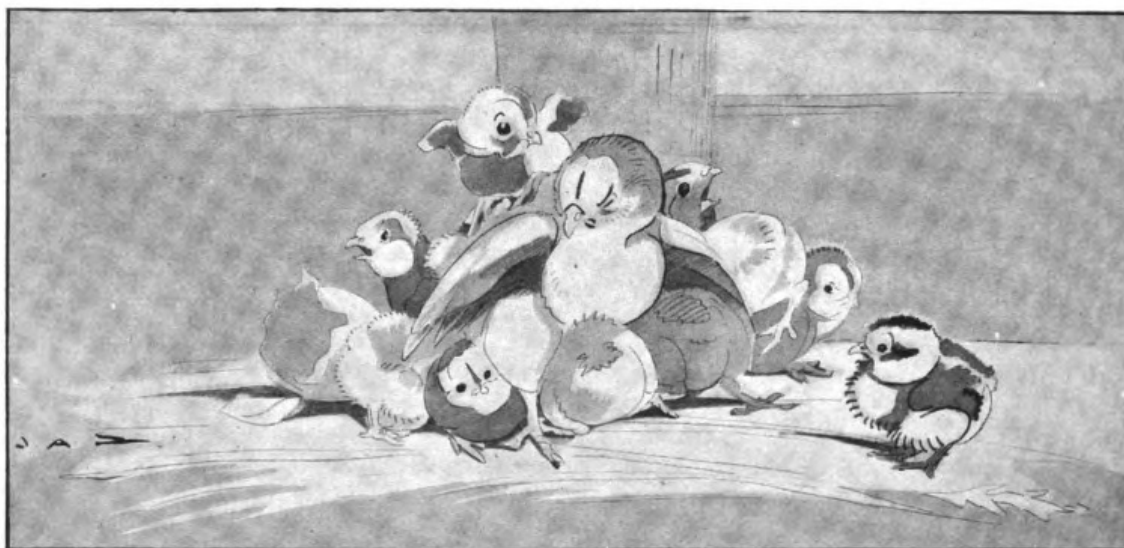




MUCH CONCERN.

were aroused by the sight. You have no doubt seen a very tiny boy or girl staggering about a street under the weight of a baby

distinct indication of its legal engagement as nurse by the society hen, but it took upon itself all the duties, and every evening this



MOTHERLY INSTINCT.

about half a size smaller than its nurse. The maternal chick presented a similar sight, translated into chicken terms. There was no

very small chicken might be observed, with a rudimentary wing on each side, doing its very utmost to cover another chicken only a little smaller. And not the two chicks alone; for the remaining seven, seeing them so comfortably lodged and protected, rushed to get their share of those ridiculously inadequate wings. Thenceforward that chick became the mother of the nine, who nestled under the shadow of her wings—and no doubt got as much shelter from the shadow as from the wings. Mr. Evans and his sister were most tenderly affected



SHOCKING NEWS.



GALLANT AND POPULAR.

by the scene. "Dear, dear," they said, "what wonderful and beautiful instinct! What a mother that chicken will become!" And they pictured a glorious future for that bird (and, incidentally, for themselves), with a long succession of broods of thirteen each, always well and healthily brought up. The bird, indeed, seemed likely to be so valuable that Mr. Evans felt some scruple about keeping it selfishly for himself, and gave it to his small nephew.

But they were deceived. The bird was maternally virtuous enough, but it had no right to such virtues—no right whatever. One morning Mr. Evans's sister burst into her brother's study, with dismay upon her face. "What *do* you think?" she exclaimed. "The white hen is a cock!"

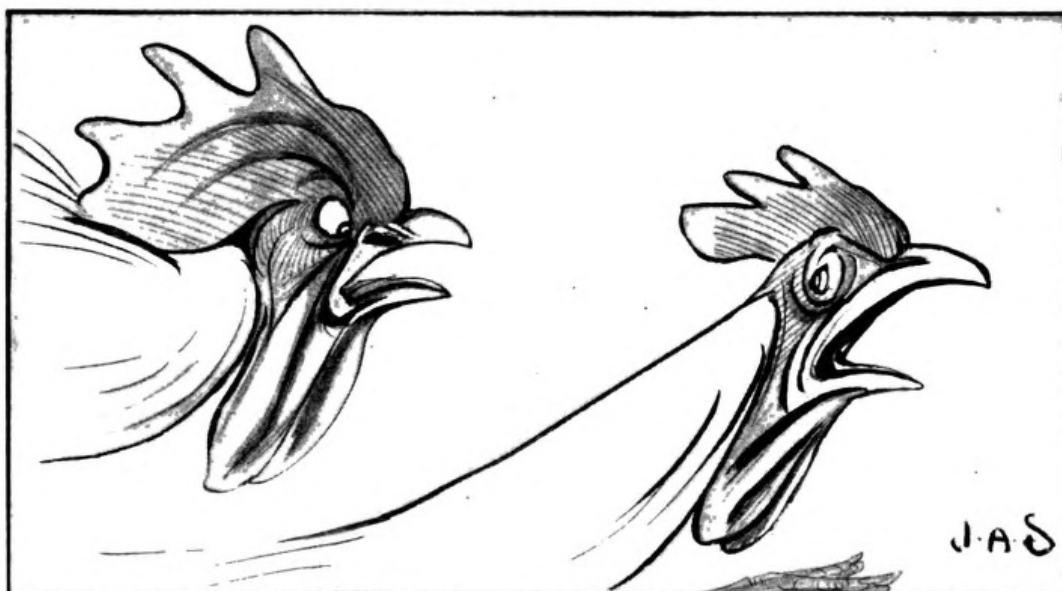
And true it was. The motherly chicken, growing older and larger, and more shelter-some of wing, had now developed a comb and wattle and a tail altogether inconsistent

with henhood or motherliness of any sort. It *was* a cock! And as motherly and old-womanish as ever!

Now, Mr. Evans already had a fine young cockerel—a very dashing and gallant bird of military bearing, most exceedingly popular with the hens. Another wasn't wanted at all—for the sake of peace in the yard. What to do? One obvious course was to kill and eat the white hen which was a cock. But then it was no longer Mr. Evans's bird; he had given it to his nephew, who was now away at school; so that it was scarcely possible either to eat it or to give it away. And besides, to eat such a kindly, unnaturally virtuous bird would be at least as bad as eating or giving away Dr. Barnardo.

So the white cock with the hen's disposition was spared, and neither eaten nor given away. He grew up a weak-spirited, effeminate, henny sort of bird, with misplaced motherly instincts which could never attain





CHASED !

realization. Imagine a big boy nursing a doll while his schoolmates were at cricket or football ; what sort of life would he lead in the school ? Just such a life as this cock lived in the fowl-run. He was a disgrace to cockhood, despised by the hens and chased by the gallant cock. This military despot gave him no peace, and on the slightest sign of attention to the ladies he chastised him mercilessly. "A hen you've made yourself," said the tyrant—said it in his every movement—"and a hen you shall remain !"

He still lives, and must still live. One of the two had to go, and it was the tyrant. He,

ill-fated gallant, proved as fine on the dish as in the yard. But as for his unworthy successor—never was such a failure as lord of the poultry yard. He neither reigns nor struts nor rules the roost as do other cocks. He cannot be called cock of the walk, nor even cock of the run—unless it is because he runs away from the hens. They let him live, and that is about all. They despise him, peck him, bully him, and he can't muster a return peck. Any hen—any chick, even—would despise such a peckless, timid creature. He is afraid of everything. Perhaps he is most afraid of his wives—but, then, that is a



HENPECKED !



"OH! I'M AFRAID!"

thing not altogether unheard-of in species of higher development. But he is also afraid of his own shadow, of a chance-blown piece of paper, of a pert sparrow—almost (though certainly not quite) of the early worm that rewards his early rising. And although he has not yet been observed to be greatly scared by any handful of grain thrown in his way, it is a fact that he is too timid to go through a small opening in a wall which leads

into a field, and which is the usual means of exit for all the rest of the poultry. Perhaps he is afraid that his martial tramp may disturb the wall's foundations and bring it down on his back. And still, through it all, that preposterous motherly instinct exists! He sits about, intent on persuading Mr. Evans to mistake him for a broody hen, and to provide him with a sitting of eggs. And he will never be really happy till he gets it.



REALLY HAPPY.

A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART V.—1865 TO 1869.

This Part contains the first of Mr. Linley Sambourne's drawings for "Punch."

BY this time, 1865 to 1869, we have come near to the middle part of Mr. Punch's sixty years' collection, and we tap the ten Volumes numbered 48 to 57, taking them from that long row of one hundred and fifteen volumes which stand on the shelves as a source of constant pleasure to the owner of them.



CONDESCENDING.—Master Tom (going back to School, to Fellow Passenger). "If you'd like to Smoke, you know, Gov'nour, don't you mind me, I rather like it!"

1.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1865.



A DELICATE CREATURE.—Mistress (on her Return from a Visit). "I don't Understand, Smithers, this Daily Item of Five Shillings for Dinners. I thought——"

Smithers. "Well, Mum, the Lower Suvvants was so Addicted to Pork, Mum, I re'ally—I thought you wouldn't Objeck to my 'aving my Meals elsewhere!"

2.—1865.

Richard Doyle has gone, John Leech has gone, and with them many less prominent artists, whose work, however, still lives in Mr. Punch's pages. We now find Charles Keene and George Du Maurier asserting their genius, with Sir John Tenniel — then plain John — as Mr. Punch's sheet-anchor for his cartoons.

This period in *Punch's* life is made notable by reason of the coming of Mr. Linley Sambourne—that clean master of pure line-work, whose vigour and decision of character no less than his power of fertile invention are so plainly shown in the

drawings and cartoons that now for thirty-two years have been a part of *Punch* itself, although in the early years of Mr. Sambourne's connection with *Punch*, circumstances did not give opportunity for the display of the strong individuality which marks Mr. Sambourne's later work. We shall see the first contribution of this famous artist on a later page of this part of "A Peep into Punch."

Volume 48 of *Punch*, covering the first half of the year 1865, which is here represented by pictures Nos. 1 to 6, contains the Editorial Notification to *Punch's* readers of the public sale by auction of the entire collection of John Leech's original sketches which had appeared in *Punch*. As was stated last month, when we saw his last picture, John Leech died October 29, 1864, and this sale of his sketches was promoted by the proprietors of *Punch* and by Leech's fellow-workers, to supplement the slender means left by him for the support of his wife and children. The sale took place at Christie's in April, 1865, and very high prices were realized for the work



A VERBAL DIFFICULTY.—Irritable Captain. "Your Barrel's disgracefully dirty, Sir, and it's not the first time; I've a good mind to——"
Private Flannigan. "Shure, Sor, I niver——"
Captain (Irish too). "Silence, Sir, when you spake to an Officer!"

3.—1865.



RURAL FELICITY.—*Scared Housemaid.* "Oh! Mum! 'adn't Master better go Round with the Lantern, there's a Moanin' Gipsy somewhere in the Back Garden!" 4.—1865.

of the man who has left such a rich legacy behind him for the benefit of all the world, a small part of which has been shown in the earlier chapters of this article.

Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., in his "Life" of John Leech,



TO A GREAT MIND NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.—*Paterfamilias in Ireland* (who has been detained some time in the Station collecting his Large Family and Luggage). "Why, confound you, you Fellow, what do you mean by telling me that you had a Conveyance that could take our whole Party of Ten, and getting me to send away the other Cabmen?" *Car-Driver.* "Well, and Shure it's the Truth I tould yer 'anner. See, now, I'll take Six on the Kyar, an' as many runnin' after it as ye like!" 5.—1865.

has recorded that, to the surprise and regret of all who knew of the immense mass of work produced by Leech, he was unable to leave even a moderate fortune behind him, and Mr. F. G. Kitton in his Biographical Sketch of John Leech states that the artist's generous disposition had led him to undertake financial responsibilities which wore him down. Leech died at the early age of forty-six, and on the morning of his death it is recorded by Mr. Kitton that he said to his wife: "Please God, Annie, I'll make a fortune for us yet." The same writer states that

Vol. xvii.—73.

Leech, who was the leading spirit of *Punch* for twenty years, earned the sum of £40,000 by his contributions to *Punch's* pages.

Leech's extreme sensitiveness no doubt helped to cause his early death, and on this score Miss Georgina Hogarth, the sister-in-law of Charles Dickens, once told me



TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.—*Town Boy (to Country Acquaintance).* "Who are They! Why, Customers as 'ad their 'eads brushed off by Machinery, 'cos they wouldn't 'old 'em still while they was a bein' Shampooed!" 6.—1865.

that she has seen John Leech affected nearly to tears by the imperfect reproduction of some of his work, which in those days had to be intrusted to the wood-engraver for reproduction. Also, Mr. Kitton mentions that Leech is quoted as saying to a friend who was admiring a study in pencil, "Wait till Saturday and see how the engraver will have spoiled it."



Sarah the Housemaid, who is very fond of playing practical jokes on Jeames, has made a mistake on this occasion!

7.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1865.



YOUNG, BUT ARTFUL.—*Frank.* "I say, Arthur, I wish you'd go and Kiss my Sister! There she is."
Arthur. "All right—what for?"
Frank. "Why, because *then*, I could Kiss *yours*."
 8.—BY DU MAURIER, 1865.

The "Biographical Sketch" of Leech also contains the following very interesting mention of Leech's own attitude towards his work, an attitude that no one would suspect who looks only at the results on *Punch's* pages and elsewhere:—

Leech had a melancholy in his nature, especially in his latter years, when the strain of incessant production made his fine organization supersensitive and apprehensive of coming evil. Lord Ossington, then Speaker, once met Leech on the rail, and expressed to him the hope that he enjoyed in his work some of the gratification which it brought to others. The answer was, "I seem to myself to be a man who has undertaken to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours." . . . The brain busy when the hand was unoccupied, the mind abstracted and employed when the man was supposed to be taking holiday—even when at his meals. He began to complain of habitual weariness and sleeplessness, and was advised to rest and try change of air.

From the next Volume, No. 49, which completes the year 1865, are taken our present illustrations, Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, and 13—illustrations Nos. 11 and 12 being two of the six pictures which are here the sole representatives of the two *Punch* Volumes for the year 1866.

This Volume XLIX. contains Mr. Punch's obituary verses on Lord Palmerston, who died October 18, 1865. Palmerston was always a prime favourite of Mr. Punch's—here are two of the verses:—

He is down, and for ever! The good light is ended.
 In deep-dinted harness our Champion has died.
 But tears should be few in a sunset so splendid,
 And Grief hush her wail at the bidding of Pride.

Etc., etc., etc.

We trusted his wisdom, but love drew us nearer
 Than homage we owed to his statesmanly art,
 For never was statesman to Englishman dearer
 Than he who had faith in the great English heart.

Etc., etc., etc.

In earlier parts of this article we have seen some excellent *Punch*-cartoons in which Lord Palmerston was the leading figure, and a main

cause of his great popularity at home and of his success right up to the time of his death may have been (as Mr. Justin McCarthy says it was) that "he was always able with a good conscience to assure the English people that they were the greatest and the best, the only great and good, people in the world, because he had long taught himself to believe this, and had come to believe it." Palmerston honestly believed in his own nation, and that nation honestly believed in Palmerston.



PRETTY INNOCENT!—*Little Jessie.* "Mamma! Why do all the Tunnels Smell so strong of Brandy?"
 [The Lady in the middle never was fond of Children, and thinks she never met a Child she disliked more than this one.]
 9.—1865.



EARLY PIETY.—*Matilda Jane* (catching the Pastor after Sunday School).
 "Oh, Sir, please what would you charge to Christen my Doll?"
 10.—1865.



A POSER.—*Mr. Brown.* "That Wine, Sir, has been in my Cellar Four-and-Twenty Years come last Christmas! Four-and-Twenty—Years—Sir!"
Mr. Green (desperately anxious to please). "Has it really, Sir? What must it have been when it was new?"
 11.—BY DU MAURIER, 1866.

In my collection of autograph letters there are two very interesting (unpublished) Foreign Office despatches written by Lord Palmerston, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to Lord Howard de Walden, the representative of this country at the Court of Lisbon. I quote some passages from one of these despatches, which relate to a difficulty with Portugal on

out of Revenge for a first Blow inflicted by somebody else. Every obstruction to commerce is an Evil, and the obstruction created by the high Duties of a foreign Country is aggravated, instead of being diminished, by the Imposition of high Duties at Home. We might raise the Duty on Portuguese wine; but that would only be imposing a Burthen on the Consumers of wine, and would afford no Relief to the Manufacturers whose goods have been burthened in Portugal, unless it forced the Portuguese to lower those Duties of which we complain; and perhaps the Measure might not succeed in accomplishing that effect.

However, we must try to get Robinson and some others to call upon us in the House of Commons to retaliate, and we must talk big, and say that we may be forced to do so.

Do you think there is any French Intrigue at the Bottom of all this? I should not be very much surprized if there were.
 Etc., etc., etc.



THE ROYAL SALUTE.—*Officer in charge of Battery (in a fever lest the Time of Firing should be a Second late).* "Why, what are you about, No. 6? Why don't you Serve the Sponge?"
Bombardier McGuttie. "Hoots Toots! Can na'a Body Blaw their Nose?"
 13.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1865.



BAIN DE MER.—The Titwillows take a "Bang dy Fameel," or Family Bath. They meet some Table-d'hôte Acquaintances, consisting of an "Ancient Colonel of Cavalry in Retreat," and his Wife and Daughter, who offer to teach them the Principles of Natation. Mrs. T. doesn't Like it at all.
 12.—BY DU MAURIER, 1866.

a matter of tariff—this was prior to the Free-Trade policy of this country:—

MY DEAR HOWARD,

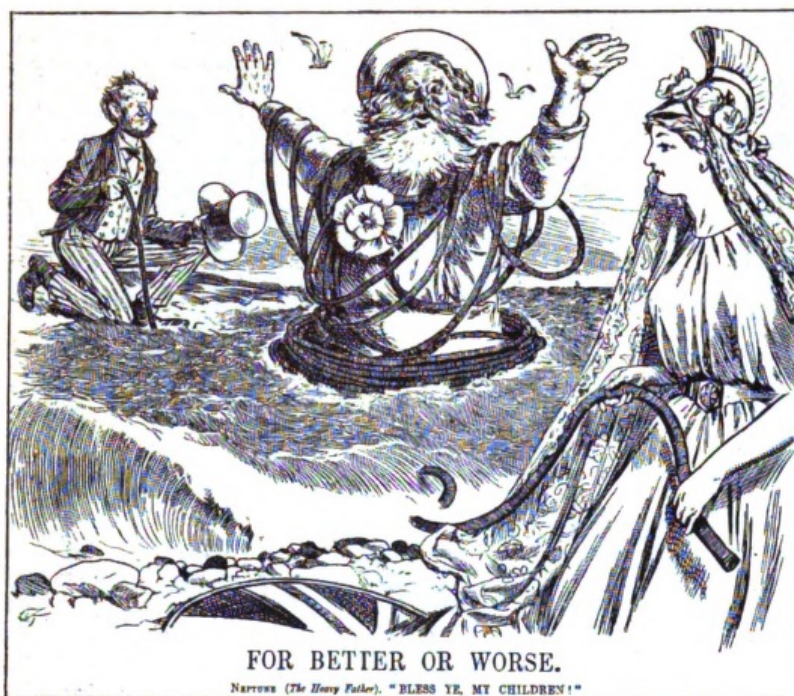
F. O., 4 Feby, 1837.

I do not know what we can do about the Portuguese Tariff. We may threaten and bully, but it is doubtful whether we can effectually retaliate; and the Fact is that in such matters Retaliation is merely hitting oneself a Second Blow,

This despatch not only illustrates the plain, blunt, common sense of Lord Palmerston, but it



AN AWFUL DESPOT.—*Recruit (appealingly).* "But, Sargeant—"
Drill Instructor (taking him up with terrible abruptness and contempt). "'Eut, Sargeant! Not a War-r-d! Bah! I tell ye—ye can conceive nothin'—and yair Mind's made o' Dair-rt!"
 14.—1866.



This cartoon illustrates the joining of the United States with the United Kingdom by a submarine cable in the year 1866. 15.—BY CHARLES KEENE.

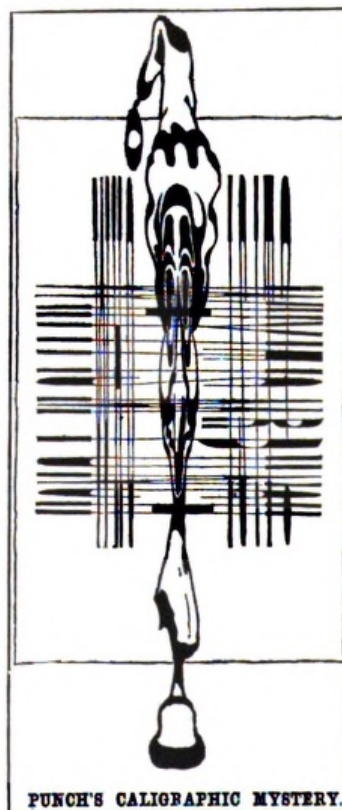
also gives us an insight as to the way things are managed behind the scenes: the Government was to put up "Robinson and some others" to cry aloud in the House of Commons for retaliation on Portugal, and then the Government was to "talk big" about being forced to retaliate on Portugal, and the effect of such big talk upon Portugal was, no doubt, to be duly watched. Did the "bluff" come off, I wonder?

Passing illustration No. 14—a very funny picture—we come to No. 15, a cartoon by Charles Keene, which illustrates the laying of a new submarine cable between this country and the United States in the year 1866. This cartoon was published on August 11th of that year, and on July 27, 1866, the *Great Eastern* steamship had successfully completed the laying of this new cable to America, an earlier cable having broken in 1865, during the process of laying it, at a distance of 1,050 miles

illustration No. 15 refers.

The broken cable lay in mid-ocean where the water was more than two miles deep. After the *Great Eastern* had done the work shown in Keene's cartoon, she was at once steamed back to where the former cable had broken,

from Ireland. A remarkable feat of seamanship and skill is mentioned by Mr. F. E. Baines in his book: "Forty Years at the Post Office," concerning the broken cable that was replaced by the new cable to which our



16.—PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1866.



THE PET PARSON.—Aunt Constance. "What, Beatrix, not Kiss Mr. Goodchild?"
Beatrix. "No! I won't."
Aunt Constance. "What! not when he Asks you himself?"
Beatrix. "No! NO!! NO!!!"
Chorus of Aunts. "What an Extraordinary Child!!"
17.—BY DU MAURIER, 1866.

the huge ship was placed without hesitation over the broken cable of 1865, and a grapnel was let down. Almost at the first haul the cable was caught—in water over two miles deep!—and pulled on board. The electricians cut it, applied a speaking instrument to the sound length, and after the silence of a year the wire awoke to

life, and the Atlantic Company's office in Valentia, in Kerry, on the west coast of Ireland, spoke through the recovered wire to the *Great Eastern* in mid-ocean, 1,050 miles distant. A ray of light waving to and fro in a darkened cabin was the reward they had toiled for and secured.

No. 16 is one of a series of Calligraphic Mysteries published by *Punch* in 1866. To read this hold the page on a level with your eye.

Pictures 17 to 20 bring us to No. 21, which is Mr. Linley Sambourne's first contribution to *Punch*. This was published April 27, 1867, and it

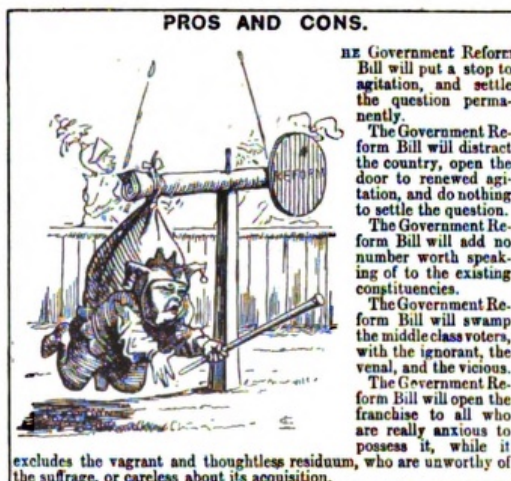


PHYSICAL STRENGTH V. INTELLECT.—Tom (who has been "shut up" by the Crichton-like accomplishments of his cousin Augustus). "I tan't Sing, and I tan't peak Frenss—but I tan Punss your 'ed!"
20.—BY DU MAURIER, 1867.



INTELLIGENT PET.—"Ma, dear, what do they Play the Organ so Loud for, when 'Church' is over? Is it to Wake us up?"
18.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1857.

represents John Bright tilting at the mark "Reform" on the quintain, and being knocked down by the swinging bag of



21.—THIS SKETCH (FORMING THE INITIAL-LETTER T) IS MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE'S FIRST "PUNCH" DRAWING.
PUBLISHED APRIL 27, 1867.



FEARFUL ORDEAL FOR JONES.—Study of an Italian Signora, singing "Roberto, tu che adoro." She is rapt in Dramatic Inspiration, and as she Sings she unconsciously fixes her ardent Gaze on the bashful Jones, who happens to be standing near. Jones's Agony is simply inconceivable.
19.—BY DU MAURIER, 1867.

nation of the Liberal Ministry, and then Disraeli, as Conservative Leader of the House of Commons, carried the Reform Bill of 1867, and by so doing completely took the wind out of the sails of his political opponents.

Nos. 22 and 23 are by Charles Keene, who at this time (1867) had had for seven years a seat at the famous *Punch* dinner-table. Keene was an outside contributor to *Punch* from 1851 to 1860; he received his first invitation to "the table" on February 6, 1860.

Keene had the habit of working late at night, and Mr. G. S. Layard in his "Life" of the artist narrates

that he was much disturbed by cats, which prowled and squalled about the window of his studio. Keene retaliated on the cats:—

Setting his wits to work, he contrived a toy weapon of offence, over which the big man showed the boyish enthusiasm which was a characteristic through life. Mr. John Clayton remembers well paying him a visit soon after he had perfected this instrument, and finding him energetically practising, so as to arrive at an accuracy of aim. He dilated with much pride upon his ingenious invention. Breaking off the side pieces of a steel pen, he fastened the centre harpoon-shaped piece on to



ARTFUL—VERY.—*Mary*. "Don't keep a Screougin' o' me, John!"
John. "Wh'oi bean't a Screougin' on yer!"
Mary (ingenuously). "Well, y' can i' y' like, John!"

22.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1867.



A PASSAGE OF ARMS.—*Hairdresser*. "Air's very Dry, Sir!"

Customer (who knows what's coming). "I like it Dry!"

Hairdresser (after awhile, again advancing to the attack).

"Ead's very Scurfy, Sir!"

Customer (still cautiously retiring). "Ya-as, I prefer it Scurfy!"

[*Assailant gives in defeated.*]

23.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1867.

a small shaft. This he wrapped round with tow, and propelled by blowing from a tube into which it fitted. The electrifying effect produced by these missiles upon his victims, without permanently injuring them, delighted him vastly, and he described graphically how they would come along the leads outside his window outlined *en silhouette*, and how the first moment they were struck by the little arrows they would stand for an instant stock still, whilst every hair on their bodies would stand out sharp and separate against the sky, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and then how, with a yell, they would leap headlong out of sight into the darkness.

No. 24 is by E. J. Ellis, one of Mr. Punch's artists of thirty years ago, and No. 25

is by George Du Maurier. This fantastic drawing is one of a set illustrating poor Jenkins's nightmare, originating from a hansom-cab-accident depicted by Du Maurier in *Punch* from February 1, 1868. After letting his fancy play most extraordinary tricks, the artist concludes the set of pictures with

one entitled "Jenkins's Nightmare finally resolves itself into a beatific vision of triumph and revenge." In this picture, published February 29, 1868, Du Maurier introduces, incidentally, the name LITTLE BILLEE which, in 1895, was again used by Du Maurier for the hero in "Trilby"—a curious coincidence just now found that is of some interest to the host of Trilby-lovers. You may see this "Little Billee" picture on page 89 of Volume LIV. of *Punch*.

No. 26 is by Keene, and No. 27 by Du Maurier. The Cockney in the latter picture is evidently hesitating whether to "give away" the hunted hare who has just appealed



EVIDENTLY.—*First Youth (aged five years)*. "Ah! But s'pose he was to Run Away?"

Second Youth (aged ditto). "Run Away? Why, bless you, a Child might Manage him!"

24.—BY E. J. ELLIS, 1867.



Ever since poor Jenkins met with that Accident in the Hansom Cab last fortnight, his nocturnal Slumbers have been agitated by a constantly recurring Nightmare. He dreams that a more than usually appalling Cab-Horse bolts with him in Hanway Passage (Oxford Street); and cannot quite make out whether he is riding in the Cab, or whether it is he who stands, powerless to move, right in front of the Infuriated Animal.

25.—BY DU MAURIER, 1868.

to him for a merciful silence, and one would like to know how the incident ended—one's sympathies are certainly with the hare.

A very famous *Punch*-joke is shown in No. 28. This "Bang went Saxpence" was drawn by Charles Keene, and published December 5, 1868. Even in its present reduced size the drawing shows very clearly the intense earnestness of expression of the returned Scot, who is narrating to his very seriously-interested friend the reason why he has so suddenly cut short his visit to London: "E-eh, it's just a ruinous Place, that! Mun, a had na' been the-erre abune Twa Hooors when—*Bang*—went *Saxpence*!!!"

Keene received inspiration from Scotland for many of his jokes, although he himself was an Englishman, born at Hornsey of English parents. Mr. Spielmann states in his "History of *Punch*," apropos of *Punch*'s Scotch jokes:—

In the United Kingdom the joke-contributor is, as a rule, a disinterested person, usually seeking neither pay nor recognition; and so



DEAR, DEAR BOY!—George. "Oh! Shouldn't I just like to see Somebody in that Den, Aunt!"

Serious Aunt. "Ye-es. Daniel, I suppose, dear?"

George. "Oh, no, Aunt; I mean 'Old Twigsby,' our Head-Master!!"

26.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1868.

heard to say: "Eh, but that's a guid ane. Send that to Charlie Keene!"

Even a casual acquaintance with *Punch*

will suffice to show the genuine humour of Scotch "wut," and in reading Mr. Spielmann's interesting statement just quoted, that at least 75 per cent. of the jokes accepted by *Punch* from unattached contributors come from North of the Tweed, we must bear in mind that these



COCKNEY IN A FIX.—The Hunted Hare (as plain as eye can speak). "Oh, Sir, Please, Sir, Pray don't Holler! Give a poor Creature a Chance!"

27.—BY DU MAURIER, 1868.

are the words of the leading authority on *Punch*, whose delightful "History" stands without a rival in all matters that touch the life and chronicles of Mr. Punch.

No. 29 is a cartoon by Tenniel which relates to an agitation in the year 1868 for granting to women the right to vote at Parliamentary elections. Mr. Punch's attitude in the matter is clearly seen, and the Revising Barrister (as *Hamlet*) exclaims to the female vote-claimant, "Get thee to a—Nursery, go! Farewell!"

Despite a few notable exceptions the male mind is now, as in 1868 when No. 29 was published, unable to see wisdom in granting the suffrage to women, and during a recent display of political activity in one of the



THRIFT.—Peebles Body (to Townsman who was supposed to be in London on a visit). "E—eh, Mac! ye're sune Hame again!"
Mac. "E—eh, it's just a ruinous Place, that! Mun, a had na been the-erre abune Twa Hoours when—Bang—went Saxpence!!!"

28.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1868.

London suburbs, an incident came to my knowledge which is closely akin to that depicted in No. 29.

A worthy matron had after much solicitation consented to join the Primrose League and to take an active part in the canvassing for votes that was in progress, and in the instruction of the working-man voter, including the guidance of him along the right path. Accordingly, this good lady set out one afternoon to make her first attempt to influence the working-man's vote. She herself, I ought to say, was of

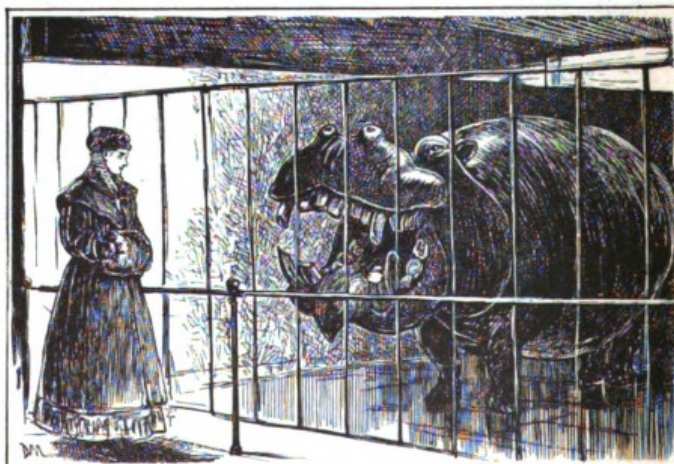


REVISED—AND CORRECTED.

Revising Barrister (*Hamlet*). "Get thee to a—Nursery, go! Farewell!"
(Shakspeare (*slightly altered*)).

29.—THIS CARTOON BY TENNIEL RELATES TO AN AGITATION IN 1868 FOR GIVING TO WOMEN A VOTE IN PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.

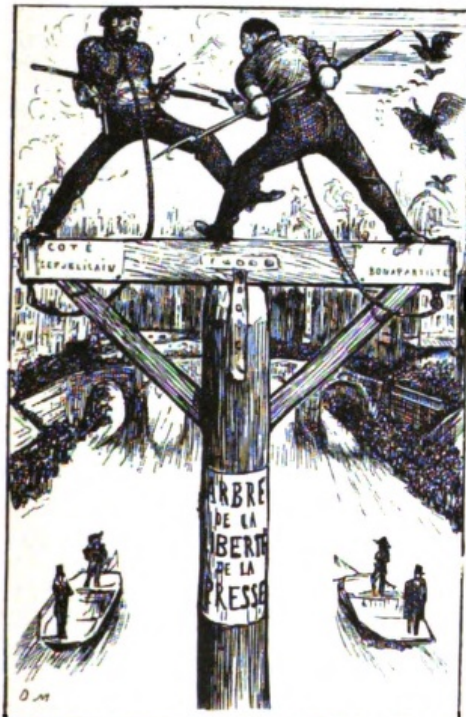
a decidedly "Conservative" habit, of the good old-fashioned rigid sort, with a vast reverence for cast-iron phrases and for dogmas of all kinds, and for any other sign of authority, with, also, a special tone in her voice for what she termed "the lower classes." This excellent dame walked bravely, though nervously, up to the door of an artisan's cottage, and on knocking was admitted



A GENTLE VEGETARIAN.—"Morning, Miss! Who'd ever think, looking at us two, that you devoured Bullocks and Sheep, and I never took anything but Rice?"

30.—BY DU MAURIER, 1869.

and allowed to stand, and somewhat haltingly expressed her views of the political situation to a brawny labourer who, at his ease, sat smoking. When the exhortation came to an end — there had been no interruption from the man — the labourer quietly turned his head towards the Primrose dame and ejaculated, "W'y don't yer go 'ome and mend yer children's socks?" The dame turned tail, hurried home, and declared that nothing should ever again induce her to go canvassing among the lower classes. The man had said to her, with good effect, what Mr. Punch's "Revising Barrister" says in No. 29,

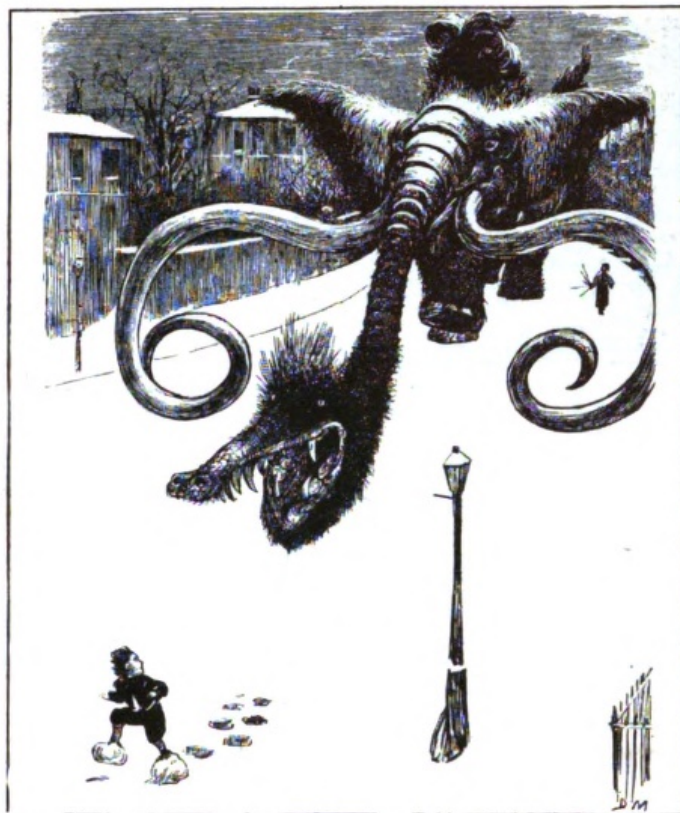


THE DUEL TO THE DEATH.—Suggested to French Journalists as being still *more* certain and satisfactory than their present method of settling *Political Differences*. 31.—BY DU MAURIER, 1869.

although not in Shakespearean phrase: "Get thee to a Nursery. Go! Farewell!"

No. 30 is a rather disconcerting picture for vegetarians to contemplate, and No. 31 is another drawing by Du Maurier, that shows French journalists how they may make sure of a fatal end to a duel, and at the same time delight a large audience. *Vive l'honneur!*

No. 32, also by Du Maurier, is Vol. xvii.—74.



A LITTLE CHRISTMAS DREAM.—Mr. L. Figuier, in the Thesis which precedes his interesting Work on the World before the Flood, condemns the practice of awakening the Youthful Mind to Admiration by means of Fables and Fairy Tales, and recommends, in lieu thereof, the Study of the Natural History of the World in which we live. Fired by this Advice, we have tried the Experiment on our Eldest, an imaginative Boy of Six. We have cut off his "Cinderella" and his "Puss in Boots," and introduced him to some of the more peaceful Fauna of the Preadamite World, as they appear Restored in Mr. Figuier's Book.

The poor Boy has not had a decent Night's Rest ever since!

32.—BY DU MAURIER, 1868.

a remarkable piece of fantastic imagination prompted by M. Louis Figuier's work on the World before the Flood, and illustrating the effect upon the artist's young son of the treatment advocated by Figuier.

Charles Keene shows in No. 33 the startling effect upon a countryman who, in 1869, met at dusk in a



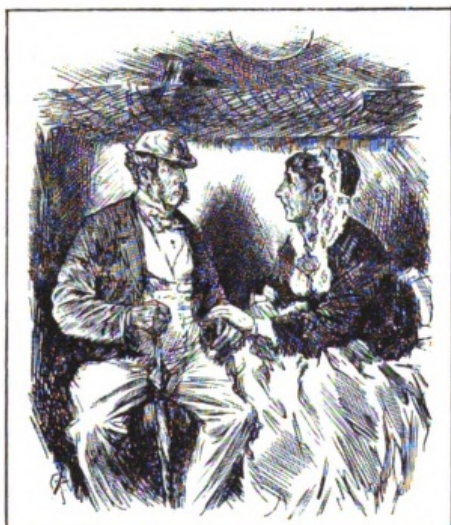
AWFUL SUMMUT.—That Tummas met as he was a-comin' Whoam: "Ta Looked like a Man a Ridin' pon Nawthin!"

33.—SUGGESTED TO CHARLES KEENE BY THE HIGH BICYCLE OF 1869.



TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS DEPRESSION.—It's very well to go down for Six Weeks into the Country by yourself, to give up Tobacco and Stimulants, and to Live the Whole Day, so to speak, in the Open Air; but all this will do you no Good, unless you Cultivate a Cheerful Frame of Mind, and take a Lively View of Things.
34.—1869.

quiet lane an "awful summut," which closer inspection would have shown to be a man



EMBARRASSING.—Nervous Spinster (to wary Old Bachelor). "Oh, Mr. Marigold, I'm so Frightened! May I take hold of your Hand while we're going through this Tunnel?"
35.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1869.

riding a high spider bicycle—a sight not then familiar to the countryman.

The two Volumes of *Punch* for the year 1869, which are here represented by ten pictures, including Nos. 34 to 40, contain some cartoons which illustrate the perpetual freshness of Mr. Punch's ideas. Over and over again as one looks through the Volumes of *Punch* one is impressed by the vitality of the work and with its peculiar and almost uncanny quality of applicability to current events. Perhaps one cause of Mr. Punch's freshness

and vitality, even in his volumes of many years ago, may be that he singles out for illustration, in his cartoons especially, those incidents of national or social life which are part and parcel of the actual life of nations or of society, and which, therefore, have a constant tendency to recur in a later generation. Be this as it may, it is a fact that, look where you like in the back volumes of *Punch*, you are sure to see a strong cartoon that stands out quite as fresh as if it had been just

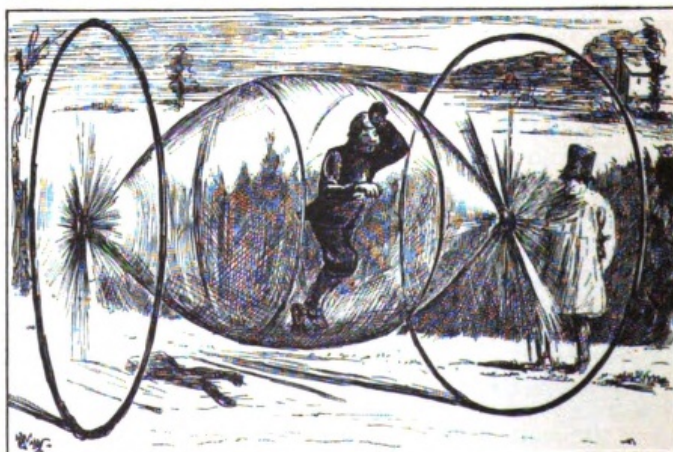


Philanthropic Coster (who has been crying "Perry-wink—wink—wink!" till he's hoarse—and no buyers). "I wonder what the po'r unfortun'ate Creeters in these 'ere Low Neigh-b'rhoods do Live on!!"

36.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1869.

drawn to illustrate a topic of the present day.

For example, one turns over the leaves of Volume LVI. (January to June, 1869) and finds a Tenniel-cartoon, entitled "Prevention



Little Biffin, who in his Early Days has had a deal of Experience in White Mice, invents a Velocipede, Airy, Light, Commodious, and entirely free from Danger.
37.—1869.



NATURE'S LOGIC.—*Papa*. "How is it, Alice, that you never get a Prize at School?"
Mamma. "And that your Friend, Louisa Sharp, gets so Many?"
Alice (innocently). "Ah! Louisa Sharp has got such Clever Parents!"
 38.—BY DU MAURIER, 1869. [Tableau.]

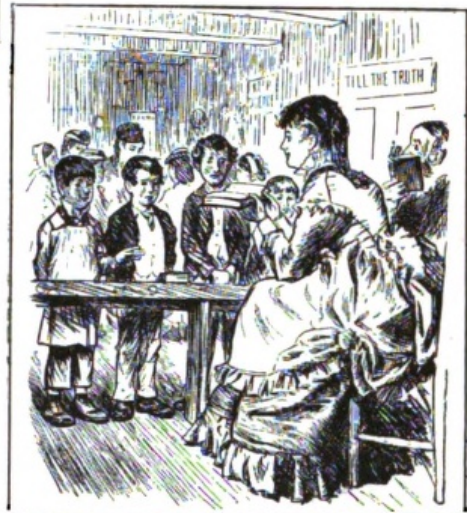
Better Than Cure," illustrating the application of the "cat" to the shoulders of a ruffian of that Hooligan type of roughs who have quite lately been unpleasantly active.

A few pages further on (January 30, 1869) you see a powerful Tenniel entitled "The Chambermaid of the Vatican," who says, as she looks over the stair-rail towards a group of very advanced High Church clerics, "I've warmed their beds for 'em; why don't they light their candles, and follow me?" [to Rome]. Only the other day, we read in the newspapers of Rome's exultation over the present unhappy dissensions in the Anglican Church, arising from the same cause that in 1869 prompted Tenniel to draw this cartoon.

Turn over a few more pages and you see, apropos of swindling company-mongers, a ruined shareholder supporting his grief-stricken wife as he says to her in court: "Yes, they are committed for trial; but we, my child, to *Hard Labour for Life!*" Comment is unnecessary as to the applicability of this cartoon of 1869 to the company - promoting

events of present times, to which the Lord Chief Justice has lately referred in terms of unmeasured censure.

We turn to the last volume for 1869 (July to December), and passing over many cartoons that actually speak to us of present-day affairs, we see on page 99 (September 11, 1869) a Tenniel, entitled "Well rowed All!" with the Umpire (Mr. Punch) saying to the two oarsmen, John Bull and



ON THE FACE OF IT.—*Pretty Teacher*. "Now, Johnny Wells, can you Tell me what is Meant by a Miracle?"
Johnny. "Yes, Teacher. Mother says if you don't Marry new Parson, 'twull be a Murracle!"
 39.—1869.

Jonathan, who are just shaking hands after a race at Henley: "Ha, dear Boys! You've only to pull together, to lick all the world!"

The fact is that Mr. Punch is at the least a three-fold personality—a clean wit, a fine artist, and a prophet who "sees" true.



"Now then! you be Off!!" "What!! you Wont!!" "Then Stay where you are!!"
 "I shan't!" "No!!"
 40.—BY DU MAURIER, 1869.

(To be continued.)



IT is not long since the Rajah of Rhatameh took courage of his passion and murdered Mr. Tinspire, the British Resident, sending his head in a biscuit-box to his wife; yet the occurrence is hardly remembered. I, John Quirke, captain in the Bengal Staff Corps, have not forgotten—cannot forget it. And this is why.

I was in command of the Sepoy company forming Mr. Tinspire's escort when we fell into the trap which Rhatameh had laid. I was cut down, and thought to have been destroyed then and there, but instead was carried not ungently to the Rajah's palace, which was rather fort than mansion. He invited me to drink tea with him, and this I did, half expecting to find it poisoned, but unwilling to let him think that I cared overmuch. No symptom of irritation followed on the first cup, so I drank a second, and Rhatameh and I chatted pleasantly away, for the most part about polo, at which he was an expert and I wished to be.

He made me forget I was his prisoner, not unlikely under sentence of death, as he described to me with all a sportsman's eye to detail how best to hold up a pony's head when making a cross-drive. From ponies we came to horses, and sending for his Wazir battle-steed he called me to admire his points, a thing I had no difficulty in doing, for they were patent. After this he showed me his sporting armoury, containing every species of weapon, from a saloon-pistol to an

elephant gun. Comparatively ignorant about cattle, here I felt myself quite at home, and soon picked out the choicest items of his collection. With a Mannlicher repeater between us, we discussed grips and balances, cams and tumbling-blocks.

"You have shot tigers?" he queried.

"Five," said I.

"Thirty have fallen to my gun," he boasted, and in my heart I said he was a liar, for there were few great beasts in that country, and the rulers of Rhatameh only went abroad to make war. There was an explanation. "That sport costs too much money; every tiger I kill has to be sent up from Bengal. The dealers ask me 2,000 rupees each, and will do nothing until they are paid. . . . I despise the Bengalese—they are all tradesmen. They dare not face the king of the jungle: they entrap him and send him to me to be slain—and then they ask me for money, from me who did them this service. I say I despise them: they are afraid of the English. I am not afraid of the English. I have beaten the English at polo and in battle. You, an English officer, are my prisoner. I could spit in your face and you dare not hinder me. . . . But you, with your strange European mind, would say I was no gentleman, and to that I cannot listen. Therefore, I shall be gracious towards you."

I nearly grinned at the Rajah during this speech, for, hopeless as then would be my chance of ultimate escape, I knew my hand was heavy enough to shatter His Highness's skull if he attempted bodily insult.

Ignoring the side issue, I asked if he had shot lately. "Not tigers," he told me, with a suspicion of malice in his tone.

"You have no tigers now?"

He stared me abruptly in the face. "Yes, one: the Sacred Tiger. Have you not heard of him?"

I cudgelled my brains. "The Golden Tiger of Khandara. Is that the beast?"

"Kohilu, the Sacred Tiger of Khandara, is of ruddy gold," quoth the Rajah.

"Is it a tiger really, your Highness?"

"Think you it to be a mule?" he retorted. "Would you see for yourself?"

"If your Highness would bring me," I replied, and his crafty smile showed that he took my meaning.

"I will bring you," he acquiesced. "Kohilu will not harm his master, but I cannot promise you your safety."

"That I will answer for, if your Highness will permit."

He held up his hand warningly. "You may take no weapon. Whatever shall come to pass, the Sacred Tiger of Khandara must not be injured."

This was a stumbling-block for me, but although he looked me through and through I did not let him see it.

"I quite understand, your Royal Highness," I made answer, very quietly. "Sacred vessels are easy to crack, hard to replace."

"Silence!" ordered the Rajah, imperiously. "Keep your irony until you are facing Kohilu. Then say what you will—unless, indeed, something we cannot foresee should stop you."

Catching up his humour, I replied,

"Killing or being killed is my business. If I cannot do the one, I am not unprepared to submit to the other."

"Wait," said the Rajah, again. "It is easy to talk."

I bowed and declared myself at his disposal.

The Rajah took from his armoury a large gold instrument, not unlike an elephant goad fitted with a huge corkscrew handle.

He answered my questioning glance with the words, "My magic wand," and looked so unutterably conceited, that I would have given half my chance of escape for the kicking of him.

He was not a very powerful man, and, judging that his wand was heavier than the name implied, I offered to carry it for him, but he waved me back; nor did he trust it to a menial: we were to pay our visit to the Sacred Tiger absolutely without attendants of any kind. This did not astonish me, for it was natural that only few persons of the State should be allowed to enter the Holy of Holies, but it made me imagine that the

object of our visit would be so chained up that he could not overpower us by his greeting.

The temple of the sacred beast was outside the precincts of the palace, and, there being no steps, the entrance was approached by a long stone ramp of gentle incline. Up this I walked with a step so eager that I was begged to tarry by the Rajah.

That potentate, marking the few glances I cast around, called upon me to admire the view. "See Khandara and die," said he: whether he chose those words with special



"MY MAGIC WAND."

intention I am not sure. As I said, we were without escort; looking back, it seems to me that had I here overpowered my companion I could have bid strongly for my liberty, but, oddly enough, my mind was so full of the new adventure that the idea of flight did not occur to me. At that moment I believe that I would have accepted the intervention of British troops quite as unwillingly as the Rajah himself. What I wanted was the tiger—that seen, there was leisure to think of my personal safety. The fact of the matter was that the Rajah had nettled my self-esteem, and I would have faced a family of cats, naked, in the arena rather than flinch before his eyes. The outer gate of the temple was opened by unseen hands as we approached, and swung to again when we had passed through. Great bars descending from the walls secured it on the inside. We were now in a paved courtyard, guarded by very high, embattled walls. Behind us was the gatehouse, which had no visible door or window, and in front was a large edifice built in a gaudy rococo style, which hurt my eyes so that I do not care to describe it.

"Does the poor beast never try to run away?" I asked, on the spur of the moment.

"No," answered the Rajah, thoughtfully. "He never does": for once he did not take my meaning.

Arrived at the entrance to the temple proper, I noticed that it was closed by heavy swing doors without bolt, lock, or bar of any kind, but so constructed as to open only inwards.

The Rajah paused, and laying down his

burden, produced a printed document and a stylographic pen.

"You are sure of yourself?" he asked.

"Sure," I affirmed.

"Then sign this," he returned, and handed me pen and paper.

I read: "This is to certify that I, _____" —here there was a blank for the name and other particulars—"enter the temple of Kohilu the Sacred Tiger of Khandara, of my own volition, at my own wish and under the protection of my own God. Signed _____ day of _____ 189 _____."

"I will sign all but the last phrase," I declared. "I do not expect Providence to interest Himself in my foolhardiness."

The Rajah demurred. "All the others have signed," said he.

The words were dark, and it was with something of an effort that I modulated my reply: "The more reason, your Highness, for an exception."

"I do not make exceptions," said he.

"Then," I suggested, nonchalantly, "let us go back."

"Never," he rapped out, abruptly.

"Then," said I, in as nearly as possible the same tone as before, "let us go forward."

This irritated him to the serving of my purpose, and crumpling up the paper in his hand, he threw his weight against the doors and opened them wide enough for a man to pass.

"Enter," he cried, with the voice of a challenge.

"Thank you," I said. And with a final muster of my pride, in I strode, in my imagination buffeting death.

My nose received the first impression: there was no smell. Rather should I say



"'ENTER,' HE CRIED, WITH THE VOICE OF A CHALLENGE."

the penetrating effluvia of savage beasts was wanting or had been overcome by the odour of incense. The temple of the Sacred Tiger smelt like the sanctuary of a Catholic church rather than the cage of a wild animal. Yet a cage it undeniably was. Just clear of the doors swung fully back were the bars, iron, coated thickly with gold and of ancient design, but I suspect recent manufacture, for the gate which was open had very modern bolts and locks. The place was strewn with the litter of an ossuary. Lying in the middle was a long thin, white bone, unmistakably the *femur* of a woman, and not of a woman indigenous to the soil; but I saw no tiger or animal of any kind. A thought flashed upon me that the tiger of Khandara was Starvation, and that I had been lured here to die like a rat in a trap. I turned to make a frantic effort to battle my way out, and found the Rajah at my elbow quietly enjoying my trepidation.

"I thought," said he, slowly, "you wished to meet death."

"Visible, knowable death, willingly," said I.

"Death sleeps," answered the Rajah. "He is within."

Following the motion of his hand, I saw in the farther wall of the den another opening without a door, and leading apparently into darkness.

"I shall lead Kohilu forth," said the Rajah. And I was impressed by his dignity as he stepped into the cage and out at the farther opening as jauntily as I might enter my loose box.

Already marvelling when he passed into the pitchy darkness, I was really startled to see that darkness turn to light as if his presence were effulgent: although my

common sense quickly suggested that many men have electric light in their stables. A fantastic shadow was thrown on the wall, as if a child in cap and frock were prodding a prediluvian monster with a corkscrew.

All the time I heard a grunting like the modified rumble of a donkey-engine. The sense of mystification changed from the ludicrous to the unbearable, and I was on the point of following the Rajah, when the noise ceased and the light simultaneously went out.

I drew a long breath. There was a chink of metal: the Rajah reappeared, leading by a gold chain, not the thickness of a watch-guard, a gigantic tiger, thirteen hands at the shoulder — the height of a polo-pony — and gorgeously marked.

It took no notice of me, stalking round the cage at the end of its lead with the dull precision of a circus-horse. It struck me at once that it moved like no jungle creature I had ever seen, with its sharp angular steps and its tail dropped behind; but it was, none the less, formidable-looking, and my faith in the Rajah's intrepidity increased.

The tour of the arena twice made, the

Rajah, following the beast, gently laid his hand on its withers, and the beast instantly stopped, falling into a statuesque attitude.

Said the Rajah, "Behold, Kohilu!"

I smiled in return and, approaching, made bold to stroke the beast. The Rajah motioned me back: "Remember, Kohilu my Familiar is Death." He appealed to the thing. "What art thou, oh, Heaven-sent one?"

"Tod," said a voice from Kohilu's inwards.

"Kohilu," explained the Rajah, rather



"KOHILU!"

naïvely, "thinks you are a German." But the Rajah over-estimated my credulity. I preferred to draw my own conclusions, and began to suspect I could deal with both Monarch and "Familiar."

"Kohilu is a man-eater?" I asked.

"Kohilu eats nothing else."

"Yet his coat is not mangy."

"The covering of the immortals cannot decay."

"He has not fed this morning." I pointed to the dry bones underfoot.

"The day is yet young," returned the Rajah, oracularly.

There was a little pause, and passing his hand again over the animal's withers he caressed him.

"A quiet brute is Kohilu," I said at last.

"Think you so?" snorted the Rajah, his fingers fumbling under the long hair.

"I do," said I, and, choosing my spot, carefully dropped my hand on the brute's muzzle.

The great lower jaw opened and shut with a convulsive snap, but my fingers were well out of reach, and I did not remove my hand.

The Rajah changed colour, and the angry look came again in his eyes.

"Awake, Kohilu," he cried, and, loosing the animal, sprang backwards. The immense fore-paws flew up and caught me a blow in the chest that grounded me, and the beast leaped high in the air, its tail just clearing my head. Realizing my danger, I scrambled to my feet. The tiger was bounding round the place with huge upward leaps, more like the movement of a kangaroo than any other beast I knew of. It would rise 12ft. or 14ft. into the air; in falling, smite the ground viciously with its tail, and bound forward again.

All the while its claws worked incessantly, its eyes shone with fire, and its jaws snapped and snapped. In its flight it scattered the bones and litter in all directions, but it did not approach the Rajah very closely. Seeing this, I knew my chance was to keep at His Highness's back until these antics ceased. With what ease I could pretend to I lounged over to him and took my place as it were casually. The animal's bounds grew even higher, and the crash of its concussions with the earth became deafening. "Now is Kohilu a tiger or not?" shouted the Rajah.

"Your Highness knows best," I answered.

"But this I will say—Kohilu came not from Bengal."

"Kohilu came from Heaven."

"Then," said I, firmly, "Heaven is in England."

"In England! Infidel dog!"

"If Kohilu came from Heaven, then Heaven is Sheffield."

"You lie! Kohilu never saw England."

"Nuremberg, then?"

"Kohilu's eyes have never beheld Europe."

"Kohilu's eyes are electric lamps," I answered; and added, point-blank, "the fact is, your Highness, you are a child and Kohilu is your toy."

The words were yet on my lips when he sprang at me and flung me down right in the way the beast was coming, but I caught him to me and dragged him also down, determined I should not die alone. The beast fell short, and again leaped over us, the near hind claw tearing away the Rajah's turban as it took off.

Struggling, we rolled back to safer ground. The Rajah slipped out his poniard, but ere he could use it I snatched up that same long white bone which had caught my eye on entering the cage, and I knocked him senseless.

I had a mind to experience with his body the fate which he had intended to be mine, but what I can only call over-civilized sentimentality deterred me from doing so; and having removed his weapons, gagged and bound him, I sat down on his chest and reflected that it was high time to consider some means of escape.

Meanwhile the tiger bounded and jumped, sometimes swaying unpleasantly near. One conclusion I came to while watching—that the circular movement was governed by the action of the tail, and that this was an intermittent control effected by many incalculable trifles.

I must have been sitting so for over an hour before the mechanical force of the toy showed signs of slackening; from first to last the performance must have occupied nearly three hours. If it could hold on so long at high pressure, it seemed pretty clear that it might have sustained its first walking pace for a whole day.

So I argued as, with feebler and feebler bounds, the contrivance worked itself out. What struck my humour was that the last movements were accompanied by a buzzing sound that might have come from the mechanism of a clockwork train. And this mental vision gave me the clue to the nature of the Rajah's "magic wand." It was an exaggerated clock-key, no more.

When the thing had quite run out, I penetrated into the inner chamber in search of this key, and with the aid of a match found the electric light button and switched it on. The place was empty save for a few simple tools in a rack, and the object of my quest leaning against the wall: that it had, however, at one time been the home of a real tiger, I judged from its shape to be probable.

Returning to the toy I subjected it, somewhat gingerly I must confess, to examination. In the centre of the chest I found the winding hole and inserted the key: I had not given it a quarter turn when the great jaw crashed down on my head, half stunning me. Fortunately the other limbs did not move, and the mouth shut again after the second snap. Clearly I had to find the method of controlling the engine before I dared give it power. I passed my hand over the withers, and found there seven small circular knobs such as are attached to wash-house pipes. Not without some misgivings I climbed up on the animal's back to look at them. Brushing the hair aside, I read on each respectively: "*Rechtes Vorbein, Linkes Vorbein, Hinterbeine, Kinnenbachen, Schwanz, Augen, and Zerstörung.*"

The certainty of liberty sprang up within me, for I knew I could manage the machine with these handles. Did not *Rechtes Vorbein* and *Linkes Vorbein* mean off and near fore-legs; *Hinterbeine*, hind-legs; *Kinnenbachen*, jaw; *Schwanz*, tail; and *Augen*, eyes? But what did *Zerstörung* mean? My thin German vocabulary did not contain the word. I had seen the animal use its legs, jaw, and tail, and its eyes light up, but could think of nothing else. I felt the handle: unlike the others it was turned off. There was no time for further consideration, so I turned off the others and descended to wind up the monster. It was a stiff job, and took me nearly twenty minutes. When it was finished I gave the three handles controlling the legs each a very slight twist. With a jerk the beast began to move, and, being uncontrolled by the action of its tail, bounced straight into the wall with a tremendous thud which shook the whole building: there its limbs still kept on work-

ing. Fearful of an upset, I jumped up and turned off the machinery.

I was now in a great dilemma to know how to get its head round again, the thing being much too heavy for my mere strength to be of any avail. To set it going again might overturn it, and that would be the ruin of my scheme.

I decided to try the effect of the off fore-paw alone, and set it gently in motion. This produced no useful result, merely causing the animal to vibrate, so I turned it off and tried the tail, which made the apparatus rock violently, but neither did any good. Not to be beaten without a struggle, I tried both tail and leg together. This was the secret: the beast lumbered round, carrying away great chunks of masonry with its paws.

Determined to thoroughly master the steering-gear before going any further, as soon as the thing was clear I mounted on its back and cautiously set it going. When I thought I



"I REMOVED HIS OUTER GARMENTS AND PULLED THEM ON OVER MY UNIFORM."

had room to turn, I stopped the near fore-leg, with the consequence that the beast swung sharply round, pitching me over his shoulder on to the still prostrate Rajah, but for whose intervention I might have broken my neck. I was on my feet just in time to save the beast from crashing into the wall.

Mounting again, I continued my experiments, with the result that in half an hour's time I was able to describe the figure of eight, and perform other exercises of the riding-school. When I thought myself fairly efficient, I again wound the animal up to the full, worked it into position for departure, and turned my attention to the Rajah. He had recovered consciousness, and regarded me with considerable dislike as I removed his outer garments and pulled them on over my uniform, along with his sword and other accoutrements. I also replaced my helmet by his turban.

He strove to work the gag out of his mouth, probably to invite me to kill him, for he was a proud man in his way, but I affected to ignore him, thinking that the most irritating treatment to which I could subject him.

Night was descending, and it behoved me to be off. To steer the beast out of the cage was a ticklish job, and before I could attempt to do it, it was necessary to force back the ponderous temple doors. By this time I had been nearly forty hours without solid food, and the strain on my weakened muscles made me tremble all over. So little nerve was then left to me after my exertions, that I did not dare to ride the animal out; but, setting it in motion, took my place in rear. It was as well I did so, for it brushed the bars near enough to have mangled my leg had I been on it. The court-yard reached, I clambered to my perch again, exulting in my success. . . . But only for an instant. Blackly in the gloom stood up the outer gate with its inexorable bars.

In my nervous state I was prostrated by this check: it seemed an end to all my hopes. Stopping the tiger, I stared painfully into the gathering darkness. Was I only a rat after all? Would the Rajah get the better of me? My impulse was to go back, make an end of him, and of myself across his body. But even then the slaying of a man in cold blood was abhorrent to me. Better to make one desperate effort to break out.

Digging my hands into the long hair, I crouched low as possible on the tiger's back,

and turned the first four handles as far as they would go.

The golden tiger rose in the air, came heavily to earth, and as it rose again I shut my eyes. There was a crash as of the crack of doom, the whole world staggered round me, and I thought my head was splitting—a great jerk—I opened my eyes and found we were bounding into unfathomable night at the speed of an express train. I dared not attempt to steer the animal at such a pace, which, indeed, threatened to shake myself and it to fragments; so, as uniformly as I could, I reversed all the handles.

When the speed was sufficiently reduced for me to use my eyes, we had left the ramp far behind and were chasing across a sandy plain. Whither I could not judge. From behind arose a great uproar of voices, and the discharge of the Rajah's seven-pounder gun, which none but he could handle, proclaimed that he was again at large.

The moon came up and told me that I was heading due south across the Rhata-meyan plateau, which extended for some fifteen miles in front of me till the mountains again arose. At my present reduced pace I ought to traverse this distance in five quarters of an hour. Then if I could strike the mountain road it should not be very difficult to gallop past the guard-house, leap the barrier, and be off up the mountain ere a bullet could stay me.

But the Rajah had not done with me yet, I found. One of his first acts must have been to wire a warning to the outpost, and as I approached the guard-house was ablaze with light, and I saw some score of men armed with rifles thrown forward into the plain. I stopped the tiger, so that the noise might not give them knowledge of my presence before I had settled my plans.

To gain the road was my only chance—but how to do it? To my horror I saw them lead out an elephant and anchor him across the path with the head towards me. At the same moment the galloping of horses came up on the wind behind. Cursing the momentary indecision which had added to my difficulties, I fumbled with my handles, but could not turn them on. At last my nerve had broken down.

The sweat broke out on my brow, and thinking I was about to fall from my perch I grabbed at the seventh handle.

I felt a tremendous concussion under me; there was a roar and a wave of fire, followed by smoke stinking of powder. I heard the



"NOT ALL RHATAMEH COULD STOP US NOW."

yells of frightened men, and the frantic trumpeting of the elephant.

As the vapour cleared I saw that the men opposed to me were gone, and that the elephant was lying prone in its chains.

The uproar of pursuit came nearer. Praising the gods, I turned the first three handles full on as before, and Kohilu bounded forward, once, twice, thrice—again: this time we landed right on the elephant, trampling the poor squealing monster into the earth. But Kohilu, though he toppled heavily forward, did not fall. Up again he bounded forward

into liberty. And not all Rhatameh could stop us now.

At dawn, after carrying me 120 miles, Kohilu received the contents of a British magazine rifle. It did not matter to Kohilu, and it told me a welcome tale. I had come on the bivouac of a regiment of Punjaubees. A taciturn Scots major was in command.

When he had listened to my story with a weary air, he remarked, "Made in Germany, of course. Everything's made in Germany nowadays."

The Newest Flying-Machine.

BY HERBERT C. FYFE.



ALTHOUGH Dr. K. I. Danilewsky does not pretend to have completely solved the question of aerial navigation, he has undoubtedly gone farther than anyone else in the construction of a balloon which can be steered with perfect ease in any required direction without the aid of engine or screw.

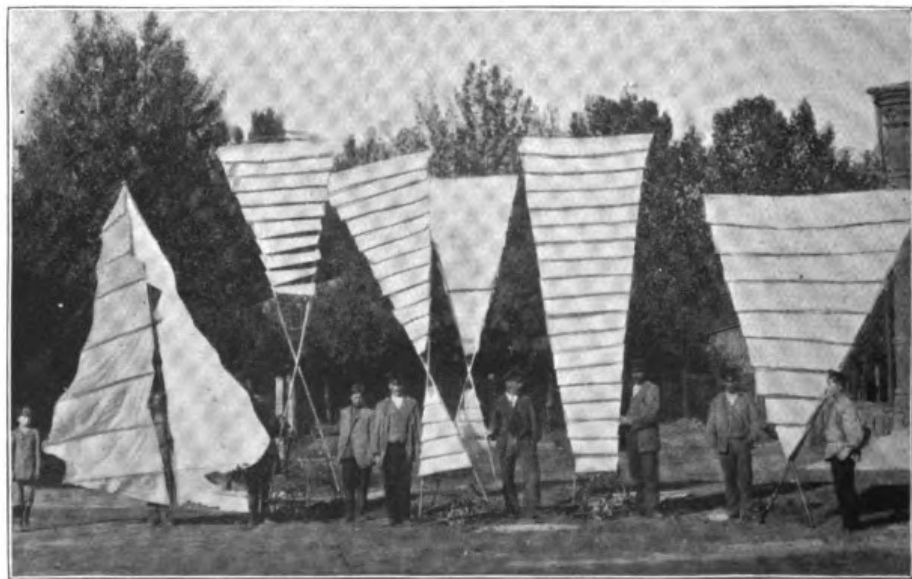
Those who build flying-machines may be divided into three classes. First, there are those who believe that the coming air-ship will be in the nature of the present-day balloon, *i.e.*, a substance filled with gas and lighter than the air it displaces in the course of its travels; their object is to find some means or other by which it will be possible to guide the balloon in any required direction, and even to force it against the wind. Innumerable "dirigible balloons" have from time to time been proposed, and many have been constructed. But in the present instance we shall confine ourselves to the apparatus invented by Dr. K. I. Danilewsky, of Kharkov, Russia, who has very kindly allowed some of his photographs to be reproduced here for the first time, and has supplied information about his experiments and results.

Secondly, there are those who pin their faith in machines heavier than the air, propelled by steam, electricity, or

liquid fuel. The experiments of Langley, Maxim, and others will be familiar to most readers; it must suffice to say that no aerial machine of this sort has yet ascended with a passenger inside.

The third class are those who seek to unravel the problems of the air by the construction of gliding apparatus in which they place themselves, and, putting off into the air from an elevation, endeavour to reach the ground in safety. The best-known in this line is Mr. Pilcher. Herr Lilienthal, it will be remembered, lost his life while attempting a flight.

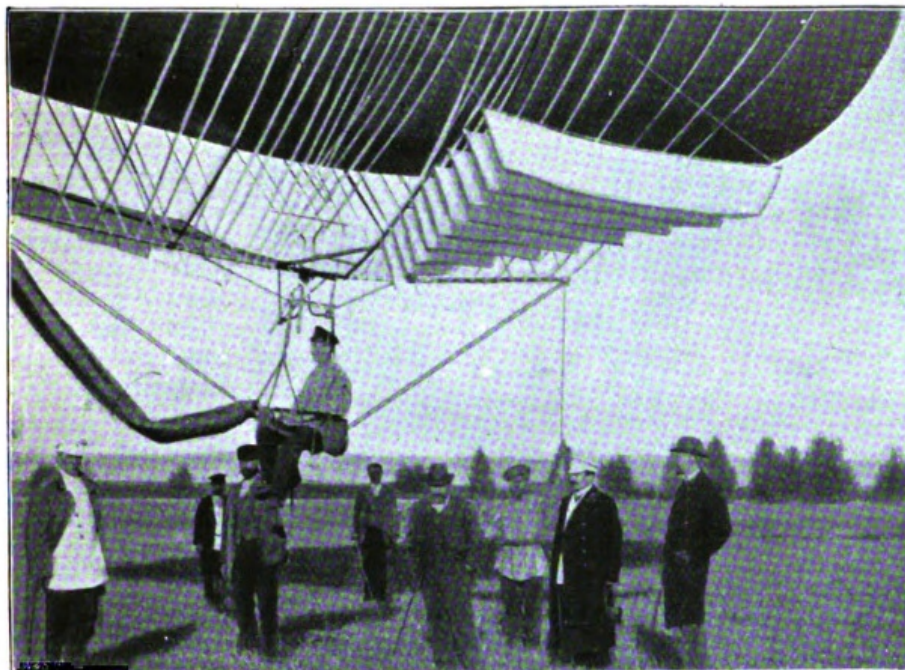
So much then for past history. The newest "dirigible flying-machine" now claims our attention. Dr. K. I. Danilewsky, its inventor, read a paper on the apparatus in the sub-section of Aeronautics at the tenth meeting of naturalists and physicians, held quite recently at Kieff. He has been so good as to translate some of his remarks for us, and these are here summarized. Dr.



From a]

THE "WINGS" original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[Photograph,



From a)

READY TO START.

[Photograph.]

Danilewsky says that the results arrived at so far can be expressed in the following way:—

1. The machine enables us, in the simplest manner possible, to ascend easily to any given height, and to descend safely *an unlimited number of times*, without throwing out any ballast or letting out the gas.

2. It enables us to actively direct the machine in calm weather in any required direction.

3. When a fair wind comes we are enabled to make full use of it.

4. The machine once being loaded we can use it daily and hourly for eight or nine days.

5. What I consider as a matter of great importance is the cheapness of the machine, its safety in flying, and the extreme simplicity of its construction, so that any mechanic can make one on the same model.

“This is what I have done in the course of the last eighteen months. As to flying against the wind—the machine is unable to do it

yet. Such an apparatus cannot be produced nor can the solution of the question of flight and suspension in the air be arrived at by the effort of one man and a few experiments, but by hundreds of people and tens of thousands of experiments. The man who attempts to make a flying-machine is regarded (in Russia at least) with distrust, and he finds most people opposed to his ideas. I feel, however,

convinced that such a machine must come, and every year we are nearer to the desired end.

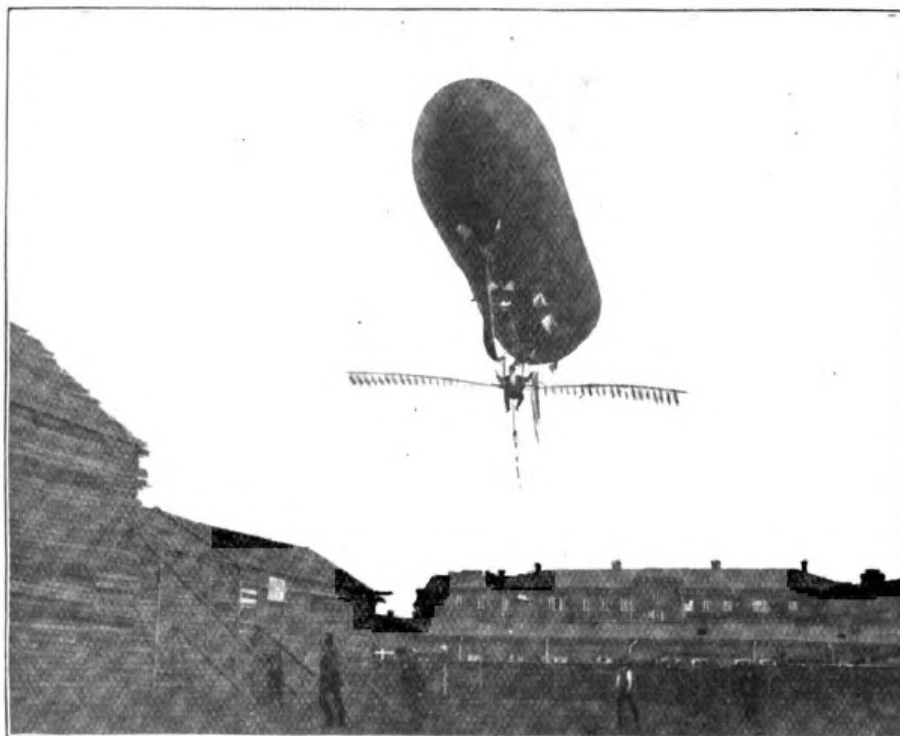
“The idea which led me to the construction of my dirigible balloon is very simple, and can be thus expressed. If a man's strength be not sufficient to raise him into the air, he can raise himself if part of his weight be sub-



From a)

Original from

[Photograph.]



From a]

ACROSS THE TOWN.

[Photograph.

tracted. The latter condition is arrived at by using a balloon filled with hydrogen. This extremely plain idea I bore in mind years ago when a student of the University. I could, however, only prove the truth of it in 1897 and 1898, and I have now found that by the use of a balloon filled with hydrogen the weight of the man is eliminated from the problem, and he can use all his efforts to propel and steer the machine which supports him."

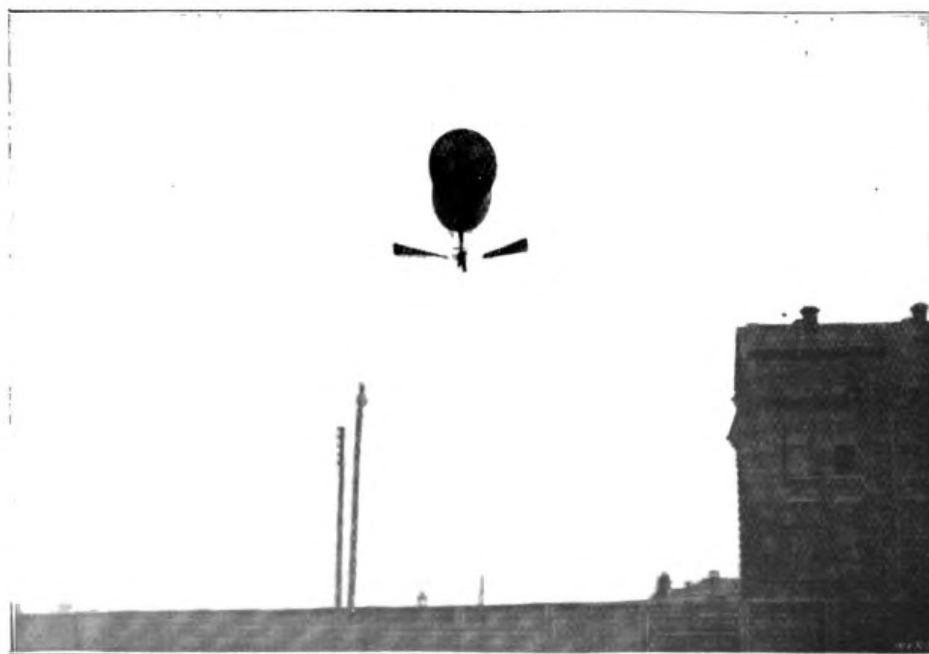
From the photographs here reproduced the reader will be enabled to get a very good idea of the form and shape of Dr. Danilewsky's balloon. The inflated portion is shaped like a cigar, being pointed at one end and flat at the other. Over a portion of the body is placed a covering, and from this stout cords are led down to the

metal bar which serves to support the aeronaut, who is seated in a chair firmly secured to the bar. On each side of him are placed the "wings," and it is by the manipulation of these that he is able to steer the balloon in calm weather in any direction he may wish to go. The nature of these "wings" can be best seen in the first photograph, where several workmen are holding up different patterns. By means of ropes and pulleys the "wings" can

be easily inclined at any angle.

Dr. Danilewsky's first experiments were made in October, 1897, and are thus recorded in the inventor's note-book: "In the course of 112 hours twenty-five ascents were made: height attained was about 280ft. Some of the ascents were made with the machine tied to a rope, others without."

The apparatus for supplying the hydrogen became damaged, and the experiments were



From a]

IN FULL FLIGHT.

[Photograph.



From a]

ASCENDING.

[Photograph.

postponed till June, 1898, when the same balloon was used, the wings this time being 16ft. 4in. long. Ten ascents were made to 70ft. The next day twenty ascents were made to about 105ft., with wings of 14ft. It was found that the wings of 14ft. were still too long, and that the surface of the ends of the wings offered resistance, and consequently that the strokes were weak. Some days later wings of 11ft. 8in. were tried — the working surface was thus increased, and it was found that the wings developed much greater power when ascending, lifting about 20lb. and offering hardly any resistance.

It was decided that in case of a too-quick descent the wings should be changed into

parachutes to slacken the descent. On the 24th June, in the presence of a representative of the Russian War Office, Colonel G. B. Yassewitch, fifteen ascents were made to a height of about 280ft., the balloon carrying 8lb. weight. The descent was slow and easy, and the balloon was kept immovable at a certain height by the aeronaut, and also turned several times round and round, as ordered by Dr. Danilewsky. Resuming experi-

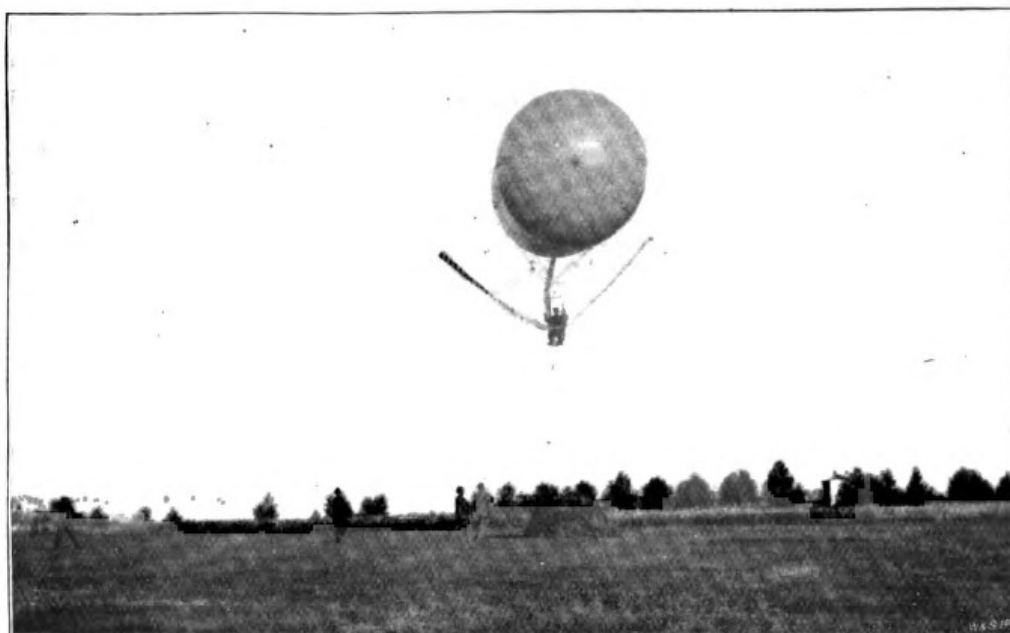
ments again on the 27th of June, 1898, the wings were now arranged so that they could be changed into parachutes when the balloon was descending. On the 4th of July ten ascents were made to a height of from 280ft. to



From a]

DESCENDING.

[Photograph.



From a]

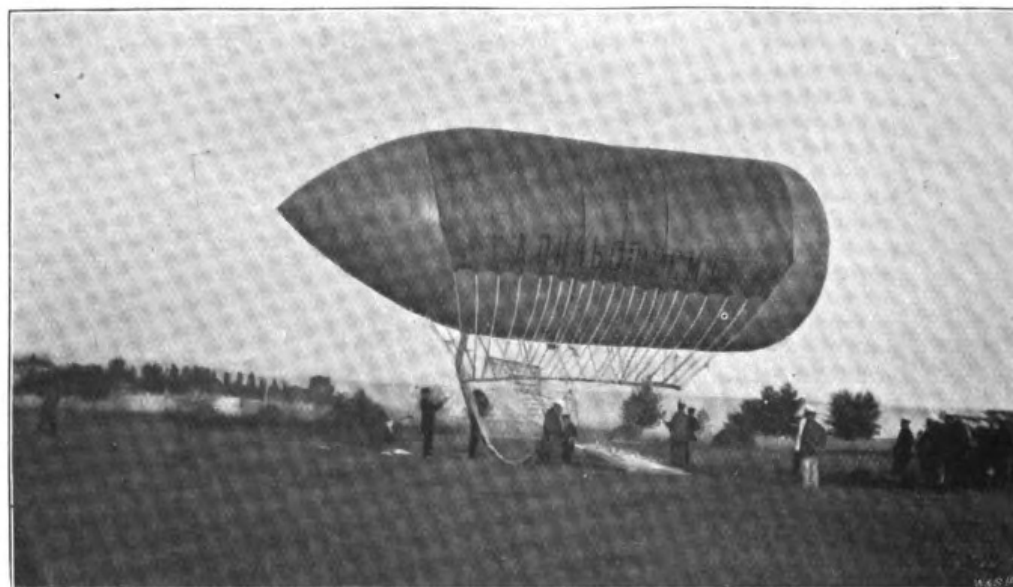
A FAIR DESCENT.

[Photograph.

350ft. Dr. Danilewsky remarks on these as follows :

"The aeronaut gave too little reserve weight, and the machine rose briskly, after which it began to descend very slowly. Then he put the wings at an angle of 45deg. and travelled for some time horizontally. There

aeronaut was told to cross to another yard, 350ft. distant. The machine was to pass in a straight line, but when it had risen it met with a side current of wind. After continuing for a considerable distance the aeronaut briskly turned the head of the balloon against the wind, *and kept the balloon*



From a]

LANDING.

[Photograph.

was difficulty in turning the balloon round in consequence of the joint between the balloon and the wings being weak, and the joint must be made less pliable." The experiments on the 14th of July are thus detailed by Dr. Danilewsky :--

"After several ascents in the yard the

immovable for five minutes by the manipulation of the wings."

Dr. Danilewsky drew the following conclusions from these trials :--

1. Having to struggle with different currents of the air one must be experienced in tacking about.
2. In order to utilize the whole power of the wings

for progressive movement, it is necessary to rise high in the air, and then the wings can be placed at 90deg. without any risk of descending. In the latter case, to keep the machine from descending it is better to open the parachute.

In subsequent trials it was found that when the weather was calm, the aeronaut could keep the balloon immovable, by working the wings, for some considerable period, provided the wind was not blowing more than a certain number of miles an hour. On the 6th of August some experiments in the open were tried. When at a height of 280ft., the machine was carried away by the current towards the town.

"Several times the aeronaut turned the head of the balloon against the wind, and, fixing the wings for progressive movement, struggled against the current, *and actually moved slowly against it.*"

The next trials were made on the 14th of August. Dr. Danilewsky writes of these:—"The machine turns without much difficulty when tacking about. Having fixed the wings at 45deg., the aeronaut moved horizontally for about 140ft., keeping about 210ft. above the ground. In the last ascent the aluminium beam broke, and the machine descended slowly to the ground. The conclusions

I arrived at from these experiments were: firstly, that, flying horizontally, the new wings pushed the air with more strength than the old ones; secondly, that the balloon of the new shape turned easier than before."

At the close of his lecture before the Congress of Naturalists and Physicians at Kieff, Dr. Danilewsky spoke as follows:—

"What is the conclusion we can arrive at after all has been said? There can be only one conclusion: that we are near the *practical* solution of the great problem of a man being able to fly."

How near, the reader can form his own opinion from the photographs shown in these pages, which depict the machine in various stages of actual flight. The inventor, in his modesty, rather understates his case. He might have justly claimed that the problem is already solved.

Dr. Danilewsky has drawn up a comparative table giving an estimate of a practical application of a balloon of the present type and his own "flying apparatus." As this sums up the question very clearly, this table is here reproduced:—

COMPARATIVE TABLE, GIVING AN ESTIMATE OF A PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF A BALLOON OF THE PRESENT TYPE, AND A FLYING APPARATUS INVENTED BY DR. DANILEWSKY.

	AS APPLIED TO A BALLOON.	AS APPLIED TO A FLYING APPARATUS.
1. The filling with hydrogen, the riggings, and in general the complete equipment for flight, requires	from 15 men and upwards.	From 3 to 4 men.
2. Time required for all preparations at the same conditions of filling	from 3 to 4 hours.	From $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour to 1 hour.
3. The transport of an apparatus filled and fitted out for removal of troops	is not practised.	Requires 2 men.
4. The transport when folded up or taken to pieces, requires	from 15 men and upwards.	3 men.
5. The transport of the apparatus and all its appurtenances, including propeller, but without hydraulic cartridge, requires	from 7 carts and upwards.	1 cart.
6. The use of the apparatus as a captive balloon, requires	a propeller.	None.
7. The ascension of a free apparatus, as generally practised, is accomplished	at a height previously known, which is fixed according to the inner arrangement of the balloon.	At a height beginning at one metre from the earth, quite at option of the aeronaut.
8. The free flight in calm weather	cannot be accomplished.	Can be accomplished.
9. The free flight in different currents of air and at different heights	carries away with the current it happens to encounter.	Is according to the will of the aeronaut, who looks out for a propitious wind.
10. The moment of descent	is under the control of the aeronaut until his store of ballast is exhausted.	Is always under the control of the aeronaut, quite independent of any ballast.
11. The descent to earth	is most frequently a risk.	Is most frequently no risk.
12. The repeated ascending and descending	is impossible.	Is possible innumerable times.
13. One filling with hydrogen serves	for one flight; at the utmost for two.	For innumerable times within 8 to 9 days, notwithstanding insignificant accidents caused by the escape of hydrogen by diffusion.

THE SEVEN DRAGONS III THE DELIVERERS OF THEIR COUNTRY.

BY E. NESBIT.



rather tiresome and naughty perhaps, but still natural. He had never before thought it curious. She stood holding her handkerchief to her eye, and said :—

"I don't believe it's out." People always say this when they have had something in their eyes.

"Oh, yes — it's *out*," said the doctor—"here it is on the brush. This is very interesting."

Effie had never heard her father say that about anything that she had any share in. She said "What?"

The doctor carried the brush very carefully across the room, and held the point of it under his microscope—then he twisted the brass screws of the microscope, and looked through the top with one eye.

"Dear me," he said. "Dear, *dear* me! Four well-developed limbs; a long caudal appendage; five toes, unequal in lengths, almost like one of the *Lacertidæ*, yet there are traces of wings." The creature under his eye wriggled a little in the castor-oil, and he went on: "Yes; a bat-like wing. A new specimen, undoubtedly. Effie, run round to the professor and ask him to be kind enough to step in for a few minutes."

"You might give me sixpence, daddy," said Effie, "because I did bring you the new specimen. I took great care of it inside my eye; and my eye *does* hurt."



IT all began with Effie's getting something in her eye. It hurt very much indeed, and it felt something like a red-hot spark—only it seemed to have legs as well, and wings like a fly. Effie rubbed and cried—not real crying, but the kind your eye does all by itself without your being miserable inside your mind—and then she went to her father to have the thing in her eye taken out. Effie's father was a doctor, so of course he knew how to take things out of eyes—he did it very cleverly with a soft paint-brush dipped in castor-oil. When he had got the thing out, he said :—

"This is very curious." Effie had often got things in her eye before, and her father had always seemed to think it was natural—

The doctor was so pleased with the new specimen that he gave Effie a shilling, and presently the professor stepped round. He stayed to lunch, and he and the doctor quarrelled very happily all the afternoon about the name and the family of the thing that had come out of Effie's eye.

But at tea-time another thing happened. Effie's brother Harry fished something out of his tea, which he thought at first was an earwig. He was just getting ready to drop it on the floor, and end its life in the usual way, when it shook itself in the spoon—spread two wet wings, and flopped on to the tablecloth. There it sat stroking itself with its feet and stretching its wings, and Harry said: "Why, it's a tiny newt!"

The professor leaned forward before the doctor could say a word. "I'll give you half a crown for it, Harry, my lad," he said, speaking very fast; and then he picked it up carefully on his handkerchief.

"It is a new specimen," he said, "and finer than yours, doctor."

It was a tiny lizard, about half an inch long—with scales and wings.

So now the doctor and the professor each had a specimen, and they were both very pleased. But before long these specimens began to seem less valuable. For the next morning, when the knife-boy was cleaning the doctor's boots, he suddenly dropped the brushes and the boot and the blacking, and screamed out that he was burnt.

And from inside the boot came crawling a lizard as big as a kitten, with large, shiny wings.

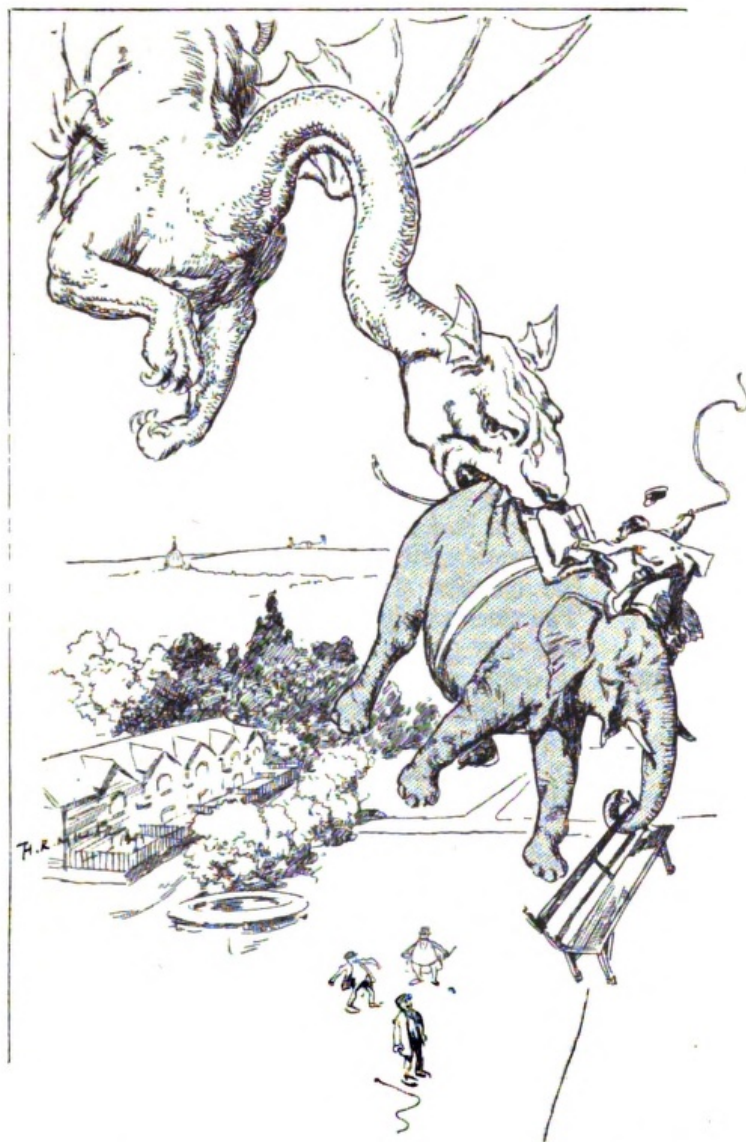
"Why," said Effie, "I know what it is. It is a dragon like St. George killed."

And Effie was right. That afternoon Towser was bitten in the garden by a dragon about the size of a rabbit, which he had tried to chase, and next morning all the papers were full of the wonderful "winged lizards" that were appearing all over the country. The papers would not call them dragons, because, of course, no one believes in dragons nowadays—and at any rate the papers were not going to be so silly as to believe in fairy stories. At first there were only a few, but in a week or two the country was simply running alive with dragons of all sizes, and in the air you could sometimes see them as thick as a swarm of bees. They all looked alike except as to size. They were green with scales, and they had four legs and a long tail and great wings like bats' wings, only the wings were a pale, half-transparent yellow, like the gear-cases on bicycles.

And they breathed fire and smoke, as all proper dragons must, but still the newspapers went on pretending they were lizards, until the editor of the *Standard* was picked up and carried away by a very large one, and then the other newspaper people had not anyone left to tell them what they ought not to believe. So that when the largest elephant in the Zoo was carried off by a dragon, the papers gave up pretending—and put: "Alarming Plague of Dragons" at the top of the paper.

And you have no idea how alarming it was, and at the same time how aggravating. The large-sized dragons were terrible certainly, but when once you had found out that the dragons always went to bed early because they were afraid of the chill night air, you had only to stay indoors all day, and you were pretty safe from the big ones. But the smaller sizes were a perfect nuisance. The ones as big as earwigs got in the soap, and they got in the butter. The ones as big as dogs got in the bath, and the fire and smoke inside them made them steam like anything when the cold water tap was turned on, so that careless people were often scalded quite severely. The ones that were as large as pigeons would get into work-baskets or corner drawers, and bite you when you were in a hurry to get a needle or a handkerchief. The ones as big as sheep were easier to avoid, because you could see them coming; but when they flew in at the windows and curled up under your eider-down, and you did not find them till you went to bed, it was always a shock. The ones this size did not eat people, only lettuces, but they always scorched the sheets and pillow-cases dreadfully.

Of course, the County Council and the police did everything that could be done: it was no use offering the hand of the Princess to anyone who killed a dragon. This way was all very well in olden times—when there was only one dragon and one Princess; but now there were far more dragons than Princesses—although the Royal Family was a large one. And besides, it would have been mere waste of Princesses to offer rewards for killing dragons, because everybody killed as many dragons as they could quite out of their own heads and without rewards at all, just to get the nasty things out of the way. The County Council undertook to cremate all dragons delivered at their offices between the hours of ten and two, and whole waggon-loads and cart-loads and truck-loads of dead dragons could be seen any day of the week standing in a long line in the street where the County Council lived. Boys brought barrow-loads



"THE LARGEST ELEPHANT IN THE ZOO WAS CARRIED OFF."

of dead dragons, and children on their way home from morning school would call in to leave the handful or two of little dragons they had brought in their satchels, or carried in their knotted pocket-handkerchiefs. And yet there seemed to be as many dragons as ever. Then the police stuck up great wood and canvas towers covered with patent glue. When the dragons flew against these towers, they stuck fast, as flies and wasps do on the sticky papers in the kitchen; and when the towers were covered all over with dragons, the police-inspector used to set light to the towers, and burnt them and dragons and all.

And yet there seemed to be more dragons than ever. The shops were full of patent dragon poison and anti-dragon soap, and dragon-proof curtains for the windows; and,

indeed, everything that could be done was done.

And yet there seemed to be more dragons than ever.

It was not very easy to know what would poison a dragon, because you see they ate such different things. The largest kind ate elephants as long as there were any, and then went on with horses and cows. Another size ate nothing but lilies of the valley, and a third size ate only Prime Ministers if they were to be had, and, if not, would feed freely on boys in buttons. Another size lived on bricks, and three of them ate two-thirds of the South Lambeth Infirmary in one afternoon.

But the size Effie was most afraid of was about as big as your dining-room, and that size ate *little girls and boys*.

At first Effie and her brother were quite pleased with the change in their lives. It was so amusing to sit up all night instead of going to sleep, and to play in the garden lighted by electric lamps. And it sounded so funny to hear mother say, when they were going to bed:—

"Good-night, my darlings, sleep sound all day, and don't get up too soon. You must not get up before it's *quite* dark.

You wouldn't like the nasty dragons to catch you."

But after a time they got very tired of it all: they wanted to see the flowers and trees growing in the fields, and to see the pretty sunshine out of doors, and not just through glass windows and patent dragon-proof curtains. And they wanted to play on the grass, which they were not allowed to do in the electric lamp-lighted garden because of the night-dew.

And they wanted so much to get out, just for once, in the beautiful, bright, dangerous daylight, that they began to try and think of some reason why they *ought* to go out. Only they did not like to disobey their mother.

But one morning their mother was busy preparing some new dragon poison to lay down in

the cellars, and their father was bandaging the hand of the boot-boy which had been scratched by one of the dragons who liked to eat Prime Ministers when they were to be had, so nobody remembered to say to the children:—

"Don't get up till it is quite dark!"

"Go now," said Harry; "it would not be disobedient to go. And I know exactly what we ought to do, but I don't know how we ought to do it."

"What ought we to do?" said Effie.

"We ought to wake St. George, of course," said Harry. "He was the only person in his town who knew how to manage dragons; the people in the fairy tales don't count. But St. George is a real person, and he is only asleep, and he is waiting to be waked up. Only nobody believes in St. George now. I heard father say so."

"We do," said Effie.

"Of course we do. And don't you see, Ef, that's the very reason why we could wake him? You can't wake people if you don't believe in them, can you?"

Effie said no, but where could they find St. George?

"We must go and look," said Harry, boldly. "You shall wear a dragon-proof frock, made of stuff like the curtains. And I will smear myself all over with the best dragon poison, and——"

Effie clasped her hands and skipped with joy, and cried:—

"Oh, Harry! I know where we can find St. George! In St. George's Church, of course."

"Um," said Harry, wishing he had thought of it for himself, "you have a little sense sometimes, for a girl."

So next afternoon quite early, long before the beams of sunset announced the coming night, when everybody would be up and working, the two children got out of bed. Effie wrapped herself in a shawl of dragon-proof muslin—there was no time to make the frock—and Harry made a horrid mess of himself with the patent dragon poison. It was warranted harmless to infants and invalids, so he felt quite safe.

Then they took hands and set out to walk to St. George's Church. As you know, there are many St. George's churches, but, fortunately, they took the turning that leads to the right one, and went along in the bright sunlight, feeling very brave and adventurous.

There was no one about in the streets except dragons, and the place was simply

swarming with them. Fortunately none of the dragons were just the right size for eating little boys and girls, or perhaps this story might have had to end here. There were dragons on the pavement, and dragons on the road-way, dragons basking on the front-door steps of public buildings, and dragons preening their wings on the roofs in the hot afternoon sun. The town was quite green with them. Even when the children had got out of the town and were walking in the lanes, they noticed that the fields on each side were greener than usual with the scaly legs and tails; and some of the smaller sizes had made themselves asbestos nests in the flowering hawthorn hedges.

Effie held her brother's hand very tight, and once when a fat dragon flopped against her ear she screamed out, and a whole flight of green dragons rose from the field at the sound, and sprawled away across the sky. The children could hear the rattle of their wings as they flew.

"Oh, I want to go home," said Effie.

"Don't be silly," said Harry. "Surely you haven't forgotten about the Seven Champions and all the Princes. People who are going to be their country's deliverers never scream and say they want to go home."

"And are we," asked Effie—"deliverers, I mean?"

"You'll see," said her brother, and on they went.

When they came to St. George's Church they found the door open, and they walked right in—but St. George was not there, so they walked round the churchyard outside, and presently they found the great stone tomb of St. George, with the figure of him carved in marble outside, in his armour and helmet, and with his hands folded on his breast.

"How ever can we wake him?" they said.

Then Harry spoke to St. George—but he would not answer; and he called, but St. George did not seem to hear; and then he actually tried to waken the great dragon-slayer by shaking his marble shoulders. But St. George took no notice.

Then Effie began to cry, and she put her arms round St. George's neck as well as she could for the marble, which was very much in the way at the back, and she kissed the marble face and she said:—

"Oh, dear, good, kind St. George, please wake up and help us."

And at that St. George opened his eyes

sleepily, and stretched himself and said: "What's the matter, little girl?"

So the children told him all about it; he turned over in his marble and leaned on one elbow to listen. But when he heard that

of settling these dragons. By the way, what sort of weather have you been having lately?"

This seemed so careless and unkind that Harry would not answer, but Effie said,



"PLEASE WAKE UP AND HELP US."

there were so many dragons he shook his head.

"It's no good," he said, "they would be one too many for poor old George. You should have waked me before. I was always for a fair fight—one man one dragon, was my motto."

Just then a flight of dragons passed overhead, and St. George half drew his sword.

But he shook his head again, and pushed the sword back as the flight of dragons grew small in the distance.

"I can't do anything," he said; "things have changed since my time. St. Andrew told me about it. They woke him up over the engineers' strike, and he came to talk to me. He says everything is done by machinery now; there must be some way

patiently, "It has been very fine. Father says it is the hottest weather there has ever been in this country."

"Ah, I guessed as much," said the Champion, thoughtfully. "Well, the only thing would be . . . dragons can't stand wet and cold, that's the only thing. If you could find the taps."

St. George was beginning to settle down again on his stone slab.

"Good-night, very sorry I can't help you," he said, yawning behind his marble hand.

"Oh, but you can," cried Effie. "Tell us—what taps?"

"Oh, like in the bathroom," said St. George, still more sleepily; "and there's a looking-glass, too; shows you all the world

and what's going on. St. Denis told me about it; said it was a very pretty thing. I'm sorry I can't—good-night."

And he fell back into his marble and was fast asleep again in a moment.

"We shall never find the taps," said Harry. "I say, wouldn't it be awful if St. George woke up when there was a dragon near, the size that eats champions?"

Effie pulled off her dragon-proof veil. "We didn't meet any the size of the dining-room as we came along," she said; "I daresay we shall be quite safe."

So she covered St. George with the veil, and Harry rubbed off as much as he could of the dragon poison on to St. George's armour, so as to make everything quite safe for him.

"We might hide in the church till it is dark," he said, "and then——"

But at that moment a dark shadow fell on them, and they saw that it was a dragon exactly the size of the dining-room at home.

So then they knew that all was lost. The dragon swooped down and caught the two children in his claws; he caught Effie by her green silk sash, and Harry by the little point at the back of his Eton jacket — and then, spreading his great yellow wings, he rose into the air, rattling like a third-class carriage when the brake is hard on.

"Oh, Harry," said Effie, "I wonder when he will eat us!"

The dragon was flying across woods and fields with great flaps of his wings that carried him a quarter of a mile at each flap.

Harry and Effie could see the country below, hedges and rivers and churches and

farmhouses flowing away from under them, much faster than you see them running away from the sides of the fastest express train.

And still the dragon flew on. The children saw other dragons in the air as they went, but the dragon who was as big as the dining-room never stopped to speak to any of them, but just flew on quite steadily.

"He knows where he wants to go," said Harry. "Oh, if he would only drop us before he gets there!"



"HE ROSE INTO THE AIR, RATTLING LIKE A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE."

But the dragon held on tight, and he flew and flew and flew until at last, when the children were quite giddy, he settled down, with a rattling of all his scales, on the top of a mountain. And he lay there on his great

green scaly side, panting, and very much out of breath, because he had come such a long way. But his claws were fast in Effie's sash and the little point at the back of Harry's Eton jacket.

Then Effie took out the knife Harry had given her on her birthday. It only cost sixpence to begin with, and she had had it a month, and it never could sharpen anything but slate-pencils, but somehow she managed to make that knife cut her sash in front, and crept out of it, leaving the dragon with only a green silk bow in one of his claws. That knife would never have cut Harry's jacket - tail off, though, and when Effie had tried for some time she saw that this was so, and gave it up. But with her help Harry managed to wriggle quietly out of his sleeves, so that the dragon had only an Eton jacket in his other claw. Then the children crept on tip-toe to a crack in the rocks and got in. It was much too narrow for the dragon to get in also, so they stayed in there and waited to make faces at the dragon when he felt rested enough to sit up and begin to think about eating them. He was very angry, indeed, when they made faces at him, and blew out fire and smoke at them, but they ran farther into the cave so that he could not reach them, and when he was tired of blowing he went away.

But they were afraid to come out of the cave, so they went farther in, and presently the cave opened out and grew bigger, and the floor was soft sand, and when they had come to the very end of the cave there was a door, and on it was written: "*Universal Tap-room. Private. No one allowed inside.*"

So they opened the door at once just to peep in, and then they remembered what St. George had said.

"We can't be worse off than we are," said Harry, "with a dragon waiting for us outside. Let's go in."

So they went boldly into the tap-room, and shut the door behind them.

And now they were in a sort of room cut out of the solid rock, and all along one side of the room were taps, and all the taps were labelled with china labels like you see to baths. And as they could both read words of two syllables or even three sometimes, they understood at once that they had got to the place where the weather is turned on from. There were six big taps labelled "Sunshine," "Wind," "Rain," "Snow," "Hail," "Ice," and a lot of little ones, labelled "Fair



"ONE SIDE OF THE ROOM WAS JUST A BIG LOOKING-GLASS."

to moderate," "Showery," "South breeze," "Nice growing weather for the crops," "Skating," "Good open weather," "South wind," "East wind," and so on. And the big tap labelled "Sunshine" was turned full on. They could not see any sunshine—the cave was lighted by a skylight of blue glass—so they supposed the sunlight was pouring out by some other way, as it does with the tap that washes out the underneath parts of patent sinks in kitchens.

Then they saw that one side of the room was just a big looking-glass, and when you looked in it you could see everything that was going on in the world—and all at once,

too, which is not like most looking-glasses. They saw the carts delivering the dead dragons at the County Council offices, and they saw St. George asleep under the dragon-proof veil. And they saw their mother at home crying because her children had gone out in the dreadful, dangerous daylight, and she was afraid a dragon had eaten them. And they saw the whole of England, like a great puzzle-map—green in the field parts and brown in the towns, and black in the places where they make coal, and crockery, and cutlery, and chemicals. And all over it, on the black parts, and on the brown, and on the green, there was a network of green dragons. And they could see that it was still broad daylight, and no dragons had gone to bed yet.

So Effie said, "Dragons do not like cold." And she tried to turn off the sunshine, but the tap was out of order, and that was why there had been so much hot weather, and why the dragons had been able to be hatched. So they left the sunshine-tap alone, and they turned on the snow and left the tap full on while they went to look in the glass. There they saw the dragons running all sorts of ways like ants if you are cruel enough to pour water into an ant-heap, which, of course, you never are. And the snow fell more and more.

Then Effie turned the rain-tap quite full on, and presently the dragons began to wriggle less, and by-and-by some of them lay quite still, so the children knew the water had put out the fires inside them, and they were dead. So then they turned on the hail—only half on, for fear of breaking people's windows—and after a while there were no more dragons to be seen moving.

Then the children knew that they were indeed the deliverers of their country.

"They will put up a monument to us," said Harry; "as high as Nelson's! All the dragons are dead."

"I hope the one that was waiting outside for us is dead!" said Effie; "and about the monument, Harry, I'm not so sure. What can they do with such a lot of dead dragons? It would take years and years to bury them, and they could never be burnt now they are so soaking wet. I wish the rain would wash them off into the sea."

But this did not happen, and the children began to feel that they had not been so frightfully clever after all.

"I wonder what this old thing's for," said Harry. He had found a rusty old tap, which seemed as though it had not been

used for ages. Its china label was quite coated over with dirt and cobwebs. When Effie had cleaned it with a bit of her skirt—for curiously enough both the children had come out without pocket-handkerchiefs—she found that the label said "*Waste*."

"Let's turn it on," she said; "it might carry off the dragons."

The tap was very stiff from not having been used for such a long time, but together they managed to turn it on, and then ran to the mirror to see what happened.

Already a great, round, black hole had opened in the very middle of the map of England, and the sides of the map were tilting themselves up, so that the rain ran down towards the hole.

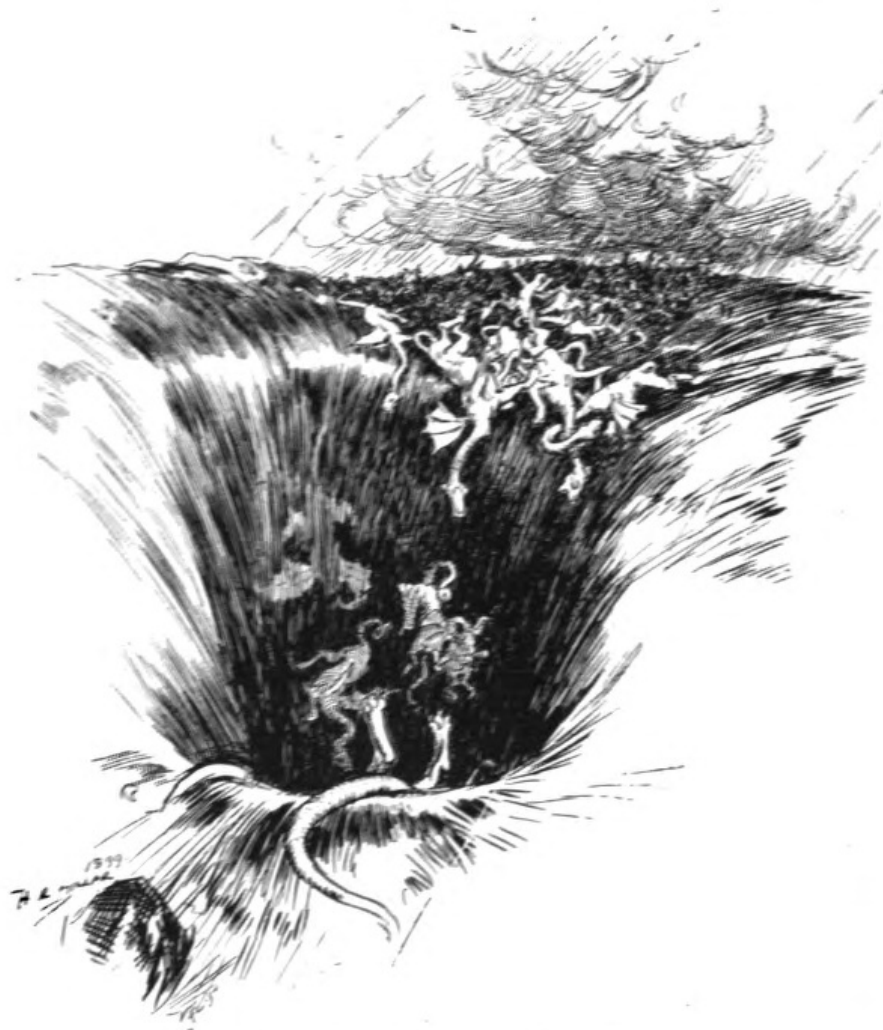
"Oh, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" cried Effie, and she hurried back to the taps and turned on everything that seemed wet. "Showery," "Good open weather," "Nice growing weather for the crops," and even "South" and "South-West," because she had heard her father say that those winds brought rain.

And now the floods of rain were pouring down on the country, and great sheets of water flowed towards the centre of the map, and cataracts of water poured into the great round hole in the middle of the map, and the dragons were being washed away and disappearing down the waste-pipe in great green masses and scattered green shoals—single dragons and dragons by the dozen; of all sizes, from the ones that carry off elephants down to the ones that get in your tea.

And presently there was not a dragon left. So then they turned off the tap named "Waste," and they half-turned off the one labelled "Sunshine"—it was broken, so that they could not turn it off altogether—and they turned on "Fair to moderate" and "Showery" and both taps stuck, so that they could not be turned off, which accounts for our climate.

How did they get home again? By the Snowdon railway—of course.

And was the nation grateful? Well—the nation was very wet. And by the time the nation had got dry again it was interested in the new invention for toasting muffins by electricity, and all the dragons were almost forgotten. Dragons do not seem so important when they are dead and gone, and, you know, there never was a reward offered.



"DISAPPEARING DOWN THE WASTE-PIPE."

And what did father and mother say when Effie and Harry got home?

My dear, that is the sort of silly question you children always will ask. However, just for this once I don't mind telling you.

Mother said: "Oh, my darlings, my darlings, you're safe—you're safe! You naughty children—how could you be so disobedient? Go to bed at once!"

And their father the doctor said:—

"I wish I had known what you were going

to do! I should have liked to preserve a specimen. I threw away the one I got out of Effie's eye. I intended to get a more perfect specimen. I did not anticipate this immediate extinction of the species."

The professor said nothing, but he rubbed his hands. He had kept his specimen—the one the size of an earwig that he gave Harry half a crown for—and he has it to this day.

You must get him to show it to you!

Curiosities.*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A FACIAL STUDY.

The photographer's art is responsible for the curious study in faces reproduced herewith. You are not looking at the counterfeit presentments of three brothers, but of one and the same man, who, in the first instance, is with a moustache, in the second with a full beard, and in the third he is clean shaven. By covering the lower part of the face you will see the resemblance at once. The deception has been exceptionally well carried out, and it is curious to note the air of vigour that is imparted to the central face by the full beard. The gentleman in question is Mr. Robert Pfeiffer, of Cincinnati, U.S.A. Of course, each portrait was taken at a different sitting, but all three were taken on the same day. The photo. was taken by Krieg, Cincinnati.



CHRISTIANITY EMBRACING BUDDHISM.

This photograph is of very peculiar interest. It represents a scene in the churchyard of Badulla, Ceylon, that is now familiarly referred to as "Christianity Embracing Buddhism," and the reason is because of the association of the tombstone with the tree. The latter is the Bo-tree, the sacred tree of Buddhism, which in growing has carried the tombstone up bodily off the ground in the singular manner seen in the photograph. The tombstone was erected about 1840, but it has been embedded in the tree like this now for many years. The photograph was forwarded by Mr. H. B. Christie, Ceylon Civil Service, Badulla, Ceylon.



A MELTED TUMBLER.

It is a somewhat difficult matter to trace any similarity to an ordinary glass tumbler in the odd-shaped article seen in our next photograph, but such was its original mission. It was found standing on a tank outside the premises of Messrs. Goodchild and Co., of Vryburg, after a fire had destroyed their premises, having been reduced to this shape by the heat. The photograph was sent in by Mr. W. Klisser, photographer, of Vryburg.





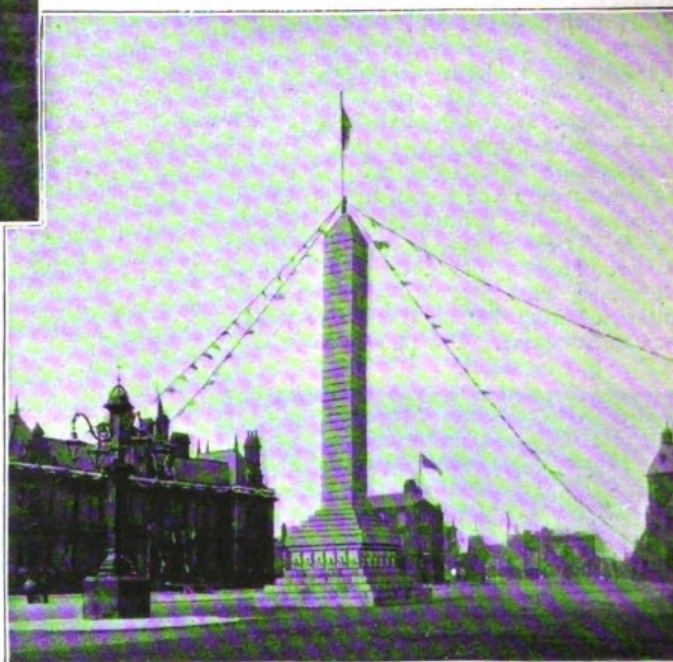
HELPING ATLAS.

Mr. Frank H. Williams, of 14, Distaff Lane, Cannon Street, E.C., in sending the accompanying snap-shot, writes: "Inclosed is a photograph of myself turning head-over-heels for the amusement of a few friends, which photo. I think a fitting companion to 'A Candidate for Apoplexy' in a recent number. The picture was taken by my brother on a hot afternoon last summer." Mr. Williams seems to have taken root in his odd posture, but a still funnier effect is obtained if the picture is held upside down, for then he appears to be trying to help Atlas in holding the world up, only that his footing is somewhat uncertain.

A REMARKABLE ADDRESS.

Our next photograph is a facsimile of an

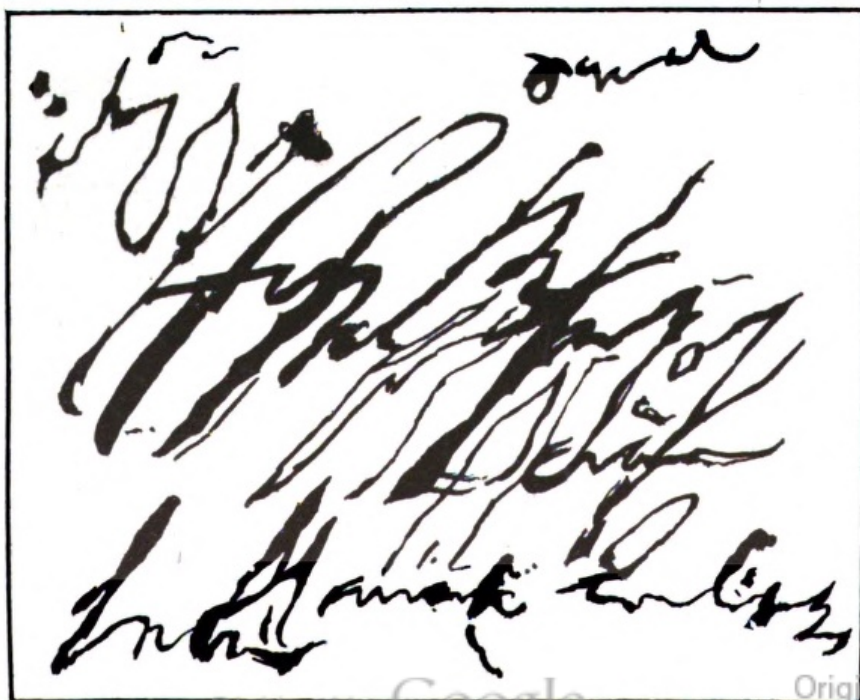
address on a letter that found its way from Spain to the G.P.O., St. Martin's-le-Grand. Remarkable as it may seem, this specimen of handwriting was deciphered by "the blind man of St. Martin's," and the letter safely reached its destination. It is addressed to the "Spanish Ambassador (or Embassy), London." We wonder how many of our readers would enjoy having to decipher scrawl like this. Even the Post Office expert was undecided about one word, and admits to either Ambassador or Embassy. This specimen of illegibility in addresses was taken from the scrap-book of Post Office curiosities, collected by one who was employed at the G.P.O. for upwards of fifty years, the photograph itself being sent in by Mr. C. W. Gott, 7, Leybourne Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees.



From a Photo. by C. H. Benham, Widnes.

A LOYAL MONUMENT.

This is not a photograph of some granite monolith or an obelisk of marble erected by skilled hands and requiring days of toil. Like the mushroom, it sprang up in a single night, and is made entirely of soap-boxes, with a pole through the centre as a support. This "monument" was built to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee by the firm of W. Gossage and Sons, of Widnes, and adorned the square of that loyal borough during Jubilee week. Many hundreds of boxes were used in its construction. The height (60ft.) was intended to represent the length of the reign of Her Majesty. Mr. Herbert W. Pates, of Widnes, is the sender of this interesting photograph.





A HOUSE OF PORCUPINE QUILLS.

The pretty little model of a house shown in our next photograph is made of porcupine quills, and is the handiwork of a retired gentleman, Mr. Joubert, of Graaf Reinet, Cape Colony, who devoted the leisure hours of a whole year to its construction. Between 30,000 and 40,000 brass pins were used in fixing the quills together, and the house has a straw roof. The dimensions of the little domicile are 2ft. 6in. by 3ft. 6in., and it stands in a huge glass case. It was exhibited at the Kimberley Exhibition of 1892, and also at Pretoria. The photograph was sent to us by Graham Botha, the fifteen-year-old son of a Dutch Reformer, living at St. Stephen's Parsonage, Cape Town.

A BIG FAMILY.

The accompanying photograph represents Mr. T. H. Norman, of the Post Office Department, at Washington, D.C., and his family, consisting of his wife and fifteen children, all girls. The parents have had seventeen children altogether, but two died, one boy and one girl. There are no twins in the family. The eldest was twenty-five years and the youngest nineteen months old at the time the photograph was taken. Norman is a coloured man, forty-five years of age, and his wife is about the same age. His salary is only fifty-five dollars a month, and yet he has managed to educate all his children old enough to receive an education. His family reside at Montgomery, Fayette Co., West Virginia, and the picture—which was sent in by Mr. A. B. Hurt, Washington—shows a portion of their home.



TRANSPORTATION OF DUCKS.

A novel method of transporting ducks, in operation in Szabadka, in Hungary, is shown in the accompanying photograph. In place of the usual crate a sack is obtained, in which a number of holes are cut; through these the heads of the unfortunate birds are thrust. In the photograph we are able to reproduce, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Ernest C. Jeffery, of 20, North Park Road, Manningham, it will be seen that the birds have settled down in their confined quarters, but when they are first taken out of the train the noise they make may be better imagined than described, and the helpless struggles of the imprisoned birds are really most comical.



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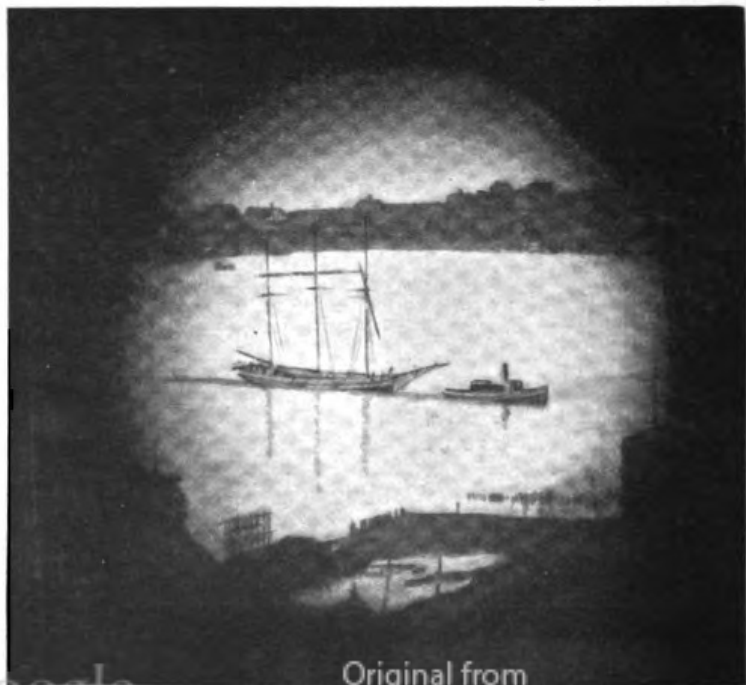


GENERAL GORDON AS A BOY.

Very particular interest is attached to our next photograph, which we are privileged to reproduce in these pages, thanks to the courtesy of Mrs. Jennette Fothergill, of Park House, Finborough, Stowmarket. The boy on the right is General Gordon when eleven years of age, and the gentleman seated in the chair is his uncle, General Samuel E. Gordon, aged twenty. The photograph from which our reproduction is made was copied from a daguerreotype taken in July, 1844. Young Gordon's picture gives one the impression that he was a true type of the English schoolboy of the period, as he was the true type of an English gentleman and a soldier in after years.

A LONG-DISTANCE PHOTO.

Mr. Clifford L. Higgins, of Duluth, Minn., U.S.A., in sending this photograph, writes: "It is a view taken with a 4 by 5 camera, ordinary lens, of a tug and barque at a distance of one and a half miles from the camera. The hill on which the latter was placed was about 400ft. above the level of the water. The scene was taken at this great distance by placing a 3ft. telescope directly on to the front end of the lens, the snap-shot being made at the moment the boats got into the field of view." The hazy effects surrounding the picture are caused by the telescope cylinder; but the result is certainly very curious, and the experiment is one which everyone can easily try for himself.



A CURIOUS ICICLE.

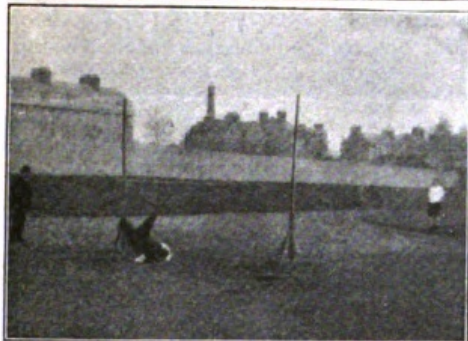
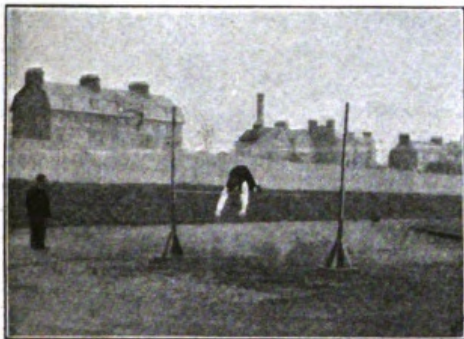
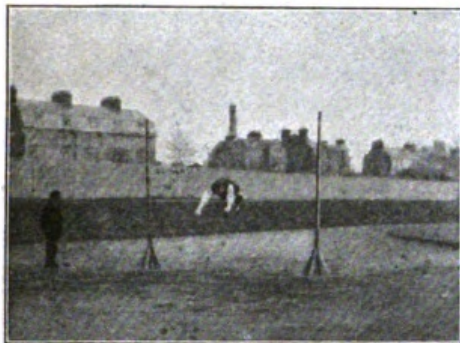
Our next photograph speaks for itself. It shows a curious form of icicle that grew upwards as the result of one night's severe frost in February last. It was photographed by Mr. W. E. Daw, of Church Street, King's Lynn, on the morning of February 28th, 1899. The tap was situated in a stable-yard, surrounded by high walls and houses, in the midst of a town. It is interesting to notice the firm foot the icicle stands upon, and,



gradually creeping upwards, has nearly reached the dripping tap. By ten o'clock, Mr. Daw says, the temperature had risen so much that the icicle quickly melted.

A ROLLING LEAP.

It is claimed that by jumping in the singular manner shown in the three snap-shots here reproduced, a much greater height



can be cleared than in the ordinary way, but it is not a method that we would advise even moderately good athletes to attempt without a lot of practice beforehand at small heights. The snap-shots show the jumper in three different positions: first, rising; second, clearing the bar; and third, breaking the fall with the arms. He cleared the height of 5ft. 4in. on this occasion—not a record leap by any means, but just a fair average specimen. The critical moment comes at the point of alighting, for the jumper has to take care to fall, not on his head, but on the back of the neck.



A STREET AT NIGHT.

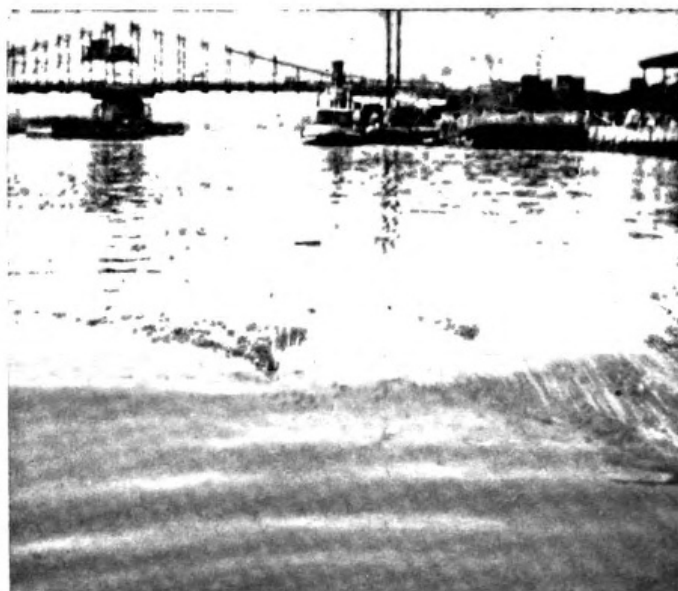
The photograph of a street scene here reproduced was taken at midnight by Mr. Fred. S. Gutteresen, from a window in the San Francisco Press Club. It was given an exposure of an hour. The portion of Ellis Street shown in the picture was crowded with pedestrians, cabs, and street cars, yet none of them appear in the photograph. The white streak in the centre of the street was caused by the trolley-car head-lights, and the protuberances in the thread show where the cars stopped. On the extreme right a cupola of the Baldwin Hotel is visible, and a little to the left of the centre may be seen the top of the San Francisco *Morning Call* building, a twenty-one story skyscraper. The clock-tower of the *Morning Chronicle* structure shows up on the left. The night was unusually dark, and a large number of arc lamps were burning in the street.

A NATURAL LIKENESS.

We have an infinite variety of photographs sent in to us of curious natural formations in stones, but very few reach the excellence of the one reproduced herewith. This is a piece of flint picked up on the beach at Felixstowe, and the resemblance it bears to a dog's head is most remarkable. We have had an opportunity of inspecting it for ourselves at these offices. It has not been touched up in the least degree, even the white of the eye being quite a natural chalk formation. The photograph was sent in by Miss Ina Smith, 24, Pandora Road, West Hampstead.

A TOWER FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Both these photographs are views of the water-tower at Reading, Mass., U.S.A., only, of course, taken from two totally different points. In the one we see the tower as it looks at a distance; in the other we are looking directly upitsside. In the latter case the camera was held close to the base of the tower, and pointing vertically to the top. The tower is 100ft. high to the railing, and about 30ft. in diameter. The sender of the photos. is Mr. Arthur V. Pillsbury, Reading, Mass., U.S.A.

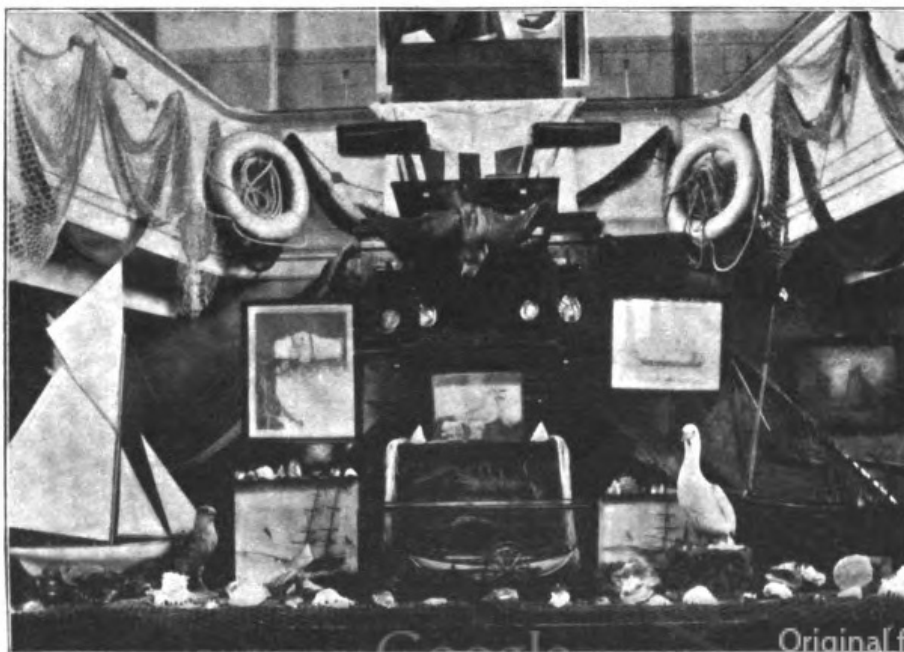
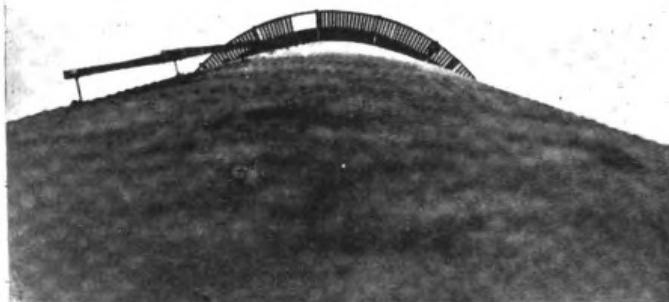


THE EFFECT OF A DIVE.

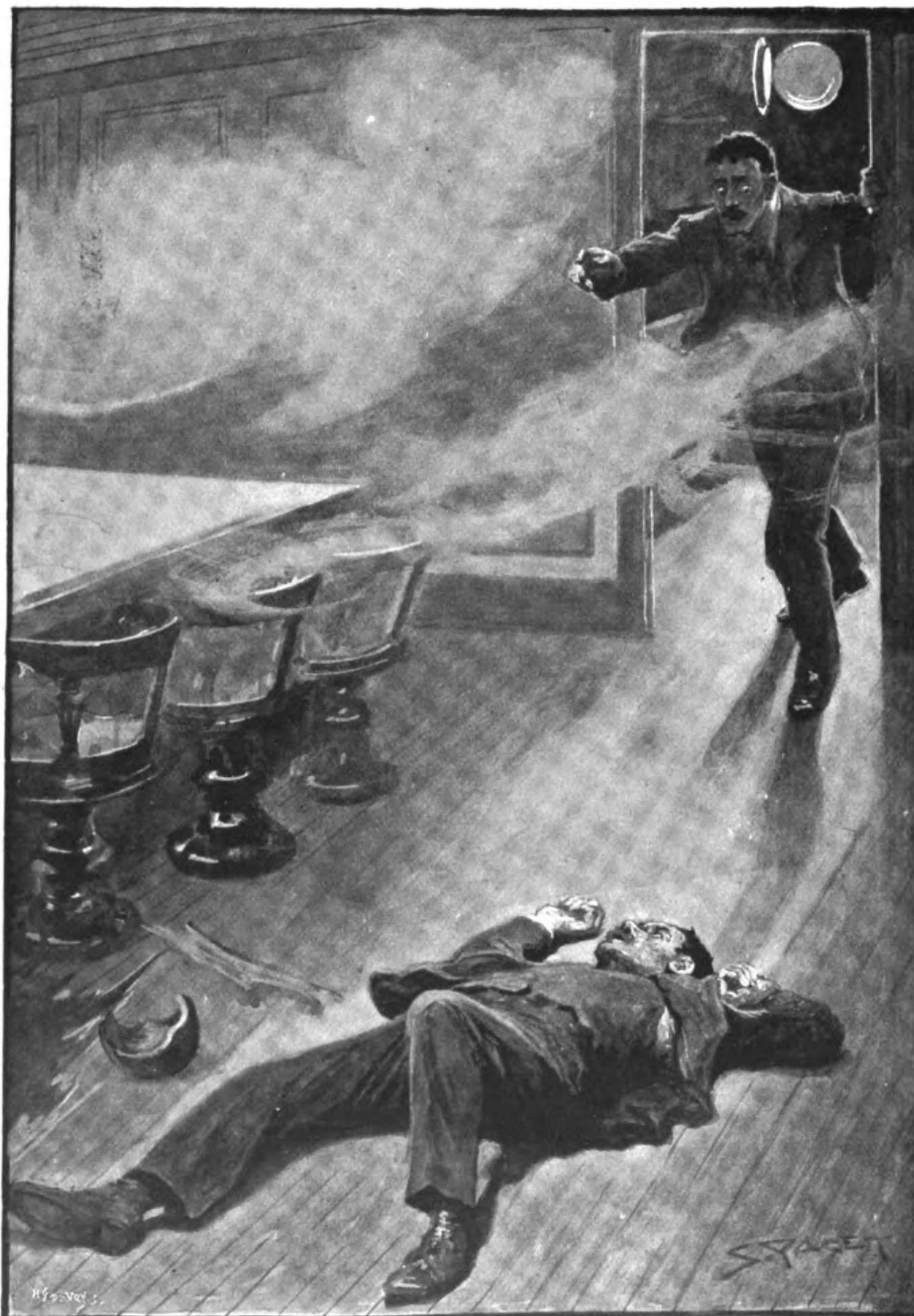
This is a snap-shot of a dive, but the diver has disappeared, and the camera just caught the hollow he made in the water with the subsequent splashing caused by the waters meeting in the middle of the depression. Sender of photo., Mr. Harrison R. Steeves, c.o. Messrs. Church, E. Gates and Co., 138th Street and 4th Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

HARVEST OF THE SEA FESTIVAL.

Most chapels and churches include a festival of thanksgiving for the harvest of the land amongst the prescribed celebrations of the year, but at the Old Wesley Chapel, Bourne Street, Hastings, they hold a harvest of the sea festival. The accompanying photograph—which has been forwarded by Mr. Frank W. Barfoot, of Rock House, Nelson Road, Hastings—is an interior view of the chapel, showing the decorations for the festival that was held last year. All round the gallery are hung real fishing nets, whilst suspended under-



neath at intervals are bowls of live gold-fish. The miscellaneous collection of articles adorning the pulpit and its immediate surroundings comprise models of ships, sea pictures, stuffed sea birds, shells, etc., the whole effect being excellent. Most of the decorations are kindly lent by the fisherfolk who attend the chapel, and the greatest interest is evinced in the day's proceedings. Another curious feature of this old chapel is that many years ago it was a theatre, and there still remain two galleries, one above the other; the top one, however, not being often used.



"I SAW THE BODY OF BOB LYING UPON HIS BACK."

(See page 627.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xvii.

JUNE, 1899

No. 102.

An Extraordinary Story.

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

Author of "The Bayonet that Came Home," etc.



THE soldiers handed me over to him. I looked at the collar of his blue tunic. "41 B," I read, in nickel-plated letters. Then I found myself

meeting his eye.

He drew himself up.

I knew what was coming.

"It's my duty to warn you that anything you may now say——" he had begun, very seriously, when I stopped him short.

"Here!" I said, holding out my wrists, "I know all about that. Slip 'em on. And save your breath."

He grinned, recognising me for an old hand.

"Yes!" I said, "it 'ull have to come out. You may as well hear it now as later in court."

"But——" he began to object.

I shook my head.

"It was, and it wasn't, my fault," I said. "But listen!" And I told him this, which is the truth.

His name is Bob Fry. He lived at 3, Fiddlers' Court, Whitechapel. I did not kill him. And the other one! I know nothing about him. He had nothing to do with our job. I never set eyes on him before last night.

In November, 1884, I broke into 405, Park Lane—Park Lane in London, I mean.

Vol. xvii.—78

Three nights afterwards I got drunk, and must have blabbed it out to Bob.

The next morning he came to me.

"So you have put the swag with Jackson's, have you, Tom?" he said.



"'HERE!' I SAID. 'SLIP 'EM ON.'"

It was my first job. I was taken with a trembling fit.

"H—how d'you know?" I stammered; and I'd have run for it, if I had had the strength.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He found it difficult to make me understand. But presently my head was clearer.

"You want—you want——"

"Yes," he said, cheerfully, "you'll give me half."

A shiver seemed to go right through me. Giving a laugh, I tried to deceive myself.

"You always *will* have your joke, Bob," I said.

The expression of his face changed in a second to sternness.

"Drop it!" he said.

"But——" I began.

"That is enough!" he interrupted. "I am in the know, Tom. And if you don't share, I'll split."

There! that was how he had me first. And, come through it safe, "Never again," I said to myself. Lor'! but bricklaying along of Bob for years, I might have known him better. His share of the plunder gave him an appetite. He planned another robbery, and threatened me into it. And from that day to when he died last night, I was as under his thumb as his bread and cheese. There was no gainsaying him. He would have his own way in everything. It was a boast with him that he would, or he would die for it.

Now, I'll come straight to our latest and last. We're in June. It was on May the 15th that I met Bob, and he took me along Baker Street into Portman Square. The evening was foggy. They had lit the lamps early. I was looking at the steam coming off a horse's flanks, when Bob gripped me by the arm.

"There!" he said, nodding.

"Which?" I asked.

"Thirty-nine A," he replied, in a whisper.

I looked at the house: the walls, in their white paint, reflected the light of a lamp smoothly; the iron rails of its inclosure were tipped with gold. It was one of the largest in the square. My eye scanned the rows of handsomely tiled window-boxes.

"Let's get a bit closer," I said.

We moved forwards. The knocker of the double door was of shining, heavy brass. There was bright light in all of the windows. And glancing below, I saw a dinner being prepared by a white-capped man-cook.

"It should hold something," I remarked.

"It does, you bet," said Bob.

I looked at the house once more, carefully, all over.

"How about the back?" I said.

"We sha'n't trouble that yet awhile," he replied. And drawing closer to me, he

added, in a whisper, "They've a maidservant who thinks she is the prettiest girl in London."

I laughed, guessing the lay at once.

"Yes," he grumbled, "I ain't handsome enough for her. But you——"

I took him up short.

"Psutt! I'll twist her round my finger," I said.

The next day found me at a second-hand clothes shop. Where? In the "Cut."

"What for you, sir?" says the Jew in charge.

"Same as last time," I said. "Topper, black morning coat and vest; grey pants. Ah! and I'll have that tie," I added, pointing to a green silk. He did them up in a parcel.

I went home and dressed up fine. Afterwards I went to a barber's.

"Shave and hair cut!" I said.

Here I was very particular. "Part me in the middle," I said, "and take care of the curls." He didn't get them right at first. "No," I says; "I want 'em flat and more down on the forehead." And I pulled them carefully into position, while he stuck 'em there with one of his fakes.

I went straight from the barber's to Portman Square. And a clock was just striking three as she climbed up the steps leading from the basement of 39A. Bob's description had been first-class. I knew her at a glance.

She turned towards Oxford Street, walking as such girls do walk—as if she were treading on eggs.

I let her get out of the square.

"Pardon me, miss," I said, mock respectfully, stepping up from behind, "but I've just come up from Fern Manor, and *could* you oblige me with the way to Oxford Street?"

And gently smiling to show my teeth, I took off my topper to let her have a good look at me.

She had pulled herself up stiff. Suddenly she bridled and smirked. "Tee-hee-hee!" she laughed. "I—I am just going there," she said. "If——"

I flashed a ring on my finger.

We went on side by side. When we parted, I was calling her "Jane," and she had promised to walk with me in the Park.

Within a fortnight I had the information from her that we wanted. There were both plate and jewels in 39A. We were going to break in—indeed, we had settled the date—when something she said changed our plans.



"I TOOK OFF MY TOPPER."

"She tells you that the family go to Warhampton next week?" Bob remarked.

"She says so," I replied. "The Colonel has a country house near there, close to the sea. And he is going down for his Militia training."

"Thirty-nine A will be a stiff nut to crack!" Bob said, suggestively, blinking with his eyes.

"I have said so, all along," I said.

"There is still time and to spare. Yer might see about the other," he suggested, after a pause.

I saw the girl that same evening.

"Well!" said Bob, on my return.

"They take their plate and jewellery with 'em," I said.

"But the house!" he exclaimed, impatiently.

I began to describe it, accurately and minutely, according to the description that I had wheedled out of her.

"It 'ull be twice as easy again!" Bob said, when I had finished. "We 'ull follow 'em down."

"All right!" I replied. "All right! but

I haven't told you one thing."

"What's that?" he asked.

"She introduced me to the butler, to-night. We came upon him sudden in Orchard Street."

Bob started.

"Did yer carry it off?" he asked, hastily.

"I don't know, I ain't sure," I replied. "He looked at me suspicious when she said that I was her friend, Mr. Vere—the owner of Canstead Manor."

"But he see yer face!"

"I was in the light of a lamp. He must ha' done," I said.

"That settles it!" said Bob, sharply. "The little fool 'ull be sure to flaunt yer in his face. . . . Yes! men ain't such fools as women. . . . We 'ull leave 39A alone, and go down to Warhampton after 'em. If he *has* his suspicions, he won't think of that move. . . . Aye! it 'ull be easier and safer all ways."

A week later, Bob and I—dressed as "commercials," and carrying the tools in black bags—took our seats in an express. The journey was a tidy long one. At length, "There is the sea!" I said, pointing out of the carriage window. And the train slowing down, we presently stopped at Warhampton.

There was a band of music playing outside in the station yard. I could not hear what the porter said. "What say?" I asked.

"Anything to come out, sir?" he said, pointing to one of the vans.

"No," I answered. "But wot's on here with the music?"

"It's some o' the Militia a-goin' off to Sea View Forts," he explained.

I nudged Bob.

"That 'ull be part of his regiment," I whispered. "The gal said they weren't fur from the Forts. He rides over the first thing every morning."

Outside in the yard, I wanted to stop and have a look. But Bob was thirsty.

"Come on!" he said, impatiently. "You

can see a row of fools any time. I want a drink."

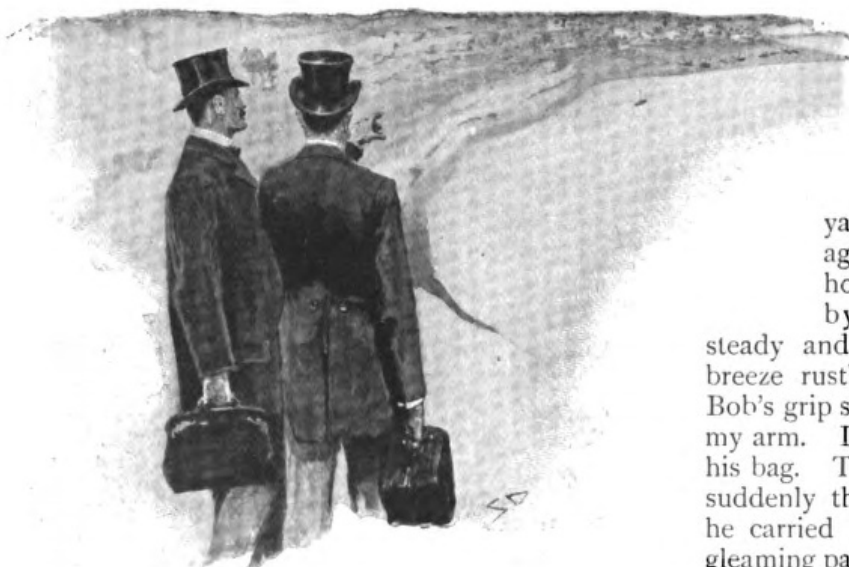
We did not stay long in Warhampton. The Colonel's house was in a suburb—Checkton—two miles out. There was enough sun to make the waves sparkle. Every now and again a breeze brought us the boom of the guns that the Militia were firing somewhere ahead. I did not object to the walk along the shore. "How would you like to be aboard of her?" I asked Bob, jokingly, pointing to a steamer lying at anchor in the distance.

But his mind was on our coming job.

"There is Checkton!" he said; and, shading his eyes, he added, "That 'ull be

But we had no choice. If we had put it later, we should not have had time to get across country to the London express at Blendon. And that was Bob's plan for us, after we had secured the plunder.

There was no moon. Through the sky of drifting grey cloud, stars occasionally gleamed like pebbles through a softly-flowing stream. Beneath, there was light enough to show us our way over an expanse of grey-green lawn towards the dark mass of the house. Avoiding a gravel path, we trod stickily over a raised flower-bed into a small shrubbery. We were through the latter in less than a minute; and putting goloshes over our boots, we began to cross the cobble-stones of a



"THAT 'ULL BE THE COLONEL'S HOUSE."

the Colonel's house to the left there, if I ain't mistook."

Jane had described the Colonel's house to me as a square, white mansion, standing close to some houses bordering upon a small semi-circular bay. I saw the latter, with boats and fishing-smacks lying idly upon its shelf of mud. I saw the houses and the church with the reddish spire that she had mentioned. And sweeping my eyes to the left, "Yes, that 'ull be the Colonel's house," I agreed.

People usually sleep heaviest between two and four in the morning. Why? I don't know, but they do. Soon after midnight we scaled the iron railings surrounding the Colonel's gardens. The hour was an unusually early one for such a job as ours.

yard. We halted right up against the wall of the house. Bob gripped me by the arm. I stood steady and dumb as a rock. A breeze rustled some leaves by us. Bob's grip slowly slackened and left my arm. I heard him fumbling at his bag. There was a "click," and suddenly the electric lamp which he carried showed me the blank, gleaming panes of a row of windows. I pointed to the third from a door.

"The one with the blinds half-drawn!" I whispered.

We moved to it like shadows.

Bob flashed the light within. We saw a table, chairs, a great cooking range, and—Yes! it was the kitchen, as she had described.

"Right!" I whispered. "The plate-room lies at the back and to the left."

I opened my bag.

"Give me a bunch up!" I said. And with a diamond I snicked round a pane. Afterwards, drawing it to me with a big blob of putty, I soon had my hand through and under the lock.

Bob let me down. We shoved the sash up, inch by inch. A smell of food whiffed out. Presently it was wide open, so that we could hear the tick of a clock within the warm atmosphere. It seemed safe. Drawing a revolver, Bob motioned to me to enter.

"Hist! what was that?" he said, climbing in by my side.

I pointed to the grate.

"Nothing. The cinders fell in," I whispered.

We crossed the kitchen on tiptoe, and cautiously opened its door. A passage lay beyond. We trod over the cocoa-nut matting of this till level with a door on the left. I turned the handle very gently. It was locked. "Yes," I said, over my shoulder. And Bob took out the tools.

It was a "patent," and it took us five minutes' difficult work before we entered. The room was small, of oblong shape. The first thing that I noticed was a dresser, with brass-handled drawers underneath. It ran round three sides of the room. Upon some shelves above were some green-baize plate-baskets. I looked into them: they were empty. Then I began to try the drawers, beginning from the right. The first was locked; but tapping the bottom underneath, I heard the clink of metal within. I went on to the second and third: "Locked, locked," I muttered. At the fourth, my attention was taken by two strange objects upon the dresser above. The beam of Bob's lantern did not lay there very well. I turned round.

"W-what are these?" I asked, in a whisper.

He flashed the light more plainly. "They are orficer's glove-trees!" he explained.

I had never seen such things. I took up one of the stiff wooden hands to examine it closer. Just then my elbow jogged the other, which was standing upright, with a white glove fitted upon it. It rolled off the dresser. There was a hollow thump. And a black something, which it had struck at my feet, sprang up and made for the door. As it wriggled through, there was time to see that it was a *cat*. The brute had made me start. I was trembling when I began later to force the first of the drawers.

Bob watched me for a while.

"Here! give me hold—you'll take all night over it," he said, impatiently. And seizing hold of the jemmy, he rammed the sharp end into a crevice. There was a rending of wood, an explosive snap, and the drawer was levered

out a couple of inches—the lock broken. We judged the stuff at a glance. There could be no mistake. "The genu-ine!" said Bob, and he began upon the second drawer still more boldly, reckoning that they would not hear us in the other part of the house.

But he forgot the cat that we had let loose.

"What is it?" he said, when I seized his arm, restrainingly.

"I . . . I thought . . . *Listen!*" I said.

A thrill went through me.

I stepped lightly to the door and into the passage. A few paces took me to a red baize door. I opened it to listen better. A man, in a nightshirt and trousers, was advancing towards me with a lighted candle. His eyes took me in staringly. The moustache! I knew him. It was the Colonel himself. "They're on us!" I yelled; and slamming and bolting the door full in his face, I turned and fled. Back into the kitchen and through its window Bob and I went anyhow. He reached the shrubbery first. "Crash," I fol-



"A MAN WAS ADVANCING TOWARDS ME."

lowed him. Over the bed and on to the lawn I went with a trip and a stumble. "H'Quick! H'Quick!" I panted, when we got to the rails. And the red flares, the sharp reports of a revolver from an upper window of the house, seemed to take the senses from us—we ran on, on, till the boats upon the seashore were before us. And how it was is how it might be—Bob got in, or I got in, or we both got in together; I remember nothing till we found ourselves lying, listening, out upon the sea.

The lights of Checkton had grown dim. We had rowed some distance parallel with the shore, and were thinking of pulling in again to the land. Suddenly I turned my head round towards the bow of the boat. The handle of my oar struck Bob in the back.

"What are you doing?" he said, looking round.

I kept my eyes upon an oilcloth in the bow. Presently, I was sure that there was a movement under it. And raising my oar from the rollock, I gave it a prod with the blade. "Bob! Bob! There is someone here!" I said.

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when the oilskin rucked up into a heap. The light was uncertain, but the shoulders of a man's figure were not to be mistaken as he sat up.

"Halloa!" said Bob, blankly. "Who is that, there?"

"I don't know," I said, watching the figure rub its eyes.

"Who are you?" said Bob, after a pause.

There was no reply.

"D'ye hear, there?" said Bob. "We're askin' yer who yer are?"

The figure swayed, making the boat lurch.

"Take care!" Bob cried out, in alarm, "or you 'ull have us over!"

"Who is he?" he asked me, again, excitedly; adding, without waiting for a reply:—

"Here! Stay! Where is my lantern?"

I passed it into his hand.

There was a "click," and a ray of light fell full upon the blinking eyes of a stranger. His face was round and freckled: its expression flaccid with sleep, its hair touselled.

Bob clambered past my side.

"Why the deuce don't yer answer who yer are, man?" he said, threateningly.

The stranger opened his mouth. I remember seeing the teeth. I shall never forget the sound. Then he pointed with a smile to his ears.

"He is deaf and dumb!" I said, spasmodically.

Neither Bob nor I knew how to talk upon our fingers. The appearance of the stranger was a puzzle, till observing his ragged coat, we guessed that he must be some waif of Checkton who had crept under the oilskin for sleep and shelter. Deaf and dumb, it was only the motion of the waves or my prod with the oar that had awaked him. To arrive at this conclusion was a relief to the alarm which his presence at first occasioned us. And confident that he neither heard nor understood what we were about, we again gave attention to the shore. It had receded, strangely, remarkably, whilst we had been occupied with the stranger. We recognised with a sudden anxiety that it was now but a mere looming at the water's edge. I shoved out my oar in a hurry. Bob and I began to row silently and strenuously. We had not been at work for a minute, when I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and, scrambling with a heavy breathing over my oar, the mute went on past Bob to the tiller. Presently, he was showing himself clever enough with the steering; and the queer cries that he gave every now and again seemed to show that he was as anxious as we were to reach the shore.

But, row as we might, we could not come closer. Contrary, we seemed to be getting farther away. Bob began to tire. "Row up!" I says. "For God's sake, row up, or the tide 'ull have us out to sea."

It was no use. He slackened and slackened. And later, when I turned to look how we stood, I saw nothing but a white veil: the current had taken us into a sea-fog. That seemed to settle the matter. I pulled in my oar in despair.

For the next two hours I don't know how we went. The fog came around us thicker and thicker. We could see nothing but the black, oily heave of the waves into it. Still the current must have drifted us, for of a sudden I heard a bell.

"D'ye hear that?" said Bob. "It sounds like a funeral."

"Tang! Tang! Tang!" I did hear it: so hollow, so melancholy—it gave me the shivers. But a funeral!

"Go on! What next?" I said; and looking round, I suddenly saw a yellow light sitting frouzy and high up in the mist.

We rowed for it straight.

But it was not so far off as it appeared to be. A very few strokes, and we made out

the dark bulk of a steamer lying at anchor: the light was above her, the sound of a solitary bell was clanging from her deck.

"What is to be done now?" said Bob, when our hail for help met with no reply.

"Try again," I said. "Now together: one, two, three."

We listened, flashing Bob's lantern.

There was the beating plash of our boat's bow; and farther away, the slap and drawn-out rush of the waves as they swept along the steamer's iron side.

"They don't hear us," I said. "Let's pull round her to the other side." I turned to the mute. Pointing to the steamer, I made a circular wave with my hand.

He shook his head. I did not understand him. And we began to pull.

But the boat's head went away from the steamer instead of towards her.

Bob turned angrily round.

"You're taking us wrong!" he shouted to the mute; and then remembering, he insisted upon what we wanted with passionate, forcible signs.

The portholes of the steamer showed no light. We could see no one upon her decks: nothing but a haze of yellow light shedding itself downwards around the black cylinder of the funnel. Suddenly Bob caught sight of a something white hanging down her leeward side. He turned the beam of his lantern upon it. We saw a rope-ladder.

"There yer are!" he said, hopefully; "we can climb aboard by that."

We bumped the steamer's side twice before I succeeded in fastening our painter to the rope-ladder. I rose to my feet, preparing to

climb upwards. At that moment the mute drew my attention energetically upon him. From his position in the stern, he was making forcible signs to me not to ascend. I directed Bob's attention to him. The mute again pointed to the steamer, and shook his head. Waving his hand towards the sea, he afterwards pushed at the iron side of the steamer, and, with a movement of the back and arms, suggested that we should row away. There was an earnestness and anxiety in his expression that made me indefinitely uneasy. Bob reassured me.

"I don't b'lieve he is right in his head," he remarked. "But I'll watch him while you climb up and wake 'em."

Bob was sitting between the mute and the painter which kept us fast to the steamer.

"All right," I replied, after a hesitancy. "But take care he don't get at the rope. Half a chance, and I b'lieve he 'ud let yer loose."

Being nervous of the height, I counted the rungs. There were twelve of them before I reached the top. The fog made the light bad, and I stumbled on to the deck. Recovering myself, I went right under the lantern where it was hang-

ing from a mast. There was no one to be seen. Aft beyond the bulky looming of the bridge-house I could hear the bell clanging mournfully. I moved towards it, gradually getting into deeper shadow, until I passed within the draughty darkness of a passage leading by the engines. I felt my way through this over an iron floor littered with coal grit to a deck beyond. Here in the fleece of fog I made out a door dimly to my right. "Hoy!" I shouted through it into the



"WE SAW A ROPE-LADDER."

stillness, "lend us a hand below there, will yer, please?"

My voice echoed hollowly amidst the darkness into which I was gazing. I repeated my cry. I would have descended; but I had left Bob's lantern in the boat, and I dared not risk a fall down the rungs of the iron ladder that I felt. No one came. No one answered.

I moved away to the bulk of a saloon cabin facing the engine-room. The door was open. I felt my way in to a long table. I opened door after door of cabins ranged around. The pallid eye of a porthole stared at me through the darkness of each. When I had called, naught broke their hush but a muffled clang of the bell upon the deck overhead.

"Well!" said Bob, as I looked down upon the boat.

I steadied my voice by an effort.

"There is no one aboard," I said.

He swore an oath of impatience and incredulity.

"Come and see for yourself," I said, eager for his company by my side. . . .

Bob's voice rose angrily: "Yer may as well. Yer 'ull have to come, yer know."

"Coax him!" I said, bending over the bulwark. "Coax him, Bob. Don't treat the poor devil rough."

And presently the mute mounted first, Bob after him.

Our search was thorough. There was no one in the dismantled cabins either fore or aft. We ascended an upper deck to the bell. "Tang! Tang! Tang!" Its note was mechanically beat and driven out across the sea by an electric current. We descended into the engine-room. We flashed our light amidst great beams and cogs of steel. They were rusty, motionless, suspended in their iron gravity. The furnaces were black and empty of fire. Strange, too! opening the iron-plated doors near by the boiler, we saw that the bunkers were toppling-full of glittering coal.

The mystery of the steamer's desertion seemed inexplicable. It oppressed me with a vague fear of I knew not what. "Speak up, man," said Bob. "What are yer afraid of—a ghost?"

And thankful to have a big deck instead of a boat under his feet, he suggested that we should sleep in three of the saloon bunks till daylight broke and we could see where we were. Bob was always masterful for his own way. The fog was still thick, and the waves seemed to be rising. I offered no objection. It was

different with the mute. So soon as he saw that we were intending to make a night of it on board, he recommenced his signs that we should enter the boat and quit the steamer. He was strenuous and persistent. Bob answered by shoving him into the saloon and pointing to a bunk. The mute turned to me appealingly. Again I was struck by the anxiety and earnestness of his face. There was a reasonable purpose about the expression, which was not that of a half-witted man, which seemed to confirm my misgivings. Suddenly the creature seemed to understand my thoughts: he took me by the hand.

I started at his touch.

"Half a moment, Bob!" I said, drawing a piece of paper out of my left-hand pocket. "Have you a pencil about yer?"

The mute, seeing my lips move, looked towards Bob for an explanation. The latter, fumbling in a pocket, produced a small end of greasy pencil. The mute gave a cry, short, detached. He shook his head. No! he could not write.

That finished up the remnant of Bob's patience. He began to pull the mute towards one of the bunks.

There was a sharp struggle, the mute giving inarticulate cries. Once he broke away; but Bob was too quick, gripping him again just as he reached the door of the saloon.

"Gentle! I am treating him 'gentle,' yer fule," said Bob. He pushed and pulled the mute into a cabin, turning the key upon him. Then he faced me, panting, across the table: "He won't get the boat now," he said.

I did not reply.

Bob had locked the mute into a cabin near the entrance door of the saloon. We ourselves entered into one more forward. I don't know why we chose this, unless it were that there was a piece of carpet upon the floor which made it look warmer than the dismantled floors of the others. There was no bedding in any of the berths. "Which coffin will yer have?" Bob asked, jokingly, pointing to the bare planks of an upper and a lower.

We had not laid ten minutes when Bob jerked himself up in a passion. The cries of the mute were reaching our ears. Bob threatened and swore at him. There was a whimper like a frightened dog's. Then Bob returned to me, and the vessel grew still as death, save for the "tang, tang, tang" of the mournful bell above.

Bob was soon off. I was awake a long time : I fell asleep, I don't know when.

There are times when one resists being awakened. It is usually so after the body has been greatly fatigued or the mind much excited. In my drowsiness I grew conscious of the cries : they distressed me. Presently their persistency had its way : I was connecting them with the mute. I was vaguely wondering how long it would be before they

explosion, with whose flame of red light came an instantaneous hail of stunning sounds upon iron and wood. For a second I lay stiffly passive in the outrageous hell of sound. Then with a yell I rushed to the door of the cabin.

A white, whirling smoke met my gaze. Tinging with denser yellow at a suction, it coiled and streamed aside so that I saw the body of Bob lying upon his back. His arms were stretched behind, his legs apart. There was a rending of wood. I saw the mute tearing his way through a whitely splintered door. I remember nothing more till I found myself in the open upon the deck.



"D'VE HEAR THE ROW THAT FELLOW IS MAKING AGAIN?"

aroused Bob. A sudden disturbance in the berth beneath made me open my eyes. The porthole was limpid with daylight. "D'ye hear the row that fellow is making again?" Bob's voice asked, angrily.

The light was too strong. I let my eyelids fall sleepily. "'Es," I murmured, wishing to sleep again.

Bob stamped his foot passionately. I heard him make a rush for our cabin door. He threw it open, entering the saloon impetuously. I heard his steps up to a certain point. Then the affair happened—the shock and crash, the convulsion of a thunderous

The steamer was an old, disused hulk, bought by Government. Dismantled of almost everything save the coal left in her bunkers, to protect the boilers for experimental purposes, it had been within the common knowledge of Checkton that she was anchored five miles off Sea View Point to serve as a target for the trials that the Militia Artillery were going to make with a new gun. The mute knew this, and had endeavoured to prevent us from boarding her. There was still a possibility that our presence might have been discovered before the artillery opened fire. But we had fastened our boat to *lee-ward* of the vessel. When day broke it was perceived

neither from the shore battery nor from the marker's boat, anchored away to the right. And it was only when the first shot had been fired, and an officer came to examine the effects of the hit, that our presence was discovered.

Till the moment that I was brought into the orderly-room ashore, I had hopes of escape. But it was not to be. The Colonel recognised me at a glance. And according to his orders that I should be handed over to civil power, the soldiers handed me over.

"Forty-one B," I said, "that is the true story, and so I'll tell 'em in court."

The Sinking of the "Merrimac."

BY RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON.

[The sinking of the *Merrimac* in Santiago harbour was one of those exploits which breathe the very spirit of the romance of war. No forlorn hope more desperate can be imagined than the enterprise undertaken by Lieutenant Hobson and his gallant crew of volunteers—to take their ship, by moonlight, into the narrow entrance of a harbour charged with mines and guarded by the ships' guns, the shore batteries, and the search-lights of the enemy, there to blow her up with torpedoes and sink her (with themselves on board), so as to block the channel against the exit of the Spanish fleet within. It was a hundred to one that not a soul of them would return alive. The success with which the feat was accomplished—the applause with which the whole world rang—will be fresh in the memory of our readers. We are glad to offer them the treat of reading an account of this deed of daring written by the man who planned and executed it. Lieutenant Hobson's story is, indeed, in one respect unique. We recall no instance in which such an exploit has been related by its chief actor in words at once so simple, vivid, and enthralling. This story has recently appeared in a volume entitled "The Sinking of the *Merrimac*, by Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson" (published by Fisher Unwin). The following pages, with illustrations done under Lieutenant Hobson's own supervision, describe the actual "run in" of the *Merrimac*, the sinking, and the almost miraculous escape of the crew. But the whole book, with its account of the preparations for the exploit, and of the truly noble treatment of the captives by the officers of Spain, is more absorbing than most fiction. No lover of the gallantry and the chivalry of war can afford to miss it.

At the moment when the following account begins, the position of affairs is this: The *Merrimac*, a large collier, has been stripped, supplied with special means for speedy anchorage at the spot desired, and fitted with eight torpedoes, slung outside, and fired by separate batteries on board. The time is a little after moonrise on the night of June 3rd, 1898. The other vessels of the fleet have drawn off, and the fated collier, with her little crew of heroes, is steaming slowly forward to her doom.]



REPARATION was ended. The road was clear. The hour for execution had come. The *Merrimac* was heading about west-south-west. The engine telegraph was turned to "slow speed ahead," the helm was put a-star-board, and we gathered headway and swung round by the southward and stood up slowly on the course. The moon was about an hour and a half high, and, steering for the Morro, we were running straight down the reflected path of light.

As we stood on, the outlines of Morro and other shore objects became clearer and clearer. The blockading vessels were miles behind. When we arrived within about two thousand yards there could be no further question of surprise. In the bright moonlight we were in clear view, and our movements must long since have caused suspicion. The enemy was now doubtless on the verge of sounding the general alarm, if indeed it had not already been sounded.

Morro drew farther to starboard. It bore north, then north by east, then north-north-east. We must keep clear of the two-fathom bank and not overreach to the westward.

Morro drew higher in the sky, and the western side of the entrance, though dim as expected, showed the bald spot of the sea battery on top.

We were within five hundred yards, and still no token from the enemy, though the silence was ominous. Ah, we should make the channel now, no matter what they might do! I knew how long the vessel carried headway, we were making nearly nine knots, and soon the flood-tide would help, while we had over seven thousand tons of reserve buoyancy, which would carry us the required distance even under a mortal wound.

Another ship's length, and a flash darted out from the water's edge at the left side of the entrance. The expected crash through the ship's side did not follow, nor did the projectile pass over; it must have gone astern. Strange to miss at such short range! Another flash—another miss! This time the projectile plainly passed astern. Night-glasses on the spot revealed a dark object—a picket-boat with rapid-fire guns lying in the shadow. As sure as fate he was firing at our rudder, and we should be obliged to pass him broadside within a ship's length! If we only had a rapid-fire gun we could have

disposed of the miserable object in ten seconds; yet there he lay unmolested, firing point-blank at our exposed rudder, so vital to complete success. A flash of rage and exasperation passed over me. The admiration due this gallant little picket-boat did not come till afterward. Glasses on the starboard bow showed the sharp, steep, step-like fall with which the western point of Morro drops into the water. This was the looked-for guide, the channel carrying deep water right up to the wall. "A touch of port helm!" was the order. "A touch of port helm, sir," was the response. "Steady!" "Steady, sir." Now, even without helm, we should pass down safe. Suddenly there was a crash from the port side. "The western battery has opened on us, sir!" called Charette, who was still on the bridge, waiting to take the message to the engine-room if telegraph and signal-cord should be shot away. "Very well; pay no attention to it," I replied, without turning, Morro Point, on the starboard side, requiring all attention. The latter part of the answer was spoken for the benefit of the helmsman. "Mind your helm!" "Mind the helm, sir." "Nothing to starboard?" "Nothing to starboard, sir." The clear, firm voice of Deignan told that there need be no fear of his distraction. I estimated the distance to Morro Point at about three ships' lengths, and wondered if the men below would stand till we covered another ship's length, two ships' lengths being the distance at which it had been decided to give the signal to stop. All of a sudden, *whir! cling!* came a projectile across the bridge and struck something. I looked. The engine telegraph was still there. Deignan and the binnacle were still standing. Two and a half ships' lengths! Two ships' lengths! Then over the engine telegraph went the

order: "Stop." Sure and steady the answer-pointer turned. There need have been no anxiety about the constancy of the brave men below.

The engine stopped, and somehow I knew the sea connections were thrown open. This has been a puzzle to me ever since. For how could the bonnet flying off, or the axe-blows on copper piping, or the inrush of water make enough noise or vibration to be heard or felt on the bridge, particularly with guns firing and projectiles striking? It may be that the condition of expectation and the fact of the fulfilment of the first part of the order suggested the conclusion, but sure I was that the connections were open and that the ship was beginning to settle.

"You may 'lay down' to your torpedoes now, Charette." "Aye, aye, sir." On the vessel forged, straight and sure the bow entered. Morro shut off the sky to the right. The firing now became general, but we were passing the crisis of navigation and could spare attention to nothing else. A swell seemed to set our stern to port, and the bow swung heavily toward Morro, which we had hugged close intentionally. "Starboard!"

"Starboard, sir." Still we swung starboard! "Starboard, I say!" "The helm's a-starboard, sir."

Our bow must have come within 30 ft. of Morro Rock before the vessel began to recover from the sheer, and we passed it close aboard. "Meet her!" "Meet her, sir." The steering-gear was still ours, and only about half a ship's length more and we should be in the position chosen for the manœuvre. The sky began to open up beyond Morro. There was the cove. Yes; there was the position! "Hard aport!" "Hard aport, sir." No response of the ship! "Hard aport, I say!" "The helm is hard aport, sir, and lashed." "Very



RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, U.S.N.
From a Photograph.

well, Deignan," I said ;
"lay down to your
torpedo."

Oh, heaven ! Our
steering-gear was gone,
shot away at the last
moment, and we were
charging forward
straight down the
channel !

We must have had
four and three-quarter
knots' speed of our
own, and the tide must
have been fully a knot
and a half. What
ground - tackle could
hold against a mass of
over seven thousand
tons moving with a
velocity of six knots ?
We stood on a little
longer to reduce the
speed further. A pull
on Murphy's cord to
stand by—three steady
pulls—the bow-anchor
fell. A pause, then a
shock, a muffled ring
above the blast of
guns : torpedo No. 1
had gone off promptly
and surely, and I knew
that the collision bulk-
head was gone.

If the bow-chain in
breaking would only
give us a sheer, and
the other torpedoes
proved as sure, we
should have but a short
interval to float, and,
holding on to the stern-
anchor, letting go only
at the last moment, we
might still effectually
block the channel. An
interval elapsed and
grew longer—no answer from torpedo No. 2,
none from No. 3. Thereupon I crossed the
bridge and shouted : "Fire all torpedoes !"
My voice was drowned. Again and again I
yelled the order, with hands over mouth,
directing the sound forward, below, aft.

It was useless. The rapid-fire and machine-
gun batteries on Socapa slope had opened up
at full blast, and projectiles were exploding
and clanging. For noise, it was Niagara
magnified. Soon Charette came running up.



Randolph Clausen.
Osborn Warren Deignan.
From]

George Charette.
Daniel Montague.
Francis Kelly.

J. E. Murphy.
George F. Phillips.
[Photographs.

THE MEMBERS OF MR. HOBSON'S CREW.

"Torpedoes 2 and 3 will not fire, sir ; the
cells are shattered all over the deck." "Very
well ; lay down and underrun all the others,
beginning at No. 4, and spring them as soon
as possible." In a moment No. 5 went off
with a fine ring. Deignan had waited for
No. 2 and No. 3, and not hearing them had
tried his own, but had found the connections
broken and the cells shattered. He then
went down to Clausen at No. 5. No other tor-
pedo responded. No. 6 and No. 8 had suffered

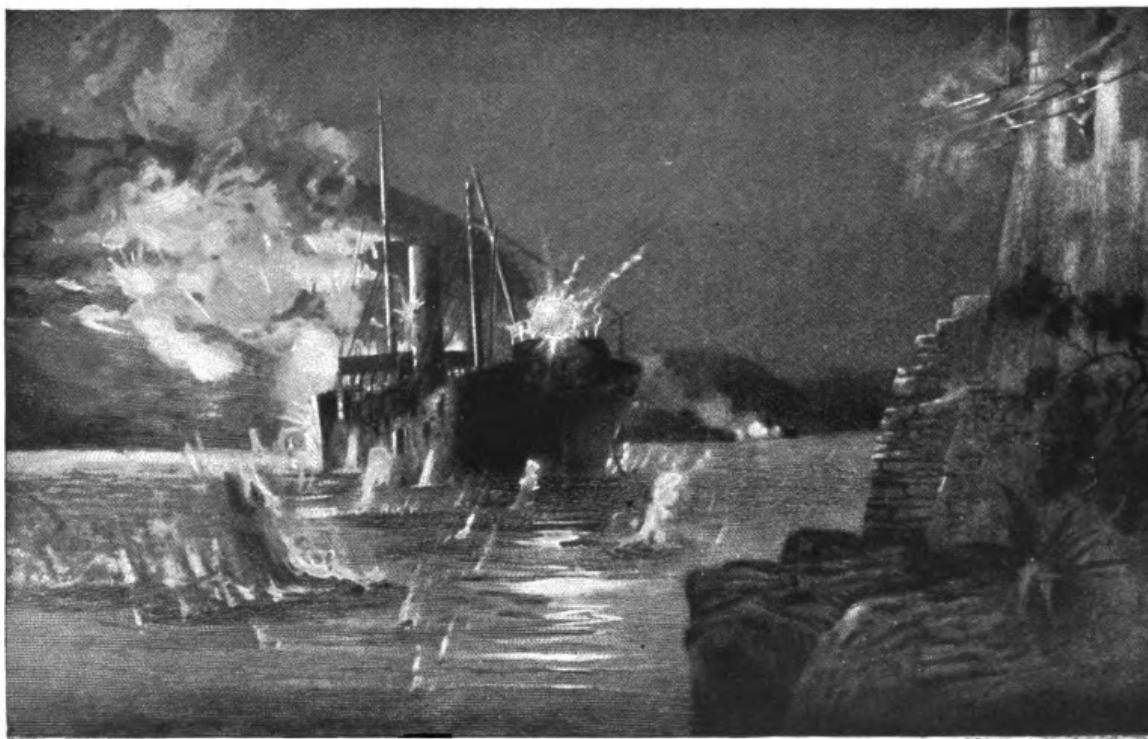
the same fate as Nos. 2, 3, and 4. With only two exploded torpedoes we should be some time sinking, and the stern-anchor would be of first importance. I determined to go down aft and stand over to direct it personally, letting go at the opportune moment.

Passing along the starboard gangway, I reached the rendezvous. Stepping over the men, they appeared to be all present. There was Charette, returned from a second attempt at the torpedoes. There could be no further hope from that quarter, and, oh! there was Montague! The stern-anchor, then, was already gone. If the chain was broken, we should have no further means of controlling our position. Looking over the bulwarks, I saw that we were just in front of Estrella, apparently motionless, lying about two-thirds athwart the channel, the bow to the westward. Could it be that the ground-tackle had held? Then we should block the channel in spite of all.

I watched, almost breathless, taking a range of the bow against the shore-line. The bow moved, the stern moved—oh, heaven! the chains were gone! The tide was setting us down and would straighten us out if the stern should touch first. Oh, for the war-heads to put her down at once! But we were helpless.

There was nothing further to do but to accept the situation. We mustered, counting heads, and thought all were present; but we

must have counted wrongly, for after a minute or two Kelly came across the deck on all fours. He had done his duty below with promptness and precision, and had come on deck to stand by his torpedo. While putting on his life-preserver a large projectile had exploded close at hand—he thought against the mainmast—and he had been thrown with violence on the deck, face down, his upper lip being cut away on the right side. He must have lain there some little time unconscious, and had got up completely dazed, without memory. He looked on one side and then the other, saw the engine-room hatch—the first object recognised—and, under the force of habit, started down it, but found the way blocked by water, which had risen up around the cylinders. The sight of the water seemed to bring back memory, and soon the whole situation dawned upon him; he mounted again, and with heroic devotion went to his torpedo, only to find the cells and connections destroyed, when he started for the rendezvous. He had, indeed, brought his revolver-belt, so as to be in uniform, and adjusted it after reaching us. His reception must have seemed strange, for it was at the muzzle of my revolver. Thinking that our men were all at hand, it was a strange sensation to see a man come up on all fours, stealthily, as it seemed, from behind the hatch. Could they be boarding us so soon? My revolver covered



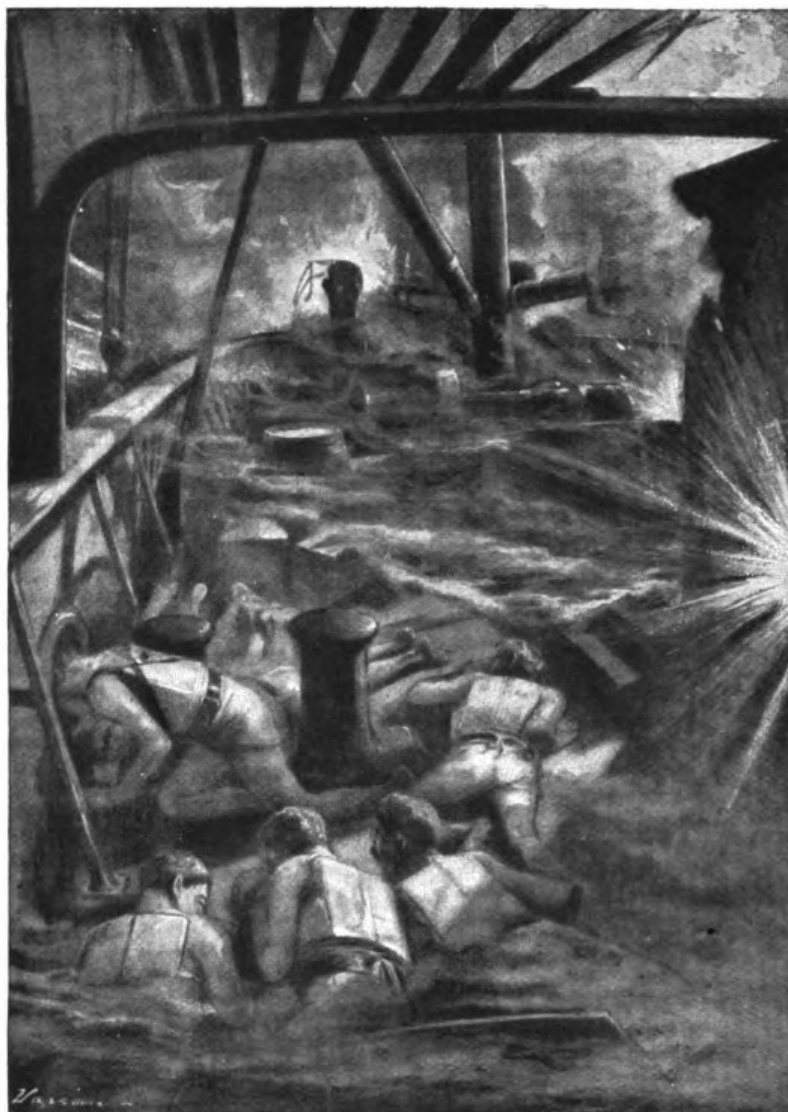
THE "MERRIMAC" AGROUND AND UNDER FIRE OFF ESTRELLA POINT.

him at once, and I looked to see if others followed. It was not until the revolver was almost in his face that the unusual uniform showed that the man was one of us. The idea of the Spaniards boarding us under the condition seemed ridiculous the moment the man was accounted for, and the mental processes and the action taken must have belonged to the class of reflex or spontaneous phenomena. Charette told me that he also, when he saw the man, drew his revolver with the idea of repelling boarders.

We were now moving bodily onward with the tide, Estrella Point being just ahead of the starboard quarter. A blasting shock, a lift, a pull, a series of vibrations, and a mine exploded directly beneath us. My heart leaped with exultation. "Lads, they are helping us!"

I looked to see the deck break, but it still held. I looked over the side to see her settle at once, but the rate was only slightly increased. Then came the thought, "Could it be that the coal had deadened the shock and choked the breach, or had the breach been made just where we were already flooded by sea connection and torpedo No. 5?" A sense of indescribable disappointment swept over me. I looked again: no encouragement. But, ah! we had stopped, Estrella Point had caught us strong, and we were steadily sinking two-thirds athwart. The work was done, and the rest was only a question of time. We could now turn our attention toward the course of action to be taken next.

"Here is a chock, sir, where you can look out without putting your head over the rail," called Charette. The hole was large, just above the deck, and well suited for observation. It was doubtless a valuable find of Charette's, for the patter of bullets had continued to increase, and now repeating-rifles were firing down on us from



ON THE DECK OF THE "MERRIMAC."

Estrella, just above.* It is remarkable, indeed, that some of these men did not see us, for though the moon was low, it was bright, and there we were with white life-preservers almost at the muzzles of their guns. The pouring out of ammunition into the ship at large must have prevented them from seeking special targets with deliberation.

The deafening roar of artillery, however, came from the other side, just opposite our position. There were the rapid-fire guns of different calibres, the unmistakable Hotchkiss revolving cannon, the quick succession and pause of the Nordenfelt multi-barrel, and the

* While in prison the men were told by Spanish soldiers that the troops of the 65th Regiment were lining the eastern side of the entrance, and troops of the 75th Regiment the western side; and the writer was informed by a Spanish army officer that troops were ordered in from far and near, a detachment from Santiago, of which he was a member, arriving only as the *Merrimac* sank.

tireless automatic gun.* A deadly fire came from ahead, apparently from shipboard. These larger projectiles would enter, explode, and rake us; those passing over the spar-deck would apparently pass through the deck-house, far enough away to cause them to explode just in front of us. All firing was at point-blank range, at a target that could hardly be missed, the Socapa batteries with plunging fire, the ships' batteries with horizontal fire. The striking projectiles and flying fragments produced a grinding sound, with a fine ring in it of steel on steel.

The deck vibrated heavily, and we felt the full effect, lying, as we were, full-length on our faces. At each instant it seemed that certainly the next would bring a projectile among us. The impulse surged strong to get away from a place where remaining seemed death, and the men suggested taking to the boat and jumping overboard; but I knew that any object leaving the ship would be seen, and to be seen was certain death, and, therefore, I directed all to remain motionless.

The test of discipline was severe, but not a man moved, not even when a projectile plunged into the boiler, and a rush of steam came up the deck not far from where we lay. The men expected a boiler explosion, but accepted my assurance that it would be only a steam-escape.

While lying thus, a singular physiological phenomenon occurred. After a few minutes, one of the men asked for the canteen, saying that his lips had begun to parch; then another asked, then another, and it was passed about to all. Only a few minutes had elapsed when they all asked again, and I felt my own lips begin to parch and my mouth to get dry. It seemed very singular, so I felt my pulse, and found it

entirely normal, and took account of the state of the nervous system. It was, if anything, more phlegmatic than usual, observation and reason taking account of the conditions without the participation of the emotions. Projectiles, indeed, were every moment expected among us, but they would have been taken in the same way.

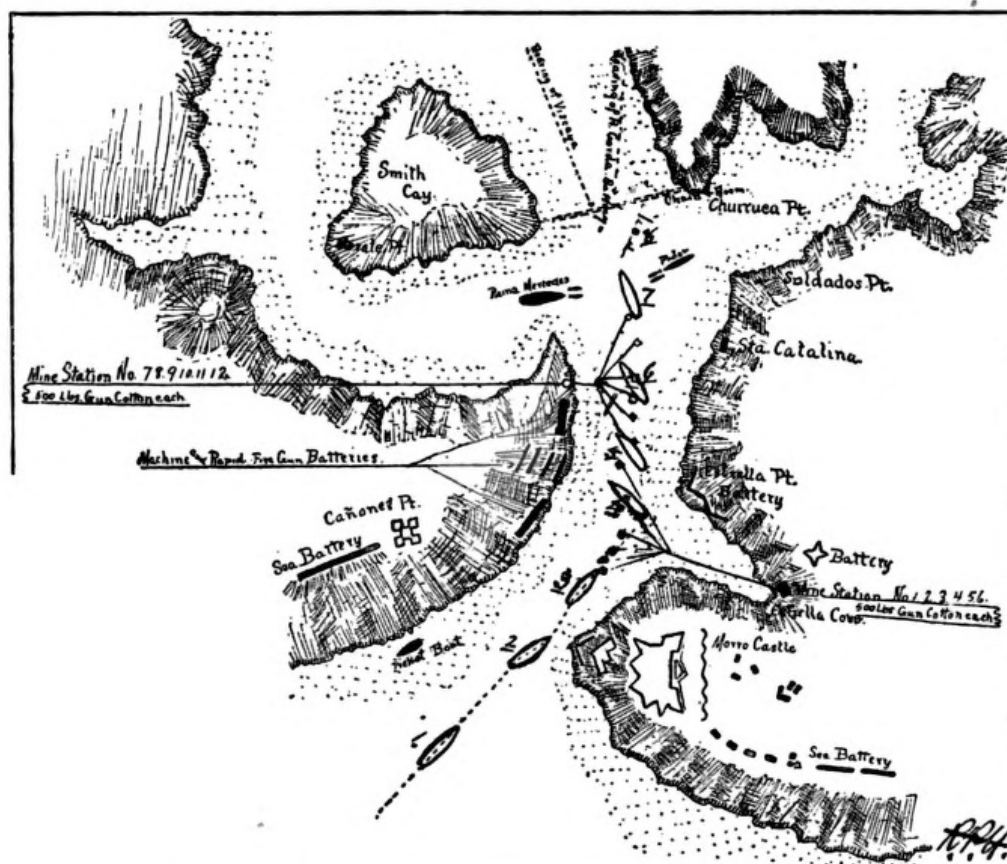
Reason took account of probabilities, and, according to the direction of the men's bodies with regard to the line of fire from the ships' guns, I waited to see one man's leg, another man's shoulder, the top of another man's head, taken off. I looked for my own body to be cut in two diagonally, from the left hip upward, and wondered for a moment what the sensation would be. Not having pockets, tourniquets had been carried loosely around my left arm, and a roll of antiseptic lint was held in my left hand. These were placed in readiness.

We must have remained thus for eight or ten minutes, while the guns fired ammunition as in a proving-ground test for speed. I was looking out of the chock, when it seemed that we were moving. A range was taken on the shore. Yes, the bow moved. Sunk deep, the tide was driving it on and straightening us out. My heart sank. Oh, for the war-heads! Why did not the admiral let us have them? The tide wrenched us off Estrella, straightened us out, and set us right down the channel toward the part where its width increases. Though sinking fast, there still remained considerable free-board, which would admit of our going some distance, and we were utterly helpless to hasten the sinking.

A great wave of disappointment set over me; it was anguish as intense as the exultation a few minutes before. On the tide set us, as straight as a pilot and tugboats could have guided. Socapa station fired two mines, but, alas! they missed us, and we approached the bight leading to Churruca Point to the right, and the bight cutting off Smith Cay from Socapa on the left, causing the enlargement of the channel. I saw with dismay that it was no longer possible to block completely. The *Merrimac* gave a premonitory lurch, then staggered to port in a death-throe. The bow almost fell, it sank so rapidly.

We crossed the keel-line of a vessel removed a few hundred feet away, behind Socapa; it was the *Reina Mercedes*. Her bow-torpedoes bore on us. Ah! to the right the *Pluton* was coming up from the bight, her torpedoes bearing. But, alas! cruiser

* Just after the surrender of Santiago, when I went in to assist Lieutenant Capehart, who was detailed to raise the mines, I took occasion to look at the batteries on Socapa, and found in place the following: in the sea battery, two 16-centimetre (6 3/8 in.) breach-loading rapid-fire, and three 9 in. mortars, studded system, old pattern; on the slope opposite Estrella, one Nordenfält 57-millimetre rapid-fire, one Nordenfält four-barrel 25-millimetre, and four Hotchkiss 37-millimetre revolving cannon. There were emplacements from which guns had been removed, and it was impossible to tell what was the full strength of the battery when the *Merrimac* entered. I was informed that after the landing of United States troops a general redistribution of artillery took place, guns placed along the entrance being transferred to the defence of the city. I was also informed that the batteries of the destroyers had been used ashore at the entrance, but had been put back on the boats before they left the harbour on July 3rd. It may be added that eight observation mines were found to have been fired at the *Merrimac*—all of the six from the Estrella station, and two of the six from the Socapa station, leaving only four, there being no material to replace the ones fired. Powell in his report of his observations speaks of seeing seven simultaneous columns of water as from torpedoes. As only two of my torpedoes went off, and at different times, this would indicate that six of these must have been from the Estrella station mines.



PLAN OF THE MANŒUVRE AS EXECUTED JUNE 3RD, 1898—EXPLANATIONS.

1. Position when engine was stopped.
2. Position when helm was last in operation.
3. Position when bow-anchor was let go and torpedoes were fired.
4. Position when struck by mine explosion, just before starboard quarter grounded on Estrella Point.
- 5-7. Positions as the tide wrenched the vessel off Estrella Point, and set her down channel—vessel gradually straightening out.
8. Position when sunk.
- . Submarine mines unexploded, mines Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12.
- . Submarine mines fired at vessel, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
- *. Submarine mine that struck vessel, No. 5.
- . Automatic torpedoes fired by *Reina Mercedes* and *Pluton*.

NOTE.—The exact location of mines is not known. It would be perhaps fairly accurate to subdivide the distance between the extreme positions into eight equal parts, following the middle of the channel.

and destroyer were both too late to help us. They were only in at the death.*

The stricken vessel now reeled to port. Someone said: "She is going to turn over on us, sir," to which I replied: "No; she will right herself in sinking, and we shall be the last spot to go under." The firing suddenly ceased. The vessel lowered her head like a faithful animal, proudly aware of its sacrifice, bowed below the surface, and plunged forward. The stern rose and heeled heavily; it stood for a moment, shuddering, then started downward, righting as it went.

A great rush of water came up the gangway, seething and gurgling out of the deck.

* It was found that the *Reina Mercedes* fired both bow-torpedoes, and Admiral Cervera informed me afterward that the *Pluton* had fired her torpedoes. The day following our entrance, two automobile torpedoes were found outside, having drifted with the current, and, what was remarkable, one still had on the dummy, or drill-head. It cannot be said positively whether any of the automobiles took effect. If they did, we did not feel the effects where we were. In any case they could not have appreciably affected the sinking.

The mass was whirling from right to left "against the sun"; it seized us and threw us against the bulwarks, then over the rail. Two were swept forward as if by a momentary recession, and one was carried down into a coal-bunker—luckless Kelly. In a moment, however, with increased force, the water shot him up out of the same hole and swept him among us. The bulwarks disappeared. A sweeping vortex whirled above. We charged about with casks, cans, and spars, the incomplete stripping having left quantities on the deck. The life-preservers stood us in good stead, preventing chests from being crushed, as well as buoying us on the surface; for spars came end on like battering-rams, and the sharp corners of tin cans struck us heavily.

The experience of being swept over the side was rather odd. The water lifted and threw me against the bulwarks, the rail strik-



THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC."

ing my waist; the upper part of the body was bent out, the lower part and the legs being driven heavily against what seemed to be the plating underneath, which, singularly enough, appeared to open. A football instinct came promptly, and I drew up my knees; but it seemed too late, and apparently they were being driven through the steel plate, a phenomenon that struck me as being most singular; yet there it was, and I wondered what the sensation would be like in having the legs carried out on one side of the rail and the body on the other, concluding that some embarrassment must be expected in swimming without legs. The situation was apparently relieved by the rail going down. Afterwards Charette asked: "Did those oil-cans that were left just forward of us trouble you also as we were swept out?"

Perhaps cans, and not steel-plates, separated before my knee-caps.

When we looked for the lifeboat we found that it had been carried away. The catamaran was the largest piece of floating *débris*; we assembled about it. The line suspending it from the cargo boom held and anchored us to the ship, though barely long enough to reach the surface, causing the raft to turn over and set us scrambling as the line came taut.

The firing had ceased. It was evident the enemy had not seen us in the general mass of moving objects; but soon the tide began to drift these away, and we were being left alone with the catamaran. The men were directed to cling close in, bodies below and only heads out, close under the edges, and were directed not to speak above a whisper, for the destroyer was near at hand, and boats were passing near. We mustered: all were present, and direction was given to remain as we were till further orders, for I was sure that in due time after daylight a responsible officer would come out to

reconnoitre. It was evident that we could not swim against the tide to reach the entrance. Moreover, the shores were lined with troops, and the small boats were looking for victims that might escape from the vessel. The only chance lay in remaining undiscovered until the coming of the reconnoitring boat, to which, perhaps, we might surrender without being fired on.

The moon was now low. The shadow of Socapa fell over us, and soon it was dark. The sunken vessel was bubbling up its last lingering breath. The boats' crews looking for refugees pulled closer, peering with lanterns, and again the discipline of the men was put to severe test, for time and again it seemed that the boats would come up, and the impulse to swim away was strong. A suggestion was made to cut the line and let

the catamaran drift away. This was also emphatically forbidden, for we should thus miss the reconnoitring boat, and certainly fall into less responsible hands. Here, as before, the men strictly obeyed orders,

boats would hear. It was in marked contrast with the parched lips of a few minutes before. In spite of their efforts, two of the men soon began to cough, and it seemed that we should surely be discovered. I worked my legs and

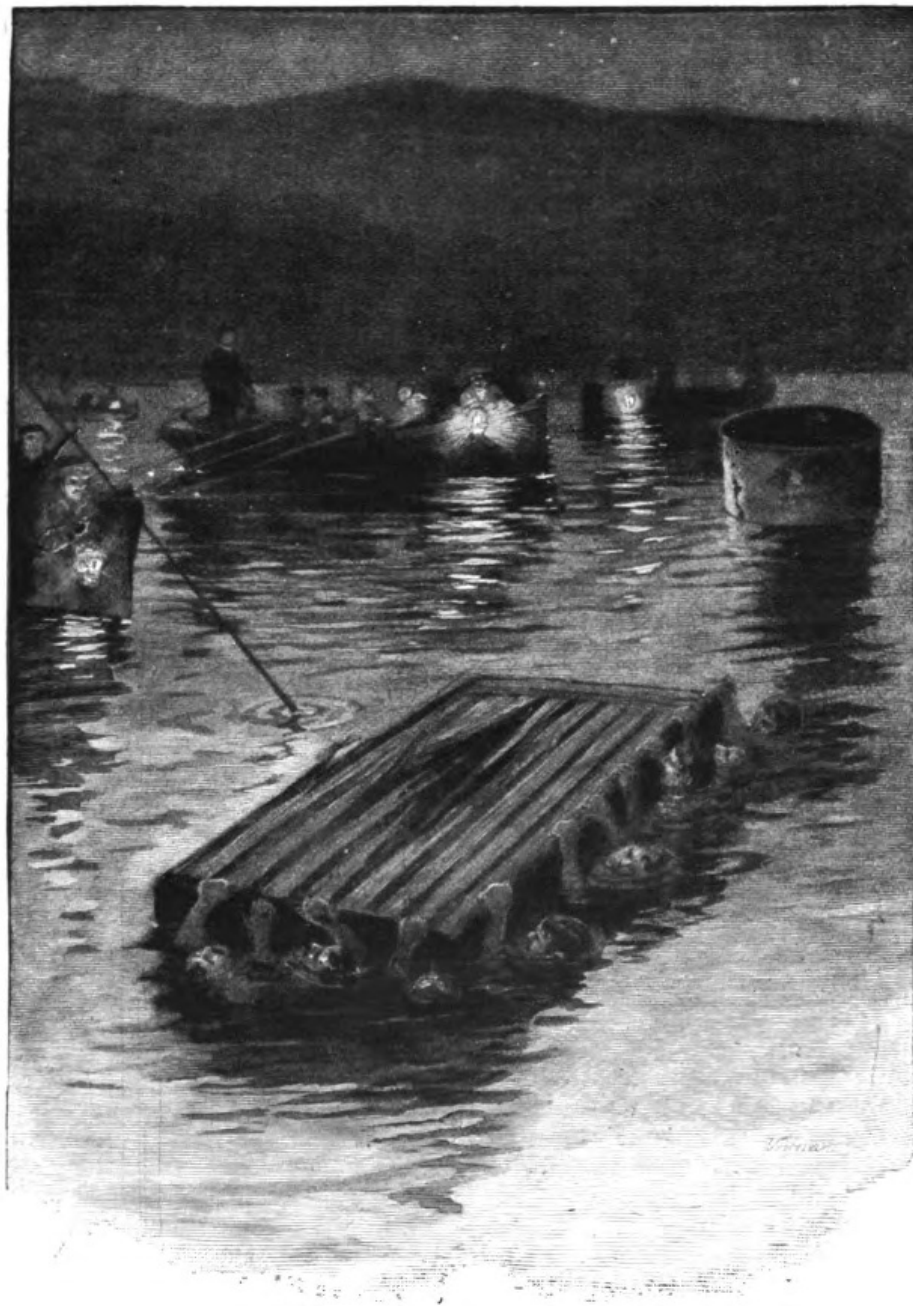
body under the raft for exercise, but, in spite of all, the shivers would come and the teeth would chatter.

We remained there probably an hour. Frogs croaked up the bight, and as dawn broke the birds began to twitter and chirp in the bushes and trees near at hand along the wooded slopes. Day came bright and beautiful. It seemed that Nature disregarded man and went on the same, serene, peaceful, and unmoved. Man's strife appeared a discord, and his tragedy received no sympathy.

About day-break a beautiful strain went up from a bugle at Punta Gorda battery. It was pitched at a high key, and rose and lingered, long drawn out, gentle and tremulous; it seemed as though an angel might be playing while

looking down in tender pity. Could this be a Spanish bugle?

Broad daylight came. The sun spotted the mountain-tops in the distance and glowed on Morro and Socapa heights. The destroyer got up anchor and drew back again up the bight. We were still undiscovered.



SPANIARDS SEARCHING FOR THE CREW WITH LANTERNS.

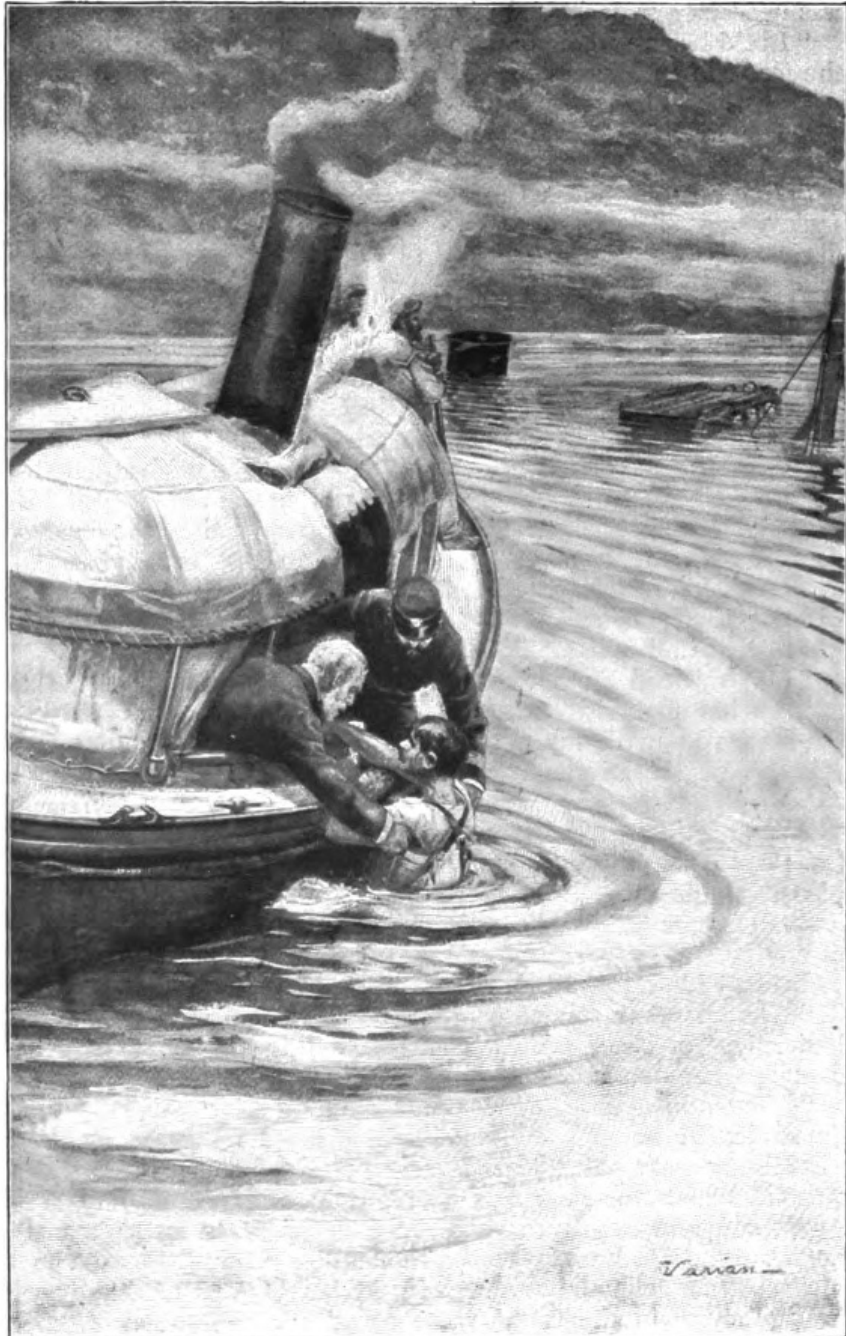
though the impulse for safety was strong to the contrary, and *sauve qui peut* would have been justifiable, if it is ever justifiable.

The air was chilly and the water positively cold. In less than five minutes our teeth were chattering; so loud, indeed, did they chatter that it seemed the destroyer or the

Someone now announced: "A steam-launch is heading for us, sir." I looked around, and found that a launch of large size, with the curtains aft drawn down, was coming from the bight around Smith Cay and heading straight for us. That must be the reconnoitring party. It swerved a little to the left as if to pass around us, giving no signs of having seen us. No one was visible on board, everybody apparently being kept below the rail. When it was about thirty yards off I hailed. The launch stopped as if frightened, and backed furiously. A squad of riflemen filed out, and formed in a semi-circle on the forecastle, and came to a "load," "ready," "aim." A murmur passed about among my men: "They are going to shoot us." A bitter thought flashed through my mind: "The miserable cowards! A brave nation will learn of this, and call for an account." But the volley did not follow. The aim must have been for caution only, and it was apparent that there must be an officer on board in control.

I called out in a strong voice to know if there was not an officer in the boat; if so, an American officer wished to speak with him with a view to surrendering himself and seamen as prisoners of war. The curtain was raised; an officer leaned out and waved his hand, and the rifles came down. I struck out for the launch, and climbed on board aft with the assistance of the officer, who, hours afterwards, we learned was Admiral Cervera himself. With him were two other officers, his juniors. To him I surrendered myself

and the men, taking off my revolver-belt, glasses, canteen, and life-preserver. The officers looked astonished at first, perhaps at the singular uniforms and the begrimed condition of us all, due to the fine coal and oil that came to the surface; then a current of kindness seemed to pass over them, and they exclaimed: "Valiente!" Then the launch steamed up to the catamaran, and the men climbed on board, the two who had been coughing being in the last stages of exhaustion and requiring to be lifted. We were prisoners in Spanish hands.



THE RESCUE BY ADMIRAL CERVERA.

A Master of Craft.

By W. W. JACOBS.

III.



CAPTAIN FLOWER, learning through the medium of Tim that the coast was clear, came on deck at Limehouse, and took charge of his ship with a stateliness significant of an uneasy conscience. He noticed with growing indignation that the mate's attitude was rather that of an accomplice than a subordinate, and that the crew looked his way far oftener than was necessary or desirable.

"I told her we were going to France," said the mate, in an impressive whisper.

"Her?" said Flower, curtly. "Who?"

"The lady you didn't want to see," said Fraser, restlessly.

"You let your ideas run away with you, Jack," said Flower, yawning. "It wasn't likely I was going to turn out and dress to see any girl you liked to invite aboard."

"Or even to bawl at them through the speaking-trumpet," said Fraser, looking at him steadily.

"What sort o' looking girl was she?" inquired Flower, craning his neck to see what was in front of him.

"Looked like a girl who meant to find the man she wanted, if she spent ten years over it," said the mate, grimly. "I'll bet you an even five shillings, cap'n, that she finds this Mr. Robinson before six weeks are out—whatever his other name is."

"Maybe," said Flower, carelessly.

"It's her first visit to the *Foam*, but not the last, you mark my words," said Fraser, solemnly. "If she wants this rascal Robinson—"

"What?" interrupted Flower, sharply.

"I say if she wants this rascal Robinson," repeated the mate, with relish, "she'll naturally come where she saw the last trace of him."

Captain Flower grunted.

"Women never think," continued Fraser, judicially, "or else she'd be glad to get rid of such a confounded scoundrel."

"What do you know about him?" demanded Flower.

"I know what she told me," said Fraser; "the idea of a man leaving a poor girl in a cake-shop and doing a bolt. He'll be punished for it, I know. He's a thoughtless, inconsiderate fellow, but one of the best-hearted chaps in the world, and I guess I'll do the best I can for him."

Flower grinned safely in the darkness. "And any little help I can give you, Jack, I'll give freely," he said, softly. "We'll talk it over at breakfast."

The mate took the hint, and, moving off, folded his arms on the taffrail, and, looking idly astern, fell into a reverie. Like the Pharisee, he felt thankful that he was not as other men, and dimly pitied the skipper and his prosaic entanglements, as he thought of Poppy. He looked behind at the dark and silent city, and felt a new affection for it, as he reflected that she was sleeping there.

The two men commenced their breakfast in silence, the skipper eating with a zest which caused the mate to allude impatiently to the last breakfasts of condemned men.

"Shut the skylight, Jack," said the skipper, at length, as he poured out his third cup of coffee.

Fraser complied, and resuming his seat gazed at him with almost indecent expectancy. The skipper dropped some sugar into his coffee, and stirring it in a meditative fashion, sighed gently.

"I've been making a fool of myself, Jack," he said, at length. "I was always one to be fond of a little bit of adventure, but this goes a little too far even for me."

"But what did you get engaged to her for?" inquired Fraser.

Flower shook his head. "She fell violently in love with me," he said, mournfully. "She keeps the Blue Posts up at Chelsea. Her father left it to her. She manages her step-mother and her brother and everybody else. I was just a child in her hands. You know my easy-going nature."

"But you made love to her," expostulated the mate.

"In a way, I suppose I did," admitted the other. "I don't know now whether she could have me up for breach of promise, because when I asked her I did it this way. I said, 'Will you be Mrs. Robinson?' What do you think?"

"I should think it would make it harder for you," said Fraser. "But didn't you remember Miss Banks while all this was going on?"

"In a way," said Flower, "yes—in a way. But after a man's been engaged to a woman nine years, it's very easy to forget, and every year makes it easier. Besides, I was only a boy when I was engaged to her."

"Twenty-eight," said Fraser.

"Anyway, I wasn't old enough to know my own mind," said Flower, "and my uncle and old Mrs. Banks made it up between them. They arranged everything, and I can't afford to offend the old man. If I married Miss Tipping—that's the Blue Posts girl—he'd leave his money away from me; and if I marry Elizabeth, Miss Tipping 'll have me up for breach of promise—if she finds me."

"If you're not very careful," said Fraser, impressively, "you'll lose both of 'em."

The skipper leaned over the table, and glanced carefully round. "Just what I want to do," he said, in a low voice. "I'm engaged to another girl."

"What?" cried the mate, raising his voice. "Three?"

"Three," repeated the skipper. "Only three," he added, hastily, as he saw a question trembling on the other's lips.

"I'm ashamed of you," said the latter, severely; "you ought to know better."

"I don't want any of your preaching, Jack," said the skipper, briskly; "and, what's more, I won't have it. I deserve more pity than blame."

"You'll want all you can get," said Fraser, ominously. "And does the other girl know of any of the others?"

"Of either of the others—no," corrected Flower. "Of course, none of them know. You don't think I'm a fool, do you?"

"Who is number three?" inquired the mate, suddenly.

"Poppy Tyrell," replied the other.

"Oh," said Fraser, trying to speak unconcernedly; "the girl who came here last evening?"

Flower nodded. "She's the one I'm going to marry," he said, colouring. "I'd sooner marry her than command a liner. I'll marry her if I lose every penny I'm going to have, but I'm not going to lose the money if I can help it. I want both."

The mate baled out his cup with a spoon and put the contents into the saucer.

"I'm a sort of guardian to her," said Flower. "Her father, Captain Tyrell, died about a year ago, and I promised him I'd look after her and marry her. It's a sacred promise."

"Besides, you want to," said Fraser, by no means in the mood to allow his superior any credit in the matter, "else you wouldn't do it."

"You don't know me, Jack," said the skipper, more in sorrow than in anger.

"No, I didn't think you were quite so bad," said the mate, slowly. "Is—Miss Tyrell—fond of you?"

"Of course she is," said Flower, indignantly; "they all are, that's the worst of it. You were never

much of a favourite with the sex, Jack, were you?"

Fraser shook his head, and, the saucer being full, spooned the contents slowly back into the cup again.

"Captain Tyrell leave any money?" he inquired.

"Other way about," replied Flower. "I lent him, altogether, close on a hundred pounds."

He was a man of very good posi-

tion, but he took to drink and lost his ship and his self-respect, and all he left behind was his debts and his daughter."

"Well, you're in a tight place," said Fraser, "and I don't see how you're going to get out of it. Miss Tipping's got a bit of a clue to you now, and if she once discovers you, you're done. Besides, suppose Miss Tyrell finds anything out?"

"It's all excitement," said Flower, cheerfully. "I've been in worse scrapes than this and always got out of 'em. I don't like a quiet life. I never worry about things, Jack, because I've noticed that the things people worry about never happen."

"Well, if I were you, then," said the other,



"I'M ENGAGED TO ANOTHER GIRL."

emphasizing his point with the spoon, "I should just worry as much as I could about it. I'd get up worrying and I'd go to bed worrying. I'd worry about it in my sleep."

"I shall come out of it all right," said Flower. "I rather enjoy it. There's Gibson would marry Elizabeth like a shot if she'd have him; but, of course, she won't look at him while I'm above ground. I have thought of getting somebody to tell Elizabeth a lot of lies about me."

"Why, wouldn't the truth do?" inquired the mate, artlessly.

The skipper turned a deaf ear. "But she wouldn't believe a word against me," he said, with mournful pride, as he rose and went on deck. "She trusts me too much."

From his knitted brows as he steered, it was evident, despite his confidence, that this amiable weakness on the part of Miss Banks was causing him some anxiety, a condition which was not lessened by the considerate behaviour of the mate, who, when any fresh complication suggested itself to him, dutifully submitted it to his commander.

"I shall be all right," said Flower, confidently, as they entered the river the following afternoon and sailed slowly along the narrow channel which wound its sluggish way through an expanse of mud-banks to Seabridge.

The mate, who was suffering from symptoms hitherto unknown to him, made no reply. His gaze wandered idly from the sloping uplands stretching away into dim country on the starboard side, to the little church-crowned town ahead, with its outlying malt-houses and

neglected, grass-grown quay. A couple of moribund ship's boats lay rotting in the mud, and the skeleton of a fishing-boat completed the picture. For the first time perhaps in his life, the landscape struck him as dull and dreary.

Two men of soft and restful movements appeared on the quay as they approached, and with the slowness characteristic of the best work, helped to make them fast in front of the red-tiled barn which served as a warehouse. Then Captain Flower, after descending to the cabin to make the brief shore-going toilet necessary for Seabridge society, turned to give a last word to the mate.

"I'm not one to care much what's said about me, Jack," he began, by way of preface.

"That's a good job for you," said Fraser, slowly.

"Same time, let the hands know I wish 'em to keep their mouths shut," pursued the skipper; "just tell them it was a girl that you knew, and I don't want it talked about for fear of getting you into trouble. Keep *me* out of it; that's all I ask."

"If cheek will pull you through," said Fraser, with a slight display of emotion, "you'll do. Perhaps I'd better say that Miss Tyrell came to see me, too. How would you like that?"

"Ah, it would be as well," said Flower, heartily. "I never thought of it."

He stepped ashore, and at an easy pace walked along the steep road which led to the houses above. The afternoon was merging into evening, and a pleasant stillness was in

the air. Menfolk working in their cottage gardens saluted him as he passed, and the occasional whiteness of a face at the back of a window indicated an interest in his affairs on the part of the fairer citizens of Seabridge. At the gate of the first of an ancient row of cottages, conveniently situated within hail of The Grapes, The Thorn, and The Swan, he paused,



SEABRIDGE.

and, walking up the trim-kept garden path, knocked at the door.

It was opened by a stranger—a woman of early middle age, dressed in a style to which the inhabitants of the row had long been unaccustomed. The practised eye of the skipper at once classed her as “rather good-looking.”

“Captain Barber’s in the garden,” she said, smiling. “He wasn’t expecting you’d be up just yet.”

The skipper followed her in silence, and, after shaking hands with the short, red-faced man with the grey beard and shaven lip, who sat with a paper on his knee, stood watching in blank astonishment as the stranger carefully filled the old man’s pipe and gave him a light. Their eyes meeting, the uncle winked solemnly at the nephew.

“This is Mrs. Church,” he said, slowly; “this is my nevy, Cap’n Fred Flower.”

“I should have known him anywhere,” declared Mrs. Church; “the likeness is wonderful.”

Captain Barber chuckled—loudly enough for them to hear.

“Me and Mrs. Church have been watering the flowers,” he said. “Give ’em a good watering, we have.”

“I never really knew before what a lot there was in watering,” admitted Mrs. Church.

“There’s a right way and a wrong in doing everything,” said Captain Barber, severely; “most people chooses the wrong. If it wasn’t so, those of us who have got on, wouldn’t have got on.”

“That’s very true,” said Mrs. Church, shaking her head.

“And them as haven’t got on would have got on,” said the philosopher, following up his train of thought. “If you would just go out and get them things I spoke to you about, Mrs. Church, we shall be all right.”

“Who is it?” inquired the nephew, as soon as she had gone.

Captain Barber looked stealthily round, and, for the second time that evening, winked at his nephew.

“A visitor?” said Flower.

Captain Barber winked again, and then laughed into his pipe until it gurgled.

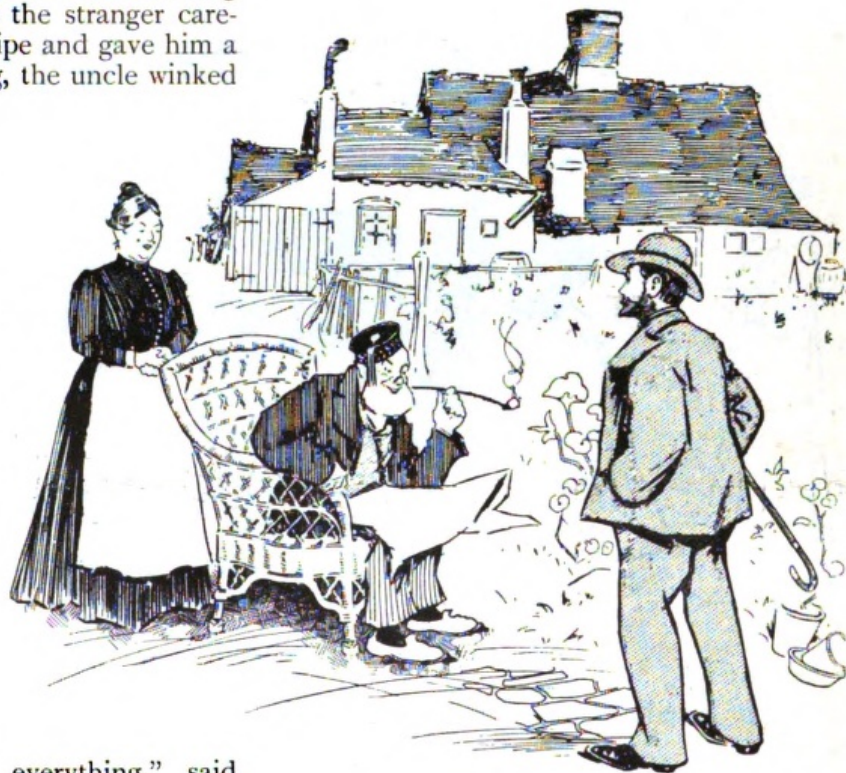
“It’s a little plan o’ mine,” he said, when he had become a little more composed. “She’s my housekeeper.”

“Housekeeper?” repeated the astonished Flower.

“Bein’ all alone here,” said Uncle Barber, “I think a lot. I sit an’ think until I get an idea. It comes quite sudden like, and I wonder I never thought of it before.”

“But what did you want a housekeeper for?” inquired his nephew. “Where’s Lizzie?”

“I got rid of her,” said Captain Barber. “I got a housekeeper because I thought it



“I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HIM ANYWHERE.”

was time you got married. Now do you see?”

“No,” said Flower, shortly.

Captain Barber laughed softly and, relighting his pipe which had gone out, leaned back in his chair and again winked at his indignant nephew.

“Mrs. Banks,” he said, suggestively.

His nephew gazed at him blankly.

Captain Barber, sighing good-naturedly at his dulness, turned his chair a bit and explained the situation.

“Mrs. Banks won’t let you and Elizabeth marry till she’s gone,” said he.

His nephew nodded.

“I’ve been at her ever so long,” said the

other, "but she's firm. Now I'm trying artfulness. I've got a good-looking house-keeper—she's the pick o' seventeen what all come here Wednesday morning—and I'm making love to her."

"Making love to her," shouted his nephew, gazing wildly at the venerable bald head with the smoking-cap resting on one huge ear.

"Making love to her," repeated Captain Barber, with a satisfied air. "What'll happen? Mrs. Banks, to prevent me getting married, as she thinks, will give her consent to you an' Elizabeth getting tied up."

"Haven't you ever heard of

Barber, thoughtfully. "I can't say as I find it disagreeable. I was always one to take a little notice of the sects."

He got up to go indoors. "Never mind about them," he said, as his nephew was about to follow with the chair and his tobacco-jar; "Mrs. Church likes to do that herself, and she'd be disappointed if anybody else did it."

His nephew followed him to the house in silence, listening later on with a gloomy feeling of alarm to the conversation at the supper-table. The rôle of gooseberry was new to him, and when Mrs.

Church got up from the table for the sole purpose of proving her contention that Captain Barber looked better in his black velvet smoking-cap than the one he was wearing, he was almost on the point of exceeding his duties.

He took the mate into his confidence the next day, and asked him what he thought of it. Fraser said that it was evidently in the blood, and, being pressed with some heat for an explanation, said

that he meant Captain Barber's blood.

"It's bad, any way I look at it," said Flower; "it may bring matters between me and Elizabeth to a head, or it may end in my uncle marrying the woman."

"Very likely both," said Fraser, cheerfully. "Is this Mrs. Church good-looking?"

"I can hardly say," said Flower, pondering.

"Well, good-looking enough for you to feel inclined to take any notice of her?" asked the mate.

"When you can talk seriously," said the skipper, in great wrath, "I'll be pleased to answer you. Just at present I don't feel in the sort of temper to be made fun of."

He walked off in dudgeon, and, until they were on their way to London again, treated the mate with marked coldness. Then the necessity of talking to somebody about his own troubles and his uncle's idiocy put the



"THE PICK O' SEVENTEEN."

breach of promise cases?" asked his nephew, aghast.

"There's no fear o' that," said Captain Barber, confidently. "It's all right with Mrs. Church: she's a widder. A widder ain't like a young girl: she knows you don't mean anything."

It was useless to argue with such stupendous folly; Captain Flower tried another tack.

"And suppose Mrs. Church gets fond of you," he said, gravely. "It doesn't seem right to trifle with a woman's affections like that."

"I won't go too far," said the lady-killer in the smoking-cap, reassuringly.

"Elizabeth and her mother are still away, I suppose?" said Flower, after a pause.

His uncle nodded.

"So, of course, you needn't do much love-making till they come back," said his nephew; "it's waste of time, isn't it?"

"I'll just keep my hand in," said Captain

two men on their old footing. In the quietness of the cabin, over a satisfying pipe, he planned out in a kindly and generous spirit careers for both the ladies he was not going to marry. The only thing that was wanted to complete their happiness, and his, was that they should fall in with the measures proposed.

IV.

AT No. 5, Liston Street, Poppy Tyrell sat at the open window of her room reading. The outside air was pleasant, despite the fact that Poplar is a somewhat crowded neighbourhood, and it was rendered more pleasant by comparison with the atmosphere inside, which from a warm, soft smell not to be described by comparison, suggested washing. In the stone-paved yard beneath the window a small daughter of the house hung out garments of various hues and shapes, while inside, in the scullery, the master of the house was doing the family washing with all the secrecy and trepidation of one engaged in an unlawful task. The Wheeler family was a large one, and the wash heavy, and besides misadventures to one or two garments, sorted out for further consideration, the small girl was severely critical about the colour, averring sharply that she was almost ashamed to put them on the line.

"They'll dry clean," said her father, wiping his brow with the upper part of his arm, the only part which was dry; "and if they don't we must tell your mother that the line came down. I'll show these to her now."

He took up the wet clothes and, cautiously leaving the scullery, crossed the passage to the parlour, where Mrs Wheeler, a confirmed invalid, was lying on a ramshackle sofa darning socks. Mr. Wheeler coughed to attract her attention, and with an apologetic expression of visage held up a small pink

garment of the knickerbocker species; and prepared for the worst.

"They've never shrunk like that?" said Mrs. Wheeler, starting up.

"They have," said her husband, "all by itself," he added, in hasty self-defence.

"You've had it in the soda," said Mrs. Wheeler, disregarding.

"I've not," said Mr. Wheeler, vehemently. "I've got the two tubs there, flannels in one without soda, the other things in the other with soda. It's bad stuff, that's what it is. I thought I'd show you."

"It's management they want," said Mrs. Wheeler, wearily; "it's the touch you have

to give 'em. I can't explain, but I know they wouldn't have gone like that if I'd done 'em. What's that you're hiding behind you?"

Thus attacked, Mr. Wheeler produced his other hand, and shaking out a blue and white shirt, showed how the blue had been wandering over the white territory, and how the white had apparently accepted a permanent occupation.

"What do you say to that?" he inquired, desperately.

"You'd better ask Bob what he says," said his wife, aghast; "you know how pernickler he is, too. I told you as plain as a woman could speak not to boil that shirt."

"Well, it can't be helped," said Mr. Wheeler, with a philo-

sophy he hoped his son would imitate. "I wasn't brought up to the washing, Polly."

"It's a sin to spoil good things like that," said Mrs. Wheeler, fretfully. "Bob's quite the gentleman—he will buy such expensive shirts. Take it away, I can't bear to look at it."

Mr. Wheeler, considerably crestfallen, was about to obey, when he was startled by a knock at the door.

"That's Captain Flower, I expect," said



"DOING THE FAMILY WASHING."

his wife, hastily; "he's going to take Poppy and Emma to a theatre to-night. Don't let him see you in that state, Peter."

But Mr. Wheeler was already fumbling at the strings of his apron, and, despairing of undoing it, broke the string, and pitched it with the other clothes under the sofa and hastily donned his coat.

"Good-evening," said Flower, as Mr. Wheeler opened the door; "this is my mate."

"Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Wheeler.



"'GOOD EVENING,' SAID FLOWER; 'THIS IS MY MATE.'"

The mate made his acknowledgments, and having shaken hands, carefully wiped his down the leg of his trousers.

"Moist hand you've got, Wheeler," said Flower, who had been doing the same thing.

"Got some dye on 'em at the docks," said Wheeler, glibly. "I've 'ad 'em in soak."

Flower nodded, and after a brief exchange of courtesies with Mrs. Wheeler as he passed the door, led the way up the narrow staircase to Miss Tyrell's room.

"I brought him with me, so that he'll be company for Emma Wheeler," said the skipper, as Fraser shook hands with her, "and you must look sharp if you want to get good seats."

"I'm ready all but my hat and jacket," said Poppy, "and Emma's in her room getting ready, too. All the children are up there helping her."

Fraser opened his eyes at such a toilet, and began secretly to wish that he had paid more attention to his own.

"I hope you're not shy?" said Miss Tyrell, who found his steadfast gaze somewhat embarrassing.

Fraser shook his head. "No, I'm not shy," he said, quietly.

"Because Emma didn't know you were coming," continued Miss Tyrell, "and she's always shy. So you must be bold, you know."

The mate nodded as confidently as he could. "Shyness has never been one of my failings," he said, nervously.

Further conversation was rendered difficult, if not impossible, by one which now took place outside. It was conducted between a small Wheeler on the top of the stairs and Mrs. Wheeler in the parlour below. The subject was hairpins, an article in which it appeared Miss Wheeler was lamentably deficient, owing, it was suggested, to a weakness of Mrs. Wheeler's for picking up stray ones and putting in her hair. The conversation ended in Mrs. Wheeler, whose thin voice was heard hotly combating these charges, parting with six, without prejudice; and a few minutes later Miss Wheeler, somewhat flushed, entered the room and was introduced to the mate.

"All ready?" inquired Flower, as Miss Tyrell drew on her gloves.

They went downstairs in single file, the builder of the house having left no option in the matter, while the small Wheelers, breathing hard with excitement, watched them over the balusters. Outside the house the two ladies paired off, leaving the two men to follow behind.

The mate noticed, with a strong sense of his own unworthiness, that the two ladies seemed thoroughly engrossed in each other's company, and oblivious to all else. A suggestion from Flower that he should close up and take off Miss Wheeler seemed to him to border upon audacity, but he meekly followed Flower as that bold mariner ranged himself alongside the girls, and taking two steps on the curb and three in the gutter, walked along for some time trying to think of something to say.

"There ain't room for four abreast," said Flower, who had been scraping against the wall. "We'd better split up into twos."

At the suggestion the ladies drifted apart, and Flower, taking Miss Tyrell's arm, left the mate behind with Miss Wheeler, nervously wondering whether he ought to do the same.

"I hope it won't rain," he said, at last.

"I hope not," said Miss Wheeler, glancing up at a sky which was absolutely cloudless.

"So bad for ladies' dresses," continued the mate.

"What is?" inquired Miss Wheeler, who had covered some distance since the last remark.

"Rain," said the mate, quite freshly. "I don't think we shall have any, though."

Miss Wheeler, whose life had been passed in a neighbourhood in which there was only one explanation for such conduct, concluded that he had been drinking, and, closing her lips tightly, said no more until they reached the theatre.

"Oh, they're going in," she said, quickly; "we shall get a bad seat."

"Hurry up," cried Flower, beckoning.

"I'll pay," whispered the mate.

"No, I will," said Flower. "Well, you pay for one and I'll pay for one, then."

He pushed his way to the window and bought a couple of pit-stalls; the mate, who had not consulted him, bought upper-circles, and, with a glance at the ladies, pushed open the swing-doors.

"Come on," he said, excitedly; and several people racing up the broad, stone stairs, he and Miss Tyrell raced with them.

"Round this side," he cried, hastily, as he gave up the tickets, and, followed by Miss Tyrell, hastily secured a couple of seats at the end of the front row.

"Best seats in the house almost," said Poppy, cheerfully.

"Where are the others?" said Fraser, looking round.

"Coming on behind, I suppose," said Poppy, glancing over her shoulder.

"I'll change places when they arrive," said the other, apologetically; "something's detained them, I should think. I hope they're not waiting for us."

He stood looking about him uneasily as the seats behind rapidly filled, and closely scanned their occupants, and then, leaving his hat on the seat, walked back in perplexity to the door.

"Never mind," said Miss Tyrell, quietly, as he came back. "I daresay they'll find us."

Fraser bought a programme and sat down, the brim of Miss Tyrell's hat touching his

face as she bent to peruse it. With her small gloved finger she pointed out the leading characters, and taking no notice of his restlessness, began to chat gaily about the plays she had seen, until a tuning of violins from the orchestra caused her to lean forward, her lips parted and her eyes beaming with anticipation.

"I do hope the others have got good seats," she said, softly, as the overture finished; "that's everything, isn't it?"

"I hope so," said Fraser.

He leaned forward, excitedly. Not because the curtain was rising, but because he had just caught sight of a figure standing up in the centre of the pit-stalls. He had just time to call his companion's attention to it when the figure, in deference to the threats and entreaties of the people behind, sat down and was lost in the crowd.

"They *have* got good seats," said Miss Tyrell. "I'm so glad. What a beautiful scene."

The mate, stifling his misgivings, gave himself up to the enjoyment of the situation, which included answering the breathless whispers of his neighbour when she missed a sentence, and helping her to discover the identity of the characters from the programme as they appeared.

"I should like it all over again," said Miss Tyrell, sitting back in her seat, as the curtain fell on the first act.

Fraser agreed with her. He was closely watching the pit-stalls. In the general movement on the part of the audience which followed the lowering of the curtain, the master of the *Foam* was the first on his feet.

"I'll go down and send him up," said Fraser, rising.

Miss Tyrell demurred, and revealed an unsuspected timidity of character. "I don't like being left here all alone," she remarked. "Wait till they see us."

She spoke in the plural, for Miss Wheeler, who found the skipper exceedingly bad company, had also risen, and was scrutinizing the house with a gaze hardly less eager than his own. A suggestion of the mate that he should wave his handkerchief was promptly negatived by Miss Tyrell, on the ground that it would not be the correct thing to do in the upper-circle, and they were still undiscovered when the curtain went up for the second act, and strong and willing hands from behind thrust the skipper back into his seat.

"I expect you'll catch it," said Miss Tyrell,

softly, as the performance came to an end ; "we'd better go down and wait for them outside. I never enjoyed a piece so much."

The mate rose and mingled with the crowd, conscious of a little occasional clutch at his sleeve whenever other people threatened to come between them. Outside the crowd dispersed slowly, and it was some minutes before they discovered a small but compact knot of two waiting for them.

"Where the——" began Flower.

"I hope you enjoyed the performance, Captain



"THE CROWD DISPERSED SLOWLY."

Flower," said Miss Tyrell, drawing herself up with some dignity. "I didn't know that I was supposed to look out for myself all the evening. If it hadn't been for Mr. Fraser I should have been all alone."

She looked hard at Miss Wheeler as she spoke, and the couple from the pit-stalls reddened with indignation at being so misunderstood.

"I'm sure I didn't want him," said Miss Wheeler, hastily. "Two or three times I thought there would have been a fight with the people behind."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Miss Tyrell,

(To be continued.)

composedly. "Well, it's no good standing here. We'd better get home."

She walked off with the mate, leaving the couple behind, who realized that appearances were against them, to follow at their leisure. Conversation was mostly on her side, the mate being too much occupied with his defence to make any very long or very coherent replies.

They reached Liston Street at last, and separated at the door, Miss Tyrell shaking hands with the skipper in a way which conveyed in the fullest

possible manner her opinion of his behaviour that evening. A bright smile and a genial hand-shake were reserved for the mate.

"And now," said the incensed skipper, breathing deeply as the door closed and they walked up Liston Street, "what the deuce do you mean by it?"

"Mean by what?" demanded the mate, who, after much thought, had decided to take

a leaf out of Miss Tyrell's book.

"Mean by leaving me in another part of the house with that Wheeler girl while you and my intended went off together?" growled Flower, ferociously.

"Well, I could only think you wanted it," said Fraser, in a firm voice.

"What?" demanded the other, hardly able to believe his ears.

"I thought you wanted Miss Wheeler for number four," said the mate, calmly. "You know what a chap you are, cap'n."

His companion stopped and regarded him in speechless amaze, then realizing a vocabulary to which Miss Wheeler had acted as a safety-valve all the evening, he turned up a side-street and stamped his way back to the Foam alone.

In Nature's Workshop.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

VI.—ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE HEDGEHOGS.



AN was not the first inventor of coats of mail and ironclads. Two types of defensive armour are common in nature. The first type almost exactly resembles the jointed plate-armour of mediæval knights: one sees this kind well exemplified in the armadillo and the lobster; a little less well in the tortoise, the beetle, and many hard-shelled insects. The second type has no exact human analogue: it is offensive and defensive at one and the same time; one sees it exhibited in the porcupine, the hedgehog, the bramble, the thistle, and an immense variety of other plants and animals. With this second group the armour consists, not of plates, but of prickly spines or thorns, which repel assailants by wounding the tender flesh of the mouth or lips. Such prickliness of surface is perhaps the commonest among all the protective devices invented by living creatures:

it is remarkable for its universal diffusion both in various countries and in various classes. There are insect hedgehogs and vegetable porcupines. Indeed, scarcely a great order of plants or animals can be named which does not contain at least one or two such prickly or thorny species.

The common English hedgehog (shown in No. 1 in two characteristic attitudes) makes a good example of the prickly-armoured class with which to begin the examination of this interesting series. Everybody is tolerably familiar with the hedgehog's appearance—a squat, square, inquisitive little creature, one of nature's low comedians, with very short

legs and no tail to speak of, but covered on his back and upper surface with dirty white spines, which merge more or less into indefinite blackness. But if he is comic to us, he is serious to himself. Slow and sedate in all his movements, your hedgehog seldom does anything so undignified as to run: to say the truth, he is a poor racer; he is not built for haste, but strolls calmly along on his bandy legs, showing little sense of fear even when surprised on the open, for he is well aware that his coat of spines amply suffices to secure him from aggression. The hare trusts to his speed, the rabbit to his burrow; but the hedgehog relies upon his prickles for protection, and scorns to flee when he can

oppose to every foe an effective passive resistance. His bright, beady-black eyes form his one claim to beauty: they gleam with cunning: save for them, he is a dingy and unattractive animal. But though he belongs to a very ancient and honourable family—



1.—HEDGEHOGS, ROLLED AND UNROLLED.

that of the insect-eaters—long since superseded in most of the high places of the earth by younger and more advanced types, he still manages to hold his own in the struggle for life against all competitors, mainly by virtue of his excellent suit of spiny armour.

The hedgehog is, on the whole, a nocturnal animal, like most of this early group of insectivores to which he belongs. Now, as a class, the insectivores have been driven from the best positions in nature's hierarchy by the keen competition of the rodents, the ruminants, and the carnivores; they have been compelled to earn a precarious living in

out-of-the-way corners by night prowling. They are the gipsies and tinkers, the tramps and beggars of the animal economy. Our English hedgehog, one of the luckiest members of this persecuted class, lives usually in some comfortable hole in a hedge or copse, and sleeps away the daytime in owl-like seclusion. When night comes, however, he sallies forth on the hunt, in search of beetles and other hard-shelled insects, which form his staple diet, and for crushing which his solid set of grinders admirably adapts him. In winter, when insect food fails, he hibernates in his lair, rolling himself up in a thick blanket of dead leaves for warmth: his spines here stand him in good stead for a different function from that of mere defence, for he fastens the leaves on them as if they were pins, and so keeps himself warm and dry through the snows and frosts and rains of winter. He has a tramp's true instinct: he knows how to make the best of poor surroundings.

With the first genial showers of April, our prickly friend turns out once more, very thin and hungry, in quest of the insects which are then just emerging from their burst cocoons or their snug winter quarters. Often enough at this season he comes forth from his nest with a layer or two of leaves still impaled upon his prickles, in which condition he cuts a most quaint and amusing figure. Every evening he shuffles about awkwardly in search of his prey, which consists mainly of beetles, relieved by a pleasing variety of slugs, snails, worms, frogs, and young birds, as well as an occasional egg, and now and again a snake or a shrew-mouse. Though despised by man, in his own small hedgerow world he is an undisputed tyrant, and has few real enemies. Most higher animals are afraid to tackle him. A dog will just sniff at him with a dubious air of inquiry, but when the spines prick his tender nose, he draws back disgusted, and refuses to join battle with the uncanny, bow-legged creature. Indeed, the hedgehog's only serious foe is the owl, which has invented a special device for seizing him unawares. Almost all other mouse and rat-eating species fear to engage so well-armed an enemy.

The difficulty of the attack lies, of course, in his spines, a first line of defence which one may regard as typical of the tactics adopted among the whole group of prickly-bearing animals. These spines are hard in texture, and very sharp at the point: cylindrical in shape, and an inch long or thereabouts. They are lightly embedded in the

skin, and are so arranged that they can be erected at will into a most aggressive position. This trick of raising the spines is managed by an extremely interesting mechanism, something like the muscle by means of which certain gifted persons (chiefly schoolboys) can move and ruffle up the skin and hair of the head just above the temples, only on a much more extended scale of organization. The set of muscles thus specialized enables the animal to curl itself about in the tightest fashion. When an enemy approaches, the hedgehog does not flinch: he simply rolls himself up into a round ball. The South American armadillo does much the same thing: only, when the armadillo is rolled up, he becomes a mere hard sphere, something like a bomb-shell: whereas the hedgehog becomes an unapproachable globe of fixed bayonets. He tucks his head and legs well out of harm's way under his lower surface, and exposes only the spiny upper portion of his back and body. A great band of specialized muscle, assisted by several subsidiary belts, draws his supple skin tight over his whole body, and at the same time points the sharp ends of the spines radially outward. When a hedgehog is thus rolled up into his attitude of passive defence, no animal on earth can do anything with him in fair open fight, though some few of them have invented mean underhand tricks for getting round him by artifice. Most of these are too nasty for full description. Rolling him into water and drowning him is one of the least objectionable: but the method pursued by his chief human foe, the gipsy, though extremely cruel, is so quaintly clever that it seems to deserve a passing mention.

Gipsies never despise any form of wild food, and they have hit upon a perfidious dodge for utilizing the hedgehog. They catch him alive, which is always easy enough: for the little beast, trusting to his array of spines, seldom runs away when attacked, but contents himself with rolling himself up into his spherical and apparently lifeless condition. The season for hedgehogs is at the end of autumn, when the animal has fattened himself for his winter sleep. Kneading a ball of moist clay, the gipsies embed the poor creature in it entire, so that spines and all are completely covered. Then they lay the ball in their fire, and roast the unhappy animal alive. As soon as the clay cracks, the hedgehog is cooked: they break the ball, and the skin comes off whole, spines, clay, and all, leaving the steaming

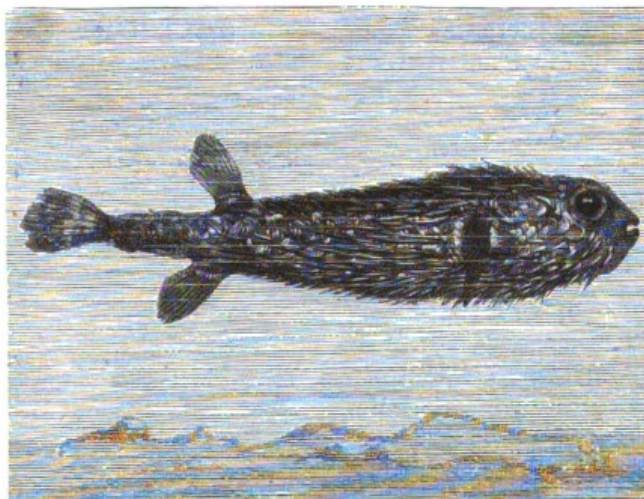
hot body baked and savoury in the middle. I mention this curious but hateful trick because it is very characteristic of the sort of plan which many animals have adopted for getting rid of the spines or hairs in caterpillars and other protected but juicy creatures. What man does intelligently, that birds and quadrupeds also do and did before him by inherited and acquired instinct.

When the little hedgehogs are first born, the prickles are mere knobs, quite soft and flexible. As the puppies grow older the spines harden and become sharp at the point, and the little beasts acquire by degrees the power of rolling themselves into a ball like their parents. This power serves another purpose, however, besides that of mere defence: the spines and skin together form an elastic mass, so that when the animal wants to throw itself down a bank or precipice it rolls itself up into its sphere-like form and then trundles itself over the edge, blindfold and fearless, trusting to its elasticity to break the fall. When it reaches the bottom it uncoils itself quietly and waddles off about its business as if nothing had happened. The beady black eyes tell the truth as to their owner's intelligence: the hedgehog is an extremely clever and contriving creature.

It is interesting to note, too, that while in the mainland of the great continents—Europe, Asia, Africa—the hedgehogs and their like are all spiny, and possess the characteristic power of rolling themselves up into a perfect sphere, there are several half-developed hedgehog-like creatures, belated in various outlying islands, which are only rough sketches or imperfect foreshadowings of the fully-evolved type. Some of these, like the bulau of Sumatra, have just a few stiff bristles scattered about here and there among the hairs of the back; others, more advanced, like the Madagascar tanrec, have strong and stiff spines, but cannot roll themselves up into a perfect sphere like the true hedgehogs. Intermediate species also occur which more and more closely approach our European

pattern. It is probable that these interesting undeveloped creatures represent arrested ancestral forms of our own English type: but that while in the great continents, the stress of competition has resulted at last in producing our highly-evolved form, a few outlying groups in isolated lands (such as Haiti and Mauritius) have retained to this day the earlier features of certain primitive stages in the history and evolution of the hedgehog family. We have here, so to speak, all the "missing links" in the development of the group, preserved for our edification, like living fossils, in remote and scattered oceanic islands. Even so, while Paris, London, New York, and Calcutta are civilized cities, the Andaman Islander and the Melanesians of the Pacific represent in our midst the primæval savage.

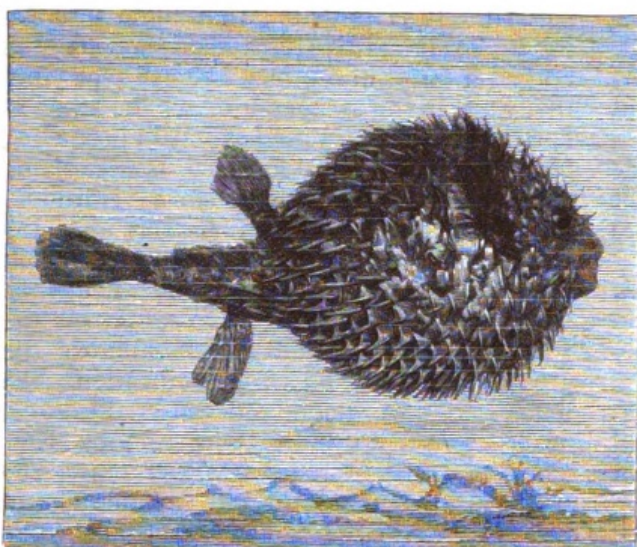
But the sea has its hedgehogs no less than the land: and the close similarity between the habits and manners of the two is a beautiful exemplification of the general principle that similar conditions produce similar effects even in quite unrelated plants and animals. The most interesting sea-hedgehog is a kind of globe-fish, and it is represented in its ordinary elongated swimming condition in No. 2. The porcupine-



2.—A SEA HEDGEHOG, THE GLOBE-FISH, SWIMMING FREELY.

fish, as this odd creature is often called, has a smooth, scaleless skin, thickly covered at intervals with sharp and stout spines. When the fish is swimming freely about in search of food, the spines are retracted, exactly as in the hedgehog, and point inoffensively backward. But let an enemy come in view, and, hi

presto! what a change! The porcupine-fish follows at once the tactics of his terrestrial analogue, and converts himself into a bristling ball of prickles, though by a somewhat different method. He rises to the surface and swallows in haste a quantity of air, which distends him instantly into a perfect balloon, as you see in No. 3. The skin is thus stretched tight like a drum, and the sharp spines stand out straight in every direction, forming a radial ball, exactly



3. THE GLOBE-FISH, INFLATED, WHEN DANGER THREATENS.

as in the case of the hedgehog. This erect and threatening condition of the spines is still better exhibited in No. 4, which shows the porcupine-fish as a very tough morsel for any aggressive shark or dogfish which may be minded to attack it. Oddly enough, the distention has one most unexpected result. When thus inflated, as if he were a Dunlop tyre, the fish becomes top-heavy, and turns upside down, floating passive on the surface with his back downwards. He does not attempt to swim, but lets wind and current carry him like a derelict vessel. Once the danger is passed, however, the fish expels the air from its mouth with a gurgling noise, and resumes its usual free swimming attitude.

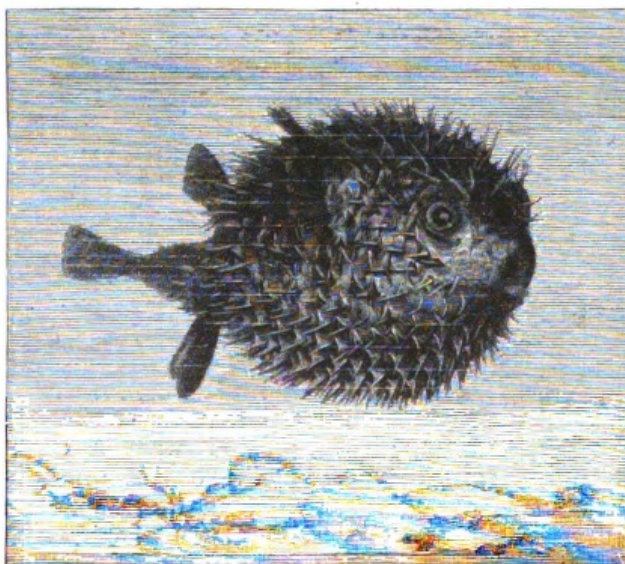
Few sea-wolves of any sort will venture to attack a globe-fish in its distended state: those that do so have often reason to regret it. Darwin mentions that globe-fish have frequently been found floating, alive and unhurt, within the stomach of a shark that has swallowed them, and even that one has been known to eat its way bodily through the devourer's side, so killing its would-be murderer. This feat is rendered possible by

the very hard and sharp jaws or beak of the globe-fishes, which resemble the hedgehog in this particular too—that they crunch extremely hard food, such as coral, shell-fish, and lobster-like creatures, for which purpose their solid tooth-like jaws are admirably fitted.

It is a pet theory of mine that whatever an animal does, some plant does also in all essentials. The hedgehog and porcupine with their vegetable imitators are good instances of the truth of this rough generalization. For there are plant hedgehogs and plant porcupines as well as animal ones. The most remarkable and strictly analogous examples of these spiny plants are of course the cactuses, which may be regarded as in one sense the porcupines, and in another sense the

camels, of the vegetable world. Cactuses grow wild only in very dry and poverty-stricken deserts, not absolutely waterless indeed, but given over for many months of the year to unbroken drought, and then drenched for a short time by the torrential rains of the tropical wet season. Under these circumstances, the cactuses have learnt to store water in their own tissues exactly as the camel does. They lay by, not for a rainy day, but for a dry one. Their stems have grown extremely thick and fleshy; the outer portion is covered with a hard

and glassy skin, which resists evaporation; and when the occasional rains occur, the provident plant sucks up all the water it can get as fast as it can suck it, and lays it by for future use in the cells of the bark and of the spongy pith which forms its interior. Protected by their layer of impermeable skin and their immense bulk from the parching sun and dry winds



4.—"WHO'S AFRAID? LET EM ALL COME!"

of the Mexican desert, the wily cactuses are thus enabled to hold out for months against continuous droughts, exactly as the camel holds out through a long march by means of the water he has similarly stored

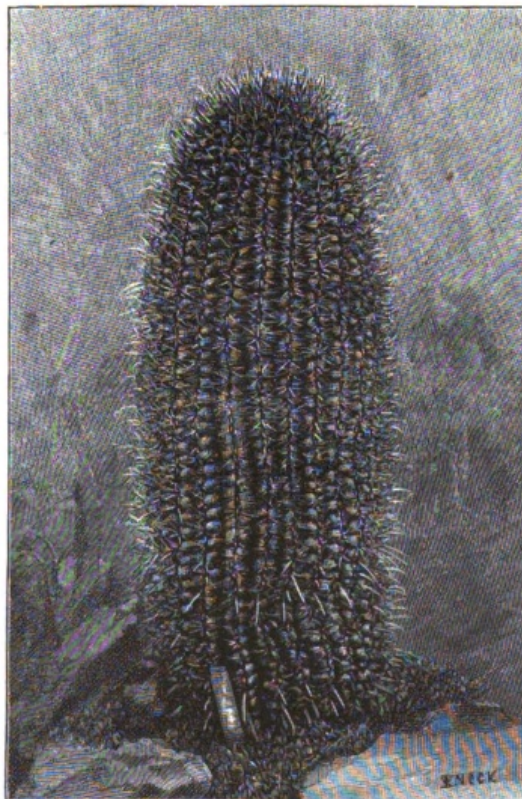
in his capacious and spongy stomach. They are, in fact, living reservoirs, which act as tanks for their own water-supply.

But the cactus has no green leaves; or, rather, lest some clever critic should come down upon me, after the clever critic's wont, for this too sweeping generalization, I will say more guardedly, only a few half-developed and untypical cactuses have a few green leaves of the ordinary pattern: and these few species are not adapted for the most desert conditions. For clearly in very hot and dry countries thin green leaves would be worse than useless: they would be wilted up by the heat of the sun at once, and the plant would die for want of its accustomed mouths and stomachs. Hence almost all trees and shrubs which grow in very dry and hot regions have given up producing real leaves of any sort. In the Australian desert, it is true, the trees are covered with what look like leaves, but these are in reality thick flattened leaf-stalks: and even the leaf-stalks are all placed vertically, not horizontally, on the stems—stand with their flat edge or expanded surface sideways, up and down, instead of being extended parallel to the soil, to catch the sunlight: they are thus struck by the oblique rays in the early morning and late evening, when the sun has little power, but not by the direct and scorching rays of midday, which would burn them up and wither them. It is this peculiarity of vertical foliage (or what looks like foliage) which gives rise to the well-known shadelessness of the dreary Australian gum-tree forests. In the dry region of America, on the other hand, most of the plants have given up the vain attempt to produce leaves altogether, or even to imitate leaves by flattened branches: they let the green stem do all the work of eating and assimilating usually performed by the true foliage. That is why most cactuses have nothing that ordinary people would

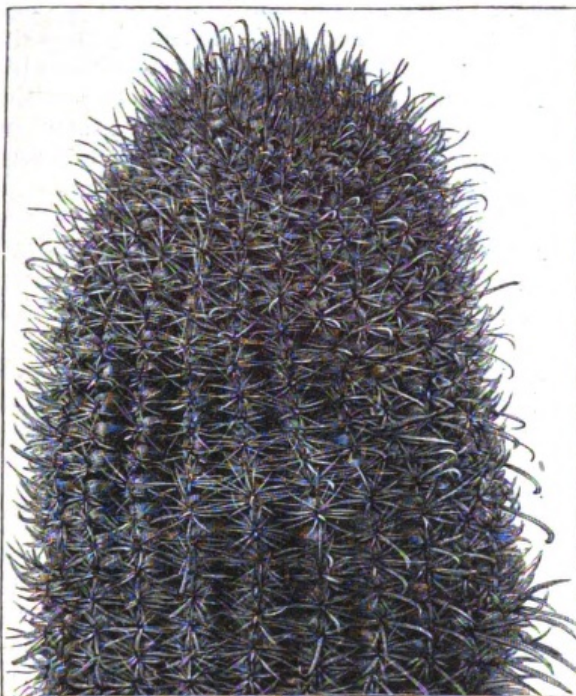
regard as bark: the whole exposed surface of the plant has to be green, because it contains the chlorophyll or living digestive material which assimilates fresh food: the cactus eats with every fold of its skin or exterior layer. In reality, this exposed portion is all bark, from a botanical point of view: and so is the greater part of the internal water-storing pith or spongy matter. But it is green bark, not brown: bark which has assumed the function of leaves under stress of circumstances.

Now, you will readily understand that, in a thirsty land, a plant so full of stored-up water as the various species of cactus must be very liable to attack from animals of all sizes. Any unarmed and unprotected kinds must thus from the very beginning of their family history have been greedily devoured by the herbivores of the desert. The consequence is that only the best protected and most hedgehog-like species have survived to our day, especially in the driest portions of the desert country. Nature is a great utilizer of odds and ends: she always finds some unexpected use for discarded organs. The cactuses, thus placed, and having nothing more for their leaves to do in the ordinary way of business, invented a new function for them by turning them into spines to protect

the precious store of internal water laid by in the spongy pith for the plant's own purposes. To deter thieves from breaking in and stealing this valuable deposit, they made their leaves ever shorter and stiffer, till at last they have assumed in many cases the form of regular rosettes of prickles, disposed in tufts over the whole surface of the plant that bears them. No. 5 shows us an excellent instance of these prickly and repellent desert types, a tall cactus which imitates in many ways a hedgehog, or still more closely a sea-urchin. No. 6 is an enlarged view of the top of the same plant, showing the thick



5.—A VEGETABLE HEDGEHOG, ONE OF THE SPINY CACTUSES.



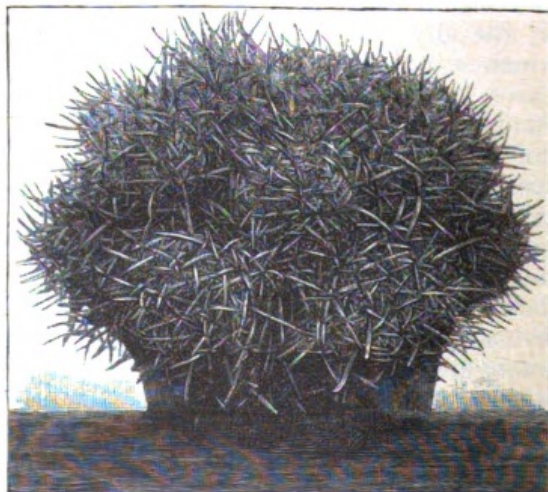
6.—TOP PART OF THE SAME, SHOWING THE ROWS OF FIXED BAYONETS.

coat of defensive spines, and the difficulty of attacking so bristling a treasure-house. Like a strong man armed, the cactus protects its vital water-supply with a serried row of weapons: it might almost be compared to a fort with an army mounting guard over its magazine, and fixed bayonets pointed in every direction. Observe how impossible it would prove to break the line anywhere: he would be a bold strategist who would venture to assault that perfectly defended position with its innumerable caltrops. The charge of the Lancers at Omdurman would be a mere trifle to it.

Nevertheless, astute enemies do sometimes manage to get the better even of these experienced vegetable tacticians. The horses that roam half-wild over the arid plains of upland Mexico will often combine to kick down the tall pillar-like cactuses which grow upright in those regions, knocking them fiercely with their hoofs, and then eating the soft and juicy pith, with its ample store of contained water. They will also trample open the globular forms which abound in the same district, and feed greedily upon the succulent interior. But only extreme thirst and hunger would drive them to tackle so dangerous a plant, and we must remember that horses are not native to Mexico or to any part of America: they were first introduced (in modern times at least) by the Spanish conquerors: therefore the cactuses

could not have been originally developed with an eye to defence against such solid-hoofed enemies. As a rule a cactus hedge is practically impervious to animals: hardly any living beast will venture to face it. Even the wild horses themselves often receive dangerous wounds while kicking cactuses, which thus avenge themselves on the invading army.

Various degrees of hedgehogginess exist, however, among the cactus group: there are more developed and less developed forms, according to the nature of the soil and the amount of rainfall or the character of the enemies to be expected locally. Some kinds, such as the leaf-like *Phyllanthus*, often grown in conservatories, are quite unarmed. Others, such as the well-known prickly pear—an American cactus now largely naturalized on the Riviera, in Italy, in Algeria, and in Syria—have comparatively few spines, though they are well beset with little groups of short sharp hairs, which break off at a touch and cause an immense amount of trouble in the hands when one rubs them. The fruit of the prickly pear is intended to be eaten: it relies upon animals for the dispersion of the seeds: it has therefore relatively few spines, but it must nevertheless be handled with caution. Other forms of cactus are progressively shorter, stouter, and more spiny, until at last, in the most exposed spots, we arrive at that most perfect of vegetable hedgehogs, the globular melon cactus, many species of which are commonly cultivated in pots in England, more for the oddity of their form than for the sake of the flowers. This quaint little creature is as round as the rolled-up hedgehog or the inflated globe-fish; and it is protected by a perfect array of thick and prickly spines. No. 7 shows one of these



7.—A STILL PRICKLIER CACTUS, ALL SPINES AND DEFENCES.

extremely dense forms, where the need for defence seems to have swallowed up the whole plant—like a military despotism, it has no time to think of anything but warlike preparations. Such types grow always in their native condition on very dry and open spots, where every living plant is eagerly devoured by the starving animals, unless it covers itself in this fashion with a regular arsenal of daggers and javelins.

It may have surprised you to be told that the spines of cactuses are in reality the last relics of the true leaves: I will return to that point a little later, and show by what gradual stages this curious transformation has been slowly effected. But for the present I want rather to insist upon the point that desert conditions almost necessarily run to the production of excessive prickliness in all sorts and conditions of plants and animals. Where water is so scarce, food is scarce too: and where food is scarce hunger drives the few animals which can exist in the dry region to attack every living thing they come across, be it animal or vegetable. Hence, the smaller animals of deserts have need of protection just as much as the plants. Western and Southern Australia, as everybody knows, have a very dry climate, and they are provided accordingly with a most prickly and spiny fauna and flora. Their bush is sparse and extremely thorny. No. 8 shows you a very characteristic specimen of the animal forms which arise under such conditions. It is a lizard which frequents the driest and sandiest soils of that desert tract, and it is specially adapted for holding its own against the local lizard-eaters of the neighbourhood it inhabits. Science knows it by the scriptural title

of Moloch—and, indeed, it is ugly enough and repulsive enough to be called any bad names; but the Western Australians, less polite in their speech than the Royal Society, describe it familiarly as the “thorny devil.” It is one mass of spines, and its head and brain

in particular are specially protected by a couple of prickly horns, bent almost like fish-hooks. The Moloch, in spite of its name, is a harmless creature: it does not attack: it uses its armour only, like the commonthistle,

for defence, not defiance. But, like most prickly beasts, it knows it is practically safe from aggression, for it is as slow as the hedgehog in its movements, and basks openly on the sandhills, aware that few foes will venture to attack it.

A glance at No. 9, however, may bring into still stronger relief the point which I am labouring to show—the close analogy which

always exists between plant and animal life under similar conditions. Here we have a bush which exactly represents the thorny Moloch in the vegetable world. The desert regions of South America, indeed, are full of prickly or armour-plated animals: and in the same desert regions we get a whole group of intensely spinous and armour-plated plants and shrubs, of which No. 9 is a capital example. This curious bush, known as *Colletia*, is now fairly common in hot-houses in England, and is grown outdoors on the arid hills of the Riviera, where so many desert shrubs from Mexico, Arabia, Australia, and Peru find a congenial home. It is really the prickliest thing I know, for its branches are very stiff and its points very sharp, and I have never tried to handle one without



8.—A PRICKLY LIZARD, THE MOLOCH OR “THORNY DEVIL.”



9.—A PLANT OF THE SAME TYPE—
THE COLLETIA.

wounding myself severely. The same conditions which make prickly animals make prickly plants: and *Colletia* is prickliness pushed to its utmost possible limit. It is true, the sharp ends are not so numerous as in many other instances, but they are as hard as steel, and as penetrating as a surgical instrument. Nobody tries twice to fight a *Colletia*.

Our common English gorse, represented in No. 10, will help to show how foliage-leaves can be developed into mere defensive spines, as we saw with the cactuses. I have already explained in this Magazine that the young gorse seedling has trefoil leaves like a clover, and have pointed out how, as it grows older, the successive blades become sharper and sharper, until at last they assume the shape of mere stiff prickles, scarcely to be distinguished from the pointed branches on whose sides they sprout. The illustration exhibits very well the intensely protective nature of the spines, which are so arranged as to defend the flowers and buds from the attacks of enemies. Our common heather also tells one something the same tale: its leaves are spiny, and would readily enough degenerate into prickles if need were: the cactuses have only carried the same tendency a degree farther, and reduced the flat part of their leaves till nothing is left of them except the prickly termination. Imagine a holly leaf or a thistle leaf with the fleshy portion suppressed, and you have an epitome of the probable history of the cactus-spine in the course of its development from expanded foliage to defensive prickle.

Indeed, in certain types, every stage occurs between the plants and animals which are quite undefended, through the plants and animals which are defended in part only or on the most vulnerable points, down to the plants and animals which seem reduced ex-

ternally, like the sea-urchin and the melon cactus, to a mere rugged mass of defensive javelins. Thus, among lizards, the iguanas have a sharp row of spines down the back only, the back being the part most exposed to attack: while others, like the horned lizards of Mexico and the southern United States, inhabiting the same dry region as the cactuses,

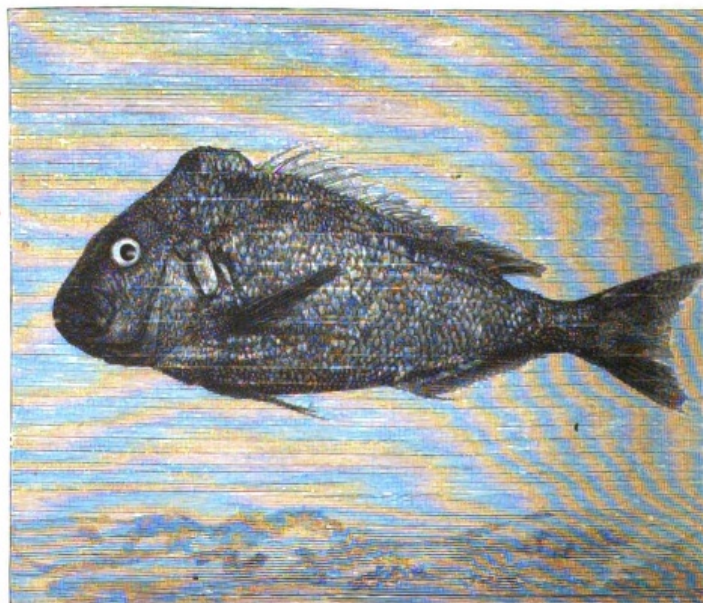
are almost as closely covered with protective spines as the Australian Moloch. In the Arabian desert, once more, we get the thorny-tailed lizards, whose hinder portion is ringed round with prickles; and in other dry districts we find other protected kinds,

progressively varying in the stage of their armour from the simplest to the most complex in every possible gradation. So among fish, No. 11 represents a frequent type, answering to the iguana type among lizards, where a few strong spines on the crest of the back seem sufficient to

deter most would-be assailants. Our own stickle-backs, as I have pointed out before, are smaller examples of the same principle. But other kinds of fish have more and more scattered spines over the whole body, till at last we arrive at highly protected species like



10.—BRANCH OF GORSE, WITH SPINES DEFENDING THE BUDS AND FLOWERS.



11.—A FISH, DEFENDED ON THE BACK ONLY.

the inflated globe-fish, which are veritable hedgehogs both in shape and in prickliness. You may observe that the best-armed kinds are almost always globular in form, at least in their defensive attitude, and are equally covered with prickles all over, because a sphere is, of course—as a soldier would say—the hardest “formation” to attack, while the equal distribution of the spines leaves no loop-hole for approach to the most cunning assailant.

An exactly similar gradation from the unarmed through the partially armed to the highly defended can easily be traced in many groups of plants. Take for instance the thistles. Here, there are one or two species which, though they look much like other thistles both in foliage and flower, have really no actual prickles at all; the ends and angles of the leaves, while shaped as in the armed sorts, are quite soft and yielding. Then there are more advanced types which have hard prickly points to every lobe of the leaf, but still can be grasped by the smooth and unarmed stem; these kinds live mostly in rather exposed spots, but not in those where competition is fiercest and grazing animals most numerous. Last of all, we get species like the one represented in No. 12, which have the leaves prolonged down the stem by means of prickly wings, so that every portion of the plant is absolutely protected. Such sorts are developed on open commons and in boggy clay soils where pasture is abundant. In the nettle tribe, the same tactics are carried still further, for there each hair or prickle has a poison-bag at its base—a sort of snake's fang in miniature—and positively stings the invader like a bee or a mosquito.

This is an extreme instance of that likeness of plan which everywhere pervades plant and animal life. If we knew stings only in hornets and wasps, we should laugh at the notion that a weed could resent and resist intrusion by injecting poison into its assail-

ant: yet nettles are such common and familiar objects in a country walk, and have so often forced themselves upon our unwilling attention, that we have almost forgotten how to be astonished at the marvel of their behaviour.

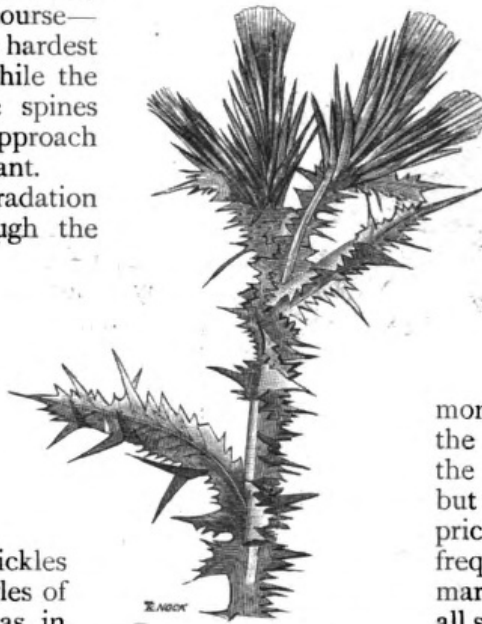
The sea is, if possible, even fuller of prickly creatures than the land. Against our hawthorn bushes, our brambles, our porcupines, and our “thorny devils,” it sets an immense array of spine-bearing animals of every conceivable type and pattern. They occur in every group. The com-

mon lobster belongs merely to the armour-plated section, like the tortoises and armadillos: but there is a well-known prickly lobster which also comes frequently into the London market, and which has its back all studded with defensive spines of the most deadly character. Similarly, most crabs have smooth shells; but there are

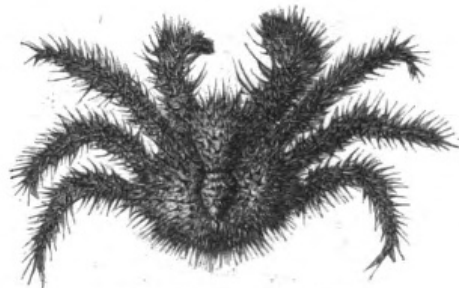
certain prickly devil-crabs (No. 13) which consist of one serried mass of dense spikes, and which probably never get attacked at all by any other animal. The edible prawn is not prickly all over like these crabs, but he has a saw-like beak, which must suffice to ward off most assaults of his adversaries. A great many mollusks have shells with spines and other sharp projections, and these obviously serve to defend them from their

enemies. But it is among the smaller and lower sea-beasties that one finds the greatest number of prickly forms. The star-fish are frequently spiny on their exposed upper surface, and the very name “sea-urchin” is equivalent to sea-hedgehog, urchin being an old-English corruption of the French *hérisson*. Most

of the sea-urchins are intensely prickly: the curious one depicted in No. 14, where it is partly deprived of its spines, to show the shell, is not so much prickly as difficult to tackle for want of a point of approach: it resembles rather a blunt arrangement of

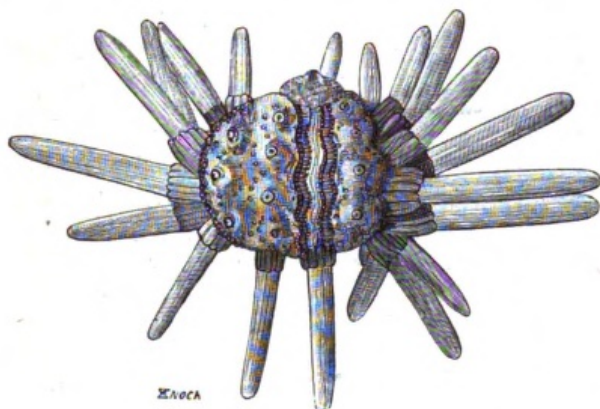


12.—A SPINY THISTLE, WITH PRICKLES RUNNING DOWN THE STEM.



13.—THE PRICKLY CRAB.

chevaux de frise than a circle of fixed bayonets. Roughly speaking, one may say that an immense majority of the lower creatures in the sea are more or less protected in one way or another. Either, like the urchins, they have



14.—A SEA-URCHIN, WITH SOME OF THE SPINES REMOVED TO SHOW THE SHELL.

spines and spikes: or, if they are soft, like the jelly-fish, then they frequently sting: or, if they do not possess either prickles or a stinging fluid, then they are nasty to the taste, and advertise themselves as such by means of brilliant colours, as is the case with a great many sea-slugs. A walk through the galleries of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington will show you at once how extremely frequent are these prickly animals, especially in the sea. And here I will just add parenthetically that it is very little use strolling listlessly through such collections, as most people do, with a casual glance right and left at the various cases: if you want a visit to a museum to do you any good, you must select some such line of study for an afternoon as this, and go through the corridors looking out carefully for the different plants and animals which exemplify (say) this defensive prickly habit in every direction.

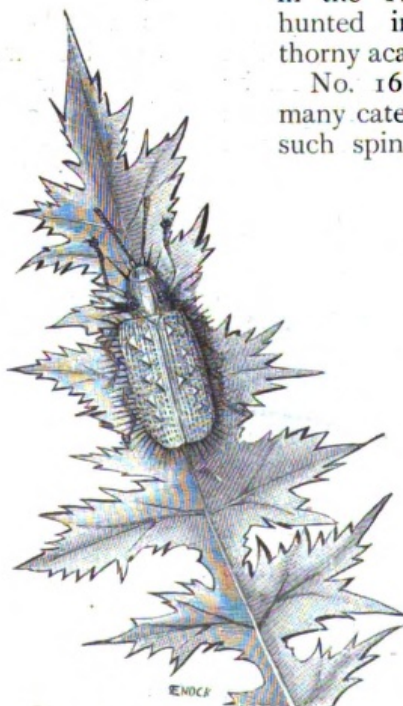
Even insects are often prickly, though we are a little apt to overlook the real prickliness of these smaller types, because it often does not look to our clumsy big eyes much more than mere hairiness, or even downiness. What is

to us men a soft fur on the stem of a plant will often prove to an ant an impassable jungle like a tropical thicket. and what looks to our sight a woolly caterpillar, may seem to a bird a harsh spine-covered creature. Sometimes, however, the spines on insects are spines even to our human eyes: as is the case with the well-defended prickly beetle illustrated in No. 15, where the creature is seen appropriately walking about on the leaf of a favourite thistle, just as the hedgehogs skulk among gorse or blackthorn, and as the prickly lizards dwell habitually in regions of prickly shrubs, prickly weeds, and prickly bushes. Many other beetles have spiny horns or projections which serve them in good stead as protective devices: a well-known case is that of our large and handsome English stag-beetle. Most of these armed creatures are as little likely to be molested by importunate enemies in their own small world

as the hedgehog, the porcupine, and the sword-fish are likely to be molested in larger circles. Of course it is impossible here to do more than quote a few examples out of the thousands that exist: but there are wide regions of the world where almost every plant and a vast number of the animals are thus covered with sharp thorns, or spines, or bristles. This is especially true of the Mediterranean region, as everyone knows who has wandered on the dry hills behind Nice and Cannes, or botanized the prickly bushes in the North African mountains, or hunted insects among the dry and thorny acacia scrub of Syria and Egypt.

No. 16 introduces us to one of the many caterpillars which are protected by such spines or bristles as seem to us

men scarcely more than hairs. It is the well-known larva of the tortoiseshell butterfly. At first sight, you would hardly suppose that these hairs could be classed among the spikes and prickles we have hitherto been considering. But just imagine yourself a bird, and try to think of yourself as swallowing one of these hairy insects. It must be pretty much the same thing as if you or I were to try swallowing a clothes-brush. As a matter of fact, indeed, protected caterpillars like these are



15.—A PRICKLY BEETLE.

seldom or never eaten by any of the small birds which frequent our hedge-rows; though they have other enemies which manage to tackle them somehow. The cuckoo, for example, is an insatiable caterpillar-eater, and, strange to say, he delights, most of all, in the hairy forms. He seems to have a throat specially constructed for bolting them, while the hair or bristles form at last a perfect coat of felt in the bird's stomach. That is characteristic of the check and counter-check of nature: every move on one side is met and defeated by an opposite move on the other. Nevertheless, it is quite clear that most hairy caterpillars are amply protected from the majority of their enemies, for they show themselves openly, like hedgehogs and porcupines, and do not attempt concealment like the edible sorts; though when attacked, they often roll themselves up into a ball,

after the fashion of so many other animals in this protected group, and turn a uniform set of stiff bristles towards the attacking party.

It cannot be by accident, I think, that the globular form is assumed in such different cases both by thorny plants and by prickly animals. The various creatures must have learnt by ancestral experience that this spherical arrangement of the spines or hairs is the best mode for defence: and while some of them, like the melon cactus and the sea-urchin, assume it permanently, others, like the hedgehog, the globe-fish, and the woolly-bear caterpillar, assume it only when special danger threatens. It is curious to note that something similar happens with armadillos

and woodlice, as well as with many marine animals of the armour-plated kind. Analogies like this run all through nature: they recur again and again in the most unlike classes. What succeeds in one place will succeed in another, where conditions are similar: whatever device is hit upon by one plant or animal is almost certain to be independently hit upon in like circumstances

by some other elsewhere. We are all of us a great deal less original than we suppose: and as for us men, it almost invariably happens that our latest invention has been anticipated ages ago by a grub or a sea-anemone. When we prepare to receive cavalry on a thick wall of bayonets at different angles, what are we doing after all save imitating a device long since inaugurated by the hedgehog, the cactus, and the hairy caterpillars? Our hollow square is but an echo of the sea-urchin's

shell; our armoured ships, with their destructive rams, are strikingly like the lobster with his pointed forehead. If you look abroad in nature for such hints and anticipations of human progress, you will find them on all sides—especially as regards the arts and stratagems of war. It is only in the highest industries of peace and the fine arts of beauty that we have really got so very much ahead of our dumb relations. For desert warfare, in particular, was there ever a finer strategist than the humble melon cactus? Commissariat is always the great problem in the desert; wells are the crux: he has solved that problem and avoided that crux in a way that would seem to deserve a peerage.



16.—A PRICKLY CATERPILLAR.

IN A TIGHT FIX.



BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.



WE were strolling through the Paris Salon. Tired of passing through endless galleries and gazing at the pictures, we had descended into the great central hall devoted to statuary, where it is permissible to smoke, and had lit our cigarettes. My companion was only a passing acquaintance, a fellow-countryman I had met at the table d'hôte, and who, like myself, was passing a few weeks in the French metropolis. He was a slight, delicate-looking young man of about five-and-twenty, a well-read and charming companion. As we entered the hall, with its long rows of statues, I noticed that he turned a little pale, but put it down to the heat of the day. Presently we stopped to admire a gracefully-modelled figure by one of the most eminent exhibitors. . . . "A very fine piece of sculpture," said my friend.

"Scarcely that," I replied. "It's made out of an appropriate material—plaster of Paris."

"Plaster of Paris!" he replied, with a nervous start; "how terrible!"

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked, with a laugh.

"Ah!" he replied, "I dare say my exclamation seemed strange to you. But plaster of Paris has an awful meaning to my ears, as you would agree if you heard of an adventure from the effects of which I am only just recovering."

"Have you any objection to telling me?"

"Not the slightest. Come and sit down over yonder, and I'll explain myself; then you'll see why I hate the name of plaster of Paris."

So we sat down and he began his story, which I repeat in his own words as far as possible.

Jasper Keen and myself were chums during the year we were together at Oxford, and our friendship continued after he had gone down through the two years I remained. He was my senior—three or four years older than myself; and, as is generally the case in strong friendships, my opposite in many respects. I was a reading man; Keen was more noted for the strength of his arm on the river, and as a desperate "forward" in the footer field. My temper was always one of the mildest; Keen would give vent to paroxysms of anger, and weeks of smothered, revengeful passion. He was a tall, magnificently-built fellow, and the men often called us the "long and short of it," so great was the contrast between us.

I do not say that there was nothing intellectual about Jasper Keen. On the contrary, he was a genius; only, like most of his species, he worked by fits and starts. When he did work, however, it was to some purpose, as the examiners knew. And with all his great strength and passion for sport he had a very marked artistic temperament,

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

which showed itself in his love of sculpture and modelling. His rooms were a curiosity. Very few books—he always sold them the instant he had finished reading them—prize oars and “pots” in profusion, and a collection of clay busts, modelled by himself. There was a row of college Dons on his mantelshelf, clever caricatures, his intimate friends—and his enemies. If he liked a man, he made an excellent little bust of him; on the contrary, one who incurred his hatred was modelled in some eccentric or repulsive manner, but still with strict regard to a correct likeness so that it was impossible to mistake the man.

When Jasper Keen left the 'Varsity he set up a studio in London. He was a man of fairly large private means, and did not care about earning money. He devoted himself still to sport during the intervals when he was not exercising his hobby, and lived a generally easy and comfortable life.

In due time I also went to live in town, and plunged into the vortex of literary work, to which I had determined to devote my life. I constantly saw Keen, and our friendship was as great as ever, until—

Yes, “until”—you guess what I mean. There was a woman in it, as there always is, and she stepped in between us. Jasper Keen loved her madly, jealously. Over and over again he was repulsed, for Ivey Stirling never cared for him. He frightened her with the intensity of his devotion. One day he said to her:—

“The truth is, you care for another man.”

“And what if I do?” said Ivey, boldly.

“What if you do! Why, this. If I find the man, even if he were my greatest friend, I’d kill him rather than he should win you!”

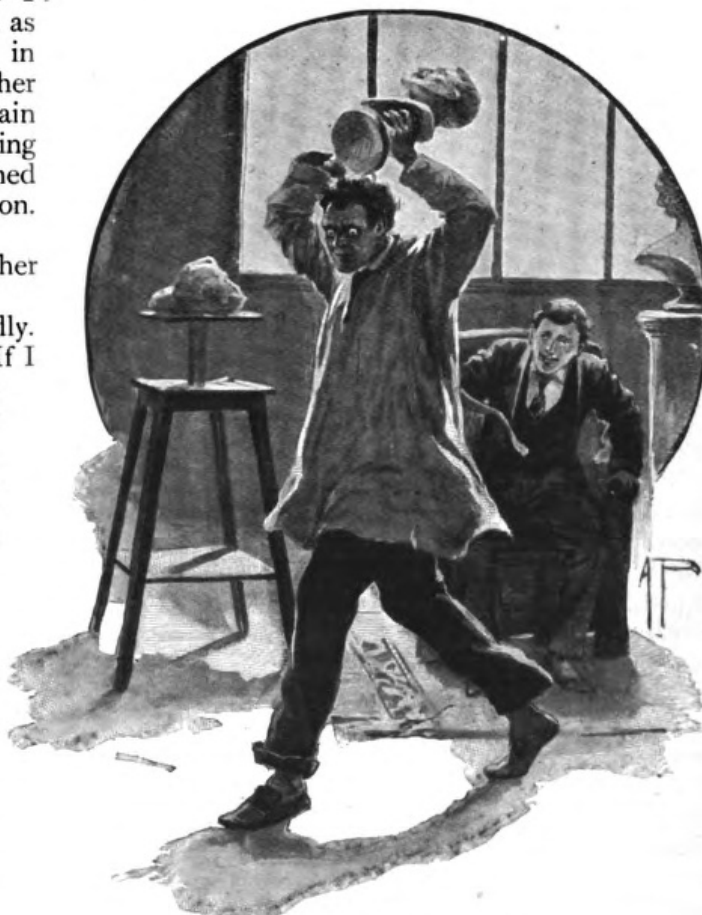
He was Keen’s greatest friend. The man who was accepted by Ivey Stirling was myself, and, in spite of all, I trust she will be my wife before the year is out.

I may well say, “In spite of all.” When Keen heard of it, he was furious. I told him myself. I thought it best that he should hear the news first from the lips of his friend, and I hoped from the bottom of my heart that our friendship would not be destroyed. So I went round to his studio and broke the news to him.

He stood for some moments with his whole frame quivering, his nostrils dilated, and his eyes starting forward, like some wild beast held in restraint by a chain. Then he turned to a pedestal on which stood a bust of myself, fashioned by him in the old Oxford days, and dashed it to the ground. The fragments of clay went rattling over the studio.

“Leonard Fendron,” he yelled, “as I have broken your bust, so will I break you. You false, traitorous hound, you think you have stolen from me the one object I have to live for. But not yet—do you hear? I could crush you as you stand—I could break every bone in your body with this hand of mine. But that would be too poor a revenge. I will wait—I will make you suffer such agony as you have given me. Go, I say, go, and may the worst of all curses light upon you—the curse of a friend you have wronged.”

It was useless to explain, so I went. Ivey was much disturbed when I told her about this interview; but to tell the truth, I thought little of it myself. I had seen Keen in a paroxysm of rage before, and I hoped that



“HE DASHED IT TO THE GROUND.”

in time he would see things sensibly for the sake of our old friendship.

For a year I never saw the man. His studio was shut up, and report said that he had gone abroad. Then I suddenly met him face to face in Fleet Street. I was going to pass him by at first, but he stopped me and shook hands.

"How d'y'e do, Fendron?" he said. "Last time I saw you I was in a bit of a temper. But that's all over now, and I can afford to let the past be buried in the past—if you can too."

"Certainly," I replied; "I'm only too delighted to hear our friendship still exists."

"That's right," he said. "And now come and have some lunch with me. There's a restaurant handy where we can talk."

So I went with him. He was most friendly and chatty. He told me he had been abroad, but that the last five months he had spent in England.

"I've been living like a hermit," he said. "The fact is, I'm engaged on a master-piece of work. It will beat anything I've ever done. Oh, it's a grand thing, I can tell you. I fitted up a studio in the country some months ago, and I've hardly stirred out of it since—simply worked and seen no one. But I've had an end in view, as you shall see for yourself. Now, I want you to pay me a visit, and you shall be the first to see my masterpiece. Will you come?"

"Certainly," I said; "what day will suit you?"

"Let me see—it's the 9th to-day. I want a clear fortnight on the work before I finish. Can you come on Friday, the 24th, and stay till Monday? I can easily put you up."

"With pleasure. That will suit me capitally. Only, you haven't told me where to come to yet."

"I hardly think you'd find it if I did," he answered, thoughtfully; "it's not very far from town, but it's a bit awkward to get at for a stranger. So suppose you meet me at Euston at half-past eight on that Friday evening, and I'll take you down. It's rather late, but you shall have a good supper as soon as you get there, I promise you."

To this arrangement I accordingly agreed, and on the 24th I met Keen at Euston. Telling me that he had purchased my ticket, he took me to a local train. We got out at Sudbury, the station near Wembley Park.

"There's some little distance to walk," he said, "so we'd better step it out briskly."

It must have been a tramp of over two

miles that finally brought us to a large house, standing quite alone a little way off the road, somewhere in the direction of Edgware. Although not many miles from London, the country about here is very lonely, and there was not a house near. It was about ten o'clock and quite dark when Keen opened the door with a latch-key.

"Welcome!" he cried. "You must be tired and hungry. We'll have supper at once, it's all ready."

And without further ado he led the way into a good-sized room, lit by a lamp, and revealed a table spread with cold viands.

There was a change in his tone of voice that made me feel rather uneasy as he went on:—

"We're all to ourselves, Fendron. I've let the servants out for the evening. But everything's ready for us, so sit down and begin. We must be our own butlers."

It was an excitable meal. The whole of the time Keen talked and laughed and joked. He ran on about old times and our college days; he laughed long and boisterously—once I expostulated with him for his noise.

"What does it matter?" he shouted. "There's not a soul near. That's the beauty of the country. You might yell yourself hoarse in this shanty of mine, and no one would hear you."

He even touched on my engagement. Leaning across the table, he insisted upon grasping my hand.

"I've never congratulated you yet, old chap, you know. Last time we were on this subject I was in a huff. But it's all right now. May you be happy—ha! ha! ha!—as happy as you deserve!"

Supper over, he took up the lamp.

"Come," he said, "we'll adjourn to the studio and smoke there. I've got to show you my great work. It will surprise you. Come along."

He led the way to the very top of the house, and we entered a large room which he had turned into a studio. Lumps of clay, pieces of stone, tools, and half-finished works were lying about in artistic confusion. On a small table was a box of cigars, several decanters of wine and spirits, siphons and tumblers. In one corner of the room was a large bath, filled with a white powder, while a small shovel and a couple of pails of water stood by it. In the centre of the room was a very large, hollow wooden pedestal, shaped like a cylinder, and quite as high as my shoulders, such as is used sometimes for standing heavy busts upon. The top, how-

ever, had been removed from this cylinder, and there was nothing on it. The room was evidently only lighted by a skylight, and a thick curtain hung over the door, and stretched across what was apparently a recess at the farther end of the apartment was another curtain, hanging in black folds.

Keen gave me a cigar and sat me down in a chair.

"Well, what do you think of my workshop?" he asked.

"I've hardly had time to look round, yet," I replied. "What's that huge pedestal for?"

"You'll see later on," he said.

Again that ominous change in his voice.

"And what's in that bath?"

"Oh! plaster of Paris," he answered, with a laugh; "but now, watch! I'm going to draw the curtain!"

First lighting a couple more lamps, he drew the curtain aside with a sudden jerk. The result was electrical.

There, standing on a small raised platform, life-size and most exquisitely modelled, was a statue of Ivey Stirling, my betrothed. I sprang to my feet and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Yes," shouted Keen, "there stands the image of the woman you love—and the woman I loved once. She whose image was so graven upon my heart that I was able to mould this statue as you see it; to mould it for you, Leonard Fendron, who have won the prize. Did I not tell you it was a master-piece?"

"You did. And so it is," I replied, with an indescribable feeling of terror creeping over me. My companion rushed to the table and filled two glasses. One of them he thrust into my hand.

"A health!" he cried. "Drain it to

the dregs. A health to the fair Ivey, your betrothed! Drink it, Fendron!"

"A health to the fair Ivey—my future wife," I said, mechanically, drinking the liquor and gazing at the statue.

"Your future wife!" echoed Keen, with a terrible voice. "Never!" I turned and gazed at him. He was foaming with madness and rage. At the same moment my head grew dizzy, and the room seemed twirling round. I made a wild rush for the door, but fell in a dead faint before I could reach it.

When I came to my senses again there

was an awful feeling of cramp all over me. My whole body with my legs and arms seemed to be held in a vice that was pressing upon me at every point. I opened my eyes. The first thing that met my gaze was the statue of Ivey placed opposite me. I was in an upright position, but I could not move. I looked downwards, but not even then did I realize the horrible truth. I was up to my shoulders in the hollow pedestal.

"Halloa!

you've come to, have you?" said a mocking voice, and Jasper Keen stood in front of me, the grin of a lunatic on his face.

"For God's sake, what have you done?" I asked.

"I'll very soon tell you," he replied, with a sneer; "I've made a statue of you. Listen. You are up to your shoulders in plaster of



"I SPRANG TO MY FEET AND, UTTERED AN EXCLAMATION OF SURPRISE."

Paris. Whilst you were insensible from the effects of that drugged wine you drank I placed you in the pedestal, mixed that bathful of plaster and water, and poured it in with you. It took me some time to do, and it's now four o'clock in the morning. By this time it's thoroughly set, and you cannot move hand or foot."

The terrible situation was dawning upon my mind. My tormentor went on:—

"Did you think, Leonard Fendron, that I had forgotten? Did you expect to get a forgiveness from Jasper Keen? You should have known me better, and not have walked so foolishly into the snare that I set for you. I told you I would have revenge. I have waited and schemed a long time, but now the hour of my vengeance has come. Here, before the image of the woman you love, you shall die, Leonard Fendron—die a slow and an awful death. I shall leave you here, fixed, immovable—a living statue. Don't think to escape, for I have planned it well. My servants were dismissed two days ago; I told them I was going to leave the house for some months. You can shriek and howl as much as you please, but no one will hear you. I've tested that carefully. In short, unless an angel from Heaven comes to set you free, here you'll stay till you starve to death in cramp and agony."

"Have mercy——" I began, but he stopped me.

"Mercy? As soon expect to find it at Satan's hands! Here, I'll put this table with the liquor on it close to you. It will be more tantalizing. And now I must be off.

I've planned my escape well. Good-bye, Leonard Fendron. I wish you joy with your bride of clay!"

And the madman, for so he was, I am assured, at that moment struck me a heavy blow in the face, turned on his heel, slammed the door, and I heard his footsteps disappear down the stairs. I was alone and helpless.

I cannot describe the torture as the long hours went by and the light of the lamps slowly faded as the day began to dawn. The cramp in my body and limbs was awful, my throat was parched, and my brain seemed on fire. I yelled and screamed at the top of my voice, listening in anguish for an answering call, but answers came

there none. The villain had prepared his plot too well! In my madness I tried to lurch forward and hurl myself to the floor. In vain! The pedestal was fixed! And there, a few feet in front of me, stood the statue of Ivey, so life-like and beautiful that it seemed at times to my frenzied brain that she was smiling and speaking to me.

Then came a time when all was dark. I had fainted. Too soon I returned to the fearful reality,

and redoubled my screams. It was fruitless. I was in a mental and bodily agony that was too awful for words. How the hours passed I knew not. It seemed years that I had been fixed there. I seemed never to have lived at all, except in a world of terror.

My God! I cannot describe the anguish. . . .

Suddenly there came a sound. . . Yes. . . . I was not mistaken. . . . A heavy bang on the roof over-head. I listened with straining ears—ah—a footstep!



"YOU SHALL DIE A SLOW AND AWFUL DEATH."

"For God's sake, help—help!" I cried.

Then there came a tap at the skylight over-head, and a voice spoke:—

"Excuse me, but may I come in?"

"Come in!" I shrieked; "in Heaven's name yes, come in!"

"You seem in a mighty hurry," replied the voice. "Suppose you open the skylight for me."

"I can't," I answered; "smash it—do what you like—only be quick."

Crash! the glass came spattering down on the floor, a foot came through the window, then another, and in a few seconds the man himself stood before me.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he exclaimed; "what on earth does this mean?"

"For God's sake be quick and set me free," I begged. "It's killing me. Give me something to drink first."

I eagerly drained the tumbler of soda-water he held to my lips. Then he set to work. He was a businesslike man, and there were some stone-chisels and hammers about. In a very few minutes he had split the pedestal down, and was hammering and chipping away at the plaster, which, of course, by this time was quite hard, and came off in flakes and lumps. It seemed ages to me, but he afterwards told me it took

him a very short time to get me free, though large lumps of plaster still stuck to my clothes. I was horribly cramped, and could not stir when it was over. He undressed me and gave me a tremendous rubbing, until at length the circulation became partially restored and the agony began to subside, and I was able to talk.

"Well," he exclaimed, "this is the rummiest thing I've ever come across. Good-

ness only knows what would have happened to you if my parachute hadn't gone wrong."

"Your parachute?"

"Yes—that's how I came here. I'm a professional aeronaut, and I've been making a balloon ascent and a parachute descent at Wembley Park every Saturday afternoon for a couple of months past."

"And you landed on the roof?" I exclaimed.

"Exactly. Something went wrong, and I found myself coming down more quickly than I intended. The wind's a bit high and

blew me some distance, and I thought I was going smash against this house, but, as luck had it, I just managed to tumble on the roof, which, luckily, is flat, and here I am. Lucky for you, wasn't it?"

Keen's words had come very nearly true. He had said that only an angel from Heaven could rescue me!

Well, little remains to be told. I was very ill for weeks; in fact, I am only just getting over it now. The only wonder is that I escaped as I did, but as Keen had put me in the pedestal with my clothes on, and had not pressed down the plaster, the pressure was slighter than it might have been, though that was bad enough.

As for Keen himself, he got

clean away. You see, he had over twelve hours' start, for it was not until late on Saturday afternoon that the aeronaut found me. I don't know, and I don't much care, what has become of him. I only mean to take good care that he doesn't have another chance of stopping our marriage.

And now, perhaps, you will understand why I feel a little queer at the mention of plaster of Paris.



"A FOOT CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW."

Switzerland from a Balloon.

BY CHARLES HERBERT.



CROSSING the Alps by Balloon" does not appeal so strongly to the imagination of the reader as trips to the North Pole or Klondike, and yet a great deal of interest and romance attaches to such a project.

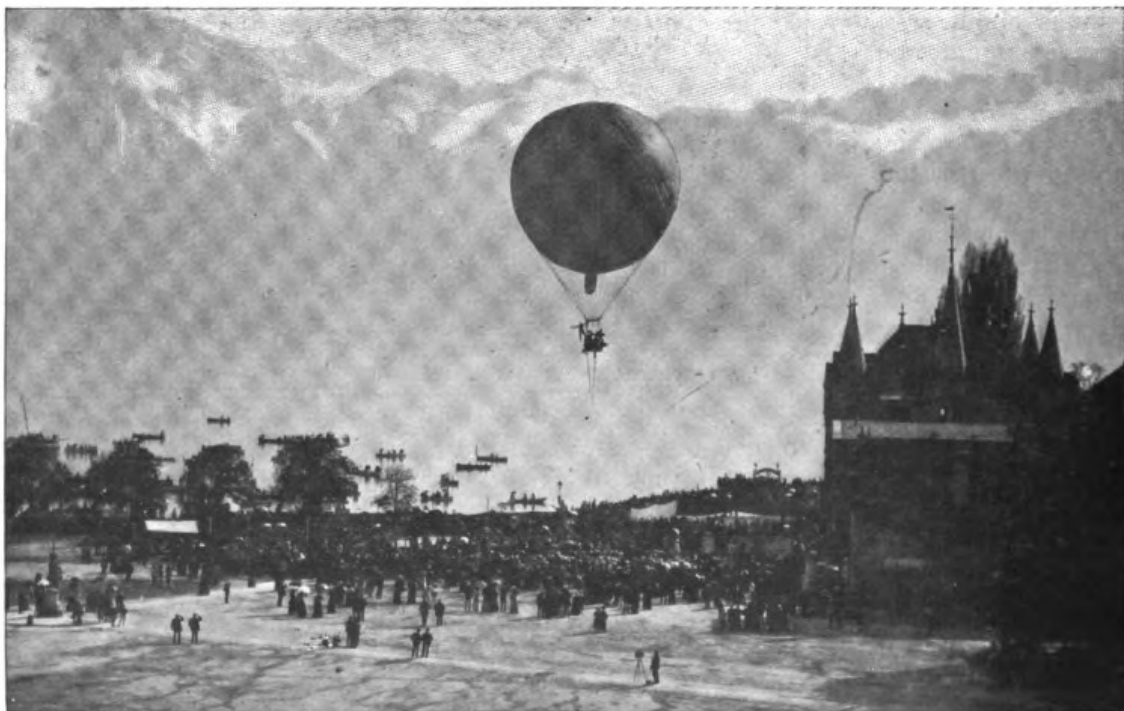
During the late autumn of last year Captain Edward Spelterini, who has made over 500 balloon ascents, determined to make an attempt to cross the high Alps of Switzerland in a balloon, a feat which no air-ship had ever before then accomplished. He had many reasons for wishing to undertake this voyage in the upper regions over the most magnificent scenery in Europe. Himself keenly interested in meteorological and physical questions, he had succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of the Weather Bureau of Switzerland, and, also of many Swiss scientific men of high standing. It was his intention to make a number of experiments and observations on the physical conditions of the upper atmosphere, and to take a large series of photographs of the country over which he would travel. The point of view from which these photographs should be taken in order to be of the greatest use for cartography, geography, and geology, was carefully planned,

and attempts were to be made to employ the science of photography in the study of the formation of vapour and clouds in high Alpine altitudes.

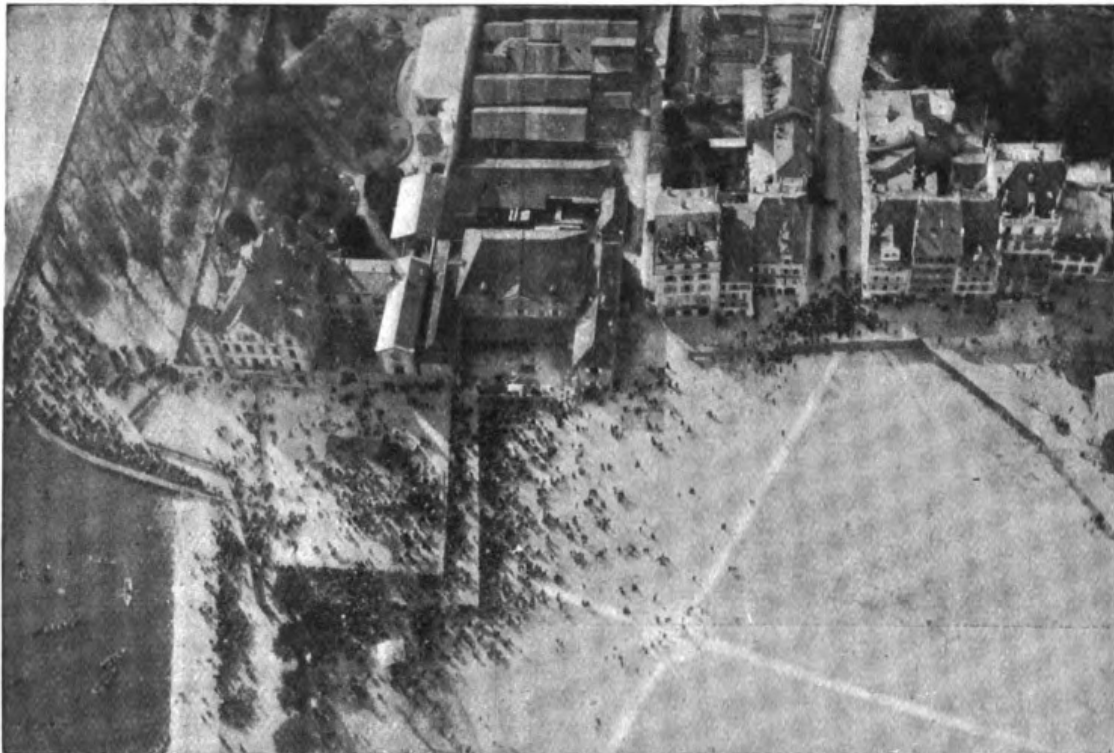
It was on October 3rd that Captain Spelterini, after waiting some days, made his ascent from Sion, in Canton Valais. The "Vega" passed over Montreux and Yverdon; then, crossing the Jura, it went towards Pontarlier at a height of 2,500 mètres. It eventually descended without mishap at Pratoy, between Langres and Dijon, in the Côte d'Or.

The photographs of mountain scenery taken during this balloon trip over the Alps are of extraordinary interest and beauty, and are the only ones of the kind in existence, for no one else has ever photographed the mountains of Switzerland from a balloon before. They give us aspects of the rugged Alps such as no photographer or painter could obtain in the ordinary way. The cloud and snow effects are of great beauty, and the mountains, which we thought we knew so well, reveal themselves in a wonderfully novel and beautiful manner.

Captain Spelterini's photographs open up, in fine, a new field for the lover of Nature, and many disciples of this art will probably arise. There is a great deal of work to be



1.—THE ASCENT AT VEVEY.



2.—THE MARKET-PLACE, VEVEY—FROM THE BALLOON.

done in the way of balloon photography, but the process is not by any means so easy as it looks, and one must be prepared for repeated failures.

Captain Spelterini has written an account of the voyage of the "Vega" over the Alps,

and this, together with the photographs taken on the occasion, will appear in an early number of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*.

The trip has everywhere aroused the greatest interest, and the German Emperor, doubtless with an eye to the employment of



3.—CLARENS, ON LAKE GENEVA.



4.—DESCENT IN THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE.

balloon photography in warfare, commanded Captain Spelterini to take his balloon and photographic apparatus to Wiesbaden, and to make an ascent before him there.

The photographs Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 were taken by Captain Spelterini during a special ascent which he made from Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva.

In No. 1 the balloon is leaving Vevey on a lovely summer morning, and a large concourse of spectators have assembled in the Place du Marché to witness its departure, for Captain Spelterini has a great name as an aeronaut, and has made more trips in Switzerland than anyone else. One of the occupants of the car is waving adieu, and his position looks extremely precarious. In the foreground is a photographer with his camera set up on its legs waiting for a favourable moment to "press the button."

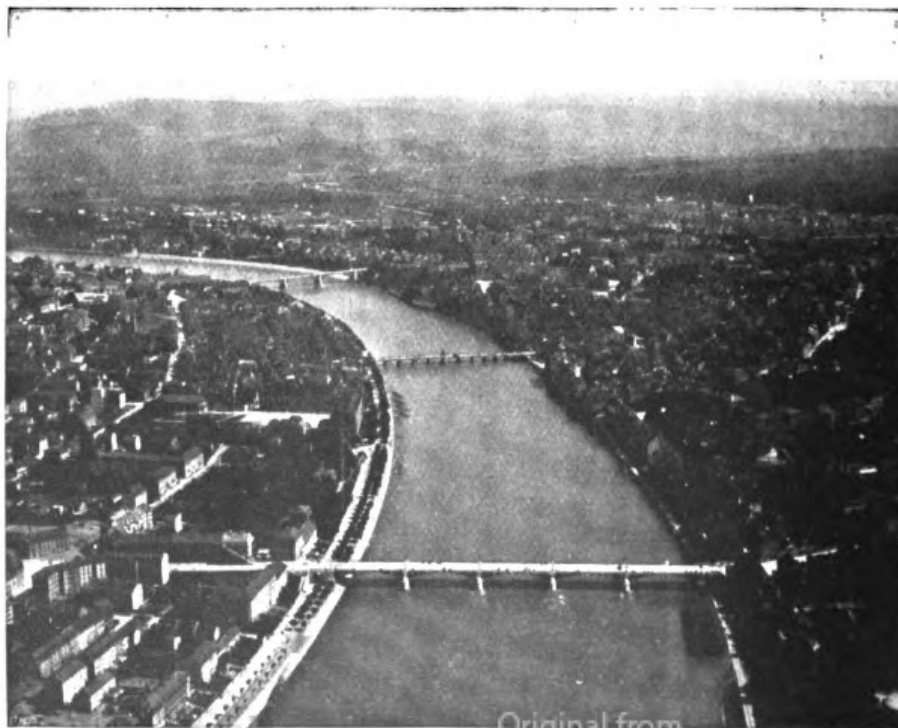
No. 2 is a photograph taken from the balloon, which has now risen to some little height

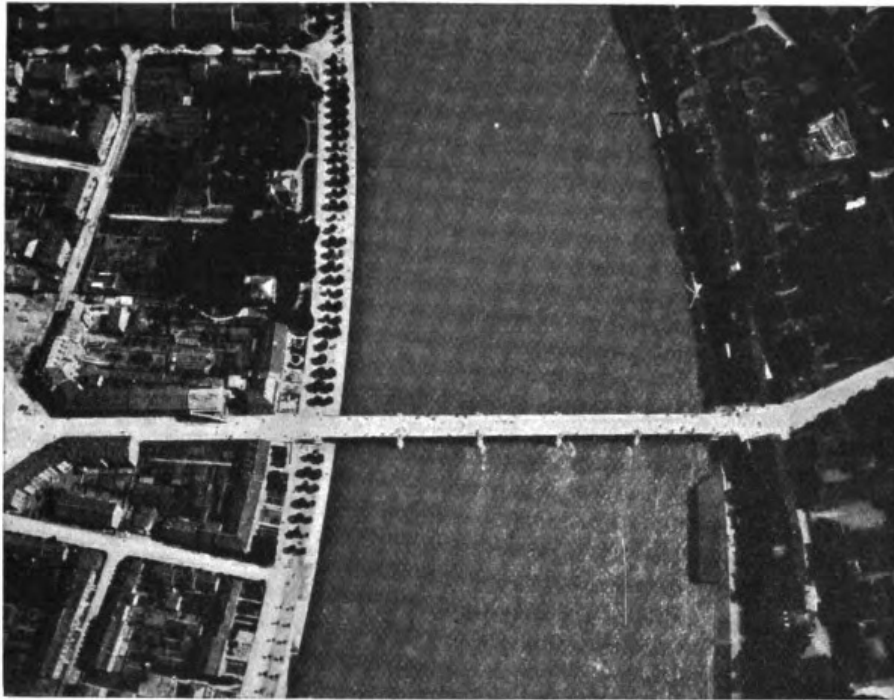
above Vevey. We are looking down on the Placedu Marché, where the spectators look like little ants and the buildings like children's toys. How bright the sun must have been is evident from the shadow cast by each individual and every object. The boats on the lake remind one of nothing so much as the little water skaters which

skim to and fro over the surface of a pond.

No. 3 was taken while the balloon was over Clarens, on the Lake of Geneva, the beautiful village three and a half miles from Vevey, immortalized by Rousseau. The villas and chateaux standing in their own grounds present a curious appearance.

The last picture (No. 4) taken during the Vevey ascent shows the balloon at the finish of the journey in the Valley of the Rhone. Captain Spelterini may be seen standing on





6.—BÂLE—THE JOHANNITER BRIDGE.

the right of the balloon. He wears a peaked cap, and his features are illuminated by a broad smile; so he had evidently effected a safe and satisfactory landing.

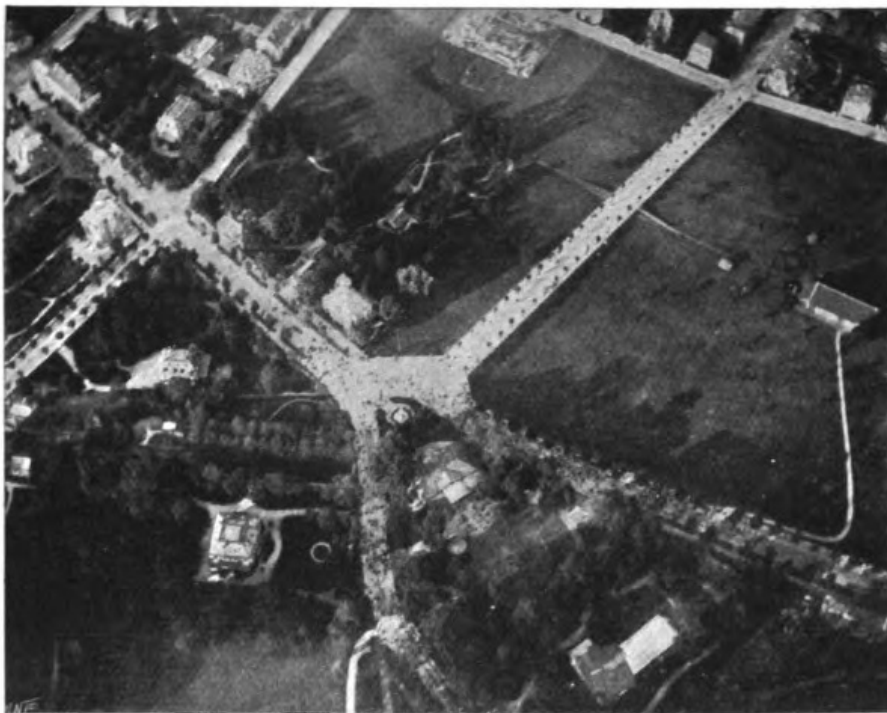
Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8 were all taken at one time or another by Captain Spelterini while ballooning over Bâle, that great Swiss centre, the "Clapham Junction" of Switzerland, so well known to travellers on the Continent. No. 5 is a very pretty picture, and gives a bird's-eye view of the town and the three bridges. In the foreground is the five-arched "Johanniter Brücke," completed in 1882; the centre one is the wooden "Alte Brücke," 165yds. in length, 16yds. in breadth, and partly supported by stone piers; it was originally built in 1225. In

the middle of the bridge rises a chapel of the sixteenth century, and a column with a barometer and weathercock. Above this old bridge the river is crossed by the iron "Wettstein Brücke," completed in 1879 with three spans 200ft. in width. In No. 6 we are looking right down on to the Johanniter Bridge, and on the people walking over it, who look like tiny insects. The swirl of the Rhine around the arches comes out

very prettily; this photograph was taken in brilliant sunshine, and is a very clever example of balloon photography. No. 7 is curious, for the photographer has managed to get a picture showing the shadow of the balloon on the Rhine. The view was



7.—BÂLE—SHADOW OF THE BALLOON ON THE RHINE.



8.—NEAR BÂLE—OVER THE MONUMENT OF ST. JACOB.

taken while over the outskirts of Bâle. No. 8 was taken while the balloon was above the monument of St. Jacob to the south-east of Bâle. This monument, completed in 1872, commemorates the heroism and death

streets. Winterthur lies to the north-east of Zurich. No. 11 was taken by Captain Spelterini while above St. Gall, one of the highest lying of the larger towns of Europe: it is situated a few miles south of Lake

of 1,300 confederates who opposed the Armagnac invaders under the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XI.) in 1444.

No. 9 was taken while the balloon was over Arleshêim, a little hamlet near Bâle: the white roads spreading out in all directions from the village are plainly visible.

No. 10 is Winterthur, on the Eulâch, a wealthy and industrial town and an important railway junction. From this photograph we get an idea of the breadth of the principal



9.—ARLESHÊIM.



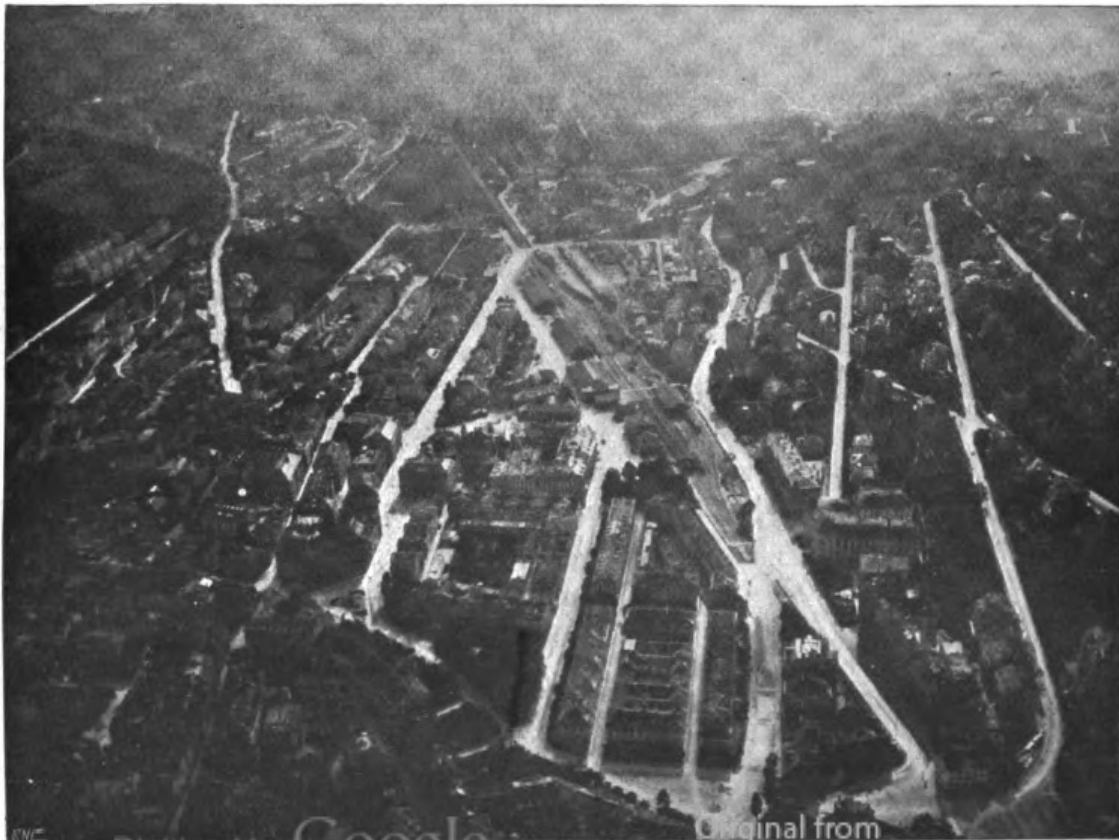
10.—WINTERTHUR.

Constance. St. Gall is one of the chief industrial towns of Switzerland, embroidered cotton goods being its staple product. The broad roads in this photograph look almost

like rivers, and we might imagine we were looking down on a Venice. No. 12 shows the ancient and thriving town of Bienne, on the Lake of Bienne, some thirty miles south of Bâle. The view from Bienne is enhanced in clear weather by the magnificent chain of the Bernese Alps. Nos. 13 and 14 represent Zurich, the beautiful Swiss town which will be well known to most readers. In

No. 14 we get a view of the lake, whose beauty and charm are scarcely equalled by that of any other Swiss lake.

We have already alluded to the fact that



11.—ST. GALL

Original from



12. —BIENNE.

Captain Spelterini takes a keen interest in scientific matters. During his balloon ascents he frequently makes observations with the meteorological and physical instruments which he carries with him, and the results of his investigations in the upper regions of the atmosphere are greatly valued by the Swiss Weather Bureau and the *savants* of Switzerland and Germany.

"Air travels," writes Captain Spelterini, "have excited at all times the greatest interest

among all classes of the population, and do so even to-day, when a balloon trip is no more considered a rare event. The landing of a balloon, whether it takes place in the neighbourhood of a large town or in the open country, is always an interesting occurrence. Young and old come rushing from all sides, and are ready to lend a helping hand in assisting the aeronaut to pack up his balloon. Every day many people express the wish to be able to travel through the



13. —ZURICH.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



14.—ZURICH—SHOWING THE LAKE.

air in a balloon and to obtain a bird's-eye view of the earth; few, however, are able to realize this wish. By photographs, however, it is possible to give an idea to anyone outside who cannot enjoy this sport how the earth looks from a bird's-eye view. It is true that such photographs are comparatively rare and difficult to obtain. The attempt of a well-known Berlin artistic establishment to obtain such photographs of large towns, etc., from balloons for their periodical failed from the beginning.

"The difficulties in taking such photographs are very great; a great deal of practice is required, and many failures will occur before something good is produced. I may mention that the reproduction of such photographs by blocks is defective, and cannot be compared with the picture observed on the negative plate through the lens.

"The endeavour to obtain photographs from balloons is as old as photography itself. It is only recently, however, that pictures of any value have been obtained; it was especially the invention of the dry plates and the improvements in connection therewith which contributed in developing balloon photography.

"In most cases it is only possible to take instantaneous photographs, as even a captive balloon is nearly always in motion. Although

the instantaneous shutter may act with the greatest possible speed, it is important also in instantaneous photography that the apparatus should be as nearly as possible in a state of repose at the moment that the photograph is being taken, namely, during the time of exposure. In consequence the camera is either let into the bottom of the car, or, if one wishes to economize space in the car, fixed to the outside of the latter by means of strong universal joints, which make it possible to focus the camera in all directions. The use of a hand camera is of great advantage to an experienced aeronaut-photographer, as it can be easily moved. The steadier the observer holds the apparatus the better of course the photographs will come out. As regards the camera itself, a firm connection of the board holding the lens with the back part is best. Cameras with bellows in the balloon are too easily damaged. As regards shutters, the Anschütz shutters offer the greatest advantages. With these not only can the time of exposure be best regulated, but they have also this in their favour, that the single portions of the sensitive film of the plate are lighted successively, whereby the shaking of the balloon cannot exercise such a disturbing influence upon the clearness of the photo."

Laura

by
Basil Marrian



I.



It was settling-day on the Melbourne Stock Exchange, in the second week in January, 1894, and at midday old Joe Kinnoms walked with uneven, rapid strides through his outer office and banged to the door of his private room as he entered. Next moment his voice was heard, high and rasping.

"Tims!" he called.

In response, his shorthand clerk, a cadaverous, pale-cheeked youth, approached the door timidly. He returned in a few minutes looking even more bilious than usual.

"The guv'nor's got it 'ot! My word!" he ejaculated, as he propped himself against the desk. "I guess the slump in 'The Lone Star' has 'it 'ini a faicer. He ain't in to anyone, he sez."

The clerks gaped at each other mournfully. Old Joe Kinnoms, with his burly, huge figure, his laughing, red face, staring eyes, and limping leg, had been a friend to all of them.

His luck, till within the last six months, had been a byword of derision throughout Melbourne. Then, suddenly, the tide had turned. His prospecting partner, Alec Johnson, had stumbled on "The Lone Star" reef on the road to Coolgardie, had pegged out the whole claim, and in less than a

month Joe Kinnoms had been fêted a hundred times, had opened a large office in Collins Street, and was in the full tide of that fortune which had so long lured and baulked him. With the statutory dummies to form a company, he and Johnson were sole proprietors of "The Lone Star," and the shares went booming ever up. The Exchange experts had reported on it in glowing terms, and there was hardly a man in Collins Street who did not clap Kinnoms on his back, swear they had ever thought him a good fellow, and craved the pleasure of drinking his health in a bumper—at Joe's expense.

On the strength of "The Lone Star," Joe had plunged. His liabilities were heavy, but they didn't total half the assets of his treasure-trove. Then on the New Year's Day his telegrams to his partner remained unanswered; a whisper got abroad that the reef had suddenly panned out. The rumour was confirmed, and from twenty-seven pounds a ten-pound share "The Lone Star" slumped

to threepence with no buyers, and "old Joe's luck" again became a proverb.

He sat in his sanctum staring blindly at his private ledger. The figures spelt ruin—inevitable, overwhelming. As he thought of his long life-struggle, his late glorious hopes, his one daughter, Laura, a great groan burst from him. As if in sudden mockery of his thoughts the voice of his daughter rose in the outer office.

"Daddy not in to me, Mr. Tims?" she was exclaiming. "I'll watch it! I'll see my daddy when I like, if the governor and his wife were with him!"

Next moment the private door was flung open and the girl rushed in. Just over the threshold she stopped short, her face blanching suddenly at the sight of her father.

About eighteen years of age, erect and springy as an ash sapling, she was a picture warm and lovely enough to light the eyes of the most fastidious of parents. Her face was startling almost in its brilliant fairness, its rose-leaf, crystal complexion, a fairness only enhanced by the scarlet curve of the full lips, the melting, sunny blue of her eyes, and the golden shimmering of the locks that nestled beneath the sailor-hat. She was dressed in a navy blue yachting costume, which suited her admirably, at once setting off in its contrast her blonde loveliness and suggesting the subtle, long curves of the youthful form.

Her pause was only of a second's duration. The next moment she had flung herself into her father's arms, crying, "Daddy, dear old dad, what is the matter?"

Old Joe for the first time in his life repulsed her irritably, looked stupidly round for a moment, then lifting his hands to his head reeled into a chair. The clerks, frightened at the swift purpling of his face, gathered silently at the door.

"Get a doctor, Mr. Tims," said the girl, quietly, as she bent over her father, loosening his collar. "And you boys had better get to your business. Dad won't be too pleased to find you a-gaping there when he does come round."

Then, as her father stirred, she bent over him again, catching his thickly muttered words.

"Too late, Lottie!" he said, using her child-name. "It's the last settling-day. Stick to 'The Lone Star,' girlie. Johnson a rogue, or put away. Reef's there all right. The Lone Star! . . . Lower tunnel . . . Remember!"

He swayed to and fro for a moment, made

a convulsive grasp at his throat, then, with a heavy lurch forwards, slipped through his daughter's arms on to the floor, dead!

It was about six weeks later that the camp at Riniwaloo, some hundred or so miles from Coolgardie, knocking off work at sundown, was gathered about the store canteen of Miles Hardy, watching with a somewhat listless interest the blurred figure of a horseman creeping slowly down the long ridge that led to the camp.

It was as wild a bit of scenery as Australia knows how to afford. Two great rolling, climbing stretches of mountain rising either side of a mournful, still gully, and towering away 3,000ft. up to the northern and southern skies. Far beneath the eternal silence of the gaunt gum trees, rude slabs of rock, cosy nooks of fern. The camp was on the northern side, within half a mile of the now deserted "Lone Star Reef." Having been built there in the first rush, there it stayed, though the miners were all occupied on the fairly rich reef that lay across the gully. About 800 men in all, they included already a banker, a parson, a storekeeping publican, police agents, and the usual riff-raff, scum, and honest workers of a year-old venture.

The sun dipping down in a blaze of shimmering gold over the western purpled road made it difficult to the watchers outside the canteen to get a fair squint at the new-comer. As the golden orb sank lower, however, the long shadows threw the approaching rider into distinct relief, bringing a score of steely eyes into a blind, concentrated gaze of astonishment.

"Bli' me, if it ain't a femayle!" stuttered Jos Leslie, ex-African trooper, at last, breaking the silence.

The exclamation emptied the canteen in a moment.

Comment ran high, and the elastic vocabulary of the camp was taxed to the uttermost to supply adequate ejaculations.

Save so far as memory was concerned, a woman had hitherto been an unknown quantity in Riniwaloo, and many a rough miner anxiously scanned the approaching form with dubious eye. Whose wife was it? Whose girl? And what the merry flames did she want, anyhow?

The reality took their breath away. For as the girl rode up, she reined in her horse in front of the silent and rather embarrassed crowd and regarded it critically. She did not seem in the least disconcerted, and many a one there, noting with swift, evasive glance

the small gloved hands, the perfectly cut habit, the delicate, wind-bronzed face with its glory of heavenly eyes and golden hair, felt strange tuggings at their hearts and lumpy sensations of home in their throats.

Someone in the crowd muttered, "My eyes! Ain't she a corker!" Then there was a swift rustle and the sound of a thud, and three men dragged an unconscious form into the canteen and stowed it carefully under a bench.

The girl had looked on unmoved till the three men returned; then, with a nod and a smile, that somehow brought a smirk to every face there, she said, pleasantly:—

"That's just what daddy would have done. And now, boys, I've come to stay, and as I

to work it, boys, and I want partners. Down there in Melbourne the boys were very good—the creditors, I mean. They let me keep the £2,000 dad gave me before the crash came—that and all the Lone Star shares. Now, I want three working partners. Five pounds a week, and a third share between them. Those are my terms! Now, who's on?"

She stopped, smiling inquiry on the up-turned faces before her. There was not a man there who believed in "The Lone Star"—not one who wanted to touch the dead man's luck. But there was any amount of reef-like chivalry beneath those rugged, tanned exteriors, and as the girl remained glancing from one to another of them, a rustle of sympathy moved the crowd.

Then Jos Leslie stepped out, somewhat, sheepishly for all his six-feet-one. He was a span, clean-shaven, hard-jawed man, with eyes blue and keen as a sword-blade, and no one had ever known him smile either in the mining camp or in the South African troopers, where he had served four years.

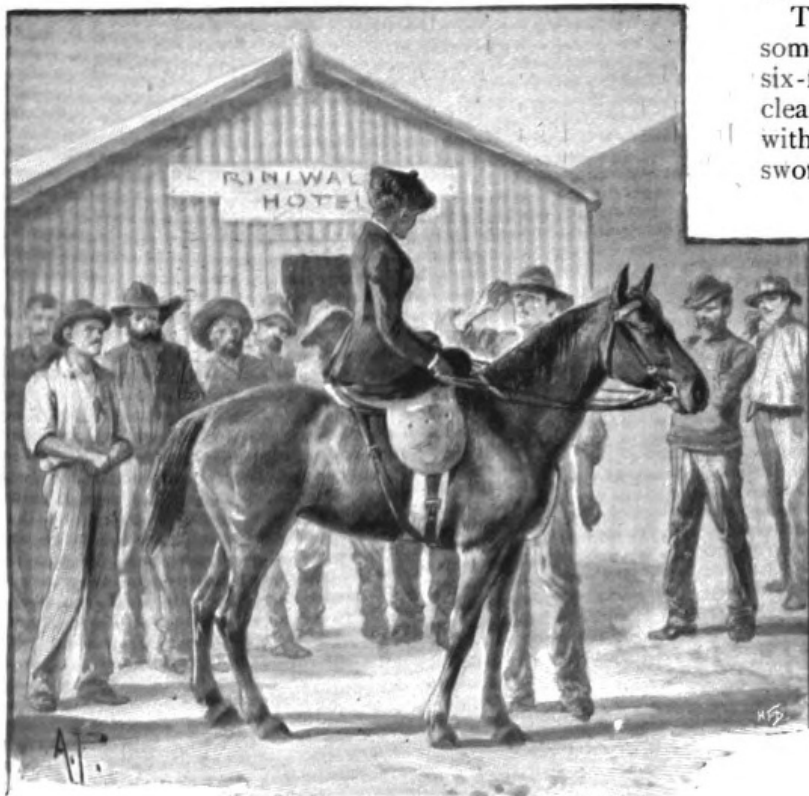
"I'm on, miss! Jos Leslie the boys call me," he said, shortly, "and ye can have my shanty in an hour—till you can suit yourself. I camped with your daddy in New Zealand once afore you was born, and he was a white man, every inch."

"That's all right then!" said the girl, and, slipping from her horse, she walked up to him and took his great hand in her two

little ones and gave him a hearty grip.

Jos's face broke into a smile, so wintry, so fugitive, that it was gone before any but the girl could notice it. Yet its mournful light gave the girl a sense of security and home she had not felt since she looked last on her father's face.

"Then, Jos!" she said again, "you shall be my steward. And as I reckon it's customary in these parts for strangers to pay



"I'VE COME TO STAY."

guess you're all dying to know who I am, I'll just tell you. You all know Joe Kinnoms by name, and how he had 'The Lone Star' there. Well! daddy's dead!"

She paused a moment, and the red mouth quivered bravely, and the blue eyes shone through a mist of tears as she went on:—

"Daddy's dead! and he told me, before the news of the reef panning out killed him, to work 'The Lone Star.' I've come here

their footing, you'll please call for drinks round. Here's my purse."

And in spite of the sudden torrent of expostulations the girl held her own. "No," she called, in her fresh young voice, "I'm one of you now, boys. And if you won't have a drink with me, why Jos'll just have to ask you why."

That settled it, and they baptized the acquaintance in Mike's best. And when Jos Leslie, having installed his senior partner in his shanty, returned to the canteen, he smote the bar with his fist till the dancing glasses secured him attention.

Then his steely eyes roamed round for a while on the silent faces, and his thin, trap-like lips opened, and he remarked, sententiously and in the rhetoric most approved in Riniwaloo:—

"Boys! I'm father to that girl. If any o' you wants to dispute my claim, we'll come right out now. And if any o' you wants to be hangin' round her skirts in the future, you'll do well to remember that Jos Leslie ain't the one to stand any fooling. And now we'll drink to her 'ealth."

II.

LIFE in Riniwaloo for the four months following the arrival of Laura Kinnoms was as new an experience for the miners as for the girl. She did more moral evangelizing in a week than the parson had done in three months. Even the roughest of them, if they sneered behind her back, could not resist to her face the genial cordiality—the unaffected sense of comradeship the girl's demeanour betrayed. The whole camp showed a higher moral level, a sense of self-respect betrayed in the sudden demand for white shirts, soap and razors, and in some cases, in the early days, evidenced by the black eyes and disfigured faces of persistent blasphemers. And as the weeks rolled on, pity lent to rugged chivalry a more tender force. For the "Lone Star" was still barren. Shaft after shaft had been sunk. Every square yard more or less tapped yielded nothing but a promising quartz, whose glistening white and emerald points were as a will-o'-the-wisp luring to madness. Yet the girl never lost hope. In her memory ever rang those strange, blurred words her father had muttered: "Lone Star! Lower tunnel! Remember!" And again, "Johnson a rogue, or put away."

And of Johnson she had never been able to find trace. He had with two others quitted Riniwaloo on New Year's night, and had never since been heard of. The current

opinion of the camp was that he had sold his partner with false information, realized his shares, and cleared out when discovery became inevitable. Likely enough, the girl thought. Yet such a hypothesis did not explain away her father's words, "lower tunnel." It was that lower tunnel she was ever seeking.

Yet the end of four months found her with only £50 left, and still no clue. Her position was verging on the desperate. Between ruin and herself only marriage loomed. Yet in her heart her father's fibre was knitted—a spirit unbreakable, rising ever from disaster to new effort, spurning help—the stern, reckless spirit of the true colonist!

Only Jos Leslie remained her partner now. The other two, despairing, had at the end of two months sought further fields. In old Jos, however, was a strong thread of superstitious belief. To him it seemed that "Joe Kinnom's luck" was bound to turn at his death, and the indomitable confidence of his fair partner inspired him with a boundless belief.

He would have been almost scandalized had he been able to read the girl's mind as she wandered one evening in early July from her shanty up towards the bluff where the camp hung over the gully. For Laura was beginning to despair, and the day's events had accentuated her mood. In all the little community there was but one man who had been able to disturb her calm purpose. The bank manager, Jack Harrison, had from the first fallen in love with the girl's lovely face, bright ways, and plucky, undaunted character. He was a son of a Melbourne lawyer, dark, with a rather stern, dominating face, a fierce, black moustache, but eyes whose black depths grew strangely glowing and tender as his gaze rested on Laura Kinnoms. He had proposed to her with firm regularity once a month since her arrival. And on this particular evening he had gone so far as to plead her own position with her. But the girl, in spite of the insistent clamour at her heart, had been adamant.

"Till 'The Lone Star,'" she said, "pays a 10 per cent. dividend, I'll marry no man."

"But, Laura," he had argued, taking the little hands in his, and gathering comfort from the restful, clinging way they lay there, "with me you will only take another partner, and a bit more capital."

"That's just it, dear!" she had replied. "If it wasn't for the little bit more capital I'd take the partner at once."

And Jack Harrison, for all his persuasive

eloquence, had to rest content with the answer, with its half promise concealed beneath the frankly blushing face and wholly fearless smile.

Yet Laura herself was far from content. The spirit of blue devils had seized her; her footsteps wandered all unconsciously up the cliff goat-track she had descended with the bank manager that day. As the bank came in sight she recollected herself, and with a vivid blush dropped sitting on to a boulder. It was dark enough in all conscience to hide her blushes, and she need not have been afraid. But there was nevertheless the hammering of three little words at her heart that seemed to her to shout their victorious secret to the four winds: "I love him!" That was the simple refrain—old as the hills—as melodious, as stubborn!

She could not hide it from herself. The fact was too exultant, knowing his love. Yet she had tried with all her soul to turn from it, knowing in her loyal young heart that, once she yielded herself to her lover, her father's last trust would soon be surrendered to his business sense of possible gains.

The scene was desolate enough. In front of her right across the great brooding blackness of the gully swam the dim outline of the Riniwaloo Reef range. At the back away on her left the camp clung, a blotch of blackness with grey tents staring out and flickering stars of oil-lamps. Away up on the ridge, hanging right on to the sky-line, was the bank, house and business premises combined, not 50ft. away. It had been built that way for safety, the back running plumb with the sheer descent of the gully, the front facing the irregular line of shanties that formed the "township."

It had been a

dry "wet season," save for a drenching shower the preceding night, but the sky was clouded, blotting out moon and stars, and lending the wild ruggedness around a degree of mournfulness that intensified the lonely silence.

The girl had been sitting some time, her burning face buried in her hands, her thoughts in a feverish riot not even her straight habit of thinking could disentangle, when through her numbed consciousness there crept the sense of a persistent, recurring sound. At first she paid no heed to it. But little by little the "tap," "tap," "tap," bore in on her, drawing her from introspection to an almost unconscious curiosity.

"Tap!" "Tap!" "Skin—k!"

The sound was unmistakable. Her experience of four months' mining was sufficient to indicate its source. Someone was mining a tunnel under her feet—there below the face of the cliff. The strangeness of the proceeding, intensified by the lateness of the hour, suddenly electrified the girl into a state of vivid interest. The boulder on which she was sitting was not 10ft. away from the edge of the shelving cliff. She crept silently

forward, and, lying flat on her face, leant far over, listening. The sound came now quite distinctly. She could hear the tap of hammers, as of men timbering a tunnel. Now and then a hoarse whisper floated up, and now and then, too, a whirr of shale scudded down the smooth rock some 20ft. in front of her.

Her breath came and went fast. Instinctively, she felt she was on the verge of a great discovery, and her father's words raced madly through her brain—"The lower tunnel." Her quick eyes, accustomed to the gloom, noticed that the cliff beneath her was honeycombed with great cracks and strewn with a wiry brushwood. On



"SHE LET HER BODY
SLIP OVER THE EDGE."

the hot impulse of the moment, she writhed round and let her body slip slowly over the edge, clinging fiercely with her small, strong hands to the wisps of win-grass. She had lowered herself about 10ft. when she saw a little to her right a kind of cave hollowed out, through which the shale was ever and again thrown. Resting on a ledge she glanced backward to her left. An added blackness in the face of the cliff showed her almost instantly just such another opening.

With infinite care, her eyes blazing, her lips set firm, she hauled herself from tuft to tuft, her eyes and feet seeking wildly the irregular foothold of the broken cliff, till her bent face looked full into a round hole. For a moment she hesitated, fear of the inside holding her breath suspended. But again the memory of those words, "the lower tunnel," came on her. Inside was a faint flicker of light. But the voices were more blurred, the tapping almost muffled. She set her teeth together and squeezed boldly through the hole, finding herself on hands and knees inside a narrow tunnel. The first things her hands became aware of were that she was kneeling between a pair of rails. "Truck rails, my word!" she murmured, under her breath, as she rose softly to her feet and strove to pierce the darkness in the direction of that flickering light in front.

After a little pause, she collected her energies and courage and advanced tip-toe towards the light. Suddenly her foot struck the metals, the light vanished, and her outstretched hands found the damp cliff. She followed the trend of it, her heart in her mouth, and in a moment, with a swift movement, sank huddled to the ground. For as she rounded the curve, she came into full view of three men. A lantern on the ground threw a coppery, dull glow on to their faces, and in the light she saw as in a flash of lightning the face of her father's quondam partner—Johnson. The recognition staggered her, and her breath came in short catches. It was true then, she thought, after all, and Johnson was a rogue. As she shivered huddled up against the wall, the conversation left no room for doubt.

"We'll never get it finished to-night, skipper," said one of the men.

Alec Johnson turned on him savagely, one hand supporting a large plank, which he was driving against the wall by a long wooden peg.

"Who asked your d——d advice, Jacobs?" he said. "It's a case of *must*. The escort comes to-morrow, and all the bullion goes

down in the afternoon. There's £60,000 in the safe to-night. And get it we must."

"If it hadn't been for that deluge last night," rejoined the other of the three, "we'd be all safe. But I don't see the use, no more than Jacobs, in all this timbering."

"Don't you?" sneered Johnson, fiercely. "You'd look smart, wouldn't you, if when we had the safe in the trolley the sides caved in? Very jolly spree for us all! My colonial! Do you think," he went on, with rising ire, "that I've planned and watched, worked and lived in a blamed cave for six months for this, to have it spoilt in the last moment? When I let old Joe Kinnoms in—not that I ever thought he'd kick the bucket over it—I meant to grab the lot. As you boys know, there's a million of money lying down in the mine below there. Once we've got the bank safe down and blown the tunnel away, who the blazes is to find us? There's sixty thou in that safe, and I guess that's enough to buy out old Joe's chit and run 'The Lone Star' as it ought to be run. So that safe's got to be run to-night. There ain't more than two or three planks between it and the trolley, and by midnight it will be in the lower tunnel. And now you buck to, my boys, or quit."

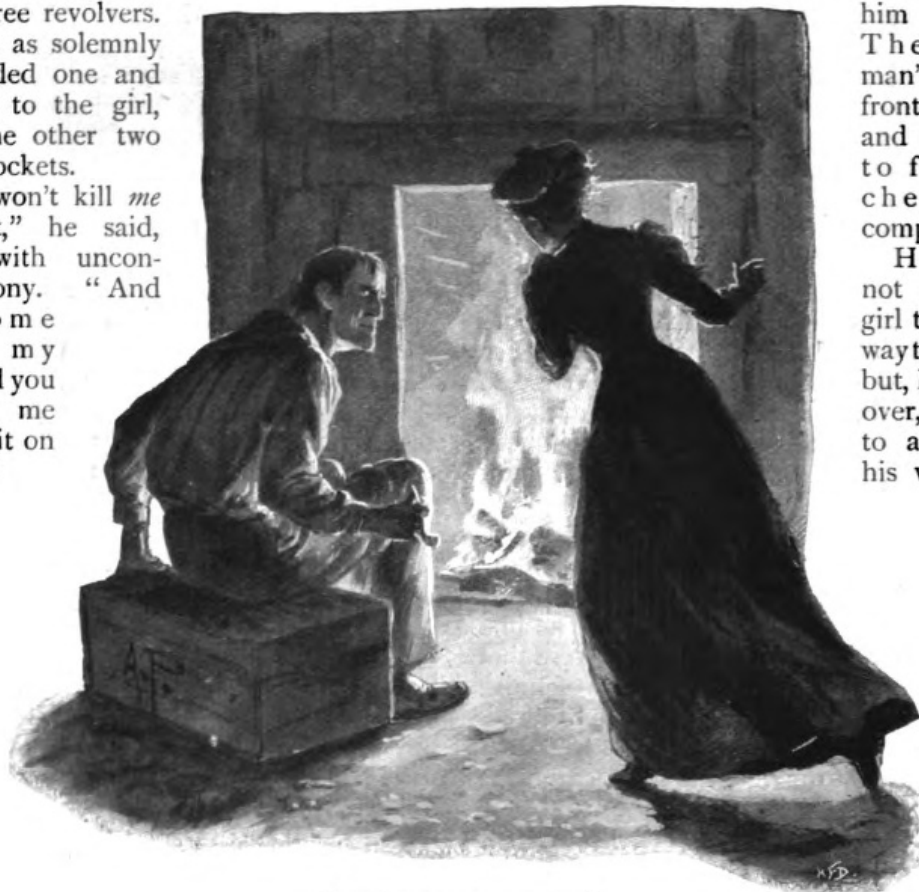
The eyes of the girl lying huddled behind the wet rock would have startled her lover. There was something of the same steel-like glint in them that made Jos Leslie a feared man in camp. Inch by inch she drew herself backward towards the hole by which she had entered. No doubt was in her mind. The fearless spirit of old Joe Kinnoms was on her, and its wealth, too, of resource. Even in the moment of revelation she had formed her plan. No word to the bank manager! She would seek out her partner, Jos! The two of them would trail the gang to the "lower tunnel," would vindicate her father's memory, and hold up the ruffians in the very moment of their success.

As she crawled out of the hole and wriggled up the slope she had no more consciousness of the deadly depths beneath her than a mountain goat. Once on the top she wound her skirts up over her arm and ran, ran like a wallaby, leaping from point to point till she gained Jos Leslie's hut. She gave a gasp of joy to find old Jos, steely-eyed and stolidly inquisitive as to her errand in such haste.

"I've found it, Jos!" she gasped. "The lower tunnel. They're going to hold up the bank, and we are going to hold them up. Don't sit staring there. Put all the revolvers you have in your pocket and come along."

If the girl's eager, flushed face roused Jos's suspicions as to her sanity, a glance into the hard, shining eyes undeceived him. He rose solemnly and loaded three revolvers. Then just as solemnly he unloaded one and handed it to the girl, stuffing the other two into his pockets.

"You won't kill *me* with that," he said, gravely, with unconscious irony. "And now come along, my pretty, and you shall tell me all about it on the road."



"DON'T SIT STARING THERE."

III.

It was a good hour's climb from Jos Leslie's shanty to the spot where Laura had escalated the cliff, and by the time they reached the place, a nasty drizzle had set in, and Jos had been told the full account of what had happened. Laura, gazing at him now and then through the darkness, felt her breath catching between a breath and a sob at the rigid outlines of his face and the grey glowing of his eyes. Jos had loved old Joe Kinnoms as mates in a breast-high stream sometimes learn to love a man compounded of cheerful unselfishness and unvarying pluck. He loved the daughter, too—in a different way, as the wild natures of rock and riot and bush life love the glint of a particular star—in silence rendered very dear and holy by a reverence strange to their lives, a reverence incarnating all the unbidden, haunting, smothered impulses of lives cast in alien ways.

Laura's hopes, her fears, her love, and especially her vengeance—were his. Body and soul he knew no other aim, sought no

other reward than her satisfaction. He had the elemental clearness of the *savage* in his perception of emotions, and the present occasion filled him with joy. There was man's work in front of him, and he meant to fulfil it, cheerfully, completely.

He would not allow the girl to lead the way to the hole, but, leaning far over, swung her to and fro by his wiry arms,

till her feet found footing beneath it. A minute afterwards he had joined her inside the tunnel. The sound of a sudden clang, and a muttered oath, warned them they were only just in time. A few strides brought them to the corner where Laura had sheltered, and, crouching low, they listened to the faint hum and groaning of wheels rapidly approaching.

"Get right behind me, my pretty," said Jos, in a whisper, as the light of a lantern swung to the corner. In each hand he had a revolver, and as the girl crouched behind him she whispered, "Don't shoot! Remember the tunnel."

Jos's head just moved in response. Next moment a trolley, with a lantern swung on front, rolled softly past them, casting a thin, shadowy light down the glistening rails. On the trolley was a huge safe, and sitting on the safe was Alec Johnson, his face flushed and eager, and in his hand the handle of the brake.

"Softly boys," he whispered, turning to

the two men pushing at the back. "Softly does it round the corners. Whoa! Hold her! So!

"Now, Jim," he went on, addressing one of the men, "you go back and fire the mine. Me and Jacobs will take on the trolley and wait for you round the next turn."

The two in the corner, the man and the girl, crouched lower and lower in the shadows. The lamp cast its light away from them, the great safe enveloping all the rearward in black shadow. They could barely distinguish the form of the man "Jim" as he returned slowly, and by the diminishing flicker and sudden disappearance of the light, they knew the trolley had turned the next corner.

"Sit like a mouse, pretty," whispered Jos, as the returning figure approached. Then, before Laura could breathe a word, he had glided away to the corner. Next moment there was a muffled groan, a stumble, and then Jos returned dragging after him the form of a man, one huge hand on his throat, the other on his mouth.

"Quick, miss!" he whispered. "Your hat or scarf, or anything for a gag."

In a moment Laura had unpinned her Tam-o'-Shanter, and as Jos removed his hand, before the man could recover his breath she had crammed the soft woollen thing into his mouth. Within two minutes Jos had him tied hand and foot and knees, tight, incapable.

"Take my advice, sonny," the ex-trooper whispered, as he was about to depart. "Lie still, and we'll collect you for Queen's evidence." Then taking Laura by the hand, the two crept cautiously along, following the feel of the rails by their feet.

For a full half-hour the two strode onwards, ever down by a gentle descent. The place was in densest darkness, and they dared not strike a light. Suddenly, however, the tunnel took a swift turn, and next moment Laura and her partner stood in a subdued flood of light.

The scene before them was an extraordinary one. They were in a small natural cave, and their trained eyes could see at a glance that one of its sides was seamed with a dusky red scar, the hall-mark of reef gold.

In the centre of the cave the trolley stood with the safe still untouched, and the lantern flashing its flickering light on the sullen, wealthy walls. By the side of the trolley the two men, Alec Johnson and Jacobs, were wrestling in deadly combat, each with knife in hand, hard gripped and writhing in the other's clasp. The effect was almost instantaneous, for even as Jos and Laura entered, the two struggling men fell with a crash,



"THE TWO MEN WERE WRESTLING IN DEADLY COMBAT."

Johnson uppermost, Jacobs lying helplessly entangled and strangely still between the wheels, where a thin red pool began to grow.

Johnson's knife was held on high, and he snarled savagely.

"Did you think I'd chuck old Joe to share with such a white-livered——" then he paused, his eyes catching the growing pool of red, his sense numbly conscious of the other's clay-like inertness. He shrank back, hastily rising to his feet, and furtively shoving his knife into his belt. Then with a swift, fearful glance he turned round—and looked straight into the barrels of Jos Leslie's revolvers.

"Hands up, Alec Johnson!" said Jos's

crisp, snarling tones. "No palaver! Hands up!"

Johnson obeyed, mechanically, stupidly, his eyes fixed on the strange apparition at Leslie's side. The girl's face, white, rigid, avenging, her great blazing eyes, the thin scarlet thread of her compressed lips, paralyzed him. He found no room for thought, much less resistance. And as in obedience to Jos's bidding her empty revolver covered him, he suffered himself to be bound to the trolley by Jos's trusty knots.

Jos's task was scarcely completed when a

telephoned the police, at once hitting on the plan of the thieves. They had followed the way of the safe, struck the trolley lines, and arrived as has been shown, all unconscious of the deadly peril that, save for Jos's little bit of garroting, had sent them all on another path.

As the agents took off Johnson and the still unconscious Jacobs, Harrison lingered a moment behind with the girl.

"Won't you say 'yes' even now, Laura?" he begged, as his arm stole around her waist.

Laura looked at him, a roguish smile about her lips and demurely veiled eyes.



"HE SUFFERED HIMSELF TO BE BOUND TO THE TROLLEY."

rush of feet was heard, and next moment the cave was flooded with light and men, conspicuous among whom was Jack Harrison's towering figure and excited face.

"You!" he gasped, falling back at the sight of Laura, as the police agents rushed on Leslie and secured him. "You!"

"Yes, Jack!" she answered, simply. "I struck this trail to-night, and Jos and I followed them."

Explanations were speedily exchanged, and as the police agents heard how the girl and man had held up the gang, their first suspicions changed into hearty congratulations. Nor was their content diminished when they heard of the scheme of the mine. For the bank manager, having been by chance in his office at the moment when the safe had disappeared bodily from his view, had promptly

"Do you think," she answered, pointing to the dull glowing of the reef gold, "do you think it will pay a dividend of 10 per cent.?"

Then with a sudden twist releasing herself, she turned to Jos, standing stiffly by.

"What do you think, dear old Jos? Will it pay 10 per cent.?"

"There's never no knowing," he said, gruffly, "how them kind of dividends run. It may be ten, or fifty, or a hundred, and agen it may be nothing—or wuss. But I guess it might be worth trying."

And if as he walked up the tunnel again there was a strange moisture about his eyes, there was a still stranger smile about his lips, in which no cynicism mingled, and it was in Jack Harrison's hand that Laura's rested as they walked down the mountain path to her "shanty."

A Peep into "Punch."

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.]

PART VI.—1870 TO 1874.



THE LAST 'BUS.—Landlord. "What are yer Goin' to 'ave, Gen'lemen?" Driver (shivering). "Well—Bless'd if I ain't Famished! I should Like—Is there Time for a 'Rabbit'? Who 'ave yer got Inside, Bob?" Conductor (aloud). "Oh, all Respectable, 'Igh-minded, Well-to-Do People! Wouldn't 'ave no Objection, I'm sure!!" [Who could be "disagreeable" after this?]

1.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1870.



HAT a very clever drawing Charles Keene's picture in No. 1 is! Although in this small facsimile the effect is not so good as in the much larger *Punch*-drawing, it is really wonderful to see, even here, how this picture actually tells us of the exact surroundings of this journey by "the last 'bus" into a London suburb. The nip of the night air is felt as one looks at this picture, and the cold darkness ahead of the cheery inn is as real as the attitudes



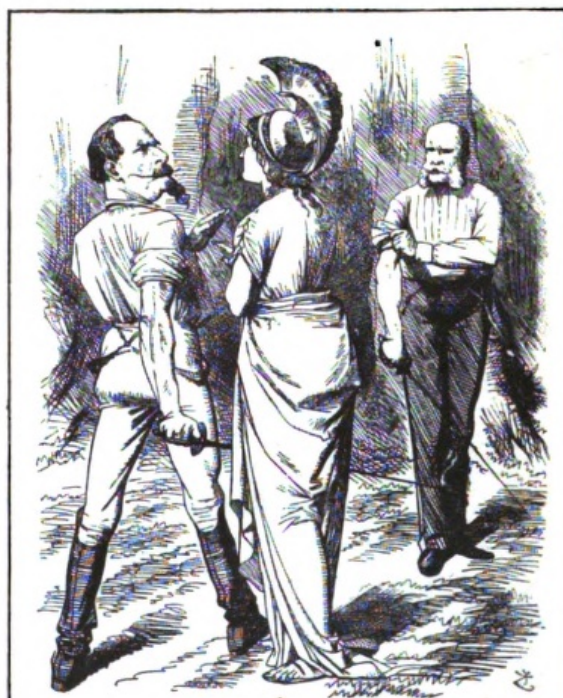
Little Ada. "I wish I'd got Teeth like yours, Aunt Lizzie, it would be so Nice to Take 'em out to Play with!"

2.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1870.

Vol. xvii.—86.

of the passengers huddling together inside the 'bus, on the box-seat of which is a half-frozen grumpy man by the side of the driver, who wants a "Welsh rabbit," while a fat-faced and artful conductor conciliates the *inside* passengers, at any rate, by his emphatic assertion that they are "all Respectable, 'Igh-minded, Well-to-Do People," who "Wouldn't 'ave no Objection, I'm sure," to the delay caused by compliance with the driver's wish to have a "Rabbit."

Look, in No. 2, at the expression on the gentleman's face who is doing a discreet throat-cough on to the top of his hat, as, with eyes cast down, he tries to look uncon-



A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

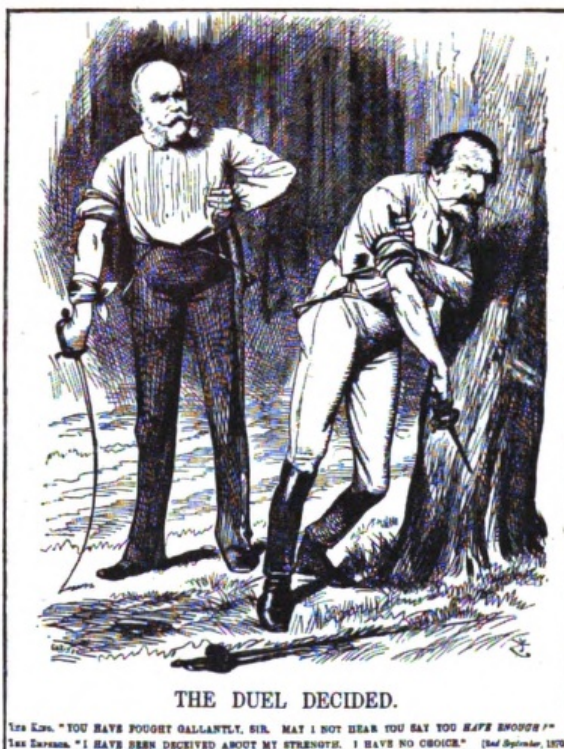
FRANCE "PRAY STAND BACK, MADAM. YOU MEAN WELL, BUT THIS IS AN OLD FAMILY QUARREL. AND WE MUST FIGHT IT OUT!"

3.—BRITANNIA'S ATTEMPT TO PREVENT THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR. BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL, JULY 23, 1870.

scious of the appalling wish just uttered by the sweet child to her Aunt Lizzie, the gentleman's hostess—Charles Keene again—inimitable, is it not?

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Then in Nos. 3 and 4 are two finely-conceived cartoons drawn by Sir John Tenniel, who has never failed to do full justice to a good cartoon-idea, whether the conception come from himself or from the combined forces of the *Punch*-table, at which once a week the forthcoming cartoon is discussed and arranged. These two cartoons touch the Franco-German War of 1870: in No. 3, published July 23, 1870, Britannia tries to prevent the duel between Napoleon III. and the German Emperor William I. (then merely King of Prussia), but the Frenchman puts Britannia back with the words, "Pray stand back, Madam. You mean well, but this is an old family quarrel, and we must *fight it out!*" Napoleon III. simply forced this war on Prussia, upon a frivolous pretext, and by so doing delivered himself and his country into the hands of his enemy—stiff-backed Bismarck must have smiled a grim smile on the other side of the Rhine when, on July 16, 1870, the deluded French



4.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

Emperor declared war against Prussia.

In July, France's shout was "à Berlin! à Berlin!" but so delusory were the French official accounts to Napoleon III. of the might of his battalions, that at once France had to act on the defensive against the sturdy, well-handled Prussians, who tramped, tramped, tramped across into France and drove the Frenchmen back at all points. In less than two months after Tenniel drew No. 3, he was called upon to show in car-



A DEGENERATE DAUGHTER. — *Shuddering Wife of Charlie's bosom.* "Promise me, Charlie, dear, O promise me, that you'll never go and let yourself be Organised into a Soldier! and that if ever the Enemy wants to come and take England, you and I and Maud and Baby will Fly to other Climes, and Let Him!!!"

His Mother-in-Law. "Don't Talk such Unwomanly Nonsense, Matilda! Why, if ever the Foreign Invader dared to set his Foot on British Ground, it would be some Compensation, at least, to me, to know that my Husband was among the very first to Confront the Foe!"

5.—BY DU MAURIER, 1870.



CHRISTMAS OVER THE BORDER. — *Southerner* (forgetting that Christmas Day falls on Sunday this year). "Good morning, Mr. Scarebairn. A Merry Christmas."

The Rev. Mr. S. "E-h, Mon! That's nae a fittin' Ae'jective to pit afore the Sabbath!"

6.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1870.

toon No. 4 (published September 10, 1870) the result of the duel between the two men. The date inserted in the corner of No. 4, "2nd September, 1870," refers to the surrender on that day of the Emperor Napoleon with his army of 100,000 men, at Sedan. We see in this cartoon the beaten Frenchman staggering against the



DESPERATE CASE!—*M. A. (endeavouring to instil Euclid into the mind of Private Pupil going into the Army). "Now, if the Three Sides of this Triangle are all Equal, what will Happen?" Pupil (confidently). "Well, Sir, I should Say the Fourth would be Equal, too!"*

7.—PUBLISHED IN 1871.

tree as he groans out, "I have been deceived about my strength! I have no choice," in reply to the King of Prussia's words, "You have fought gallantly, Sir. May I not hear you say you *have enough?*"

An amusing echo of the then prevalent war-feeling is given by Du Maurier in No. 5. Charles Keene illustrates a good Scots joke in No. 6, and, glancing at No. 7, we see in No. 8 an interesting example of Mr. Linley Sambourne's early style, very different from the Sambourne-drawings of to-day, which have for so long a while



GUNS VERSUS TARGETS.

8.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, 1871.

been one of the best-liked features of *Punch*. This early-Sambourne drawing illustrates the rivalry in 1871 (and more recently than then) between the smashing-force of big guns and the resistive-power of armour-plates. The gun seen here has just



BRUTUM FULMEN [A HARMLESS THUNDERBOLT].—*Old Gentleman. "Now you Children, I'll tell you what it is: if you make any more Noise in Front of my House, I'll Speak to that Policeman." Chorus of Juveniles (much tickled). "That P'liseman! Lor' we ain't Afeerd of 'Im! Why, that's Father!"*

9.—BY DU MAURIER, 1870.

beaten the armour-plated target, and is receiving with a pleased grin the congratulations of the artillery officer who shakes the "hand" of the victorious big gun.

Pictures 9, 10, and 11 bring us to a very funny



"WHILE BREATHING CHANTERS PROUDLY SWELL."—*Score.*

Mr. McSkirliguy (beguiling the time with some cheerful pibrochs on his national instrument.)

10.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1871.

Mr. Southdown (travelling north with his Family by the Night Mail). "Dear, dear, dear! What a Shame they don't Grease the Wheels of these Carriages! I can't get a Wink of Sleep! (Mrs. S. groans in sympathy.) I declare I'll Complain to the Directors."

joke in No. 12, and after the next two, Nos. 13 and 14, we see a powerful cartoon by Tenniel entitled "Suspense." This No. 15, in which Britannia holds her breath in suspense as she gazes at the closed door of a sick room, relates to

the struggle for life of the Prince of Wales when in December, 1871, he was attacked by typhoid fever. At the date of this cartoon, December 23, 1871, the Prince's life was almost despaired of. But the Prince lived, and on March 2, 1872, Tenniel gave us, in *Punch*, another sequel-cartoon, a great double-

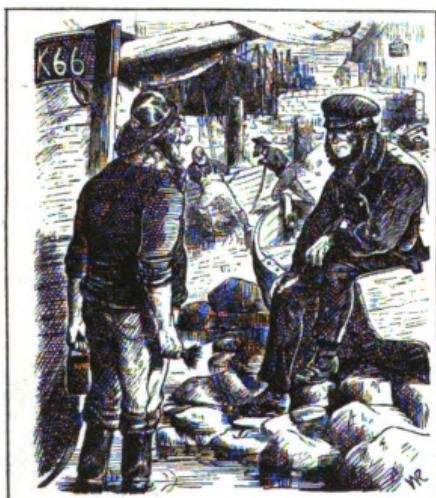


BEHIND THE SCENES (the bachelor friends of Benedick have just taken their departure).—*Benedick* (who has married Money, and still smarts under some of the consequences). "O, I say, Mary Ann, I wish to Goodness you wouldn't Pet me in Public. I don't so much Mind it—when we're Alone, but before a Lot of Fellows, hang it all, you Know!"
Mary Ann (who is up in Mr. Anthony Trollope). "And why not, my Phœbus? Should not a Woman Glory in her Love?"
Benedick. "O, Bother!—"

11.—BY DU MAURIER, 1871.

grin of the beach - minstrel and by his strident "threat"—
"O let me Kiss him for his Mother!" No. 17 is rather funny, and in No. 18 the old gentleman is very cleverly drawn, concerning whom startled Tommy asks his mother: "Does that Old Genkleman bite, Mamma?"

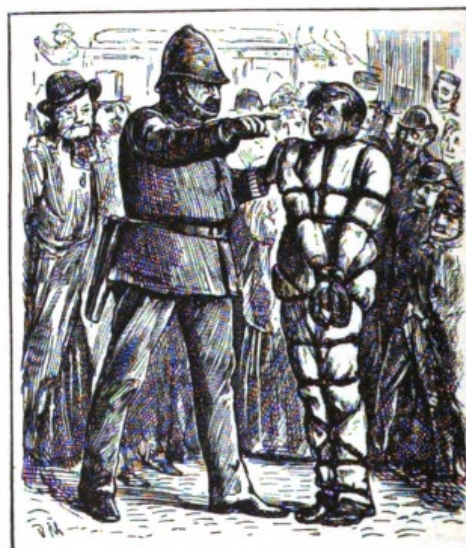
There is a lot



COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.—*Dugald*. "Did ye hear that Sawney McNab was ta'en up for Stealin' a Coo?"

Donald. "Hoot, toot, the Stipit Bodie! Could he no Bocht it an' no Paid for't?"

12.—BY W. RALSTON, 1871.



RATHER INCONSIDERATE!—*Policeman* (suddenly, to Street Performer). "Now, then! just you Move on, will yer?"

13.—BY DU MAURIER, 1871.

page one of happy omen, showing the "Thanksgiving" at St. Paul's Cathedral on February 27, 1872.

Pictures 16, 17, and 18 are all by George Du Maurier. The little boy in No. 16 rushes to his mother terrified by the frightful



A GENERAL SALUTE.—*Captain Dyngwell*, 1st R.V. (sotto voce). "Now, what the Dooce can these Sympton Gals mean by Looking in that ridiculous Manner?"

14.—BY W. RALSTON, 1871.

of good sense, as well as much fine artistry, in Sir John Tenniel's cartoon No. 19—"The Real Cap of Liberty." The British Lion, holding a crown in one hand, with the other knocks a republican cap from the head of an artisan depicted



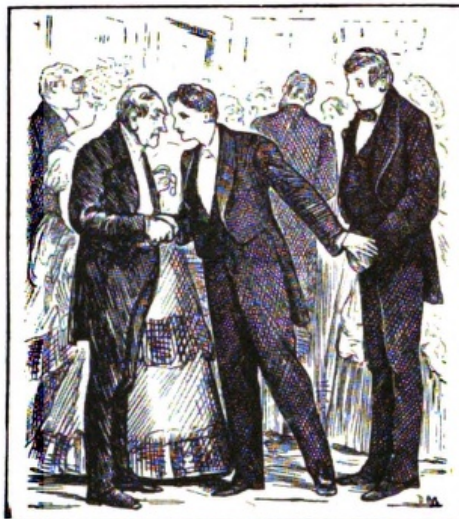
SUSPENSE.

15.—WHEN THE PRINCE OF WALES WAS HOVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH. BY TENNIEL, DECEMBER 23, 1871.

as a donkey, exclaiming: "What can that *cap* promise, that my *crown* doesn't perform? Eh, stoopid?" *Punch* is always so sensible: a bit "robust," sometimes, in his plain words, as, for example, when, a few months ago, he boldly gave vent to the feelings of ninety-nine men out of a hundred, and by his literal expression of public feeling had a dissentient gentleman's umbrella struck through the glass of his famous window at 85, Fleet Street.

You will see in No. 19 that the "donkey" holds a paper in his right hand labelled, "Great ***** [H]ole in the Wall." Being not quite clear as to the meaning of this paper, I asked

Sir John Tenniel to explain this point, which only the lapse of years has rendered indistinct. Sir John wrote: "I fancy that the paper in the ass's hand merely indicates a 'great' meeting to be held at 'The Hole



A VALUABLE ACQUISITION.—*Dutiful Nephew*. "O, Uncle, I thought you wouldn't Mind my bringing my friend Grigg from our Office. He ain't much to Look at, and he can't Dance, and he don't Talk, and he won't Play Cards—but he's *such* a Mimic!! To-Morrow he'll Imitate you and Aunt Betsy in a way that'll make all the Fellows Roar!!!"

17.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.

in the Wall,' a low typical public-house, frequented by a particular class of 'republican' agitators."



ZOOLOGICAL.—*Little Tommy Trout* (who has never seen a *Respirator* before). "Does that Old Genkleman Bite, Mamma?"

18.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.



A VOICE FROM THE SEA.—"O let me Kiss him for his Mother!"

16.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.

These words by Sir John explain the paper in the ass's hand, and the general *motif* of the cartoon is, of course, a thoroughly sensible statement, based on the silly repub-

lican fads which from time to time crop up, even in this country.

The drawing of this cartoon is very fine.

The bit of social satire in No. 20 is by Du Maurier, and he also drew No. 21, where the little girl, who has for the first time discovered that even a kitten's paws are not always the velvet they seem to be, exclaims, in some dismay, "O dear me! Has Tittens dot Pins in their Toes, I vunder!"

The cartoon in No. 22 is very pithy. Mr.



BARTON LEE. "WHAT CAN THAT CAP PROMISE, THAT MY CROWN DOESN'T PERFORM? EH, STOOPID?"

19.—BY TENNIEL, 1871.

pipe "loaded" to the tune of £200,000,000 damages said to have been caused to the interests of the Northern States of America during the war in 1863-65 with the Southern States by our action in letting the war-ship *Alabama* and other Southern cruisers leave British dock-yards and ports to inflict damage upon the shipping, etc., of the Northerners. But Wil-yum-ew-art doesn't see it: he won't take that Peace-pipe: he says, indeed, "That is no Peace-pipe! Thy Cousin cannot smoke *that*!"

And then Roo-ti-tooit (*Punch* on the right) chips in with the suggestion: "Hath not our Cousin, 'The Downy Bird,' been at the fire-water of the Pale Faces?"

This claim for £200,000,000 was



CEREMONY.—"Well, good-bye, dear Mrs. Jones. I hope you will Excuse my not having Called—the Distance, you know! Perhaps you will kindly take this as a *Visit*!"

"O, certainly! And perhaps *you* will kindly take this as a *Visit Returned*!!"

20.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.

Punch, Mr. Gladstone, and Cousin Jonathan squat, as North American Indians, round a fire, and they are trying to smoke the Pipe of Peace, and so to arrange the dispute between us and the United States that years ago dragged on over the *Alabama* claims for compensation made upon us by the United States.

But Jo-na-than (*The Downy Bird*) is offering to Wil-yum-ew-art (*The Cheerful Rock*) a Peace-



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.—"O dear me! Has Tittens dot Pins in their Toes, I vunder!"

21.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.



SMOKING THE "CALUMET."—Jo-na-than (*The Downy Bird*). "Come, my Cousin! Let us smoke the Peace-pipe!" Wil-yum-ew-art (*The Cheerful Rock*). "That is no Peace-pipe! Thy Cousin cannot smoke that!" Roo-ti-tooit (*The Wise Buffalo*). "Hath not our Cousin 'The Downy Bird' been at the fire-water of the Pale Faces?" 22.—A REFERENCE TO THE EXORBITANT "ALABAMA" CLAIMS; BY TENNIEL, 1872.

of course utterly preposterous, and passing the *Punch* pictures Nos. 23, 24, 25, and 26, we see in No. 27 a very pleasing cartoon by



GENTLE PATERNAL SATIRE.—*Irate Parent*. "O! Yer don't want to go into Business, don't yer! O! Yer want to be a Clerk in the Post-Horifice, do yer! Post-Horifice, indeed! Why, all *you're* fit for is to Stand Outside with your Tongue hout, for People to Wet their Stamps against!" 23.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.

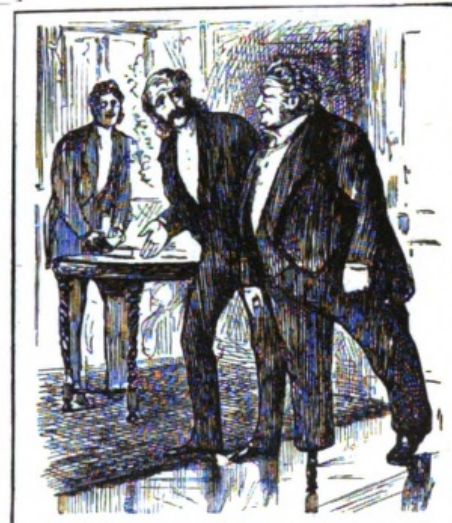
Tenniel, entitled "The Loving Cup," with the words: *In this we bury all unkindness!*

This cartoon relates to the settlement of the *Alabama* claims for the relatively small amount of £3,100,000, the figures written round the edge of the cup which John Bull is very genially handing to the charming female representa-

tive of the United States, whence have come to these islands during the years which now separate us from the year of this cartoon, 1872, so many other charming female representatives of the United States, to make their homes with us.

Nos. 28 and 29 give us a Scotch and an Irish joke drawn by Keene; No. 30 is one of Du Maurier's "socials," and No. 31 is an amusing English joke by Keene.

The *Punch*-period at which we are now peeping—the years 1870–1874—is rich in cartoons of much



"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."—*Host (really in agony about his polished inlaid floor)*. "Hadh't you better come on the Carpet, Old Fellow? I'm so afraid you might Slip, you know." *Guest*. "O, it's all right, Old Fellow—Thanks! There's a Nail at the End, you know!" 24.—PUBLISHED IN 1873.

interest, a few of which I am able to show here, while many others must be omitted.



A WARNING TO ENAMoured CURATES.—*Young Lady*. "And so Adam was very Happy! Now, can you Tell me what great Sorrow fell on him?" *Scholar*. "Please, Miss, he got a Wife!" 25.—BY DU MAURIER, 1872.

But there is one cartoon which must be mentioned on account of its unique interest, although I have no space to show it.

On July 29, 1871, *Punch* published a cartoon by Tenniel entitled "Ajax Defying the Lightning," which relates to a remarkable instance of the Royal Warrant being made use of, at Mr. Gladstone's instigation, to checkmate the House of Lords upon an important measure abolishing the purchase of commissions in the Army. In the cartoon, Gladstone is depicted as Ajax who grasps in his hand a roll labelled "No Purchase," and defies the forked lightning issuing from a



"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."—"What is the Matter, De Mowbray? You seem Sad and Depressed!"

"How can I Help it, my dear Fellow? It's the Anniversary of a sad Event in our Family. Young Aubrey de Mowbray (a Younger Son, but a true De Mowbray) fell this Day, by the Hand of a low-born Saxon, at the Battle of Hastings!" [*De Mowbray weeps.*] 26.—BY DU MAURIER, 1873.

group of angry Lords, as he supports himself on a great rock labelled "Royal Warrant." The explanation of this famous departure from usual Parliamentary procedure is as follows:—

Gladstone on his accession to power in 1868 resolved to include in his list of reforms the abolition of the purchase of commissions in the Army, a system which prior to that date had been pronounced injurious by various Liberal politicians. On July 3, 1871, the Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons, and then the Conservative peers in the Lords determined to oppose the scheme of abolition—and they of course had a majority in the Lords.

Suddenly, and while the Lords were preparing to upset the Bill, Gladstone announced that as the system of purchasing commissions



27.—THE SETTLEMENT OF THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS WITH THE UNITED STATES. BY TENNIEL, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

in the Army was the creation of Royal regulation, he had advised the Queen to cancel the Royal Warrant which made purchase of commissions legal! This smart move by Gladstone was carried into effect, and the Lords were completely sold.

But smart and successful as was this move of Gladstone's, Mr. Justin McCarthy, who has a long account of this measure in his "History," records that "the hearts of many sincere Liberals sank within them as they



LIKES HIS MONEY'S WORTH.—*English Passenger (by the Night Mail North).* "Confounded Tedious Journey, this!" *Scotch Passenger.* "Tejious! Sae it ought to be! (*With a Groan.*) Two Pun' Twelve and Sixpence, Second-Class—Maunstr's!!" 28.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1872.



"RELAPSE."—*Squire*. "Why, Pat, what are you doing, Standing by the Wall of the Public-House? I thought you were a Teetotaler!"
Pat. "Yes, yer Honnor. I'm just listenin' to them Impenitent Boys Drinking inside!"
 29.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1873.

heard the announcement of the triumph."

The dodge of using the Royal Prerogative to help the Ministry out of a hole was considered even by some of Gladstone's own adherents to be an unwise step, for as the poor, baffled Lords themselves stated in their resolution passing the unwelcome Bill, the Government had succeeded

"by the exercise of the prerogative and without the aid of Parliament"—a risky thing for any Ministry to do, thus in serious legislation to put the Royal Prerogative above the procedure of Parliament.

Thus, the important measure abolishing the purchase of commissions in the Army was obtained by the exercise of the Royal Prerogative, not by ordinary Parliamentary procedure; and, strangely enough, this abnormal course was taken by a Liberal Premier, who, moreover, was not a special favourite of the Lady who held—and holds—the Royal Prerogative.

Picture 32 is by Charles Keene. How wonderfully true is the facial expression of the "Contemplative Villager" who, as he leans on the

Vol. xvii.—87.



AN EXTINGUISHER.—*Forward and Loquacious Youth*. "By Jove, you know, upon my Word, now—if I were to See a Ghost, you know, I should be a Chattering Idiot for the Rest of my Life!"
Ingenuous Maiden (dreamily). "Have you Seen a Ghost?"
 30.—BY DU MAURIER, 1873.

wooden paling, slowly turns his head towards the Rector with the reply to the Rector's praise of his fine pig: "Ah, yes, Sir, if we was only, all of us, as Fit to Die as him, Sir!"

The cartoon by Tenniel in No. 33, a delightful piece of drawing, represents Germany carrying off from France the war indemnity of £200,000,000. The verses which, in *Punch*, accompany this cartoon are headed:—

VERDUN EVACUATED.

Invaders' tread is off thy soil, fair France.

Thou, scowling with just hate, behold'st them go,

Indignant at unmerited mischance,

Which brought on thee unutterable woe.

Etc., etc., etc.

Now she retires,
and leaves thee
to repair

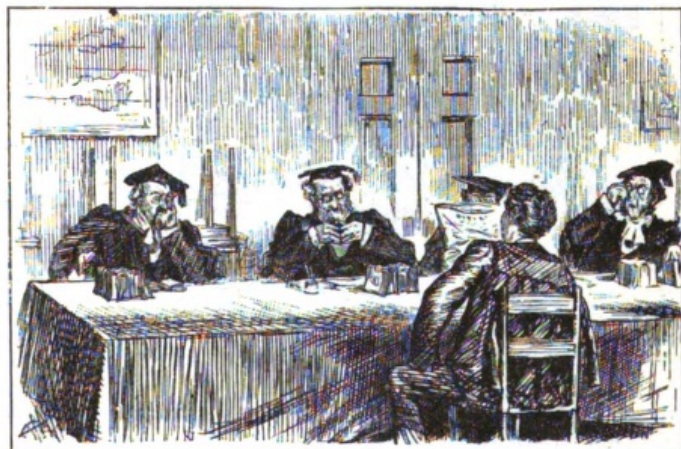
Thy ruins, and
thy shattered
strength re-
store;

To brood upon re-
venge: or to
beware

Thy neighbours
of assailing
any more.

Verdun, a town of France, is also a first-class fortress, one of those forts which the Germans occupied with their

troops after the end of the war as security for the payment of the big indemnity which,



"HOIST WITH THEIR OWN PETARD."—*Stern Examiner*. "For Instance, Sir, I should like to hear a Text from you."
Cheeky Commoner. "Well, fact is I haven't loaded my Memory with Texts. But in the Apocrypha (*sic*) there's mention that 'round about were four great Beasts'—"
 31.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1873.



A RUSTIC MORALIST.—*Rector (going his Rounds).* "An uncommonly fine Pig, Mr. Dibbles, I declare!"
Contemplative Villager. "Ah, yes, Sir, if we was only, all of us, as Fit to Die as him, Sir!!"
 32.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1873.

in our cartoon, Germany is carrying away in a bag, and which France got together in a marvellously short time.

I have italicized the concluding words of the verse just quoted: friendly as we were to



"AU REVOIR!"
 GERMANY: "FAREWELL, MADAME, AND IF—"
 FRANCE: "HA! WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!"
 33.—THE PAYMENT TO GERMANY BY FRANCE OF THE WAR INDEMNITY OF £200,000,000. BY TENNIEL, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

France when she was getting the worse of the fight, we yet did not lose sight of the fact that it was France who sought the war, not Germany. How significant these italicized words of the year 1873 read to us of the present day! Will the internal troubles of

France, which were largely responsible for that rash war, cause *Punch* in the twentieth century to repeat those words so pregnant of meaning to France—*Beware thy neighbours of assailing any more?*

Pictures 34, 35, and 36 are by Du Maurier, and No. 37 is by Charles Keene. The cunning artist, who here shows to us a portly old

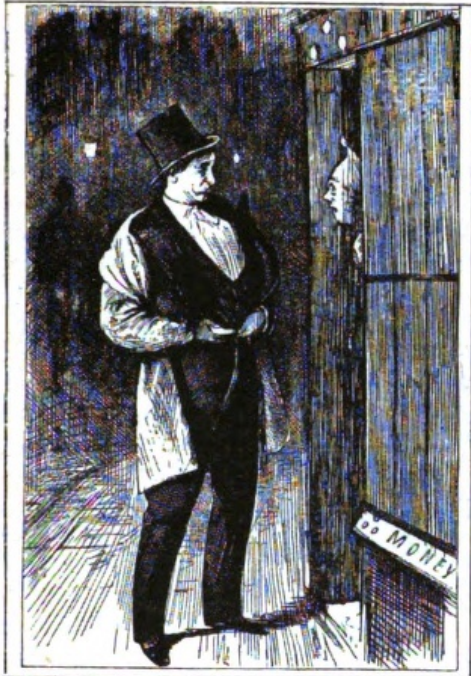


A TEMPTING INDUCEMENT.—*Cheerful Agent for Life Assurance Company.* "The Advantage of our Company is, that you do not Forfeit your Policy either by being Hanged or by committing Suicide! Pray take a Prospectus!"
 34.—BY DU MAURIER, 1874.

gentleman struck with wonderment at the idea that he was originally a "Primordial Atomic Globule," has deftly suggested by the shape and the development of the old



THE LINE MUST BE DRAWN SOMEWHERE!—*My Lady.* "And why did you Leave your last Situation?"
Sensitive Being. "Well, my Lady, I 'adn't been in the 'Ouse 'ardly a Month when I hascertained as the Ladies of the Family 'ad never even been Presented at Court!"
 35.—BY DU MAURIER, 1873.



VINOUS LOGIC.—*Respectable Pawnbroker* (roused from his Slumbers at 3 a.m. by repeated Knockings at his Door). "Well! What is it?"

Ebriosus. "Whatsh the Time?"

Respectable Pawnbroker. "What! Do you mean to Say you've got me out of Bed at this Time o' Night to ask me such a Fool's Question as that?—Police! Police!!"

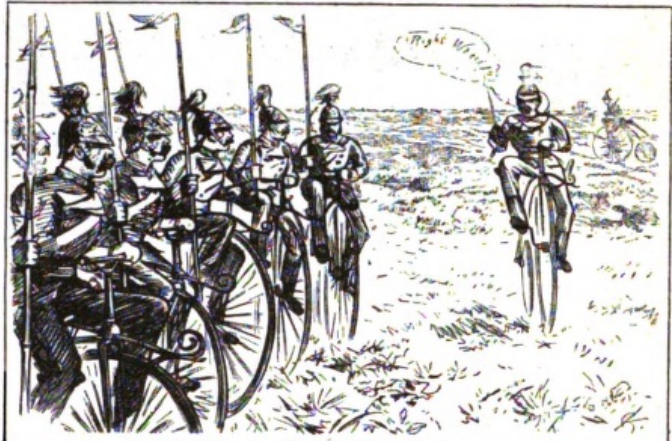
Ebriosus. "Well, hang it, Governor—(hic!)—you've got my Watch!"

36.—BY DU MAURIER, 1874.

gentleman's tummy that he has indeed evolved from a globular ancestry, atomic or otherwise—probably otherwise.

In No. 38 Keene playfully suggests a bicycle corps for the army, little thinking when, in 1874, he drew this picture, that in less than twenty years his idea would become actual fact.

Du Maurier satirizes in No. 39 the æsthetic craze of twenty-five years ago. Absurd as was this craze, yet when its extravagances had died away, the movement did useful work in bringing to our persons, homes, and furniture a condition of rational æstheticism that had been wanting for too long. Moreover, even if the æsthetic craze did nothing else, we have to thank it for one of the most delightful of the Savoy operas.



MORE ECONOMY.—A hint to "Gover'ment." A cheap remount for Light Dragoons!

38.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1874.

The excellent joke in No. 40 would not appeal to us if we had phonetic spelling, for the point of it is in the different spelling of two same-sounding words—*Law* and *Lor*—a trivial difference in spelling which gives great point to this very clever drawing by Keene.

In the last year of this Punch-period, 1874, was published on February 14 a Tenniel cartoon entitled "Degenerate Days." This cartoon relates to a very famous reform



"MATTER!"—*Portly Old Swell* (on reading Professor Tyndall's Speech). "Dear me! Is it poss'ble! Most 'xtr'ord'nary!—(throws down the Review)—that I should have been originally a 'Primordial Atomic Globule'!!"

37.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1874.



THE PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.—*Husband*. "I think you might let me Nurse that Teapot a little now, Margery! You've had it to yourself all the *Morning*, you know!"

39.—BY DU MAURIER, 1874.

carried by Gladstone in 1872—The Vote by Ballot at Parliamentary Elections. In the cartoon (not included here) an enraged publican says to a bleary "Free and Independent Voter" who is in his bar — "Call this a General Election? Why, it's all over in about a fortnight, and —".... "And not a fi-pun-note among 'em," adds the half-drunk voter.

This general election early in 1874 was the first to take place under the new Vote-by-Ballot Act, previously carried by Gladstone, who in January, 1874, suddenly decided to dissolve Parliament, and to seek for a restoration of the waning Liberal power in the Commons.

"Mr. Gladstone had surprised the constituencies," writes Mr. Justin McCarthy.

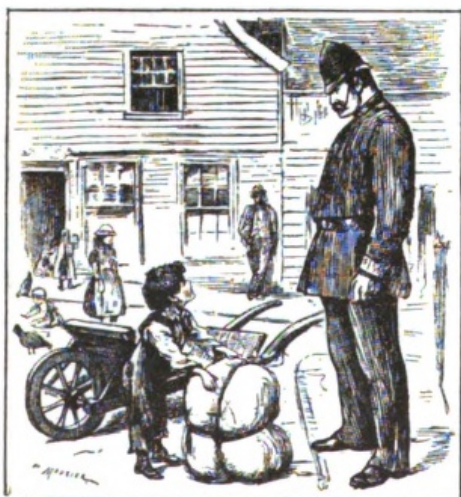
pletely the balance of power. In a few days the Liberal majority was gone."

In connection with the cartoon just alluded to, I lately came across a curious example of the extraordinary ignorance of French people about us and our ways. In January, 1899, a Parisian newspaper, *Le Patriote*, said: "In England, where the vote is frankly put up to auction, the voter receives a certain sum from the pocket of the candidate, goes and drinks it, and there's an end of the matter; but in France——," etc., etc.

This extraordinary statement was written in January of this year, mind you, not prior to the "Degenerate Days" of the *Punch* cartoon where the voter by ballot is saying: "And not a fi-pun-note among 'em."



MADDENING.—*Husband*. "If, as I said before, Matilda, you still cherished that Feeling of Affection for me which you once Professed, my Wish would be Law to you. I repeat it, Matilda—Law!"
Matilda. "Lor'!"
40.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1874.



A BARGAIN.—"I say, Bobby, just give us a Shove with this 'ere Parcel on to this 'ere Truck, and next Time yer Runs me in, I'll go Quiet!"
41.—BY DU MAURIER, 1874.

"We do not know whether the constituencies surprised Mr. Gladstone. They certainly surprised most persons, including themselves. The result of the election was to upset com-



THE PROVINCIAL DRAMA.—*The Marquis (in the Play)*. "Aven't I give yer the Edgication of a Gen'leman?"
Lord Adolphus (Spendthrift Heir). "You 'ave!!"
42.—PUBLISHED IN 1874.

Pictures 41 and 42 end the series of peeps, for the years 1870–1874, into ten volumes of *Punch*, which are perhaps the most interesting we have yet looked at.

(To be continued.)

Hilda Wade.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

IV.—THE EPISODE OF THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT COMMIT SUICIDE.



AFTER my poor friend Le Geyt had murdered his wife, in a sudden access of uncontrollable anger, under the deepest provocation, the police naturally began to inquire for him. It is a way they have: the police are no respecters of persons; neither do they pry into the question of motives. They are but poor casuists. A murder is for them a murder, and a murderer a murderer: it is not their habit to divide and distinguish between case and case with Hilda Wade's analytical accuracy.

As soon as my duties at St. Nathaniel's permitted me, on the evening of the discovery, I rushed round to Mrs. Mallet's, Le Geyt's sister. I had been detained at the hospital for some hours, however, watching a critical case: and by the time I reached Great Stanhope Street I found Hilda Wade, in her nurse's dress, there before me. Sebastian, it seemed, had given her leave out for the evening: she was a supernumerary nurse, attached to his own observation-cots as special attendant for scientific purposes, and she could generally get an hour or so whenever she required it.

Mrs. Mallet had been in the breakfast-room with Hilda before I arrived: but as I reached the house she rushed upstairs to wash her red eyes and compose herself a

little before the strain of meeting me: so I had the opportunity for a few words alone first with my prophetic companion.

"You said just now at Nathaniel's," I burst out, "that Le Geyt would not be hanged: he would commit suicide. What did you mean by that? What reason had you for thinking so?"

Hilda Wade sank into a chair by the open window, pulled a flower abstractedly from the vase at her side, and began picking it to pieces, floret after floret, with twitching fingers. She was deeply moved. "Well, consider his family history," she burst out at last, looking up at me with her large brown eyes as she reached the last petal. "Heredity counts. . . . And after such a disaster!"

She said "disaster," not "crime": I noted mentally the reservation implied in the word.

"Heredity counts," I answered. "Oh, yes. It counts much. But what about Le Geyt's family history?" I could not recall any instance of suicide among his forebears.

"Well—his mother's father was General Faskally, you know," she replied, after a pause, in her strange, oblique manner. "Mr. Le Geyt is General Faskally's eldest grandson."

"Exactly," I broke in, with a man's desire for solid fact in place of vague intuition. "But I fail to see quite what that has to do with it."

"The General was killed in India during the Mutiny."

"I remember, of course—killed, bravely fighting."



"KILLED, BRAVELY FIGHTING."

"Yes ; but it was on a forlorn hope, for which he volunteered, and in the course of which he is said to have walked straight into an almost obvious ambushade of the enemy's."

"Now, my dear Miss Wade"—I always dropped the title of "Nurse" by request, when once we were well clear of Nathaniel's—"I have every confidence, you are aware, in your memory and your insight ; but I do confess I fail to see what bearing this incident can have on poor Hugo's chances of being hanged or committing suicide."

She picked a second flower, and once more pulled out petal after petal. As she reached the last again, she answered, slowly, "You must have forgotten the circumstances. It was no mere accident. General Faskally had made a serious strategical blunder at Jhansi. He had sacrificed the lives of his subordinates needlessly. He could not bear to face the survivors. In the course of the retreat, he volunteered to go on this forlorn hope, which might equally well have been led by an officer of lower rank : and he was permitted to do so by Sir Colin in command, as a means of retrieving his lost military character. He carried his point : but he carried it recklessly : taking care to be shot through the heart himself in the first onslaught. That was virtual suicide—honourable suicide to avoid disgrace, at a moment of supreme remorse and horror."

"You are right," I admitted, after a minute's consideration. "I see it now—though I should never have thought of it."

"That is the use of being a woman," she answered.

I waited a second once more, and mused. "Still, that is only one doubtful case," I objected.

"There was another, you must remember : his uncle Alfred."

"Alfred Le Geyt?"

"No ; *he* died in his bed, quietly. Alfred Faskally."

"What a memory you have!" I cried, astonished. "Why, that was before our time—in the days of the Chartist riots!"

She smiled a certain curious sibylline smile of hers. Her earnest face looked prettier than ever. "I told you I could remember many things that happened before I was born," she answered. "*This* is one of them."

"You remember it directly?"

"How impossible ! Have I not often explained to you that I am no diviner ? I read no book of fate : I call no spirits from the vasty deep. I simply remember with

exceptional clearness what I read and hear. And I have many times heard the story about Alfred Faskally."

"So have I—but, I forget it."

"Unfortunately, I *can't* forget. That is a sort of disease with me. . . . He was a special constable in the Chartist riots : and being a very strong and powerful man, like his nephew Hugo, he used his truncheon—his special constable's *bâton* or whatever you call it—with excessive force upon a starveling London tailor in the mob near Charing Cross. The man was hit on the forehead—badly hit, so that he died almost immediately of concussion of the brain. A woman rushed out of the crowd, at once, seized the dying man, laid his head on her lap, and shrieked out in a wildly despairing voice that he was her husband and the father of thirteen children. Alfred Faskally, who never meant to kill the man, or even to hurt him, but who was laying about him roundly without realizing the terrific force of his blows, was so horrified at what he had done when he heard the woman's cry, that he rushed off straight to Waterloo Bridge in an agony of remorse and—flung himself over. He was drowned instantly."

"I recall the story now," I answered : "but, do you know, as it was told me, I think they said the mob *threw* Faskally over in their desire for vengeance."

"That is the official account, as told by the Le Geyts and the Faskallys : they like to have it believed their kinsman was murdered, not that he committed suicide. But my grandfather"—I started : during the twelve months that I had been brought into daily relations with Hilda Wade that was the first time I had heard her mention any member of her own family, except once her mother—"my grandfather, who knew him well, and who was present in the crowd at the time, assured me many times that Alfred Faskally really jumped over of his own accord, *not* pursued by the mob, and that his last horrified words as he leaped were, 'I never meant it ! I never meant it !' However, the family have always had luck in their suicides. The jury believed the throwing-over story, and found a verdict of 'wilful murder' against some person or persons unknown."

"Luck in their suicides ! What a curious phrase ! And you say, *always*. Were there other cases, then ?"

"Constructively, yes : one of the Le Geyts, you must recollect, went down with his ship (just like his uncle, the General, in India)

when he might have quitted her: it is believed he had given a mistaken order. You remember, of course, he was navigating lieutenant. Another, Marcus, was *said* to have shot himself by accident while cleaning his gun—after a quarrel with his wife. But you have heard all about it. ‘The wrong was on my side,’ he moaned, you know, when they picked him up, dying, in the gun-room. And one of the Faskally girls, his cousins, of whom his wife was jealous—that beautiful Linda—became a Catholic and went into a convent at once on Marcus’s death: which, after all, in such cases, is merely a religious and moral way of committing suicide—I mean, for a woman who takes the veil just to cut herself off from the world, and who has no vocation, as I hear she had not.”

She filled me with amazement. “That is true,” I exclaimed, “when one comes to think of it. It shows the same temperament in fibre But, I should never have thought of it.”

“No? Well, I believe it is true for all that. In every case, one sees they choose much the same way of meeting a reverse, a blunder, an unpremeditated crime. The brave way is, to go through with it, and face the music, letting what will come: the cowardly way is, to hide one’s head incontinently in a river, a noose, or a convent cell.”

“Le Geyt is not a coward,” I interposed, with warmth.

“No, not a coward—a manly-spirited, great-hearted gentleman—but still, not quite of the bravest type. He lacks one element.

The Le Geyts have physical courage—enough and to spare—but their moral courage fails them at a pinch. They rush into suicide or its equivalent at critical moments, out of pure boyish impulsiveness.”

A few minutes later Mrs. Mallet came in. She was not broken down—on the contrary, she was calm—stoically, tragically, pitifully calm, with that ghastly calmness which is more terrible by far than the most demonstrative grief. Her face, though deadly white, did not move a muscle. Not a tear was in her eyes. Even her bloodless hands hardly twitched at the folds of her hastily-assumed black gown. She clenched them after a minute, when she had grasped mine silently: I could see that the nails dug deep into the palms in her painful resolve to keep herself from collapsing.

Hilda Wade, with infinite sisterly tenderness, led her over to a chair by the window in the summer twilight, and took one quivering hand in hers. “I have been telling Dr. Cumberledge, Lina, about what I most fear for your dear brother, darling: and I think

. . . . he agrees with me.”

Mrs. Mallet turned to me, with hollow eyes, still preserving her tragic calm. “I am afraid of it too,” she said, her drawn lips tremulous. “Dr. Cumberledge, we must get him back! We must induce him to face it!”

“And yet,” I answered, slowly, turning it over in my own mind, “he has run away at first. Why should he do that if he means—



“FLUNG HIMSELF OVER.”

to commit suicide?" I hated to utter the words before that broken soul; but there was no way out of it.

Hilda interrupted me with a quiet suggestion. "How do you know he has run away?" she asked. "Are you not taking it for granted that, if he meant suicide, he would blow his brains out in his own house? But surely that would not be the Le Geyt way. They are gentle-natured folk: they would never blow their brains out or cut their throats. For all we know, he may have made straight for Waterloo Bridge," she framed her lips to the unspoken words, unseen by Mrs. Mallet, "like his uncle Alfred."

"That is true," I answered, lip-reading. "I never thought of that either."

"Still, I do not attach importance to this idea," she went on. "I have some reason for thinking he has run away . . . elsewhere; and if so, our first task must be to entice him back again."

"What are your reasons?" I asked, humbly. Whatever they might be, I knew enough of Hilda Wade by this time to know that she had probably good grounds for accepting them.

"Oh, they may wait for the present," she answered. "Other things are more pressing. First, let Lina tell you what she thinks of most moment."

Mrs. Mallet braced herself up visibly to a distressing effort. "You have seen the body, Dr. Cumberledge?" she faltered.

"No, dear Mrs. Mallet, I have not. I came straight from Nathaniel's. I have had no time to see it."

"Dr. Sebastian has viewed it by my wish—he has been *so* kind—and he will be present as representing the family at the post-mortem. He notes that the wound was inflicted with a dagger—a small ornamental Norwegian dagger, which always lay, as I know, on the little what-not by the blue sofa."

I nodded assent. "Exactly, I have seen it there."

"It was blunt and rusty—a mere toy knife—not at all the sort of weapon a man would make use of who designed to commit a deliberate murder. The crime, if there *was* a crime (which we do not admit), must therefore have been wholly unpremeditated."

I bowed my head. "For us who knew Hugo, that goes without saying."

She lent forward eagerly. "Dr. Sebastian has pointed out to me a line of defence which would probably succeed—if we could only induce poor Hugo to adopt it. He has ex-

amined the blade and scabbard, and finds that the dagger fits its sheath very tight, so that it can only be withdrawn with considerable violence. The blade sticks." (I nodded again.) "It needs a hard pull to wrench it out. . . . He has also inspected the wound, and assures me its character is such that it *might* have been self-inflicted." She paused now and again, and brought out her words with difficulty. "Self-inflicted, he suggests: therefore, that *this* may have happened. It is admitted—*will* be admitted—the servants overheard it—we can make no reservation there—a difference of opinion, an altercation even, took place between Hugo and Clara that evening"—she started suddenly—"why, it was only last night—it seems like ages—an altercation about the children's schooling. Clara held strong views on the subject of the children"—her eyes blinked hard—"which Hugo did not share. We throw out the hint, then, that Clara, during the course of the dispute—we must call it a dispute—accidentally took up this dagger and toyed with it. You know her habit of toying, when she had no knitting or needlework. In the course of playing with it (we suggest) she tried to pull the knife out of its sheath: failed: held it up, so, point upward: pulled again: pulled harder—with a jerk, at last, the sheath came off: the dagger sprang up: it wounded Clara fatally. Hugo, knowing that they had disagreed, knowing that the servants had heard, and seeing her fall suddenly dead before him, was seized with horror—the Le Geyt impulsiveness!—lost his head: rushed out: fancied the accident would be mistaken for murder. But why? A Q.C., don't you know! Recently married! Most attached to his wife. It is plausible, isn't it?"

"So plausible," I answered, looking it straight in the face, "that . . . it has but one weak point. We might make a coroner's jury or even a common jury accept it, on Sebastian's expert evidence: Sebastian can work wonders; but we could never make——"

Hilda Wade finished the sentence for me as I paused: "Hugo Le Geyt consent to advance it."

I lowered my head. "You have said it," I answered.

"Not for the children's sake?" Mrs. Mallet cried, with clasped hands.

"Not for the children's sake even," I answered. "Consider for a moment, Mrs. Mallet: *is* it true? Do you yourself *believe* it?"

She threw herself back in her chair with a dejected face. "Oh, as for that," she cried, wearily, crossing her hands, "before you and Hilda, who know all, what need to prevaricate? How *can* I believe it? We understand how it came about. That woman! That woman!"

"The real wonder is," Hilda murmured, soothing her white hand, "that he contained himself so long!"

"Well, we all know Hugo," I went on, as quietly as I was able; "and, knowing Hugo, we know that he might be urged to commit this wild act in a fierce moment of indignation—righteous indignation on behalf of his motherless girls, under tremendous provocation. But we also know that, having once committed it, he would never stoop to disown it by a subterfuge."

The heart-broken sister let her head drop faintly. "So Hilda told me," she murmured, "and what Hilda says in these matters is almost always final."

We debated the question for some minutes more: then Mrs. Mallet cried at last, "At any rate, he has fled for the moment, and his flight alone brings the worst suspicion upon him. That is our chief point. We must find out where he is, and if he has gone right away, we must bring him back to London."

"Where do you think he has taken refuge?"

"The police, Dr. Sebastian has ascertained, are watching the railway stations, and the ports for the Continent."

"Very like the police!" Hilda exclaimed, with more than a touch of contempt in her voice. "As if a clever man-of-the-world like Hugo Le Geyt would run away by rail, or start off to the Continent! Every Englishman is noticeable on the Continent. It would be sheer madness."

"You think he has not gone there, then?" I cried, deeply interested.

"Of course not. That is the point I hinted at just now. He has defended many persons accused of murder, and he often spoke to me of their incredible folly, when trying to escape, in going by rail, or in setting out from England for Paris. An Englishman, he used to say, is least observed in his own country. In this case, I think I *know* where he has gone, and how he went there."

"Where, then?"

"Where comes last: *how* first. It is a question of inference."

"Explain. We know your powers."

"Well, I take it for granted that he killed

Vol. xvii.—88.

her—we must not mince matters—about twelve o'clock: for after that hour, the servants told Lina, there was quiet in the drawing-room. Next, I conjecture, he went upstairs to change his clothes; he could not go forth on the world in an evening suit: and the housemaid says his black coat and trousers were lying as usual on a chair in his dressing-room: which shows at least that he was not unduly flurried. After that, he put on another suit, no doubt—*what* suit I hope the police will not discover too soon: for I suppose you must just accept the situation that we are conspiring to defeat the ends of justice."

"No, no," Mrs. Mallet cried. "To bring him back voluntarily, that he may face his trial like a man!"

"Yes, dear. That is quite right. However, the next thing, of course, would be that he would shave in whole or in part. His big black beard was so very conspicuous: he would certainly get rid of that before attempting to escape. The servants being in bed, he was not pressed for time: he had the whole night before him. So, of course, he shaved. On the other hand, the police, you



"HE WOULD CERTAINLY GET RID OF THAT."

may be sure, will circulate his photograph—we must not shirk these points”—for Mrs. Mallet winced again—“will circulate his photograph, *beard and all*; and that will really be one of our great safeguards: for the bushy beard so masks the face that, without it, Hugo would be scarcely recognisable. I conclude, therefore, that he must have shorn himself *before* leaving home, though naturally I did not make the police a present of the hint by getting Lina to ask any questions in that direction of the housemaid.”

“You are probably right,” I answered. “But, would he have a razor?”

“I was coming to that: no: certainly he would not. He had not shaved for years. And they kept no men-servants: which makes it difficult for him to borrow one from a sleeping man. So what he would do would doubtless be to cut off his beard, or part of it, quite close, with a pair of scissors, and then get himself properly shaved next morning in the first country town he came to.”

“The first country town?”

“Certainly. That leads up to the next point. We must try to be cool and collected.” She was quivering with suppressed emotion herself as she said it, but her soothing hand still lay on Mrs. Mallet’s. “The next thing is—he would leave London.”

“But not by rail, you say?”

“He is an intelligent man, and in the course of defending others has thought about this matter. Why expose himself to the needless risk and observation of a railway station? No: I saw at once what he would do: beyond doubt, he would cycle. He always wondered it was not done oftener under similar circumstances.”

“But has his bicycle gone?”

“Lina looked. It has not. I should have expected as much. I told her to note that point very unobtrusively, so as to avoid giving the police the clue. She saw the machine in the outer hall as usual.”

“He is too good a criminal lawyer to have dreamt of taking his own,” Mrs. Mallet interposed, with another effort.

“But where could he have hired or bought one at that time of night?” I exclaimed.

“Nowhere—without exciting the gravest

suspicion. Therefore, I conclude, he stopped in London for the night, sleeping at an hotel, without luggage, and paying for his room in advance: it is frequently done, and if he arrived late, very little notice would be taken of him. Big hotels about the Strand, I am told, have always a dozen such casual bachelor guests every evening.”

“And then?”

“And then, this morning, he would buy a new bicycle—a different make from his own, at the nearest shop; would rig himself out, at some ready-made tailor’s, with a fresh tourist suit—probably an ostentatiously tweedy bicycling suit; and with that in his luggage carrier, would make straight on his machine for the country. He could change in some copse, and bury his own clothes, avoiding the blunders he has seen in others. Perhaps he might ride for the first twenty



“HE COULD CHANGE IN SOME COPSE.”

or thirty miles out of London to some minor side-station, and then go on by train towards his destination, quitting the rail again at some unimportant point where the main west road crosses the Great Western or the South-Western line.”

"Great Western or South-Western? Why those two in particular? Then you have settled in your own mind which direction he has taken?"

"Pretty well. I judge by analogy. Lina, your brother was brought up in the West Country, was he not?"

Mrs. Mallet gave a weary nod. "In North Devon," she answered: "on the wild stretch of moor about Hartland and Clovelly."

Hilda Wade seemed to collect herself. "Now, Mr. Le Geyt is essentially a Celt—a Celt in temperament," she went on: "he comes by origin and ancestry from a rough, heather-clad country: he belongs to the moorland. In other words, his type is the mountaineer's. But a mountaineer's instinct in similar circumstances is—what? Why, to fly straight to his native mountains. In an agony of terror, in an access of despair, when all else fails, he strikes a bee-line for the hills he loves: rationally or irrationally, he seems to think he can hide there. Hugo Le Geyt, with his frank boyish nature, his great Devonian frame, is sure to have done so. I know his mood. He has made for the West Country!"

"You are right, Hilda," Mrs. Mallet exclaimed, with conviction. "I'm quite sure from what I know of Hugo that to go to the west would be his first impulse."

"And the Le Geys are always governed by first impulses," my character-reader added.

She was quite correct. From the time we two were at Oxford together—I as an undergraduate, he as a don—I had always noticed that marked trait in my dear old friend's temperament.

After a short pause, Hilda broke the silence again. "The sea, again; the sea! The Le Geys love the water. Was there any place on the sea where he went much as a boy—any lonely place, I mean, in that North Devon district?"

Mrs. Mallet reflected a moment. "Yes, there was a little bay—a mere gap in high cliffs, with some fishermen's huts and a few yards of beach—where he used to spend much of his holidays. It was a weird-looking break in a grim sea-wall of dark-red rocks, where the tide rose high, rolling in from the Atlantic."

"The very thing! Has he visited it since he grew up?"

"To my knowledge, never."

Hilda's voice had a ring of certainty. "Then *that* is where we shall find him, dear! We must look there first. He is

sure to revisit just such a solitary spot by the sea when trouble overtakes him."

Later in the evening, as we were walking home towards Nathaniel's together, I asked Hilda why she had spoken throughout with such unwavering confidence. "Oh, it was simple enough," she answered. "There were two things that helped me through, which I didn't like to mention in detail before Lina. One was this: the Le Geys have all of them an instinctive horror of the sight of blood: therefore, they almost never commit suicide by shooting themselves or cutting their throats. Marcus, who shot himself in the gun-room, was an exception to both rules: he never minded blood: he could cut up a deer. But Hugo refused to be a doctor, because he could not stand the sight of an operation: and even, as a sportsman, he never liked to pick up or handle the game he had shot himself: he said it sickened him. He rushed from that room last night, I feel sure, in a physical horror at the deed he had done: and by now he is as far as he can get from London. The sight of his act drove him away, not craven fear of an arrest. If the Le Geys kill themselves—a seafaring race on the whole—their impulse is—to trust to water."

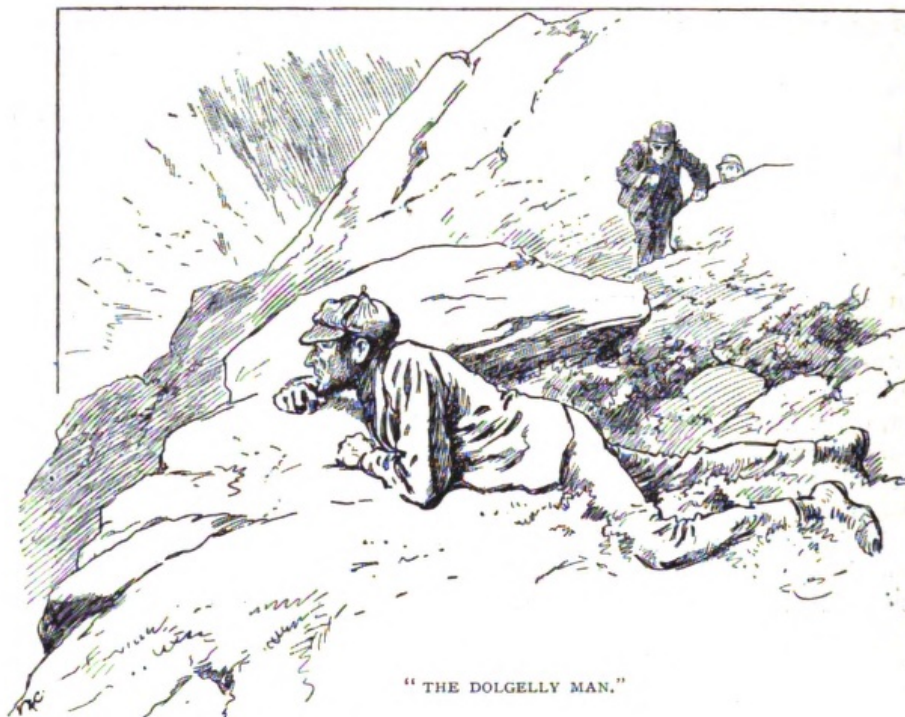
"And the other thing?"

"Well, that was about the mountaineer's homing instinct. I have often noticed it. I could give you fifty instances, only I didn't like to speak of them before Lina. There was Williams, for example, the Dolgelly man who killed a gamekeeper at Petworth in a poaching affray: he was taken on Cader Idris, skulking among rocks, a week later. Then there was that unhappy young fellow Mackinnon, who shot his sweetheart at Leicester: he made, straight as the crow flies, for his home in the Isle of Skye, and there drowned himself in familiar waters. Lindner, the Tyrolese, again, who stabbed the American swindler at Monte Carlo, was tracked after a few days to his native place, St. Valentin in the Zillerthal. It is always so. Mountaineers in distress fly to their mountains. It is a part of their nostalgia. I know it from within, too: if I were in poor Hugo Le Geyt's place, what do you think I would do?—why, hide myself at once in the greenest recesses of our Carnarvonshire mountains."

"What an extraordinary insight into character you have!" I cried. "You seem to divine what everybody's action will be under given circumstances."

She paused and held her parasol half poised in her hand. "Character determines action," she said, slowly at last. "That is the secret of the great novelists. They put themselves behind and within their

She herself proposed to set out quietly for Bideford, where she would be within easy reach of me, in order to hear of my success or failure; while Hilda Wade, whose summer vacation was to have begun in two days'



"THE DOLGELLY MAN."

characters, and so make us feel that every act of their personages is not only natural but even, given the conditions, inevitable. We recognise that their story is the sole logical outcome of the interaction of their *dramatis personæ*. Now, I am not a great novelist: I cannot create and imagine characters and situations. But I have something of the novelist's gift: I apply the same method to the real life of the people around me. I try to throw myself into the person of others, and to feel how their character will compel them to act in each set of circumstances to which they may expose themselves."

"In one word," I said, "you are a psychologist."

"A psychologist," she assented: "I suppose so: and the police—well, the police are not: they are at best but bungling materialists. They require a *clue*. What need of a *clue* if you can interpret character?"

So certain was Hilda Wade of her conclusions, indeed, that Mrs. Mallet begged me next day to take my holiday at once—which I could easily do—and go down to the little bay in the Hartland district of which she had spoken, in search of Hugo. I consented.

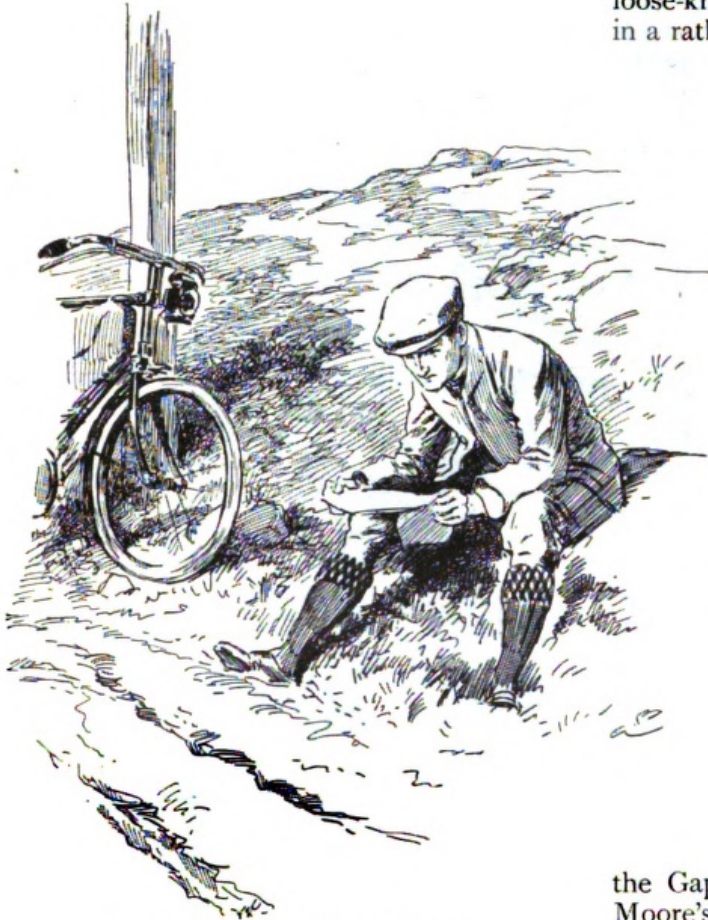
time, offered to ask for an extra day's leave so as to accompany her. The broken-hearted sister accepted the offer: and, secrecy being above all things necessary, we set off by different routes: the two women by Waterloo, myself by Paddington.

We stopped that night at different hotels in Bideford; but next morning, Hilda rode out on her bicycle, and accompanied me on mine for a mile or two along the tortuous way towards Hartland. "Take nothing for granted," she said, as we parted; "and be prepared to find poor Hugo Le Geyt's appearance greatly changed. He has eluded the police and their 'clues' so far; therefore, I imagine he must have largely altered his dress and exterior."

"I will find him," I answered, "if he is anywhere within twenty miles of Hartland."

She waved her hand to me in farewell. I rode on after she left me towards the high promontory in front, the wildest and least-visited part of North Devon. Torrents of rain had fallen during the night: the slimy cart-ruts and cattle-tracks on the moor were brimming with water. It was a lowering day. The clouds drifted low. Black peat-

bogs filled the hollows: grey stone homesteads, lonely and forbidding, stood out here and there against the curved sky-line. Even the high road was uneven, and in places flooded. For an hour I passed hardly a soul: at last, near a cross-road, with a defaced finger-post, I descended from my machine and consulted my ordnance map,



"I CONSULTED MY ORDNANCE MAP."

on which Mrs. Mallet had marked ominously, with a cross of red ink, the exact position of the little fishing hamlet where Hugo used to spend his holidays. I took the turning which seemed to me most likely to lead to it: but the tracks were so confused and the run of the lanes so uncertain—let alone the map being some years out of date—that I soon felt I had lost my bearings. By a little wayside inn, half hidden in a deep combe, with bog on every side, I descended and asked for a bottle of ginger-beer; for the day was hot and close, in spite of the packed clouds. As they were opening the bottle, I inquired casually the way to the Red Gap bathing-place.

The landlord gave me directions which

confused me worse than ever, ending at last with the concise remark, "An' then, zur, two or dree more turns to the right an' to the left 'ull bring 'ee right up alongside o' ut."

I despaired of finding the way by these unintelligible sailing-orders: but just at that moment, as luck would have it, another cyclist flew past—the first soul I had seen on the road that morning. He was a man with the loose-knit air of a shop-assistant, badly got up in a rather loud and obtrusive tourist suit of

brown homespun, with baggy knickerbockers and thin thread stockings. I judged him a gentleman on the cheap at sight: "Very Stylish; this Suit Complete, only thirty-seven and sixpence!" The landlady glanced out at him with a friendly nod. He turned and smiled at her, but did not see me: for I stood in the shade behind the half-open door. He had a short, black moustache, and a not unpleasing, careless face. His features, I thought, were better than his garments.

However, the stranger did not interest me just then: I was far too full of more important matters. "Why don't 'ee taäke an' vollow thik ther gen'leman, zur?" the landlady said, pointing one large red hand after him. "Ur do go down to Urd Gap to zwim every marnin'. Mr. Jan Smith, o' Oxford, they do call un. 'Ee can't go wrong if 'ee do vollow un to the Gap. Ur's lodgin' up to wold Varmer Moore's, an' ur's that vond o' the zay, the vishermen do tell me, as wasn't never any gen'leman like un."

I tossed off my ginger-beer, jumped on to my machine, and followed the retreating brown back of Mr. John Smith, of Oxford—surely a most non-committing name—round sharp corners and over rutty lanes, tyre-deep in mud, across the rusty-red moor, till, all at once at a turn, a gap of stormy sea appeared wedge-shape between two shelving rock-walls.

It was a lonely spot. Rocks hemmed it in: big breakers walled it. The sou'-wester roared through the gap. I rode down among loose stones and water-worn channels in the solid grit very carefully. But the man in brown had torn over the wild path with reckless haste, zig-zagging madly, and was now on the little three-cornered patch of

beach, undressing himself with a sort of careless glee, and flinging his clothes down anyhow on the shingle beside him. Something about the action caught my eye. That movement of the arm! It was not—it could not be—no, no, not Hugo!

A very ordinary person: and Le Geyt bore the stamp of a born gentleman.

He stood up bare at last. He flung out his arms as if to welcome the boisterous wind to his naked bosom. Then, with a sudden burst of recognition, the man stood revealed. We had bathed together a hundred times in London and elsewhere. The face, the clad figure, the dress, all were

cork: but like a cork he rose again. He was swimming now, arm over arm, straight out seaward. I saw the lifted hands between the crest and the trough. For a moment I hesitated whether I ought to strip and follow him. Was he doing as so many other of his house had done—courting death from the water?

But some strange hand restrained me. Who was I that I should stand between Hugo Le Geyt and the ways of Providence?



"HE FLUNG OUT HIS ARMS."

different. But the body—the actual frame and make of the man—the well-knit limbs, the splendid trunk—no disguise could alter. It was Le Geyt himself—big, powerful, vigorous.

That ill-made suit, those baggy knickerbockers, the slouched cap, the thin thread stockings, had only distorted and hidden his figure: now that I saw him as he was, he came out the same bold and manly form as ever.

He did not notice me. He rushed down with a certain wild joy into the turbulent water, and plunging in with a loud cry, buffeted the huge waves with those strong curving arms of his. The sou'-wester was rising. Each breaker as it reared caught him on its crest and tumbled him over like a

The Le Geys loved ever the ordeal by water.

Presently, he turned again. Before he turned, I had taken the opportunity to look hastily at his clothes. Hilda Wade had surmised aright once more. The outer suit was a cheap affair from a big ready-made tailor's in St. Martin's Lane—turned out by the thousand: the underclothing, on the other hand, was new and unmarked, but fine in quality—bought, no doubt, at Bideford. An eerie sense of doom stole over me. I felt the end was near. I withdrew behind a big rock, and waited there unseen till Hugo had landed. He began to dress again, without troubling to dry himself. I drew a deep breath of relief. Then this was not suicide!

By the time he had pulled on his vest and drawers, I came out suddenly from my ambush and faced him. A fresh shock awaited me. I could hardly believe my

defence—the plausibility of the explanation—the whole long story. He gazed at me moodily. Yet it was not Hugo!

“No, no,” he said, shortly; and as he



“THE MAN ROSE WITH A LITTLE CRY AND ADVANCED.”

eyes. It was *not* Le Geyt—no, nor anything like him!

Nevertheless, the man rose with a little cry and advanced, half crouching, towards me. “*You* are not hunting me down—with the police?” he exclaimed, his neck held low and his forehead wrinkling.

The voice—the voice was Le Geyt’s. It was an unspeakable mystery. “Hugo,” I cried, “dear Hugo—hunting you down?—*could* you imagine it?”

He raised his head, strode forward, and grasped my hand. “Forgive me, Cumberlandge,” he cried. “But a proscribed and hounded man! If you knew what a relief it is to me to get out on the water!”

“You forget all there?”

“I forget IT—the red horror!”

“You meant just now to drown yourself?”

“No! If I had meant it I would have done it. . . . Hubert, for my children’s sake, I *will* not commit suicide!”

“Then listen!” I cried. I told him in a few words his sister’s scheme—Sebastian’s

spoke it was *he*. “I have done it; I have killed her; I will not owe my life to a falsehood.”

“Not for the children’s sake?”

He dashed his hand down impatiently. “I have a better way for the children. I will save them still. . . . Hubert, you are not afraid to speak to a murderer?”

“Dear Hugo—I know all: and to know all is to forgive all.”

He grasped my hand once more. “Know *all!*” he cried, with a despairing gesture. “Oh, no: no one knows *all* but myself: not even the children. But the children know much: *they* will forgive me. Lina knows something: *she* will forgive me. You know a little: *you* forgive me. The world can never know. It will brand my darlings as a murderer’s children.”

“It was the act of a minute,” I interposed. “And—though she is dead, poor lady, and one must speak no ill of her—we can at least gather dimly, for your children’s sake, how deep was the provocation.”

He gazed at me fixedly. His voice was like lead. "For the children's sake—yes," he answered, as in a dream. "It was all for the children! I have killed her—murdered her—she has paid her penalty; and, poor dead soul, I will utter no word against her—the woman I have murdered! But one thing I will say: If omniscient justice sends me for this to eternal punishment, I can endure it gladly, like a man, knowing that so I have redeemed my Marian's motherless girls from a deadly tyranny."

It was the only sentence in which he ever alluded to her.

I sat down by his side and watched him close. Mechanically, methodically, he went on with his dressing. The more he dressed, the less could I believe it was Hugo. I had expected to find him close-shaven: so did the police, by their printed notices. Instead of that, he had shaved his beard and whiskers, but only trimmed his moustache, trimmed it quite short, so as to reveal the boyish corners of the mouth—a trick which entirely altered his rugged expression. But that was not all: what puzzled me most was the eyes—they were not Hugo's. At first I could not imagine why: by degrees, the truth dawned upon me. His eyebrows were naturally thick and shaggy—great overhanging growth, interspersed with many of those stiff long hairs to which Darwin called attention in certain men as surviving traits from a monkey-like ancestor. In order to disguise himself, Hugo had pulled out all these coarser hairs, leaving nothing on his brows but the soft and closely-pressed coat of down which underlies the longer bristles in all such cases. This had wholly altered the expression of the eyes, which no longer looked out keenly from their cavernous penthouse, but being deprived of their relief, had acquired a much more ordinary and less individual aspect. From a good-natured but shaggy giant my old friend was transformed by his shaving and his costume into a well-fed and well-grown, but not very colossal, commercial gentleman. Hugo was scarcely six feet high, indeed, though by his broad shoulders and bushy beard he had always impressed one with such a sense of size: and now that the hirsuteness had been got rid of, and the dress altered, he hardly struck one as taller or bigger than the average of his fellows.

We sat for some minutes and talked. Le Geyt would not speak of Clara: and when I asked him his intentions, he shook his head moodily. "I shall act for the best," he said—"what of best is left—to guard the

dear children. It was a terrible price to pay for their redemption; but it was the only one possible: and, in a moment of wrath, I paid it. Now, I have to pay, in turn, myself. I do not shirk it."

"You will come back to London, then, and stand your trial?" I asked, eagerly.

"Come back to London?" he cried, with a face of white panic. Hitherto he had seemed to me rather relieved in expression than otherwise: his countenance had lost its worn and anxious look: he was no longer watching each moment over his children's safety. "Come back . . . to London . . . and face my trial! Why, did you think, Hubert, 'twas the court or the hanging I was shirking? No, no, not that; but IT—the red horror! I must get away from *it* to the sea—to the water—to wash away the stain—as far from *it*—that red pool—as possible!"

I answered nothing. I left him to face his own remorse in silence.

At last he rose to go, and held one foot undecided on his bicycle.

"I leave myself in Heaven's hands," he said, as he lingered. "*It* will requite . . . The ordeal is by water."

"So I judged," I answered.

"Tell Lina this from me," he went on, still loitering: "that if she will trust me, I will strive to do the best that remains for my darlings. I will do it, Heaven helping. She will know *what*, to-morrow."

He mounted his machine and sailed off. My eyes followed him up the path with sad forebodings.

All day long I loitered about the Gap. It consisted of two bays—the one I had already seen, and another, divided from it by a saw-edge of rock. In the further cove crouched a few low, stone cottages. A broad-bottomed sailing-boat lay there, pulled up high on the beach. About three o'clock, as I sat and watched, two men began to launch it. The sea ran high: tide coming in: the sou'-wester still increasing in force to a gale: at the signal-staff on the cliff, the danger-cone hoisted. White spray danced in air. Big black clouds rolled up seething from windward: low thunder rumbling: a storm threatened.

One of the men was Le Geyt: the other, a fisherman.

He jumped in and put off through the surf with an air of triumph. He was a splendid sailor. His boat leapt through the breakers and flew before the wind with a mere rag of canvas. "Dangerous weather to be out!" I exclaimed to the fisherman,

who stood with hands buried in his pockets, watching him.

"Ay, that ur be, zur!" the man answered. "Doan't like the look o' ut. But thik there gen'elman, 'e's one o' Oxford, 'e do tell me: and they 'm a main venturesome lot, they college volk. 'E's off by 'isself droo the starm, all so var as Lundy!"

"Will he reach it?" I asked, anxiously, having my own idea on the subject.

"Doan't seem like ut, zur, do ut? Ur must, an' ur mustn't, an' yit again ur must. Powerful 'ard place ur be to maäke in a starm, to be zure, Lundy. Zaid the Lord 'ould dezide. But ur 'ouldn't be warned, ur 'ouldn't; an' voolhardy volk, as the zayin' is, must go their own vooahardy waäy to perdition!"

It was the last I saw of Le Geyt alive. Next morning the lifeless body of "the man who was wanted for the Campden Hill mystery" was cast up by the waves on the shore of Lundy. The Lord had decided.

missive verdict of "Death by misadventure." The coroner thought it a most proper finding. Mrs. Mallet had made the most of the innate Le Geyt horror of blood: the newspapers charitably surmised that the unhappy husband, crazed by the instantaneous unexpectedness of his loss, had wandered away like a madman to the scenes of his childhood, and had there been drowned by accident while trying to cross a stormy sea to Lundy, under some wild impression that he would find his dead wife alive on the island. Nobody whispered *murder*. Everybody dwelt on the utter absence of motive—a model husband!—such a charming young wife and such a devoted stepmother. We three alone knew—we three, and the children.

On the day when the jury brought in their verdict at the adjourned inquest on Mrs. Le Geyt, Hilda Wade stood in the room trembling and white-faced, awaiting their decision. When the foreman uttered the words, "Death by misadventure," she burst



"THE LORD HAD DECIDED."

Hugo had not miscalculated. "Luck in their suicides," Hilda Wade said: and, strange to say, the luck of the Le Geyts stood him in good stead still. By a miracle of fate, his children were not branded as a murderer's daughters. Sebastian gave evidence at the inquest on the wife's body: "self-inflicted—a recoil—accidental—I am sure of it." His specialist knowledge—his assertive certainty, combined with that arrogant, masterful manner of his, and his keen, eagle eye, overbore the jury. Awed by the great man's look, they brought in a sub-

into tears of relief. "He did well!" she cried to me, passionately. "He did well, that poor father! He placed his life in the hands of his Maker, asking only for mercy to his innocent children. And mercy has been shown to him, and to them. He was taken gently in the way he wished. It would have broken my heart for those two poor girls if the verdict had gone otherwise. He knew how terrible a lot it is to be called a murderer's daughter."

I did not realize at the time with what profound depth of personal feeling she said it.

Rearing a Derby Winner.



THE great race of 1899, that which makes the little town of Epsom the centre of attraction from one end of the world to the other for a short time in the year, by the time these lines appear in print will have joined hands with the one hundred and nineteen Derbys that have gone before. It is perfectly safe to say that, wherever Englishmen congregate, there the Derby and the candidates for the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf" have been amongst the chief items of discussion. Indeed, such an interest is taken in the result of the premier classic race, that within an hour of its finish the result is known throughout the four quarters of the globe.

The inception of the first Derby is an oft-told tale, so that nothing more shall be said here about it beyond that it was run on Thursday, May 4th, 1780, and was won by Diomed for Sir Charles Bunbury. Of its history much might be written, whilst many stories of old-time trainers and jockeys might be told; but, interesting though it would be to trace the history and tell the tales, it is apart from the purpose of this

article to do so. Rather is it our desire to record by pen and picture the progress of the racehorse from his dam's side, through his early youth, until his proud owner leads him in the honoured winner of the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf" on the eventful Wednesday afternoon which shall send down his name to posterity.

We will first take a stroll round the stud-paddock, where the friendly breeder has told us his favourite foal can be seen. There he is by his dam's side, with disproportionately long legs and big head, to all appearance as unlikely as possible to develop into a shapely three-year-old fit to run in and win the Derby. But an observant and capable critic sees many promising points that either escape the layman's attention or of which he is ignorant. The professional is certain, not only from his knowledge of the colt's parents, but from a sight of the youngster himself, that his career is not likely to end ingloriously, and is loud in his praises of the promising youngster. Here it may be well to mention that the age of a colt is reckoned from the first of January; thus, if he is born in December he becomes a yearling in the following



From a Photo. by]

EARLY DAYS.

[W. A. Rouch.



From a Photo. by]

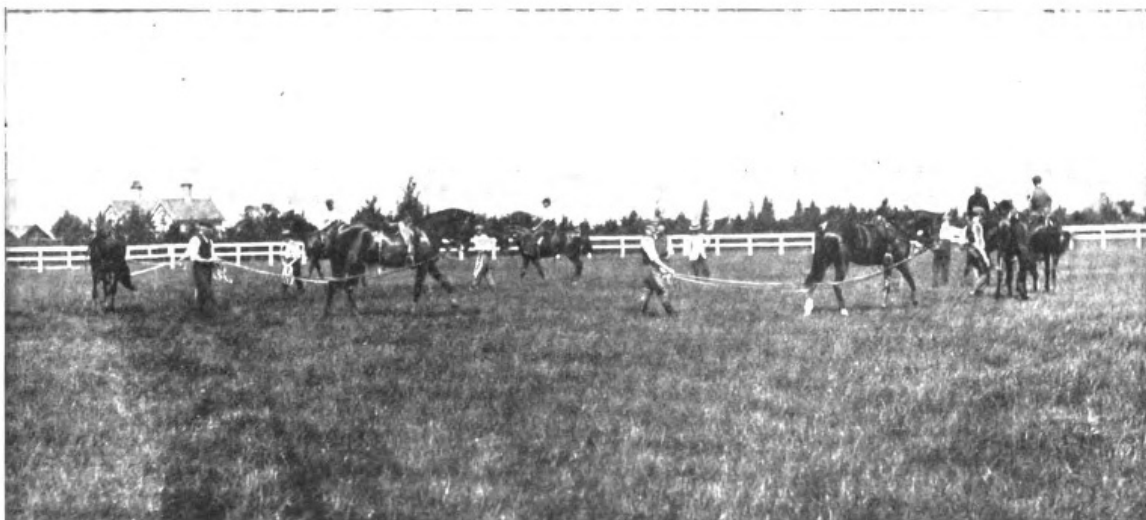
IN THE DONCASTER SALE-Paddock.

[W. A. Rouch.

month. For this reason breeders prefer that their foals should be born early in the year rather than towards its close. Various opinions are held as to the best month, but to take the view of the majority, late February or early March is reckoned the best time. The importance of the date of the foal's birth will be realized when it is explained that if he is obliged to compete with a horse who is both nominally and actually two years old, when he himself is little more than twelve months of age—although nominally a two-year-old—there is little chance of success attending, at any rate, his early career.

After leaving his dam's side the youngster generally goes to the great September sales, where he is handled and criticised from every standpoint. As in the stud-paddock, so in the sale-ring his points and

pedigree are discussed at length, and as Mr. Tattersall encourages the bidders, heads keep nodding until the brown colt by Jew's Harp out of Accordion is knocked down at a heavy figure to one who hopes both to recoup himself and to have the honour of leading in a Derby winner. Just about now the serious work of the thoroughbred usually has commenced. Some breeders of stock believe in beginning the preliminary education of the young horse earlier than this, but on the whole it is after the sale that the real schooling of the future would-be winner of the Derby commences. As with human beings, so with horses—and for that matter all animals—the effect of good or bad education is never eradicated. The fault most frequently found with racehorses is that they are disposed to be bad-tempered. Without allowing this for



From a Photo. by]

BREAKING IN THE YEARLING.

[W. A. Rouch.



From a]

IN THE TRAINER'S STRING.

[Photograph.

a moment, it can be emphatically stated that bad-tempered horses are seldom born, but often made by wrong treatment and careless breaking.

One of the first and most important of the horse's early lessons, after being shod and handled in the stable, is to learn to bear the bit. From this he proceeds to more active schooling, and has breaking tackle put on him, in which he is led about daily and "lunged" on a specially-selected soft piece of ground. This exercise removes much of the superfluous fat which has accumulated during the colt's lazy foal life. The next step is to accustom the youngster to the weight of a saddle. From this the pupil goes on to learn that he must bear the weight of a rider, who generally takes his first mount inside the stable. When the yearling gets used to a moving body on his back, he is led out into the yard or paddock and made to follow with others behind a steady old horse. This he will in most cases readily do, although sometimes lengthy trouble ensues; but firmness is exercised until it is fully understood that the rider is master. The initial training of the young racehorse is now nearly complete, for he speedily begins to understand what is required of him, and soon learns to walk, trot, or canter as may be desired.

From now his day's work begins to lengthen out, till from two to three hours are given to walking and trotting exercise, with perhaps a few short canters interspersed. These are gradually extended, until half a mile can be covered easily. Then the youngster joins the

main string, is schooled by an older horse, and may be said to be thoroughly "in training." His gallops are made faster, and he is sent for spins with tried horses, until the trainer is able to judge with fair accuracy whether the name of the aspirant is likely to be added to the "deed-roll of fame." If there is promise of future greatness the colt's career is watched with anxious interest by the man in whose care he has been placed. With much truth has it been written, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a trainer's crown." Sleepless nights are frequently his lot. While he sits on his hack, as the string gallop past, watching the future Derby candidate, misgivings often arise. Perhaps suspicions have been aroused as to the soundness of his charge. Possibly his employer has been over-critical, whilst the Press—that hungry monster which swallows and enlarges every item of news—has insinuated that his methods are not altogether above-board.

The first day of the New Year draws near, and at its birth the yearling becomes a two-year-old, and before many months have passed will make his first appearance on a racecourse. This is possibly at Ascot in June, but the form shown then and in the Middle Park Plate in October does not always truly forecast the future. It is as a three-year-old at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting in the Two Thousand Guineas that a more correct estimate can be made of the comparative merits of the future candidates for the Derby.



From a Photo. by]

TAKING A HALF-SPEED GALLOP.

[W. A. Rouch.

Should the horse, whose history we are tracing, either pass the post first or show signs of speed, he is narrowly watched on the training ground, and gallops and trials are regularly reported in the sporting Press. Frequently this is just what the owner and trainer wish kept dark, and different schemes are devised to thwart the inquisitive tout. An amusing story is told of a prominent trainer, whose secrets from some source or another were continually leaking out. Suspecting a certain stable-lad, he let drop in the lad's hearing that the horse whose performances he wished to keep to himself would be tried against a certain other horse at an early hour next morning. As the trainer surmised, this information was duly conveyed to the right quarter. But the trap was set. In the early morning, before the named hour, another horse, whose legs had been whitened to resemble the stock-

inged legs of the Derby candidate, was sent to the arranged spot, and gave the watching tout an altogether wrong idea of the Derby candidate's powers. Whilst this was going on, the true trial was taking place elsewhere. Needless to say, the result of this trial was unknown to the tout, and the trainer lost a stable-lad.

But the eventful Wednesday draws near, and the owner's and trainer's anxieties are

gathered into a focus. The morning breaks, and the course is lined with a condensed, excited, and moving mass. The fateful hour is close at hand. Most of the candidates are in the paddock being saddled, and are, naturally, undergoing considerable criticism. As each is stripped the beautiful, shapely form shows up to perfection. The number-board indicates the runners, and then comes the preliminary parade. As the field parades



From a Photo. by]

THE FINISHED ARTICLE.

[W. A. Rouch.



From a]

GOING TO THE POST FOR THE DERBY.

[Photograph.

past the stands and then canters to the post the eyes of all centre, first upon some particular favourite, and then move from one to another of the others. All the vast multitude is at a tension of excitement. The only cool and undisturbed persons present are the gaily-clad jockeys, whose looks of unconcern at such a supreme moment are to be envied.

much vexatious delay, the advance flagman signals a proper start, and "They're off!" is the cry, but not all exactly in line, though the ground so lost is speedily made good.

The great struggle has commenced. First one takes up the running, then another; but as the horses pass the City and Suburban starting-post the second favourite forges



From a]

GETTING IN LINE FOR THE START.

[Photograph.

The post is reached at last, and the starter has his field at command—nearly. First one fidgety and almost unmanageable candidate will break away, then another, startled at a sudden noise, will leave the line. But, after

ahead, only to be challenged. He meets the effort bravely, and before entering the furzes proves himself capable of keeping at the head of affairs for the time, although only a bare gap separates him from another competitor



From a]

CLIMBING THE HILL.

[Photograph.

who has gradually crept nearer. At the mile post more than one has closed up, and there are now several in a bunch. At the top of the hill the leader has to give way, but in turn, at the descent, his successor is displaced, and half-way down the chestnut recovers his position. Tattenham Corner is rounded in a very short while, and then again there is an alteration in the order of running. A quarter of a mile from home several of the candidates seem to be in hopeless difficulty, and the issue resolves itself into a match between the first and second favourites. With rare patience the jockey of the former has waited his opportu-

nity. Inside the distance he sets his steed going in dead earnest, and a hundred yards from home obtains a real advantage over the chestnut, whose speed is almost exhausted, which is maintained until the finish, when he passes the judge's box a couple of lengths to the good. Shout after shout goes up, hats are thrown in the air, joy at the result is in the face of many, whilst disgust shows itself in others.

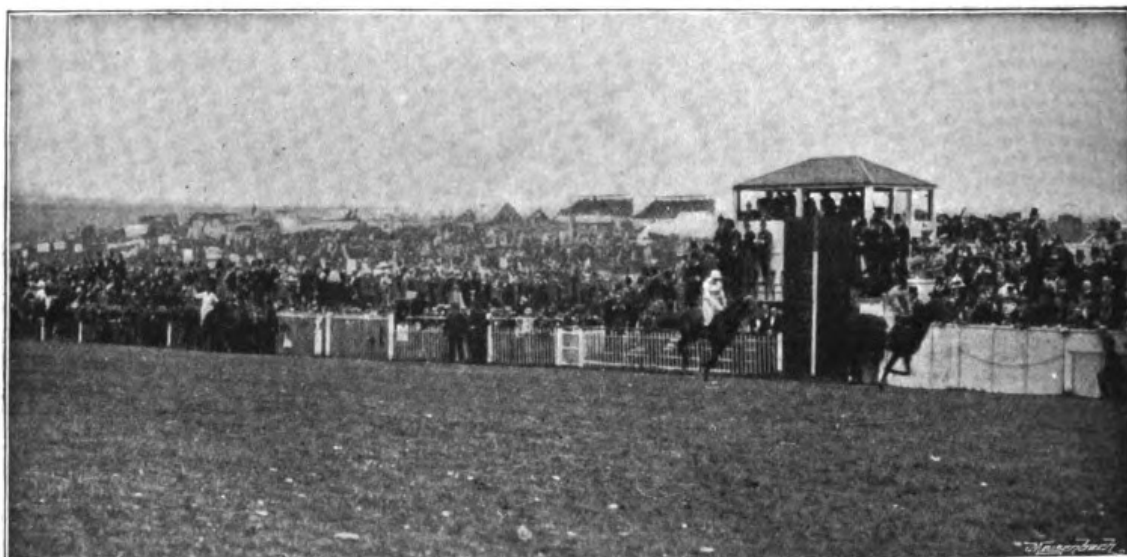
Meanwhile the proud, fortunate, and envied owner, who with the trainer has gone to meet his successful jockey, leads in the winner of the coveted "Blue Ribbon" amidst the ac-



From a]

ROUND TATTENHAM CORNER.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by]

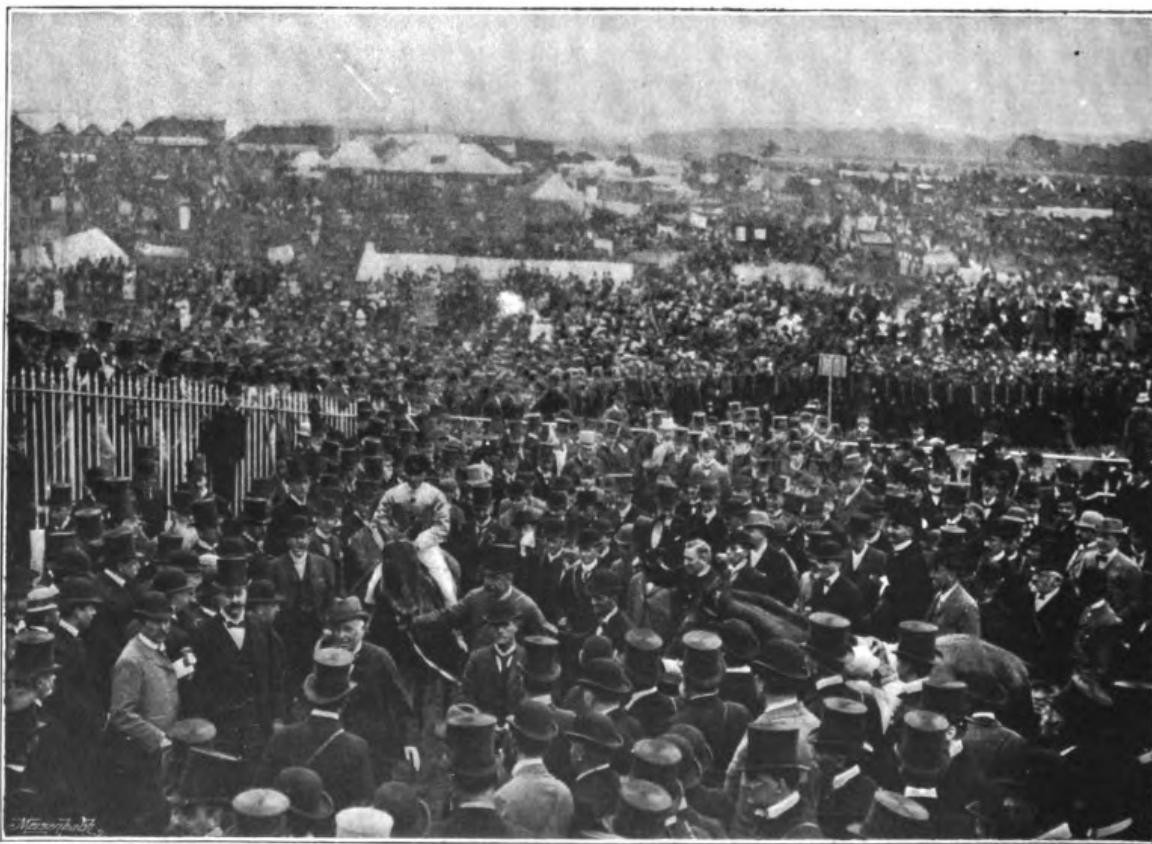
THE FINISH OF THE DERBY.

[W. A. Rouch.

clamations and congratulations of a host of friends and well-wishers.

The weighing-in inclosure is speedily reached, and the hero of the hour is unsaddled. The weight of his rider with the saddle is checked by the clerk of

the scales, who announces the expected—but none the less welcome—information that everything is in order, and the names of the winner, his owner, and jockey go to swell the long list of those who have won the Derby and immortal fame at the same moment.



From a Photo. by]

LEADING IN THE WINNER.

[W. A. Rouch.

Wanted—a Bicycle.

BY BERNARD CAPES.

I.



AD Mr. John Tremills dared to express an independent opinion upon anything in the wide world, rational dress for women would have been its *motif*. To all ordinary social questions he was a sensitive plant—a very mimosa of retiredness. He would subscribe to any fashion or condition the most abhorrent to his instincts, rather than run the risk of being cross-examined as to his objections. Thus, like all shy men, he was seldom true to himself; and, thus coerced by timidity, he was often driven to play a part, like a weeping monkey on an organ.

But he had one firm moral line of demarcation; and that was “rational dress.” On this subject he could wax fluent and self-assertive, even until he would come to picture himself a very unassailable champion of the rights of man—a cause usually overcrowded by that of the wrongs of women.

“What is all this pother?” he would, for instance, cry to some intimate friend after fish and the second glass of sherry. “Skirts are the prerogative of women, not on any grounds of morality, but because for the most part women have knock-knees.”

Mr. John Tremills favoured few of those higher exercises his independent position might permit him. He was neither “sporting” nor sportive; but he rode a pneumatic tyre, and did it well, too.

He lived in a low, embowered, old-fashioned house on Streatham Common, and thence it was a common custom with him to make long excursions by road to places of interest near or far, as whim suggested. Sometimes he would be away for a day or two at a time; and such trips he was in the habit of alluding to as holiday ones—as if his life were not all one extended holiday. But wealth salves its conscience with many such little misapplications of terms.

Now, one October afternoon Mr. Tremills was journeying homewards from Dorking, the glow of memory reflecting upon his face a certain smug happiness resulting from a convivial evening spent at the White Horse Inn in that town.

He had chanced to meet a most agreeable

companion at the coffee-room dinner table; and had slid into converse with him on a variety of subjects, the most enthralling of which had undoubtedly been rational dress for women. On this the stranger had had much to say, and to say after a rather tempestuous fashion.

“Hang the women!” he had remarked (he went as far as that). “Rational dress for a sex that doesn’t understand reason! Great Scot! She prides herself upon her intuition. It’ll all go with trousers—a house divided against itself. If she jumps to conclusions, she’ll come a cropper. But I don’t believe in the movement. It’s a mere fashion. She’s just riding a hobby-horse for the time—that’s it, and virtually the skirt’s over her legs still, and will ever be, for all the dummy shanks set astride of the saddle.”

This was not polite, but it pleased Mr. Tremills, who felt very strongly in the matter. So he made up in his shy way to the stranger, and, later in the evening, lost fifteen shillings to him at billiards.

He would have liked to resume the conversation with him the next morning; but—so it appeared—he had already departed, and without paying his bill—an item of information retailed by the waitress which was like a cold douche to the sensitive gentleman.

“Bless you, sir,” said the girl, “the fairer-spoke such rubbish is, the better to be on one’s guard. We experience a many of them gentry in the inn business, and I never knew one of them but could have wheedled a lord justice out of his wig.”

There seemed an allusion so pointed in this to his own timid credulity, that Mr. Tremills dropped the subject and ordered cold chicken and an omelette.

But, later in the day, on his journey homewards, the humour of the experience struck him, and he laughed to think how he had subscribed on moral grounds to the opinions of a swindler.

On a lonely stretch of road he was caroling in pure lightness of heart, when he became aware, with a bashful shock, that he had sped past a seated female figure, so hidden in the long grass and growth of the roadside that he had not observed until close upon it.

There was a bloom on the young lady's cheeks, as if they had been rubbed with scarlet geranium petals, and there was undoubtedly something gratifying in being thus taken into the confidence, as it were, of so pathetic and engaging a stranger.

"I was resting by the roadside," she said, in a voice with an occasional moving catch in it, "when a man came along and rode off on my machine."

"Your *machine*?"

"He did, indeed; and a very presentable and good-looking young man, too. He just mounted it and rode off. I called and shrieked, but it was no good; and he got clear away. It was not a minute before you came up, and if you had hurried at once you might have caught him."

"But, my dear madam——"

"It wasn't kind of you, was it? And I have lost my bicycle in consequence."

"How could I possibly guess the cause of your trouble?"

"I didn't want you to guess. Is *any* appeal from a woman in distress a riddle to you?"

It was on the tip of Mr. Tremill's tongue to retort with "from a woman in trousers, you mean," but he had no heart for the sarcasm, even mentally; for he felt himself at once to be a timorous nincompoop without the excuse of a skirt.

"I am very sorry," he said, humbly, without further attempt to justify his laxity. "I will go now," and he actually made as if to remount his machine.

"Do you mean to go away and leave me to my fate?" said the pretty bloomer.

"Only to chase the thief," said Mr. Tremills.

"That is absurd, of course. You can't catch him now, possibly. He has twenty minutes' start of you."

"But you said——"

"Oh, please don't quote me against myself. It's natural to be wrong a minute or two when one is agitated. Besides, do you suppose he would have dared to venture it if he hadn't been an expert rider?"

"Well, I am a fair one, if I may say so."

He tingled with a shame-faced pleasure in prolonging the conversation, particularly as every moment lost lessened the chance of his being bidden to the pursuit, for which, indeed, he had small stomach. Commiserating the beautiful distressed was one thing; tackling a bloodthirsty rogue on her behalf, quite another.

Suddenly she backed from him, and fell to the most pathetic whimpering.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she moaned; "I can't walk the rest of the distance in this dress, and there isn't a station near."

Mr. Tremills hardened perceptibly.

"If you can ride in that dress," he said, grimly, "why can't you walk in it?"

"Oh! I should die of shame," she said.

He accepted this, for his conscience, as a compromise. Certainly, the girl was as pretty as a carnation, with just that wholesome touch of olive in her complexion which the sun works on a fair skin—like the heavenly salamander he is.

"Can I—can I be of any assistance?" he said, "in seeing you safely to your destination?"

"I live at Streatham," she answered, looking up with a pained brow.

Mr. Tremills glowed. Was an impish fate taking up the single strand of his destiny, and beginning to interweave it roguishly with another? The thought first frightened then exalted him. He had never seen any face quite so expressive as this one.

"Sweetest eyes, how sweet in flowings!" he murmured, entranced, to himself.

"I beg your pardon," said the young lady.

"Nothing," he answered, blushing. "I live at Streatham, too. It is quite a long distance to it yet; and you must really let me see you safely home."

"If you would," she said. "The company of your bicycle would make me look less of an absurdity."

So here was the explanation. The gentleman mounted the high horse (not his machine) at a leap.

"Perhaps you would like to ride it?" he said, with great asperity.

She went back a step or two, and her eyes opened at him.

"Oh!" she cried. "Go on, please! I would rather be alone."

He could have bitten his tongue in two. Were all his theories of the demoralizing effect of trousers so much windy prejudice? He really must judge the sex from a different standpoint of morality. Perhaps, after all, utility entered into its principles of emancipation as well as indelicacy—possibly without thought of the latter, even. He flushed to the very roots of his hair.

"Oh, do forgive me!" he cried, impulsively. "I'm not a cad, upon my word, I'm not. I only said it in a joke."

The young lady seemed to hesitate, look-

ing at him intently. Then a bright little twitch of a smile made her mouth desirable.

"Well," she said, "I think I'll trust myself to you. Shall we go on?"

His heart leaped and sang in his breast like a grasshopper. He walked by her side in an enchanted dream, giving no thought at

fingers together and looked up at him with an eager, woful, tear-stained expression of sorrow, the heart in his bosom melted in one explosion of sympathy—like a candle shot out of a pistol—and he swore, for him, a great oath.

"Don't be distressed!" he cried. "Was it of such importance? I'll get it back for you—I swear I will. I'll ransack the country



"SHE CAME SLOWLY UP TO HIM."

all to the sweet irony of circumstance that implied him an apostate to his creed.

"I hope you will recover your bicycle," he said. "Was it a new one?"

"Almost, and it suited me so well. I had saved up to buy it, and I sha'n't be able to afford another one for years."

Positively, to Mr. Tremills this seemed one of the most pathetic speeches he had ever heard. He cast about in his mind for any possible means of supplying the loss to her anonymously. As he reflected, she suddenly gave a gasp, stopped, and looked at him with horrified eyes.

"What's the matter?" he said, quite startled.

"Oh!" she murmured, in a strangled voice—"I had forgotten. The letter—the letter in the satchel!"

"Was there one there?"

"I wouldn't have it go astray for the world. What shall I do? Oh, what—what shall I do?"

She broke down again, sobbing, with her hands up to her face. He seemed, in a measure, to have the right to soothe and comfort her now, and he took some bashful advantage of it. But when she clasped her

—I'll leave no stone unturned. Your bicycle shall be restored to you."

She shook her head.

"It is hopeless. I feel that it is."

He would allow her no cause for unhappiness. Uplifted on the wings of ecstasy, he was jubilant and all flushed with self-confidence.

"You don't know my resources," he said, gaily. "You must elect me your champion in this cause. I am partly responsible for the calamity, you know. You said so."

"That was nonsense," she answered, quickly. "I was over-excited. But will you really try to get it back for me?"

He would have sworn it on the Bible. She caught a little of his confidence, and dried her eyes and walked by his side, talking to him fitfully in a gentle, low voice that fluttered the dove-cots of his sensibilities consumedly.

She was tired by the time they reached the outskirts of Streatham, and dragged her feet a little. But when they reached her home—a semi-detached villa in a park of new houses, and, comparatively, a poor shrine for such a divinity—she would insist upon his coming in to receive the thanks of her mother.

He protested faintly, and succumbed, of

course. He was already wilfully forging the links of his thralldom.

She ushered him into a pleasant drawing-room, and left him, with apologies, to seek her parent.

When alone, he noticed with pleasure that a certain delicate fancy was observable in the choice and arrangement of the furniture. He attributed all this to his breeched goddess; and thought, traitorously, "I leave it to sterner reactionists to pronounce her tasteless who is the queen of taste."

By-and-by a stout, placid woman slid into the room, along one oiled groove, as it seemed. She was quite expressionless, in a kindly way, and he felt no more fear of her than he would have of an Aunt Sally.

"My daughter tells me," said this newcomer, in comfortable, confidential tones, "that you have been most kind to her, Mr.—"

"My name is Tremills. I live not far away. I came across Miss—— Miss——"

She did not fill in the blank for him; and that for no reason but that she was a blank herself. It is the first principle of an imperturbable nature never to attempt to close one hole with another.

"I came across her," went on Mr. Tremills, blushing hotly and after an awkward—to him—pause, "in distress. Some scoundrel had stolen her machine. She was not—was not attired for walking, so——"

"You put her on your bicycle, I suppose, and wheeled her home? That was most kind."

The gentleman gasped.

"No," he said, stiffly; "Miss—Miss—Dash!" he exclaimed, desperately, for the woman wouldn't help him.

"Ah!" she said, pleasantly. "That's what they wrote in the old story books when they were hard up for a name."

"And that's just what I am, ma'am."

"Do you write stories? You are an author, then? I will sell you a good one—'Starkey Bunch.'"

Was the old lady touched? Mr. Tremills twittered and drew back. At that moment, however, his divinity walked into the room, transformed, clothed after the custom of her sex, a gracious and graceful Hebe.

"Janet," said her mother—(good; that was a point gained)—"thank Mr. Tremills for his kindness to you."

"I've done so, mother, of course. How can you be so ridiculous?"

She looked very kindly and a little rosily on her knight. He had tea with them, and

sat in a simmer of Souchong and enchantment all the time.

"She has appeared to me like Diana to Endymion," he thought, and we must accept his sudden infatuation as excuse for this somewhat startling parallel.

He was wise not to outstay his welcome. Sweet Janet accompanied him into the hall.

"May I come and report upon my success?" he asked.

"Oh, please."

Her brightness took a tone of extreme pathos.

"You don't know what it means to me to get that letter back. It is of far more importance than the machine."

"You shall have both, I hope. Now, how am I to know your bicycle if I come across it?"

"It is a 'Clinker,' and my name is stamped in ink under the flap of the saddle."

"And the name is——"

"Don't you know? Of course not—how stupid of me. Well, it is Janet Medway."

II.

MR. JOHN TREMILLS walked home on air. He was as one who had supped with the gods, and in whose veins the nectar that brings no headache richly courses. At that moment, it must be confessed, he was prepared to take oath that, not only had rational bicycling dress a complete *raison d'être*, but that any woman who flouted it was a frump, and any man who found suggestiveness in it a blackguard and a decadent.

This state of exaltation was for long very impervious to practical impressions; and it was not until a warning nip of indigestion, following a dinner somewhat hastily swallowed, and moistened with an extra ruddy toast or so to his divinity, brought him to earth, that he began at all to contemplate the nature of the task he had undertaken. Then—it is not to be wondered at—jubilation withdrew, and depression set in.

To find any particular bicycle in that stupendous service of iron and indiarubber that criss-crossed the whole round earth with tracks like the countless strands of a net! It was a thing beyond the compass of any but a clairvoyant or Saint Anthony.

Stay—a clairvoyant! There was something in the thought. Would it be possible to hire one and to put him on the scent? That might mean a long and costly business; and every minute was precious. No; the clairvoyant would not do.

He took another glass of wine, and drowned his brain in a deeper puddle of speculation. Till near midnight he struggled and fought for a solution—a plan. At last he fancied he saw his way out of the mess. He would compound a felony—would advertise, somewhat after the following fashion:—

"Will the gentleman who accidentally appropriated a lady's bicycle on the Carshalton Road, on such and such a date, kindly communicate with So-and-so? A substantial reward will be given, and no questions asked."

Fain to accept this forlorn inspiration as his only way out of the difficulty, Mr. Tremills rose, shook himself, groaned, and after a brief interval went to bed. For an hour his weary head strove to piece puzzles that would by no means fit; then a delicious drowsiness overcrept him, and his trouble melted into an ecstatic dream of love.

He woke suddenly, with the feeling that his sleeping heart had taken alarm at some intangible fear. A very faint, grey light was on the blind—that first essay of the coming dawn that is like the dying breath of night on a mirror, and that seems to menace the watcher with unspeakable discoveries in its broadening.

He sat up in bed, breathing quickly, and presently was conscious—he could swear it—of a stealthy, unaccustomed sound somewhere within the dark-locked house.

In a moment panic had him by the throat—panic blind, unreasoning. He slid trembling to the floor and stood listening.

The sound had ceased on the instant—confirmation irrefragable.

He had always entertained an easy conviction that his house was destined for burglars to enter. All along the front were French windows footing it almost flush with the ground. But, after the fashion of human nature, he had grown accustomed to look upon himself as exempt from the perils that beset ordinary humankind. I have never met a man yet who did not consider his being summoned upon a jury an outrage upon his self-invested privacy.

By-and-by a desperate heat of manliness woke to quiet his shiverings. This was as it should be. To lasso and to drive one's own courage by the leg is to be really brave.

He kept a loaded revolver and a dark lantern in a cupboard in his room. These he fetched out, and softly striking a match kindled the latter. The very glow of the kindly round disc comforted him, as though it were a watchful eye fixed steadily upon his interests.

He would give himself no time for thought, but, in his nightshirt as he was, went swiftly to the door, opened it, and stepped out into the passage.

All was deathly still. It was obvious he must seek further for

solution of the mystery. With a great effort, he went from the open door of his bedroom—his ark of refuge, it seemed—and descended the stairs, actually sweating with terror at thought of what might be pursuing him softly from above while he was intent upon his front. I wonder, does ever the stalked burglar suffer one tithe of the agony his stalker does?

Mr. Tremills, however, came down unscathed, and put foot with a shudder on the cold oil-cloth of the hall.



"SHE LOOKED AT HIM WITH HORRIFIED EYES."

"I'm covering you," said a low voice in the hollow of the dark. "If you point your weapon, I fire."

The blood went back upon the poor gentleman's heart. He would have liked to drop down and die, and end all the fear there and then.

The silence of a long swoon seemed to succeed. Then he managed to quaver out, in quite a funny little falsetto: "Where are you? I can't see."

A faint trickle of laughter came back.

"I'm snug enough," murmured the voice. "Wish I could say the same for you."

"Are you going to shoot?"

"That depends. Will you put down your tool and come forward?"

"On what condition?"

"If you'll do it, honour bright, and give me your parole you won't take it up again, I'll not touch you."

Mr. Tremills stooped and laid his weapon on the stairs.

"All right," he said. "I give it."

"Now come forward a pace or two and stand," said the voice.

Mr. Tremills obeyed in horrible trepidation.

There was a rustle, the sputter of a match, and light leapt up in the hall from a gas-bracket. A moment the blaze blinded him; then he gave a gasp of utter astonishment.

A tall, gentlemanly young man faced him. His features were cut to an agreeable pattern; a faint smile hovered about the corners of his mouth. In his hand a long barrel gleamed.

"You!" exclaimed Mr. Tremills.

"Quite so," said the stranger, in a musical voice. "I decided to take you *en route*. Your description last night of the insecurity of your abode tempted me, I confess, out of my path. Still, I regret having disturbed you. It was unintentional, believe me."

"You are a—a burglar, then?"

"A gentleman of fortune, sir. Are we not all, in our way? Does it surprise you?"

"No; I can't say it does, after my hearing that you had left the inn without paying your bill."

"A mere oversight, of course. I shall send the money by post."

He gave a smile of rich meaning. So pleasant and conversational was his manner, indeed, that his hearer's veins began to tingle with a warm glow of confidence; and he even felt a little shame over the inconsequent nature of his own attire as compared with the other's particular exterior.

"Did you walk from Dorking?" he said. He might have been greeting a long-expected guest.

"I walked," said the stranger, "part of the way. The rest—well, it was one of those happy chances that almost embarrass the favourites of Fortune—I rode on a bicycle. A lady I chanced across lent me hers, and—is anything the matter with you?"

The barrel in his hand was gleaming horizontally in the direction of Mr. Tremills's breast.

"No, no!" almost shrieked that gentleman. "I have given you my word. I'm not going to break it."

"But really—your household!"

"I'm only answerable to myself. I entertain friends, often enough and late enough. You needn't be afraid."

He danced, positively, on the chilly floor, and up to the smiling stranger. The latter was quite courteous, but excusably tickled by the entertainment afforded him.

"The bicycle!" clucked Mr. Tremills, gasping and subduing his voice all in one.

"The bicycle! You stole it!"

"Tut, tut! A brutal misinterpretation of motive. Excuse me—really. I borrowed it, my good sir, for a few miles; only for a few miles. It has lain stabled all the evening near a Croydon tavern, while I played billiards. I must give you your revenge some day, by-the-bye."

"But—where did you find it? What was the lady like? Had it a name under the saddle?"

The stranger laughed outright, but softly.

"What is exciting you?" he murmured, pleasantly. "Upon my word, you ask more than I can answer. But the machine is outside at this moment. You can look for yourself, if you wish it."

"I do. If it is the one I hope it to be, I will buy it of you—buy it, and let you walk off here and now without the slightest further molestation."

The stranger laughed again.

"Well," he said, "you're a queer character. But I confess to a liking for you, and I'm not easily pleased. Call it done, then, at fifty pounds."

"For a bicycle!"

"Cheap," said the stranger, coolly, "under the circumstances"—and he a little ostentatiously swung the weapon in his hand.

"I'll give it!" said Mr. Tremills, hurriedly, "if it's the one I want. Will you bring it in here?" and he made for the hall door.

"Pardon me," said the kindly house-

breaker, intercepting him. "I don't think we'll affright the neighbourhood with the drawing of bolts. It lies amongst the shrubs on the lawn."

He took his self-constituted host by the hand, and led him courteously into the drawing-room. Here a ghostlier mist of dawn came through one of the French windows, the hasp of which, together with the shutter-bar, had been deftly manipulated by a practised hand.

"Please accompany me outside," said the stranger.

"But the wet grass—my bare feet!"

"Wait not to find thy slippers,

But come with thy naked feet;

We shall have to pass through the dewy grass——"

gurgled the polite man, with a little hiccough of merriment. "You must really come. Supposing I went alone, and you were to shut me out?"

"I won't, upon my honour."

"Honour amongst thieves, sir? You're compounding a felony. Come along!"

He had to go, conscious that he cut a sufficiently ridiculous figure.

"Oh, Janet!" he murmured to himself, as he hopped over the lawn; "what am I not suffering for your sweet sake!"

Perhaps it was a mistaken sacrifice; for woman is so sensitive to the ungraceful that, does a man save his heart's desire from drowning and appear before her dragged, he is like enough to find that his snares have caught him nothing but a cold. But anyhow, Mr. Tremills had his present reward.

"A match!" he gasped. "Light one!" when the stranger had stooped into a particular shrub, and brought forth what they sought.

He tremblingly leaned down, pulled up the flap of the saddle, and, by the light of the little taper, held by the other, softly laughing, read thereunder the name he most desired to find. Then he rose with a breathing sigh of exultation.

"Is it the one?" asked the amused young man.

"It is."

"I congratulate you—and myself upon having been the humble means of procuring you such happiness. The machine is yours. Shall we go indoors and complete the transaction?"

Mr. Tremills nodded. Reverently he wheeled the machine over the grass, his eyes shining, the tails of his nightshirt playfully flapping in the morning breeze.

He deposited his treasure in a corner, and

"Now," he said, "if you will wait while I fetch my keys, I will give you the draft."

"No foxing," said the stranger; "or it will prove a black draught to you."

"Sir," said Mr. Tremills, with dignity, "kindly learn to credit with some value my name of gentleman."

"I do—on a cheque," said the young man.

Five minutes later he held it in his hand.

"Now," he said, "I intend to cash this the moment the bank opens. I trust to your 'name of gentleman' not to molest me in any way."

"You have had my assurance, sir."

The other buttoned up the draft in an inner pocket. "Well," he said, "I must really be going. What an unconscionable time I've kept you. I can only repeat I didn't wish to disturb you in the first instance."

He laughed, walked towards the door, and came back again.



"IF YOU POINT YOUR WEAPON, I FIRE."

"By the way," he said, "you may as well have my pistol. Keep it as an example of the force of moral persuasion. It belongs to the machine, and is, in fact, nothing more harmful than an air-pump." And he laid the gleaming barrel on the table.

III.

MR. TREMILLS wheeled a lady's bicycle into the little front garden of the Medways' house, stood it up against a plinth of the steps leading to the door, and, mounting the latter, rang the bell and asked for Miss Medway. He was shown, somewhat to his embarrassment, straight into the drawing-room, where his divinity sat at afternoon tea with her mother and a very surly-looking young gentleman who appeared to be a visitor.

Miss Medway greeted him very graciously, and at this the surly young gentleman seemed to glower; and Mrs. Medway knocked over a tea-cup, but did not evince the slightest concern when she had done it.

"Nothing disturbs mamma," said mamma's daughter, ringing to have the pieces cleared away. "She would sit like that if the chimney were on fire and the wind blew the soot all over her face."

It was then that Mr. Tremills discovered that mamma cherished a creed of preordination, and had grown fat on letting things look after themselves.

"My dear," she said, "the cup was made for me to break. But it can be pieced again. Polytechnic cement will mend even a broken heart, I'm told."

"Fish glue's the thing," said the surly young gentleman, looking at Mr. Tremills as if he dared him to contradict him.

That innocent person unconsciously took up the challenge.

"It would melt in hot water, I expect," said he.

"I suppose I know what I'm talking about," said the surly young gentleman, whose name, it presently appeared, was Rooks.

"George," said Miss Medway, "if you can't be commonly polite, you'd better go."

Mr. Rooks rose from his seat at once. The process seemed like taking a boiling saucepan off the fire, for he went to a simmer and sat down again.

A pang of discomfiture passed for the first time through Mr. Tremills's heart. Who was this baleful youth with whom the young lady appeared so intimate? For all his natural self-depreciation, he had given no thought hitherto to the possible existence of

a rival. But—now he came to think of it—was it likely that a damsel of such obvious attractions would rest content with fewer than a score of knights in her train? It was even within bounds that the satchel—the return of which into her hands she so greatly desired—contained some letter of a tender or compromising nature.

On the thought his last rag of prudence flew to the winds. Jealousy—the sting behind the honey-bag of love, the bee—was sticking in his side, and already he felt the poison in his veins. Desperate to assure himself a foremost position amongst the imaginary stormers of that fair fortress, he jumped into the breach of silence following the last little assault, and, of course—shy man that he was—overshot his mark and fell into the hands of the enemy.

"Miss Medway," he said, blushing and turning to that radiant creature, and most unblushingly giving the lie to his petest of theories, "may I presume to congratulate you on your courage in giving practical expression to a movement amongst your sex the wisdom of which no sane man can dispute?"

"I beg your pardon?" said the lady, looking considerably astonished.

"I allude—I mean," stammered Mr. Tremills, at once getting very hot and confused—"to trou—to rational dress."

Miss Medway said, "Oh!" and drew herself up immensely stiffly. Then she added, to his complete amazement: "You are quite mistaken. I utterly disapprove of it."

"But——" gasped Mr. Tremills.

"Oh! I know what you will say; that, because you saw me——"

"I consider the man," broke in Mr. Rooks, in a violent, squabbling voice, "a cad and a bounder who doesn't call it beastly!"

Miss Janet immediately turned her back on the irate young gentleman, and addressed a rather set face to her adorer.

"I feel," she said, "that some explanation is due in justice to myself. You found me in a complication of situations."

"They were provided for in the beginning," murmured Mrs. Medway in the background.

"Then, mamma, they were very badly provided for; for they turned out remarkably poor ones. The day before yesterday, Mr. Tremills, I rode over into the country to spend the night with an elderly lady—a friend of ours. It rained, and on the way I got soaked. My wet clothes were left by a careless servant too close to a roaring kitchen

fire during the night, and the next morning they were scorched all over and rendered quite useless. What was I to do? I was in despair. It was necessary for me to start on my return journey almost immediately: and my only way out of the difficulty was to borrow and ride home in the—the dress you saw, which belonged to, and had been left behind by, a rather lively niece of the lady, my hostess. The latter, by the way, was, I may mention, extremely stout. This explains my appearance. It is all a matter of taste, of course; and you are quite welcome to your opinion. But I confess that I never felt so ashamed in my life as when I was driven, in that garb, to appeal for help to a stranger."

"No explanation was necessary—," began the unhappy Mr. Tremills, and choked before he could get further. How justly was he punished for that traitorous denial of his convictions. And here he had the misery, without possibility of relief, of appearing to champion a cause the condemnation of which from the lips of his beloved his whole heart indorsed.

He rose, after a few further commonplace remarks, with a sort of suspended awkward bow. His discomfiture seemed to make impossible all that prospective enthusiasm and gratitude that he had flattered himself was to be his rich reward when he came to make his gift of restoration.

Here, however, he was to be favoured beyond his expectation.

"I have to tell you," he said, in a depressed voice, "that I have been successful in finding your bicycle!"

Miss Medway rose, with a cry of real joy.

"You have found it! Oh, where?—how? I can't tell you how delighted I am."

He caught the thrill of excitement, and hoped again.

"It was a strange experience—too long to relate now. Anyhow, I discovered the thief and made him disgorge."

"Oh, how can I ever thank you enough? It was most kind

and clever of you. Is it intact? Where is it? I am wild to see it."

"I brought it with me. It is resting against the steps outside."

"Mamma! George!" cried Miss Medway, turning round radiantly. "Do you hear? Mr. Tremills has recovered my bicycle for me."

"I heard him," said the gloomy George, laconically.

"Thank Mr. Tremills, my dear," said Mrs. Medway.

"I've thanked him, of course. Do let me see it. It's outside, you say?"

All in a glow she ran into the hall; and Mr. Tremills and the surly young gentleman followed—the latter at a leisurely distance.

Janet threw open the front door and looked forth.

"Against the steps, did you say?" she asked.

"Yes. Why—what's become—? It must have fallen."

He leapt down the flight—turned and turned and stared about him with a blank face. Not a vestige of any bicycle was to be seen.

A servant who was sweeping the steps of



"NOT A VESTIGE OF ANY BICYCLE WAS TO BE SEEN."

the adjoining house looked over the party hedge and addressed him:—

"Is it the bicycle, sir? A young gentleman looked in and rode off on it just now."

"A young gentleman? What young gentleman? What was he like?"

"I'm sure I doesn't know," said the girl, with a coquettish wriggle. "He'd got curly hair and plenty of cheek, he had."

Mr. Tremills turned, and looked up at Miss Medway as she stood above him.

"It must have been the same scoundrel," he murmured, in a dismayed voice. "Miss Medway, how can I explain——"

"Not at all, I think. I was a little premature in my gratitude. But, please don't pick me out as the subject of your next practical joke."

Her eyes blazed at him.

"A reg'lar imposition and a stoopid one," said Mr. Rooks over her shoulder.

Mr. Tremills found his independence in one overpowering sense of intolerable wrong.

"You ungentlemanly fellow!" he said, hotly. "I'll convince you yet which is the better man."

At this the surly young gentleman laughed in a sardonic manner; and Mr. Tremills, bestowing a bow of comprehensive meaning upon Miss Medway, turned and strode away with all the proud expression of resentment he was master of.

IV.

STUNG to the quick and half choking with grief, anger, and the consciousness of outraged sensibilities whose modest venturesomeness had not deserved so bitter a fate, the wretched gentleman wended his way homewards, the rankling virus of disappointment eating deeper into his heart at every step.

Reaching his house and entering the dining-room his eye was caught by the glitter on his desk of that fictitious weapon with which the confident burglar had for so long played with his timidity. He caught it up in a burst of sudden fury, and apostrophized the innocent tube somewhat after the heroic fashion of the twenties. But then he was moved beyond the capacities of ordinary language.

"Thou poor windy swaggerer!" he cried, in a grief-stricken voice, "who, boasting the power of death over life, canst compass nothing greater than the inflation of another as vacant as thyself with thine own empty vanity! Would that thou hadst, indeed, contained the death-dealing bullet, and that he—that dark haunter of the midnight—had—had let you off!"

In an access of rage he dashed the instrument violently on the floor.

"Great Scot!" he exclaimed.

The tube was smashed in its fall—piston and cylinder torn apart. From the hollow socket a twisted paper protruded.

He stooped, and drew it out. It was a letter in an envelope curled to fit into the aperture, and the superscription on its back was "Miss Medway."

Who had placed it there—the burglar or the lady? And was it the document so greatly desired by the latter?

For a moment, in his fever of resentment, the angry man allowed the unworthy and savage thought to dwell in him that here possibly lay the means of an ample revenge: that, by acquainting himself with the nature of the contents, he might acquire a hold over his beautiful victim that would presently satisfy his uttermost wrongs.

It was the depravity of an instant, of course. He was a gentleman, and a generous one; and by-and-by he put the letter intact into his pocket, and would blush hotly whenever he recalled that one-sided little wrestle with his conscience.

But at least he would be in no hurry to restore the paper. Miss Medway deserved no tender consideration at his hands; and she must just bide his convenience, and eat out her heart with waiting, if need was.

"She will find it very indigestible food," he would mutter, with a terribly tragic laugh, entirely devoid of humour; and would then fall into the pathetic mood over thought of how much he would like a bite himself.

For days he lived the life of a grumpy hermit, never going out of doors save into his own garden. But one exquisite morning, the ichor of life flowing sweetly in his veins, he felt he could live in a vexed seclusion no longer; and out he stalked on to the Common.

Now, he had moved not many hundreds of paces through a glowing September mist, when he spied the object of all his solicitude and unhappiness seated on a bench under a chestnut tree. Her air, as he approached, seemed a little weighted with sadness; but her complexion was beautiful as a Hebe's in the warm shadow of a leaf of asphodel.

He made up his mind at once to speak and get his mission over. He approached—his skin prickling, it seemed, under the lash of offended love—and raised his hat.

"Good morning, Miss Medway," he said, in a stiff, cold voice.

She gave a great jump, looked up, and blushed violently.

"Oh!" she said, "how you startled me!"

"I am sorry. I'm afraid I have been more than once an innocent cause of disturbance in you. Believe me, now as before, I have intruded myself only in your service."

"Won't you sit down?" she said, looking up at him with rather eager, shining eyes. "I want to speak to you."

She made room for him on the bench. He could not resist so tempting an offer; but he kept his spirits sternly on the defensive. She appeared to have some difficulty in beginning. At last she made the plunge, in a desperate, pathetic little voice.

"Mr. Tremills," she said; "you never gave us your address, you know."

"Didn't I? Now I think of it—no, I didn't, of course. But what——"

"I have only just discovered it, through a neighbour. If I had known it before, I should have written to thank you for your goodness and trouble in finding my bicycle for me again."

"But——"

"I know. It was all an abominable mistake. My cousin, Mr. Walter Harkaway, found it outside, and rode off on it for a joke. He returned it the same evening, and I rated him so roundly that he has hardly held up his head since."

She looked aside at her companion, timidly.

"What an atrocious, ungrateful wretch you must have thought me—and after all your kindness! I have been crying with remorse ever since."

Mr. Tremills turned with a full heart. He was melting, but he held on for another moment.

"You did me a wrong," he said. "But I forgive you for your poor opinion of me—that is to say, I forgive you, if you wish it."

"Oh, thank you—yes!"

"And you have your bicycle again?"

"I have it—yes."

He looked at her with ardent eyes. For all her gratitude there was a something wanting in the tone of it.

"You missed something?" he said.

"Yes. The letter was gone."

He put his hand in his pocket.

"Is this it?" he said.

She half rose—took the envelope from his hand, and sank back upon the bench.

"Mr. Tremills! How—oh! why are you so good to me?"

Mr. Tremills overflowed. The heavens seemed showering their benedictions on his head. When bashful men throw down their burdens of reserve, it is usually upon their own toes. They expand at inopportune moments, and their relapses are proportionally severe.

He stood up shaking all over.

"Let me tell you," he stammered. "Painful as it is to me—no, to you—as it may be, I mean—I adore you. I can't help it—I am in love all over."

The lady looked at him with steady, rather scared, eyes.

"Oh!" she breathed. "Is this a declaration?"

"Yes," he said, with passionate fervour. "The best I am capable of. No, please don't answer me in a hurry. Take time to think. I know it has been a short acquaintance; but, believe me—though I am far from wishing to extol myself—I—I am a bachelor of

considerable means, and I am not conscious of ever having done anything particularly wrong in my life."

Oh, misguided confession! Miss Medway permitted a little smile to disturb her gravity.

"That is very good of you," she murmured.

"Mr. Tremills, I am sorry——"

"No, no!"



"TAKE TIME TO THINK."

"I can't speak if you interrupt."

"I won't. I won't. You can't mean *no*. Tell me why."

"You have no right whatever to ask. But there is more than one obstacle."

"Perhaps they can be surmounted?"

"I fear not. There is one—let me see. Oh, of course! Your championship of rational dress would be a hopeless bar."

"It is all a mistake. I was accommodating myself, as I thought, to circumstances. As a matter of fact, I detest it."

"But that is not all. I—oh, Mr. Tremills! why should I try to mislead you? I am engaged already."

The world seemed to fall about the poor man's ears. He stepped back quite stunned and confused.

"To George?" he heard himself saying.

Miss Medway laughed outright.

"Oh, dear, no! To my cousin Walter."

"Who stole the bicycle?"

"Yes. And, Mr. Tremills, I want to ask a great, great favour of you."

"It is granted," he muttered, miserably, barely conscious of his words.

"You are generosity itself," she exclaimed, with real feeling, and, diving into her pocket, fetched out a slip of paper and offered it to him.

"Will you please take this back and destroy it?"

He accepted it half blindly—glanced dimly at it. It was his own draft for £50, payable to bearer.

"You are surprised?" she said, breathing quickly. "I ought to be—but I am afraid I know too well Mr. Harkaway's irrepressible love for joking."

"Mr. Harkaway!—the burglar!"

He was gathering from the wreck of his world a little light and a little increasing sense of dignity. Miss Medway looked down.

"I am bound to confess," she murmured, "that my cousin and the burglar are the same. It was a stupid jest, and a dangerous one; but he never calculates the chances when he sees the way to make fun out of a situation. He had always declared that, if he ever caught me wearing rational bicycling dress, he would do something to make me remember it. He passed me on the road that afternoon, as—as you know. I was picking flowers at the time, and he had mounted and ridden away on my machine before I even knew he was near."

"You remarked he was good-looking, I think?" said Mr. Tremills, in quite a self-contained voice.

"I judged so from the appearance of his back."

The young lady here spoke rather defiantly, as if she were conscious of a change in her companion's tone. Then she went on:—

"He rode my machine to his own home, left it there, and that same evening visited us. He heard of my misfortune, and actually had the face to commiserate me. He is a dreadful boy. He also heard of your visit and your offer. It now appears he knew you by name and where you live; but I never found that out till yesterday. That night—as he has since told me—he went to a card party—some horrid bachelor affair—positively rode my machine there—and on his way back passed your house. A servant-girl was slipping in at one of the French windows, which had been left unlocked for her own purposes, I presume. I would not venture to suggest anything against the creature, Mr. Tremills; but I should certainly advise your getting rid of her."

"No doubt," answered the gentleman, coolly; "and with a good deal of old-fashioned trust in my fellows with her."

"You must please yourself about that. But—where was I? Oh! what did that mad boy do, but run my bicycle into the garden, pitch it into a bush, and pursue the girl into the house. He had been making merry, no doubt; but I don't wish to excuse his conduct, which was outrageous."

"Oh, not at all! It was a joke, of course."

"Well, it was a poor one, I think. However, he caught the girl in the hall, laughing and struggling, and then they heard you stirring above. The creature scuttled to the kitchen, and my cousin out again through the French window. Here, all might have been well if he had only fled on his first impulse. But, as the demon of fortune would have it, the pump had tumbled out of my satchel—and only I know what it contained!—and the glitter of it caught his eye. In a moment the insane idea occurred to him that he would use this as a pistol, return, and face out the situation for the fun of the thing. He wanted to have a good laugh out of you, and at first only intended to frighten you and then explain who he was and all about the lost bicycle. But, when he came to see your face and the fright you were in of his pump, he couldn't for the life of him help playing the farce out to the end. It really *must* have been very comical."

"It was a piece of the most refined and delicious humour you could imagine."

"Yes, yes, and to drag you over the wet grass in your bare feet! It was too cruel of him! He confessed it all to me last night; and imagine what my feelings were when I discovered that my hidden letter remained in your possession! I could have died—I could, indeed. All night long I racked my brains for a way out of the difficulty. At last I determined to seek an interview with you (Walter had given me your address), to return you the cheque—which, of course, he hadn't cashed—and to throw myself upon your mercy and tell you all. Chance put in my way what I had not yet found the courage to seek. Unsolicited you returned me the contents of that wretched pump, and nobly and at once you gave me your word to destroy that equally wretched piece of paper. I ask you to forgive the poor boy, Mr. Tremills. His jokes are harmless and often really amusing; and he gives no thought to the possible consequences of his rashness."

"Madam!" said Mr. Tremills, with perfect calmness, "the night before the afternoon I had the misfortune—I really must say it—to come across you, I spent, in part, with your cousin at an inn in Dorking. It was there he became acquainted with my name and address—if, indeed, he did not, as you suggest, know both already by report. The next morning, so I heard, he left without paying his bill. I have his assurance that he intended forwarding the amount by post—"

"Certainly," broke in the young lady, hotly. "He told me about it. He has paid it since."

Mr. Tremills bowed.

"I am rejoiced to hear it; and also to understand that these exquisite jests, which entail so much apparent loss and suffering on others, are due, in effect, to nothing but the engaging playfulness of youth. I destroy this draft" (he tore the cheque deliberately into quite a hundred little pieces, and scattered them to the wind), "as you request. For the rest, permit me to congratulate you upon an alliance which seems to my unsophisticated mind to promise as perfect a union of sympathies and interests as it is possible, in this world of antagonistic propensities, to attain to."

Miss Medway blushed a very vivid scarlet.

"I mustn't read between the lines, I suppose?" she said, with a little forced laugh. "And, anyhow, it is another proof of your generosity to leave yourself out of the question."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Tremills, "I include myself in the congratulations most sincerely, I assure you."

He lifted his hat in a courtly manner, and walked off with an unmistakable appearance of relief.

L'ENVOI.

The postscript is the moral of the fable, as we all admit. To this I must add that the PPS. is the moral of the moral. Either, in the present instance, to any moderate student of human nature, is a foregone conclusion.

But for the benefit of the curious, I may mention that the first relates how, some eight or nine weeks after the above-recorded meeting of Mr. Tremills with Miss Medway, Mr. Walter Harkaway shipped himself, or was shipped, to a distant colony yclept Rhodesia, whither he made some rather ostentatious show of carrying a lacerated heart, which was more than once in danger of a premature healing on the voyage itself, and which eventually he submitted for treatment to a Miss Lottie Huggins, whose father did a brisk business with horses in the populous town of Johannesburg; and further, that the second records how, when Mr. Harkaway's wound was some months a forgotten scar, Miss Janet Medway was united in wedlock with Mr. John Tremills, a fact which any daily paper of the period will attest.

There is no PPS. to inform the reader as to the nature of the relations that existed subsequently between a pair that scepticism would avow extremely ill-assorted; but this I *am* in a position to state—that it was not until she was some months a wife that Mrs. Tremills would consent to enlighten her husband as to the contents of the mysterious letter so jealously hidden away in her bicycle pump. Then, his persistent curiosity prevailing, she one day fetched and handed him the fateful epistle, and hid her fair face upon his shoulder while he read it.

And it was a note from a local boot-seller informing her that he was in receipt of her order for a pair of Pinet's Elevators, which he would procure and forward!

A short silence succeeded the reading; and Mrs. Tremills looked up askance to see her John's eyes fixed upon her roguishly.

"So you weren't tall enough?" he said.

"Not quite. What would you take me to be?"

"Just as high as my heart," said he; and that, anyhow, is a pretty ending.

Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. While the stories themselves will be matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist will treat the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.

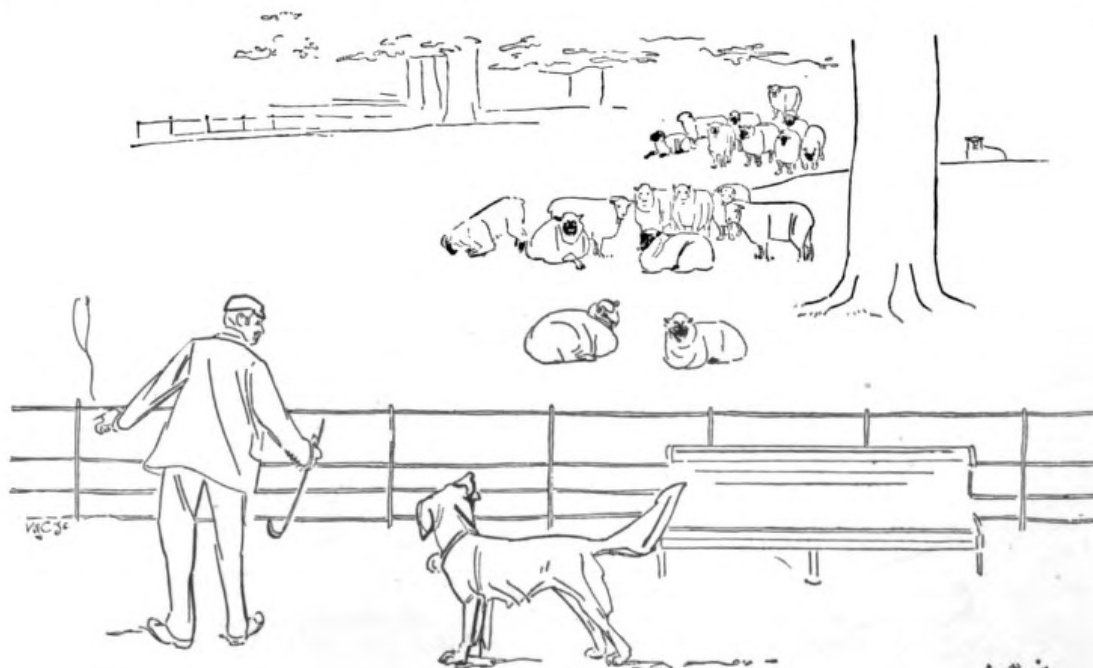
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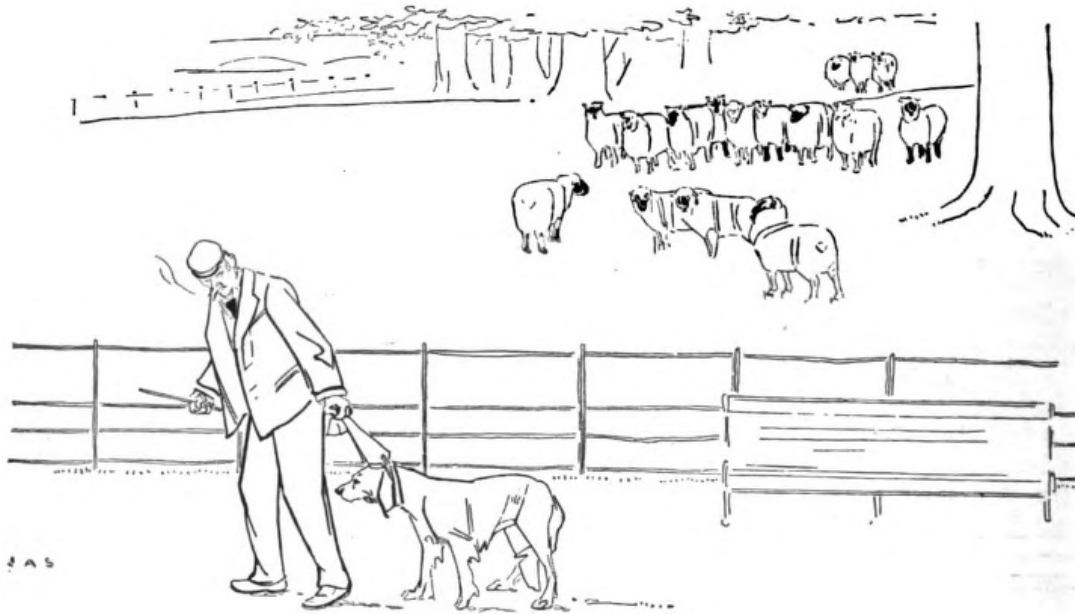
MR. PIGGOTT had a dog, an Irish setter, which, notwithstanding its Hibernian name and pedigree, was born and brought up in London. Jack was its name. Jack's ancestors in Ireland had been sheep-dogs for countless generations, but Jack himself knew nothing of sheep at all, beyond whatever acquaintanceship he might have had with an

occasional mutton-bone. Indeed, he had never as much as seen a live sheep in his life till the particular incident wherewith we are concerned took place. But heredity is a great thing, and in this case it manifested itself in a very noteworthy manner.

Jack's master gave him frequent exercise in walks. But Jack was young, and it so chanced that none of his walks had brought



HE KNEW THEM !



SUBMISSIVE, BUT DISAPPOINTED.

him within sight of a sheep, till one morning Mr. Piggott chose Hyde Park as the exercise-ground. One may often see sheep in Hyde Park, and on this particular morning it happened that a considerable flock disported itself at large about the grass adjoining the path Mr. Piggott chose. The flock was wholly unguarded, neither a man nor a dog having charge, and the sheep were making the most of their liberty. Jack stopped. What were these creatures? He had never seen such beings before—never, at least, in his present life. But he knew them well—more, he knew that something was wrong. Hundreds of generations of shepherd-ancestors in grassy Ireland had

learnt all about these woolly creatures, and the knowledge had passed on to this innocent, untaught descendant. Jack knew that they were foolish, weak things, these sheep now first set before his bodily eyes—things that must be lost without guidance; things, nevertheless, that it was important not to allow to be lost, and things which it was the duty of the superior creature, the dog, to take care of, to keep together, to drive in the path they should go, to terrify for their own good—even on extreme occasion to nip—lest they be scattered and lost entirely. And here they were, alone and uncared-for, with not a dog to look after them. Jack's ears lifted and his tail flourished



TROUT-FLIES AND HACKLE.



DISTURBED.

intelligently. But Mr. Piggott interfered. He read the gaze, understood the cock of the ear, and interpreted the swing of the tail. He seized Jack quickly by the collar and took him along. The dog went submissively enough, but seriously disappointed. His master was resolved to have no trouble with those sheep, so kept a firm hold on Jack's collar for full half a mile, till the sheep were far behind, wholly out of sight, and, Mr. Piggott felt no doubt, altogether out of Jack's mind. Here a friend met Jack's master—an angling friend, and an enthusiast. When angling friends meet there is apt to be talk of an absorbing, technical, and mutually delightful character. Jack was released, and at the moment forgotten, and for a space all was trout-flies and hackle.

But while trout-flies and hackle hurtled through the quiet air, Jack had gone about his duty. The duty of every respectable dog, as ancestral remembrance whispered in his mind's ear, was to collect together all

scattered sheep and drive them home to his master. Jack left the neighbourhood of trout-flies and hackle at a swift bolt. He was gone but a few minutes, and his master knew nothing of his absence till a broken chorus of plaintive baa-aas disturbed the conversation. And there, kicking up the dust of the gravelly path, came an obedient and compact flock of sheep, driven, guarded, and kept from straggling with the true science of the perfect sheep-dog. And from behind the hurrying, bleating crowd beamed the joyous grin of Jack, happy in the honourable trade of his fathers! Not a sheep was missing, not one straggled. On they came, and only when the flock stood, a compact property, about the legs of the embarrassed debaters on trout-flies, did Jack stay the procession and gaze up in delighted expectancy for the approval of his master. For inherited instinct had triumphed, and Jack was a poet among sheep-dogs, born and not made.



A LITTLE SURPRISE.

Illustrated Interviews.

LXV.—MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW, "THE CALIFORNIAN LARK."

By M. DINORBEN GRIFFITH.



NEAR the city of "The Home of the Queen of the Angels," as the Spaniards named Los Angeles, California, stands a quaint, roomy, one-storied cottage, its broad piazzas wreathed with vines and brilliant flowers. It is called "The Lark's Nest," and, true to its name, it is jealously hidden from view,

roses in bloom at the same time—miniature lakes, fern shaded, and still more flowers of every kind and colour.

In the distance, fields of Calla lilies, orange groves, and orchards of luscious fruits.

The air is heavy with sweetness. Thousands of humming-birds dart hither and thither, or poise their jewelled bodies for an instant on some favoured flower; the mocking-birds



From a Photo. by]

MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW.

[Steckel, Los Angeles.

and even from the too intrusive sun, amid stately palms and rare tropical trees. Its shady grounds are encircled with high hedges of vivid scarlet geraniums *vis-à-vis* with equally high hedges of white marguerites that gracefully bend their long necks to every wanton breeze; and adorned with a hundred and fifty different kinds of roses—one exquisite variety, the "Gold of Ophir," which stands near the cottage, has a record of 10,000

hold noisy *séances* in the trees, and bees and birds hum and sing all day long from the mere joy of living.

This eternal summer-house in the world's flower-garden is the home-nest of a singing-bird of rare quality that migrated to England last year, and is well known as the "Californian Lark," and the possessor of the highest soprano voice in the world.

Miss Yaw must have learnt singing from

the birds in her Californian home, for she sings as they do, without an apparent effort. She has a compass of nearly four octaves, her lower and medium notes having the rich quality of a mezzo-soprano, while the high, and very high, notes are sweet, pure, and clear as a bell.

"I never heard such a bird-like voice; it is almost beyond human comprehension," said one critic. And so it was. The young artist reached F sharp in *altissimo* with perfect ease, and down the two chromatic scales, each note being of faultless purity and given with a precision and crispness that was nothing short of marvellous.

Tall, fair, *svelte*, with a dainty, flower-like face, and endowed with one of woman's greatest charms—a low, sweet-speaking voice—that is the best description I can give of the Californian Soprano.

"Were you born in California?" I asked, one day.

"No; in New York State; but I was very young when we went to live at Los Angeles.

"At what age did I begin to sing? Oh, I think when I was ever such a wee mite! My mother was very musical, and was my first teacher. She often told me it was difficult to get me to practise, but that I would sit for hours at the piano improvising tunes to the nursery rhymes I knew by heart."

At the age of six little Ellen attended a singing-school, being one among



MISS YAW (AGE 17).
From a Photo. by Bishop Bros., Minneapolis.

the permission of her parents she agreed to do so.

"Where did you make your first public appearance?"

"At Buffalo, New York. Perhaps you would like to know what I wore?" she asked, smilingly.

"I am sure the public would."

"Well, a little striped calico frock and a big print sun-bonnet, and my song was 'Away Down in Maine.' I was almost frightened at the noise the people made; they clapped me, and made me sing it again and again. After that I sang at many concerts.

"My mother still continued to teach me up to the age of fourteen; then I had lessons from an old Italian professor. When I was sixteen, I went to Boston to study, but only stayed there three months. I must explain," she added, "I am the youngest



MISS YAW.
From a Photo. by Marceau, Los Angeles.



IN OPERA.

From a Photo. by Morrison, Chicago.

of the family, and my father had lost all his money, and died when I was quite a child. So I was very poor, and could only afford to take quite a few lessons at a time. Then I had to sing so as to make enough money to pay for the next course, and so on.

"My next teacher, and one to whom I owe a great debt of gratitude, was Mme. Theodore Bjorksten, a Swede living in New York. She was very interested in me, and I took lessons with her off and on for two years."

The next important incident in Miss Yaw's life was a trip to Paris with Mme. Bjorksten, and she took advantage of her four months' stay there to have a few more lessons from Delle Sedie and the late M. Bax, after which she returned to California to a course of hard work. She

made up a concert party and toured through the States for two winters, each tour lasting six months.

She was received with the greatest enthusiasm everywhere. In Denver she received a perfect ovation. At a concert there she gave, as an encore, "My Old Kentucky Home," with such pathos, that after the first few bars many of the audience were in tears. This was followed by a gay French *chanson*. Her last song, the "Swiss Echo Song"—the call of the Swiss mountain-girl re-echoing from the heights—was rendered so faintly and so sweetly, that it recalled Du Maurier's description of Trilby's last song, when she used just "the cream of her voice."

"Have you met with any adventures or startling experiences?"

"On one occasion it was said I was fortunate enough to have saved hundreds of people from an awful death by a little presence of



AT HOME.

From a Photo. by J. A. Lorenz, Los Angeles.

mind. I was engaged to sing at a place in Texas; it was a cotton exhibition, and a series of concerts was given every evening.

"As I entered the huge hall I heard cries from the audience, and someone called 'Fire!' I rushed on the stage just as I was, in my cloak, and, holding out my hand to

paper, and as soon as I was comfortably settled, I took it up to read.

"I must say that I had somewhat of a shock when I read that 'Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the Californian Lark, while singing in grand opera in New York, burst a blood-vessel and died on the stage,' but, best of all,



From a Photo. by]

MISS YAW, WITH HER DOG "KEATS."

[J. A. Lorenz, Los Angeles.

gain attention, I sang the first few bars of 'Lakme.' Almost at once the audience calmed down, and I sang it right through. I thought myself I never sang better—I felt inspired. There *was* actually a fire, but it was quickly extinguished, before the audience knew that it was a reality, and not a false alarm, and the concert was continued.

"It is not given to many to read their own obituary notices and the manner of their death," said Miss Yaw, "but that once happened to me. I was on tour with my company, and had to take a train from near Salt Lake City. We got into a sleeping-car; on one of the seats I saw a Chicago daily

it added that 'her last few notes were like those of a swan.' My mother," added Miss Yaw, "received hundreds of letters of condolence, but she knew that I was far enough away from New York, so was more shocked than alarmed."

"And your life and amusements at your home in Los Angeles?"

"Oh, very simple. We are five miles distant from the city of Los Angeles, almost at the foot of the Rockies.

"I am out of doors all day. I go home to rest; so I lie in my hammock or on the veranda, always guarded by my dear and beautiful dog friend, 'Keats.'

"Sometimes I go to the grove to pick oranges of our own growing—or to the orchard for fruit; but my favourite occupation is gathering and arranging flowers. I retire to rest at the primitive hour of nine, but am always up early—with the birds, in fact."

"The wheels of your domestic affairs must roll more smoothly with you than they do in England, to give you the leisure to rest."

"Oh, yes, they do! All our servants are Chinese and Japanese; they are very good, and easy to manage: splendid workers if—there is an 'if' here also—you let them have their own way. All our vegetables and fish are hawked by Chinese, and they are sometimes most amusing."

"What recreations or social pleasure do you indulge in?"

"Picnics chiefly, and afternoon informal calls; sometimes we make up parties and visit the North American Indians; their encampment is only a night's railway journey from our place. I greatly enjoy these trips, for they are a most interesting people."

Miss Yaw showed me some little snap-shot photographs of groups of boys taken in her grounds. "These boys," she said, "used often to come and spend the day with me; they are from the 'Lark Ellen Home' for News Boys at Los Angeles."

"No, it was not founded by me. Do you see that gentleman at the back, holding up a little 'darkie'? That is the founder—General Otis, once a near neighbour of ours, now Commander of the American Forces at Manila."

"The Home was called after me, for I often gave my services as well as monetary contributions, and still do all I can towards its support. I am very much interested in

the scheme, for I think it is doing a great deal of good in keeping the boys from the streets. The Home provides board and lodging for a hundred boys—Americans and negroes—for the nominal sum of fourpence a day each.

"It is my ambition to one day be able to educate a few street boys and give them a chance in life. Many of them are such bright and intelligent little fellows."

"What about your second visit to Europe?"

"Well, I spent a summer on the Rhine, and then coached under Randegger for my next season's tour in America. I was not allowed to sing in England, as I was under a contract with an American manager."

"In the winter of 1897 I again visited Paris, and studied for opera under Geraudet. The director of the opera paid me a great compliment, comparing my voice to that of Christine Nilsson. I sang at one or two concerts in Paris, and received an offer to join an opera company at Nice."

"But the most important and, I think, happy moment of my

life was when I first appeared before a London audience. I am, I think, the only artiste who had made a name in America without having first appeared in London."

"What are your favourite songs?"

"I am very fond of Ambroise Thomas's version of Ophelia's Mad Scene, Alabiéff's 'Russian Nightingale,' Auber's 'Laughing Song,' and, well—I have many favourites; and I love also all the old-fashioned songs: Scotch, Irish, and American negro melodies; they are so very plaintive and sweet."

"Are you satisfied with your reception here?"

"Yes, indeed; everyone has been so kind, and I have done so little. I have been



MISS YAW, GENERAL OTIS, AND BOYS OF THE LARK ELLEN HOME.
From a Photograph.

recalled two and three times in nearly all the places I have sung this winter.

"You asked me what music I liked best! My choice you will think strange: the croaking of the frogs, with the chirping accompaniment of the cricket. I cannot say why I like it, but it certainly appeals to me more than anything else. My Danish hound, 'Keats,' shares this as well as several

winter engagements in England. I can be home in twelve days after leaving England.

"What route? Oh, I always prefer the Santa Fé Railway from Chicago; it is a perfect system, and the route is most picturesque."

Miss Yaw, in addition to being the possessor of a voice as lovely as it is rare, is also a great artist. What Nature gave



From a Photo. by]

IN THE GROUNDS AT HOME.

[J. A. Lorenz, Los Angeles.

other of my fancies, and together, on a moonlight evening at home, we stroll down a path leading to a vineyard at the foot of the mountains, on purpose to listen to the Frog Choir.

"I am going to spend a few months this summer at home, to rest and prepare for my

her, she has improved and perfected. Her personality is most winning, yet she is as simple, and I might say almost as diffident, off the stage as if she were a little maiden fresh from a convent. She looks upon her voice as a talent intrusted to her by which she may do good to others.

The Good That Came of It!

BY ANNIE O. TIBBITS.



I. **EXTREME** country in the depths of winter is not exactly cheerful, and Mary Holt was beginning to find that the cottage which she had furnished so gaily in the summer and hung with roses (which obstinately refused to clamber) was becoming a bit of a white elephant. The fact that it was hers, that the chairs and tables were hers, and that the servant was her own undisputed possession, did not counteract the gloom and silence that seemed to settle down upon the country in the winter. Even the oak paneling, warranted to be no less than 250 years old, and in which she had once taken such inordinate pride, began to look chill and gloomy as the days drew in and the light began to fade; and Mary found herself wishing that something would happen to break the deadly monotony—even if it was only Aunt Tabitha with a bilious attack or Cousin Rebecca with an influenza cold. She felt that she would go and nurse either of them cheerfully if they would only be obliging enough to want her. But neither of them did, and Mary's pride obstinately refused to allow her to go to them without an invitation.

They felt, no doubt, that a woman who could live on the wilds of a common, with only a female servant to protect her, was unmaidenly in the extreme, and that such uncalled-for independence required frigid indifference to bring it to its senses. They therefore neglected her, and, in the summer, when the burning days were full of scents and sounds and colour—the hum of insects, the song of birds, and the drowsy voices of the haymakers over the hedge—Mary had been thankful that they had left her alone. As a matter of fact, she had been rather dreading their visit to her cottage, but, so far, their outraged feelings had apparently prevented it, and they had not even troubled to inquire after the “mess” which they had prophesied Mary would make when she set up housekeeping for herself.

Before a fever of independence and burning ambition to do something in the world had seized her, she had lived a humdrum existence with this aunt and cousin in a select quarter of Brixton. After her father's death they had “done their best for her,” which “best” meant residence in their “commodious villa,” a starvation diet, and a

careful and systematic snubbing, or, as her aunt called it, “training,” in return for which Mary paid them an extortionate sum from her small allowance, and performed various little acts of kindness, such as darning stockings, mending table-cloths, and dusting out the drawing-room, which, her aunt was careful to explain, would be useful to her in after life.

For a year or two Mary submitted meekly to all these demands; but when she came of age—that is to say, reached the demure age of twenty-five, and came into the undisputed possession of £200 a year—she determined to try an experiment for herself. She felt that she was no longer a schoolgirl to be snubbed and scolded, but a woman of means and—she vaguely suspected—of brains. Certainly she had a very fair talent for painting, and, with money, the ambition which had withered away under her aunt's severe “training” began to reassert itself, and once and for all she determined to do something for her art before the Brixton air got into her veins and froze her blood.

Already she felt that it was doing so. Already she felt herself acquiring certain little habits of starched primness—found herself worried by specks of dust and agitated about finger-marks; and she began to wonder disconsolately how long it would take to petrify her into an exact copy of Cousin Rebecca. The very thought of it horrified her, and one sober November afternoon, when Brixton looked uglier than usual, she made a sudden plunge and went house-hunting. The result was that six months later, after stormy scenes between herself and her aunt, and after many gloomy prophecies of the calamities which would overtake her, she found herself installed in a quaint old cottage on the outskirts of a common, and there she settled down to work.

She had every encouragement. A long, light studio ran down one side of the house, with heavy curtains at the doors and windows to keep out draughts and noises; with a big bookcase filled with books at one end, and a huge table covered with any quantity of paints and canvas at the other. But, somehow, when winter came on, Mary had not much to show. The garden seemed to have taken up all her time, and now that the last of the chrysanthemums were in bloom and the days were growing short and dark, it had

ceased to be interesting. There was plainly nothing to do. She looked with a sigh at a solitary cabbage that seemed bent on defying the winter, and began to feel aimless. Winter, she decided, was wretched and horrible, and on the edge of the common there was absolutely nothing to relieve it. It was no use looking out of the window, for there was nothing to see except a ragged hedge and an empty road, and she found herself driven back on her little cottage, which, somehow, seemed suddenly cheerless and unhomelike.

It was, too, so horribly quiet and lonely at night. Her nearest neighbours were nearly half a mile away, and when Emma had drawn the curtains and locked the doors and retired to the kitchen, Mary felt herself somehow shut out of the world and neglected. She began to feel as if she was growing old. She looked, indeed, older than she really was, and with the winter her spirits sank, the colour ebbd from her face, and she seemed to be rapidly freezing up into a veritable old maid.

Just then, however, something happened—something at once extraordinary and exciting, something which unhinged her life and turned the gloomy common into a centre of romance.

It was nearly seven o'clock. Emma had put a log on the fire and taken away the tea-things, and Mary had settled down with a book in an easy chair. She had refused to have the lamp turned up for a moment, for the semi-darkness, with the long flames shooting out flickering shadows across the room, was pleasant, and she lay back idly in her chair and watched it. She was getting drowsy, and in a few moments would probably have been asleep, but suddenly, in the midst of the silence, there came the sharp sound of horses' hoofs on the hard frosty road outside, and then, almost before she had realized that there was such a thing as a person abroad on that dreary night, a bullet whizzed through the window, scattering the glass in broken fragments to the

floor, and plunging into the cushion on a chair at her side.

If she had been sitting in the chair she would have been shot! For the moment the thought dazed her. Then she started up frightened and bewildered, but even as she did so a second shot rang out through the clear night air, followed by the hoarse, broken cry of a man.

Mary darted from the room. Outside, Emma was stumbling along the passage armed with a rolling-pin—evidently the first weapon that came to her hands—and she stared at her mistress as if she was rather surprised at seeing her alive.

"*Whatever* is it, ma'am?" she exclaimed. Then, getting no reply, and evidently anticipating the worst from Mary's breathless attitude, she burst into violent sobbing.

"Oh, mum, we shall both be killed, we shall, and my young man, oh, *whatever* shall I do?"

Mary, with sudden energy and thoughtless courage born of her confusion, commenced unlocking the door.

"We must see what it is," she said, breathlessly; "it's no use being foolish. Go and let Con loose." "Con" was short for Confucius Brutus—a dog.

Emma obeyed in fear and trembling, and, with an outward and visible show of bravery which she was far from feeling, Mary abruptly and recklessly flung open the hall door.

"Who goes there?" she cried, in a voice which she felt was slightly weak; "who goes there? Speak, or I fire."

She reflected an instant later that that was a reckless thing to threaten, and she immediately altered it to "let the dog loose" on whoever it was who lurked behind the hedge.

However, she got no reply, and the silence



was terrifying. There was not a sound to be heard, not a thing to be seen, for it was a dark night and slightly foggy, and she peered across to the road in vain. It seemed almost as if the shots had been fired by some ghostly hand, and she shivered at the thought. She was relieved an instant later to hear the short, sharp barks of Confucius, and many mutterings and exclamations from Emma as she unloosed him amidst, apparently, effusive greetings. He rushed away to Mary and commenced his war-like proceedings by jumping up and licking her on the face; then, being sharply rebuked, wagged his tail in hard thumps against the door, and immediately disappeared.

Mary and the girl, peering into the darkness, waited breathlessly for something to happen. Mary was beginning to tremble now, and Emma, already fearing that her end had come, shook with suppressed sobs. They waited in silence, hearing nothing, feeling nothing but the fog at their throats and the mystery of the night at their hearts, and then, suddenly, Confucius whined, and Emma grasped her mistress's arm.

"There!" she said, hoarsely.

"He's found something," cried Mary, excitedly. "Oh, good gracious! Con, Con!"

She called him without result. They could hear him whining, every now and then uttering short, sharp snaps, and then suddenly he began barking violently at something under the hedge. The next minute he came tearing back up the path, frightening Emma into a violent exclamation and a belief that they were as good as dead, and began whining and dancing round Mary, pulling at her dress, hurrying backwards and forwards with the evident intention of persuading her to follow him.

Mary bade him be quiet, and listened intently. There was nothing to be heard. The stillness was the stillness of the winter, and there was not so much as the cracking of a twig. Mary could hear her own heart beating in the darkness, and then after a moment's doubt and hesitation, aggravated by Emma's repeated assurances that she was going to her death, she ventured down the steps and on to the gravel path. There she stood trembling.

"Give me the poker, Emma," she said, at last; "I don't think it's anything particular, but——"

The pause was impressive, and Emma's teeth began to chatter audibly. Mary waited for the poker, and, while the girl was gone,

shrank back nervously to the step, while Confucius, regardless of the dignity of his namesake, rushed madly backwards and forwards.

"Oh, miss," said Emma, when she came back. "It's a sin to go and risk yer life, and if you're murdered, miss——"

"Hush!" said Mary, nervously. "I'm not going to be murdered."

Emma looked doubtful, and immediately retreated behind the door, with her fingers in her ears to prevent her mistress's death scream reaching them.

Meanwhile Mary advanced down the path to the gate brandishing her poker, and inquiring every now and then in a conciliatory voice (for she was getting decidedly nervous) who was there. Receiving no reply except the exultant barking of the dog, she began to feel that politeness was useless.

"What is it, Con?" she cried, energetically, "what is it? Fetch it out, then—Go for it, good dog!"

The good dog, however, did nothing of the sort, but continued to dash up and down in a state of frantic excitement.

"I don't believe there's anything at all," said Mary to herself. Then she remembered the bullet buried in her cushion, and shuddered. With an effort she went slowly forward into the road. As she did so her foot suddenly struck against something hard, and she started back with a scream. Emma, behind the door, hearing it, screamed too; and Mary, recollecting herself, stooped down and picked the thing up.

At first when she had it in her hand she scarcely realized what it was. Then she became aware that it was a man's hard bowler hat, and she felt a little thrill of horror seize her. With a nervous grip to her poker, she crept quickly along the hedge, straining her eyes in the darkness, shivering, until she suddenly came upon a dark object, at which Confucius sniffed eagerly. She dropped the poker, and stooped down. The next instant she had started up again, for it was the body of a man she found, and was calling wildly to Emma to bring a light. She waited until it came, looking into the hedge in an agony of apprehension. She was almost relieved when the candle flashed along the ground and found only a young man in evening dress lying on his face. To her sudden horror, however, he appeared to be dead; but when she lifted his head and listened she fancied that he still breathed.

"What shall we do?" she asked the now open-mouthed Emma. "Do you think

we could drag him into the house between us?"

Emma sniffed.

"A man," she said, contemptuously. "I never did such a thing in me life, mum."

"No, of course not," said Mary, hurriedly; "but the poor fellow's hurt, and we must do what we can for him. He's been shot, I think, and—oh!—who can have done it?"

Emma, not seeing what she saw, wagged her head wisely.

"You mark my

strange gents," she began, "'as 'appen to lie in the roadway——"

"Oh, Emma, don't be absurd," Mary interrupted, seizing his shoulders. "Don't you see that the poor fellow's shot, and that he'll bleed to death if we leave him here?"

Come and help this minute."

Emma pursed her lips and looked down suspiciously. At that instant the man stirred slightly and groaned, and Mary, to her intense dismay, started and dropped him abruptly to the ground.

"Oh," she began, nervously, "I am so sorry——"

Then she saw that he had fainted again, and a sudden feeling of helplessness and terror swept down upon her.

"Oh, what shall we do?" she cried,

impetuously. "He might *die*! Good heavens, what shall we do?"

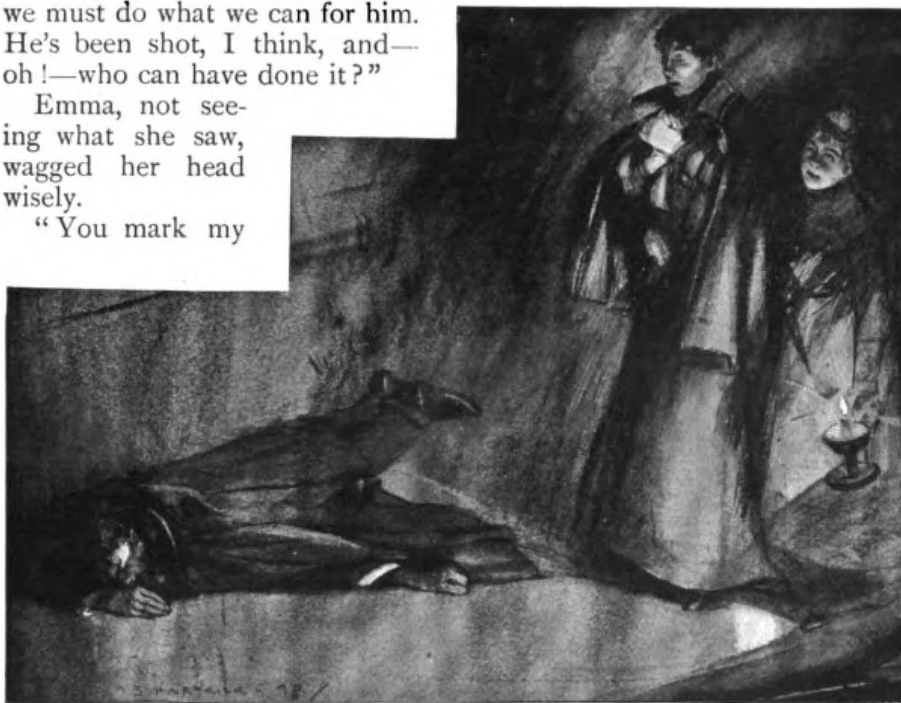
Emma stated with emphasis that he was only "taking on." When, however, Mary held the candle to his face and Emma saw an ugly patch of red blood discolouring his white shirt, her suspicions immediately changed to a peculiar interest. She felt that a royal, first-class, Adelphi melodrama had come to her door, and she had a strong desire to see it out.

"Oh, lor, ma'am," she said, in tones of awe, "'e ought to be got in at onst."

She stooped down with willing energy to take a shoulder while Mary took the other, and Confucius, having returned from an interesting rabbit hunt in an adjoining meadow, began to bark frantically.

They managed to drag him, inch by inch, and little by little, up the pathway to the house, and there with great difficulty got him into the studio. Having accomplished this much they sat down breathlessly to look at him. What they saw evidently confirmed Emma in her suspicions, for she sniffed disdainfully.

"I said e was a vill'in," she remarked, as



"A YOUNG MAN IN EVENING DRESS LYING ON HIS FACE."

words, ma'am," she said, after a moment's impressive silence, "some bad'll come of it!"

Mary was trying to move the man into a more convenient position, and, as she did so, the fluttering light of the candle flashed up spasmodically into his face. It was a young face—a young face with marks of dissipation scored upon it which Mary's innocent eyes did not understand, with a mass of brown hair waving back from a square forehead, a straight nose, and a brown moustache covering a firm mouth.

Mary looked at him with awakened interest.

"He looks quite a nice young man," she thought, and she saw only the pitiful whiteness of his face.

"Now, Emma, come along," she said, aloud. "Come and help me to lift his shoulders. We must drag him in somehow, for it would be downright wicked—— Oh, never mind the light," as the girl raised objections; "put it down in the middle of the road."

Emma obeyed, reluctantly.

"I don't see as it's my place to move



"THEY MANAGED TO DRAG HIM, INCH BY INCH, UP THE PATHWAY."

if his wickedness was an undoubted fact. "He didn't get wounded like that for nothink—there'll bad come of it, miss."

She went off into an ecstasy of excited prophecy, which Mary interrupted in the middle by a request for some hot water. She thereupon got up and marched to the kitchen, where she belaboured the pots and pans with such emphasis that Confucius, thinking it was rats, darted wildly after her.

"*Whatever* are we goin' to do with him?" Emma asked, when she returned, bearing a steaming kettle. "I never 'eard o' the likes—a-harbourin' a murderer, p'r'aps."

"We must get a doctor first," said Mary, calmly. She had managed to get off the man's coat, and had found a wound in his shoulder from which the blood was oozing rapidly.

Emma stared at her in terrified reproach.

"Wot, me?" she cried. "Me goin' all over that lonely road by meself at dead o' night?"

"Well, then, *I'll* go," said Mary. But the suggestion only seemed to increase Emma's agony.

"Wot, an' leave me 'ere in the 'ouse with a corpse?" she screamed.

"Oh, Emma," said Mary, horrified at her unfeeling remark. "There won't be a corpse, and besides you can have Con. One of us must certainly go, and one of us must stay and attend to this. I don't know how to bind it up, and to keep bathing it is the

only thing we can do. You had better stay and do it, and I'll go and fetch the doctor. I can get there in ten minutes on my bicycle."

After some reluctance Emma consented, and Mary disappeared. As she got out her bicycle and wheeled it into the road she reflected that it was rather a quixotic thing to do, and that she might, as Emma said, be harbouring some awful individual—a thief, a lunatic, or a murderer even. She remembered the shots she had heard and shuddered. Supposing he *was* a murderer? Suppose there was *another* man lying out

somewhere on the cold, frozen road?

The thought was such a shock to her nerves that when she reached the doctor's house she asked for herself, and, the house-keeper having mentioned that she thought Miss Holt was wandering in her mind, the doctor came out in some astonishment. When he saw her and heard of the accident—or tragedy, or whatever it might turn out to be—his astonishment deepened into horror, and he hurriedly prepared to ride back with her. When they reached the cottage, they found Emma seated at a discreet distance from the stranger, while he, with one hand on the head of Confucius, asked inconsequent questions concerning his whereabouts. Directly Emma caught sight of them she started up.

"He's mad," she cried, regardless of his feelings, "and 'e thinks as I'm 'is aunt an' as 'e's goin' to marry me an' all sorts of things."

Mary looked surprised, and the doctor, with a sudden glance at the young man's half-unconscious face, went hurriedly forward.

"Why, it's young St. Hill," he cried. "St. Hill—Hugh! Don't you know me?"

The young man opened his eyes.

"Oh, the deuce!" he said, faintly. But before anyone could exactly determine whether that was a conscious or unconscious remark he had wandered off into other subjects, and was addressing Confucius as "Tom," greatly to that dog's confusion.

II.

AFTERWARDS, when Mary was in bed and thinking calmly over the night's events, she began to wonder what had prompted her to act in such a reckless, not to say foolhardy, fashion.

Then the serious side of the affair came uppermost, and she lay thinking of it, wondering who had fired the shots and why—who and what young St. Hill was who was occupying her studio, and wondering what tragedy was hidden behind it all—until she fell asleep.

In the morning the doctor came out of the studio, with a look upon his face which immediately quenched Mary's anticipations of anything pleasant.

"I am afraid," he said, as he followed her into the sitting-room and took his seat at the breakfast-table — "I am afraid that this may turn out rather more serious than you expect."

Mary looked up earnestly.

"It seems to me," he went on, "that there was a rather serious affray out in the road last night, and St. Hill does not please me. There are signs—symptoms of a serious illness, perhaps, and I hardly know what to do. I am afraid—well," he concluded, abruptly;

"I am afraid that he ought not to be moved—for a day or two, at any rate."

Mary opened her eyes and a slight flush ran up into her cheeks.

"Oh, doctor!" she said, "and shall we have to nurse him?"

He smiled at her confused face.

"My dear young lady," he replied, "hardly! I should send down a nurse, of course; but I was thinking of you—of the inconvenience and worry if he should become seriously ill; and I think—perhaps—if he—were—moved at once——"

He broke off, doubtfully. Mary leant over the table.

"I should never *dream* of sending him away if there was any danger," she declared. "I could go myself—easily. I could give the cottage up to you and go to my aunt in Brixton for a bit. Oh, I can manage *that*."

The doctor looked slightly relieved.

"Then I ought to tell you," he added, presently, "that—that there may be police-court proceedings. I don't know, of course, what happened last night, but if St. Hill fired at anybody, or if anybody fired at him, something may come of it, you know."

Mary looked aghast.

"Oh, well!" she remarked, presently, when she had recovered herself a little. "We won't think of that—it's only 'may be,' and we'll leave it. I daresay it was a poacher or a tramp or something, and he's probably got clear away by this time."

Then, suddenly, a thought struck her.

"Why," she cried, "by rushing out like that I may have saved his money, mayn't I? If it was some tramp trying to rob him he may have heard me and bolted. Oh, fancy! I'm really quite a heroine."

The reflection seemed to please her, and she sat thinking profoundly for a minute or two, while the doctor waited patiently for his breakfast. She remembered him suddenly, and began hurriedly pouring out the coffee.

"I'm awfully sorry, doctor; you must be starving," and she energetically handed him the cup and pushed over the toast.

"Now tell me all about this St. Hill," she demanded, presently. "Who is he?"

The doctor replied, slowly.

"Well, I don't know that I can tell you



"MARY LOOKED AGHAST."

much," he said. "His father is a Major St. Hill, and lives a little farther along the common. I know Hugh, because I am his father's doctor, but it is some time since I saw him, and—and—he has altered a little. He was a boy—or, at any rate, boyish a few years ago. He's older now, of course."

The statement was beyond dispute, and Mary laughed.

"Of course," she said, "but is that all?"

"All?"

"Yes; I mean, isn't there anything interesting about him—adventures or anything? Is he only his father's son and nothing else?"

The doctor studied the bottom of his cup. There were things which he did not like to tell her—things which he could not mention while St. Hill was in the house and helpless, and he took a hurried sip of his coffee grounds.

"No, that's all," he replied. But that was not exactly true, and Mary's face looked slightly disappointed, for she had made up her mind that he was an adventurer at least.

During the next few days many things happened. A nurse came with great stir and bustle and took charge of the studio; the symptoms which the doctor had dreaded had abated, and the arm began to heal, and Mary and young St. Hill became thick friends. The doctor did not seem particularly pleased at this latest development, and waited with some impatience for the day to come when St. Hill could be moved.

Meanwhile the nurse, an old and florid person, watched the proceedings with disgust. She had "views" with regard to the sick room, and if she had had her own way would have locked the invalid up by himself and treated him to a severe diet of Liebig and sermons; and when Mary sacrificed her last chrysanthemums to brighten the room and played waltzes to him, and came in armed with the latest magazines and all the up-to-date literature she could get, her feelings verged on open rebellion.

"This is against all the rules," said Mary one afternoon as she

came in with a tray laden with toast and cake and other indigestible luxuries; "but nurse won't be back for *hours* yet, and I know it will do you good."

She deposited the tray on a table and wheeled it up to the couch where St. Hill lay, partially dressed in a smoking-jacket. She sat down calmly and began pouring tea, and he watched her with an eager light in his grey eyes. She certainly looked rather pretty as she sat there, with the light from a lamp falling on her fair hair, and the interested look in her face that altered it so much; and he, with his critical eyes, noting the details of her dress, saw that it was simple and plain and neat, and liked it. He watched her little hands—not white, but rough and red, with gardening and housework—and he liked them better than the hands of most women he had known, and he lay back luxuriously and allowed them to hand him his tea.

"By Jove, you've been awfully good to me," he observed. "If it hadn't been for you I—I might have died." The thought of death was not pleasant, and he shuddered. "It was almost a tragedy," he went on. "It was very nearly U.P.—up." Then, suddenly, he met her eyes, and the light died out of his. "I'm not sure that it isn't a tragedy still," he added; "that it may end a tragedy after all."

She dropped a lump of sugar into his cup with a splash.

"Oh, no, indeed," she said, hopefully, "there's no danger of that. The doctor said this morning that there was no fear whatever of a relapse, and in a day or two you will be quite well."

St. Hill's face changed a little.

"Yes," he said, slowly; but his eyes lingered on her face with something in them which, if she had seen, she would not have understood—something which he scarcely understood himself.

"You must be awfully brave," he said, after a while; "you come and take a cottage out here, away from everybody, and live your own life—you're very independent, you know. And then, that night you were



"SHE CAME IN WITH A TRAY"

awfully plucky. I could never have done it if I had been a woman."

"Oh, yes, you could," said Mary; "besides, I didn't stop to think, and I was simply *dying* for something to happen—I didn't care what, much. It was really awfully silly. Supposing you had been a tramp or something horrible?"

He smiled. "I might have murdered you, eh?"

She nodded.

"Or robbed you? Or ran away with Emma? Or shot Confucius?"

She nodded again. "Oh, yes, any of those things. You might have been a perfect beast."

"How do you know that I am not?" he asked, suddenly.

"Of course, I know you're not," she replied, laughing.

"But *how* do you know?" he persisted. "Supposing I told you that I *was* a beast, what then?"

"I should laugh at you," she said.

"Yes, yes, you might laugh. But would you believe it, if I told you, that I was—er—say, a cad or something beastly?"

"Oh, I know you're not."

"Supposing I told you that that night, when I was riding home, I had robbed a man—that I had played him a trick which was equivalent to putting my hand in his pocket and taking his money—you wouldn't believe me?"

He raised himself on his elbow and looked eagerly into her face. She did not meet his eyes—something in them embarrassed her—but got up and went to the mantelpiece, where she drummed abstractedly with her fingers.

"I know you wouldn't do such a thing," she said, obstinately. "I can see it in your face."

He fell back again.

"Miss Holt, come here. Please sit down there, opposite me, and look me in the face. Now, don't you see 'blackguard' written there on every line?"

He forced himself to meet her gaze, but his lip quivered. She did not know what it cost him to look at her then, and when she said "no" he almost laughed.

"Miss Holt," he cried, hoarsely, "it lies—my face lies. Listen to me. I must tell you—God knows why, but I must be honest for once. You evidently know nothing about me—you don't know what I am and the doctor has told you nothing—but I tell you now that I am a blackguard from beginning to end."

She listened, with her white face staring into the fire, while he plunged into details of his life—of a reckless sowing of wild oats, of gambling, drinking, and racing, to which, in what was apparently an effort to shock her, he added all the horrors he could remember.

"Then that night—nearly a fortnight ago now, isn't it?—I had been playing cards all the afternoon at a house on the other side of the common, and I cheated. It was not the first time either. I was in want of money—on my last legs in fact, and the fool let me cheat until Heaven knows how much of his paper I had. If you don't mind handing me that coat, we'll see."

For a moment she hesitated. Then she got up mechanically and gave it to him. He plunged his hand into one of the pockets and brought up a packet of I O U's.

"Ten—twenty—sixty," he counted, "and a cheque for £1,000. That meant ruin to him, and I knew it. Yet I took it."

He stopped and looked at her half defiantly, as if he wanted to rouse her indignation.

"Do you wonder," he added, "that when he found out that I had cheated he rode after me and shot me? He was a passionate man, with an ungovernable temper, and it was he who did it—no tramp, no robber, but a man who had once been a friend of mine, and who had once—believed in me. . . . Oh, no, Miss Holt, you are mistaken. I am a veritable blackguard—a perfect beast."

She sat clasping her hands, looking into the fire, and just then Emma's ludicrous prophecy that "bad'll come of it, miss," flashed into her mind. She felt her heart contract suddenly—she suspected (as one is sometimes only half conscious of a wound) that she had been hurt, but a minute later she turned.

"I don't know—I can't tell," she said, between tears and laughter. "You sound very bad, but—but Confucius took to you, and he never took to a wholly bad man yet."

St. Hill's eyes met hers with a strange, strained look in them. In all his life he had never met a woman like Mary Holt—he had never known anyone who had a good word to say for a penniless blackguard, but she was made of different stuff, and he felt somehow that she would have found a good point in him if he had been blacker even than he had painted himself.

"You're not like most women," he said, slowly, "and—and—somehow, I wish I *could* have made myself a bit of a hero in your eyes."



"OH, NO, MISS HOLT, YOU ARE MISTAKEN."

A few days later Hugh St. Hill departed. Mary stood leaning over the gate watching the carriage disappear round the bend of the road, and then the dreariness and desolation settled down upon the cottage again.

It all became once more as it had been—lonely and quiet, and yet nothing seemed the same.

Shortly after St. Hill had gone, his father (who had been away while Hugh was at the cottage) called to thank Mary in person for her kindness to his son, and after that all news about him seemed to find its way to her. She heard about his wild career at college, of his still wilder and more desperate deeds in London, and then she heard that after his arm had healed his almost broken-hearted father declared he would pay no more debts for him. Then, strange to say, Hugh had suddenly settled down. People refused to believe it at first. They said he would break out again, and they waited with becoming patience for him to do so. But he never did. Perhaps his close escape from death had unnerved him. At any rate, he gave up his cards and gambling, he neglected his old companions, and took to spending his evenings at bezique with the major, until his regiment was ordered out to the East.

Then people promptly forgot all about

him. That is to say, some people did, but Mary was obstinate. She could not forget the face which she had seen lying helpless and pitifully white in her little cottage, and the ugly stories clung to her memory (as ugly stories will), and made her wonder sometimes what he was doing out in India where the soldiers were fighting and brave men falling every day. Was he gambling and betting and drinking there, too?

"Of course he was wrong—oh, yes, he was wrong altogether," she

said one day to the doctor, whom she met on the common. "But he was brave, I am sure he was brave; and—and sometimes I don't think that he could have been—altogether—bad."

The doctor looked at her keenly with his quizzical eyes.

"Well, do you know," he said, "I've just heard something which makes me think that there is some good in him somewhere. One can never tell. He has been a black sheep, and people have been condemning him—calling him ugly names for years; but to-day I have heard a queer story, and I'll tell it to you, provided you keep it to yourself."

"Of course I will," said Mary, quickly.

"Well, it's this. The man who shot him is a friend of mine, Thomas Day. He was once a close friend of St. Hill's, but he found him out, and he's been calling him names like the rest of 'em. Now, however, he sings a rather different tune. Some time ago it appears he received a mysterious letter containing a large sum of money. It contained a slip of paper saying only, 'This is owing to you.' There was no clue to the sender, not the slightest; and, strange to say, a friend of his received a similar letter at the same time. Day was determined to ferret the matter out,

and at last—after a lot of trouble—detectives and so on—what do you think he has found?”

Mary did not know, but the colour had gone from her face, and her eyes told the doctor a story.

“St. Hill,” he said, briefly and suddenly. “St. Hill! It appears he had some money left him a short time ago, and no one knew what he did with it. It went somewhere, and that’s where. He has been sending it quietly back to the men he cheated, never thinking he would be found out, of course. He need not have done it. Perhaps his conscience bothered him, and you know, Miss Holt, he had a narrow squeeze when he was shot that time. The bullet was precious close—a bit of an inch more, and St. Hill would never have gone to the East. Perhaps that sobered him. You know I thought he was a big scamp at that time, and I didn’t half like the idea of his being in your cottage. However, one can never tell—never tell. This money business is rum to me. It seems as if—well, as if he had had his fling, you know; and, perhaps, with this fighting in India he may turn out a better man than we think.”

He hurried off, and Mary went slowly back to the cottage. She found Emma kneeling with a bucket over the stain in the carpet, which still obstinately refused to budge.

“Just look at it, mum!” she cried, as she caught sight of her mistress in the doorway. “Did you *ever*?”

She brandished a brush with supreme disgust, and Mary, with the doctor’s story in her ears, quite forgot her usual dignity.

“Oh, he was a hero after all, Emma,” she cried, excitedly. “He was a better man than you think. I’m sure he was a better man than we think.”

Emma, who probably thought very little about it, opened her eyes, and Mary fled in haste to escape the puzzled look of surprise and consternation she saw in them.

It was nearly three years before St. Hill came back to the cottage, and then he came under slightly different circumstances—he called. He came up the path with his arm in a sling—even as he had gone—and he looked very much the same, with the same keen face, the same bright eyes and smile, but there was a difference, and Mary knew it. He had distinguished himself in India. He had been the bravest of the brave, risking his life to save others, forgetting himself for the sake of the men around him, and he came home with a Victoria Cross in his

pocket and a title to his name; and just then all England rang with it.

But to anyone who watched him walk up the path he would have appeared almost nervous—not at all like a national hero. He walked slowly, and his face had a strained white look which was not entirely due to the pain in his arm. He went up the cottage path, and what happened then no one can exactly say; but I know this—he went up to Mary, who looked rather white, and took her hand in his uninjured one.

“Mary,” he said, “three years ago I was a blackguard. If it hadn’t been for you I



“‘MARY,’ HE SAID, ‘THREE YEARS AGO I WAS A BLACKGUARD.’”

might have been a blackguard still. I know I’m not up to much now, but for your sake I’ve tried to be a little better, and—and—Mary, I care a very great deal about you.”

Then Mary did a very foolish thing—she cried, and St. Hill very clumsily took her in his arms—or, rather, arm—and made a suggestion.

Afterwards, when Emma was informed that Hugh was going to marry her mistress, she looked triumphant.

“There! What did I tell yer?” she exclaimed. “I said as bad ’ud come of it, an’ it ’as!”

Humour in the Law Courts.

By "BRIEFLESS."

Illustrated from Sketches by the late SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD.

TO the world at large, law is little associated with laughter. That the courts have their humorous side, however, even in these days of sober decorum, one fully realizes after glancing through a collection of sketches which the late Sir Frank Lockwood made within their precincts. But litigants seldom see this humorous side, and nearly all the published pencillings of the popular member for York have been of his Parliamentary life.

At the same time it may be at once admitted that the finest humour of the Law Courts is of the unconscious kind. Perhaps the leading (unreported) case of this kind arose out of Mr. Justice North's sweet

innocence. His lordship was summing up a case of assault upon a policeman.

"It is quite certain," he observed, "that prisoner and prosecutor had been on the best of terms, addressing each other by the Christian name"—it had been proved that on the previous night the prisoner, in passing the policeman, had said, "Good night, Robert."

As a rule judges' jokes, unlike lovers' perjuries, would not excite the laughter of Jove. It was under the provocation of a very hot afternoon that Mr. Justice Barnes, in reply to an inquiry from Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., as to whether his lordship intended to continue Admiralty work, facetiously remarked, "Yes, I shall stop at the seaside till the end of the term."

Mr. Justice Kekewich, in all weathers, tries to relieve the dulness of Chancery work, and now and again he is successful. He was trying an action, "*Heap v. Pickles*," and some confusion arose as to the various members of defendant's family. "They're a mixed lot," his lordship quietly observed, amid the approving smiles of the Court.

Among present-day members of the Bench, Mr. Justice Chitty has achieved the most brilliant piece of judicial wit. Some pieces of plaster fell one day in his court, and all eyes were raised apprehensively to the ceiling. "*Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*," promptly said the judge, who sat unmoved. Mr. Justice Chitty is the only judge who was ever a match for the truculent cleverness of Mr. J. F. Oswald, Q.C., in his junior days.

Those who happened to see a certain farce at a London theatre a year or so ago will remember that its

Earning his money.



And then gentlemen remember she is a woman—woman the source of all our joys. The willing sharer of our troubles. Woman in whose beauty we catch as it were a glimpse of a better world, and the light rustle of whose garments, is as the gentle fluttering of an angel's wing. Gaze on these features, and in the names of all your grandmothers, mothers, sweet mothers-in-law, wives, and daughters say that they are the lovely personification of injured innocence.

wittiest lines were uttered by a pseudo-magistrate in a police-court scene.

"Now, I'll address myself to the furniture," said a voluble stage barrister, after a pause to take breath.

"You've been doing that for some time," said the magistrate.

Well, this little incident actually occurred one day in the High Court of Justice, in a bill of sale case, its victim being Mr. Oswald, and its hero Mr. Justice Chitty.

Mr. Justice Kay once attempted in a similar fashion to crush the audacious young barrister with a disastrous result—to himself.

"I can teach you law, sir, but I cannot teach you manners," the judge angrily asserted.

"That is so, my lord," was the meek, yet merciless, reply.

Breach of promise cases, as the first of the accompanying sketches would suggest, are a perennial source of amusement in the courts. Barristers of the Serjeant Buzfuz type are, it need hardly be said, almost as extinct as the dodo, but in such cases I have heard more than one burst of eloquence to which Sir Frank Lockwood's travesty would have done no injustice. Mr. Wildey Wright, for instance, was once heard to declare that "the defendant by his dastardly conduct has cruelly cast my fair client adrift on the sea of life," and so on for four, five, or ten minutes, amid the weeping of the plaintiff, a fat widow of fifty, and the tittering of the junior Bar.

But it is the poetry of "the parties," of course, rather than the perorating of counsel, which is usually most entertaining in these actions. Some of the judges, however, turn a callous ear to the poetry and will not join in the mirth which a barrister will generally try to evoke from it. After quoting freely from the defendant's effusions, a certain Q.C. happened to refer to the *pros* and *cons* of the case.

"I suppose," the judge interrupted, "that we have already had the *cons*. We shall be exceedingly glad to hear the *prose*."

For poetical quotations some barristers have a

great weakness. They will quote the most flippant verse in illustration of the most serious arguments. Thus Mr. Pember, Q.C., when appearing some time ago for an electric lighting company, and contending against several rival enterprises, dared to speak the following Gilbertian lines:—

On mature consideration

And careful meditation

Of all the petty projects that have here been shown,

Not a scheme in agitation

For this world's amelioration

Has a grain of common sense in it except my own.

It was one of the present Lords of Appeal, if I remember rightly, who startled the dull serenity of his court by a quotation from "Hudibras." In a "light and air" action a scientific witness attempted to prove the exact amount of light which would be obstructed by a proposed new building, and his lordship, losing patience with such pedantry, compared him with the philosopher in Butler's satire:—

In mathematics he was greater

Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;

For he by geometric scale

Could take the size of pots of ale;

Resolve by sines and tangents straight

If bread and butter wanted weight.

Mr. Murphy, Q.C., who may have unconsciously posed for Sir Frank's picture of the forensic giant overwhelming his opponent with his "Oi object," has added a good deal to the gaiety of the courts. His name as well as his figure has occasioned jokes. In a patent boiler case, for instance, Sir Henry James once had to define to the Lords of Appeal the exact meaning of the word "steaming." Just as he was explaining and illustrating the technical point, Mr. Murphy



arrived in very hot haste and sat down by his side.

"We have, I suppose, all heard, my lords, of the domestic operation known as steaming potatoes," said Sir Henry, and then added, as he turned to the big, perspiring form of his colleague in the case, "but my learned friend is probably best acquainted with that process."

On the other hand, there are even smaller men (both literally and metaphorically) at the Bar than Sir Edward Clarke and Mr. Charles Mathew, Q.C., whose diminutive stature when contrasted with burly clients in the witness-box is apt to excite mirth. The small barrister "protecting" a big John Bull in Sir Frank Lockwood's sketch has, in fact, often had its actual counterpart in the courts.

There are certain recurring occasions on which frequenters of the courts always expect some amount of entertainment, the chief of these being the "calling" of new Q.C.'s



In the Corridor,



"Get nasty, merkins little warmint! I'll teach ^{you} to go prosecuting Nimmercent feller creakers"

within the Bar. It is an inviolable convention that every barrister, on whom "silk" has been conferred, should make a tour of the courts in his new gown, plus silk stockings and knee-breeches. The unhappy man, probably middle-aged and father of a family, who generally wears these latter articles for the first time in his life, has to visit each court in turn, bow to the judge, and then to the amused juniors, whose ranks he has just left, accompanied by his clerk carrying the new silk hat and white kid gloves which equally powerful tradition obliges his employer to present to him in honour of the auspicious occasion.

One of these sketches was evidently suggested to Sir Frank Lockwood by the sight of an inebriated defendant "bullyragging" the barrister who had unsuccessfully prosecuted him. At one time drunken witnesses gave rise to a good deal of mirth in the courts. But nowa-

days judges take a sterner view of their failings, and witnesses "in their hiccups" are seldom called into the witness-box.

It was doubtless these changed circumstances which led a well-known barrister to make what was a unique application, although it did not appear in the *Times* law reports. The learned gentleman asked that the evidence of a certain witness, who was of intemperate habits, might be taken on commission, because it was feared that the refreshment-bar in the courts would prove too great a temptation for the witness to resist. The Court did not grant the application, but it forgave the jest.

Drowsy judges, on the other hand, still occasionally call forth suppressed mirth. That the judges should be so very human as to doze during a dull case may in some people excite indignation rather than their sense of humour. *Habituals* of the court, however, have never known serious consequences proceed from a judge's *siesta*. The worst offender appears to have the happy knack of waking up the moment that anything of real importance requires his attention, thus sustaining the charitable theory that a judge can hear best with closed eyelids.

Once, indeed, his forty winks did put the judge in a dilemma. A telegram was brought into court for a member of the jury. The usher turned to the judge for the permission without which nothing can be given to any of the twelve good men and true. But his lordship was asleep, and no dexterous shifting of books or loud coughing would awaken him.

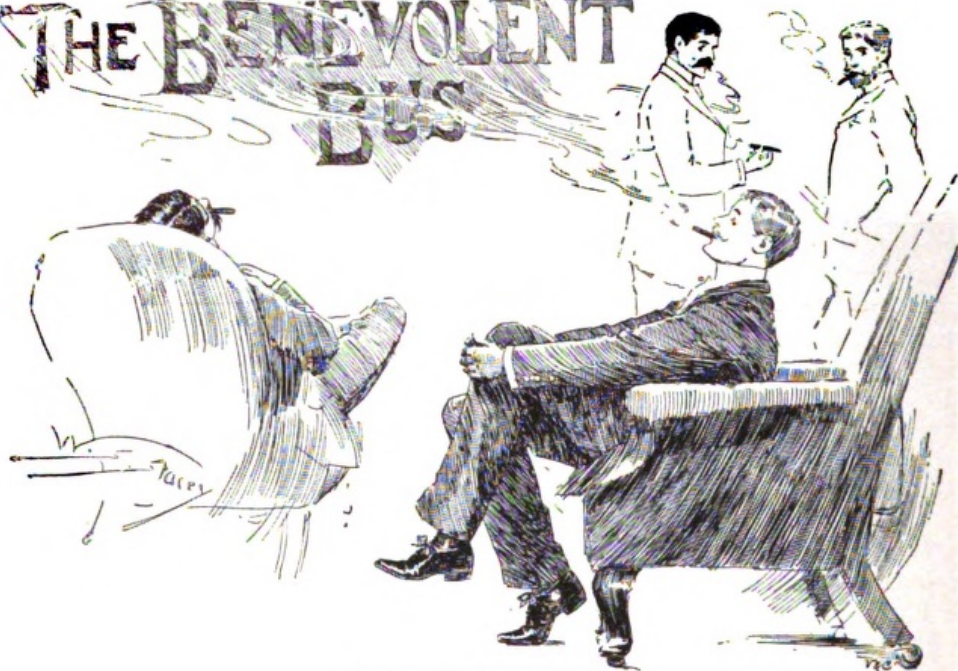
At last, in despair, the official ventured to hand the telegram to the juryman, who covertly read it, fearing every second that his lordship would suddenly open his eyes and discover the misdeed. The incident began with an "audible smile," and ended with a sigh of relief on the part of the Court.

The etiquette of the Bar sometimes gives rise to ludicrous incidents. It is essential, for instance, to his *locus standi* that a barrister should be wearing wig and gown. In the Divorce Court some time ago Mr. Justice Barnes refused to see Mr. Bargrave Deane because he was without these emblems of professional dignity. He had hurriedly entered the court on some small errand, to find that the date of hearing an important case in which he was engaged was under discussion. On a momentary impulse Mr. Bargrave Deane, wishing to correct a misstatement, began to address the judge. But his lordship at once stopped him with the remark, "You're invisible to me, Mr. Deane," preserving all the time the only grave countenance in the court.

The Old Bailey and the Criminal Courts generally have a distinctive humour of their own. To a number of young barristers the brightest side of the Central Criminal Court is seen in the distribution of its "soup." "Soup" is professional slang for the prosecuting briefs which are given in turn by the Crown to all the members of the Old Bailey Bar Mess. In "*Valse à la Prosecution*" Sir Frank Lockwood has strikingly symbolized the feelings of one of these juniors who has just won his first verdict.



THE BENEVOLENT BUS



BY JOHN OXENHAM.



WE were all four of us—Rupert Scriven, of the *New York World*; George W. Wyllie, of the U.S. Navy, his cousin; Dudley K. Wauters, son of the millionaire of the same name; and myself—sitting in the smoking-room of the hotel with our after-breakfast cigars, just one week after our great adventure up the dome of St. Paul's, when we held the Golden Gallery against all comers for the space of two nights and a day, in order to see the "dear Queen" go by in all the pomp and pride of her Jubilee.

Scriven was a trifle sulky. Miss Van Toller, the pretty American girl who sat next to him at dinner whenever her mother did not do so, was at him all the time to take her up to the Golden Gallery. And it put him into an awkward position, for he dared not go anywhere near St. Paul's, and yet he did not want to offend the heiress.

"I'm just about sick of St. Paul's, anyway," he growled. "It's possible to have too much even of a good thing."

"Meaning Miss Van Toller?" asked Dudley.

Scriven cocked his cigar up in one corner of his mouth and said nothing, and just then one of the coach horns sounded outside, and

he got up and went to the window to see the coach start.

"Handles 'em well," said Wyllie, looking out also.

"It's easy enough," said Scriven. "Just knack and nerve. Roads like a billiard-table——"

"And any amount of fools around," said Wyllie, as a yellow motor-cab stole up from behind the coach and stopped shuddering under the startled leaders' noses, and a nervous cyclist came skidding into the motor-cab, and went down with a crash.

"I'd like to see the old boy there," said Scriven, indicating the purple-faced coachman, who was gurgling with joy at the tribulations of his natural enemies, "take a team down the Nevada passes. He'd get some new notions about driving—if he didn't have a fit."

"Oh, come off, Scriven," said I, for he was rather given to spread-eagleism. "I bet you couldn't take a team, not even an ordinary two-horse penny 'bus, through the City and back without getting into trouble."

"Pouff! I'd do it on my head, as your old ladies say to their magistrates."

"It would be a very interesting exhibition," I said; "and if I was cursed with Dudley K.'s wealth I'd buy a 'bus and give you the chance of teaching the London 'busmen their business."

"What's that about Dudley K.?" asked that lazy youth, from the depths of a big leather chair.

"Old Spread-eagle here wants to turn 'bus-driver to show the others how to do it properly."

"Well, why doesn't he do it? Guess we can knock spots off 'em——"

"Paint," I suggested.

"——if your 'bus-driving's no livelier than your papers."

"Hear, hear!" said Scriven, who had been wrestling with *Punch* that morning and had been in a gloomy frame of mind ever since.

"Say, I've got an idea!" burst out Wauters, suddenly.

"H'sh-h-h!" said Wyllie, "it's the first he ever had. Let it hatch out and I'll cable it to his father. It'll mean at least five thousand a year on to his allowance."

But Dudley was rocking to and fro with his hands clasped round one knee, in the process of incubation.

"Come up to my room, Rupe, old man," he said, jumping up suddenly. "We'll work this out together."

I had an appointment down Fleet Street, and Wyllie, who dabbled in colours himself a bit, decided to put in the morning at the National Gallery. So we did not meet the others again until lunch-time.

Wauters was evidently in a suppressed fever of excitement. Scriven's time was fully occupied parrying Miss Van Toller's requests to be taken up to the Golden Ball. She saw that for some reason he was against her going; her chief object in life for the moment, therefore, was to get him to take her.

"Come along to my room, boys," said Dudley, the moment dinner was finished. "We've got it all planned out—no end of a lark, if we can work it out properly."

"Oxenham," he burst out, as soon as we had lighted up in his room, "we want a 'bus, a regular ordinary, garden-seat, Putney to Whitechapel, penny-all-the-way, Benk-benk 'bus. Now, where can we get one—for a week—with proper changes of horses, and all hunk-a-dory? If we can't make this benighted old centre of civilization hum, write me down a Croton water-bug. It's my idea, mind you, and I'm going to carry it through or bust. Old Rupe's going to be driver. I'm going to be conductor. You two can be anything you like, directors or checkers, or just plain passengers. We don't take any fares, mind you, but instead we give everybody who boards the 'bus a little present of

some kind—bunch of flowers and so on. How does it strike you?"

"It's magnificent," I said, in reply to his anxious look, "if you can stand the racket. You've got a return ticket home, haven't you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because Scriven will pile up such a load of damages on the first journey, between Mansion House Station and Bank Corner, that you'll be bust sky-high. I should make it a limited company if I were you—small capital—shares all issued fully paid—you might even get out debentures on the 'bus, and in common decency you ought to hand every passenger an accident insurance policy as soon as he climbs on board."

"Oh, go 'way," said Dudley, with all the wild enthusiasm of a discoverer, and the blind eye of a patentee to the other side of things; "Rupe'll do the driving all right, and I take all the risks. Where'll we get the 'bus?"

"I'll find you the 'bus," I said; "it'll have to belong to someone who won't be completely ruined if it gets smashed. You'll probably have to give him an indemnity."

"That's all right. How soon can you get it?"

"George and I will take a trot round this afternoon. When do you want to start?"

"Start fair Monday morning. Rupe wants to go over the course, and I'll have some things to get."

"And as to payment?—money not so much an object as a——"

"Comfortable 'bus," broke in Dudley. "You're sure you can get one?"

"You can get anything in London if you're ready to pay for it. I'll get the 'bus all right. Come along, George, and we'll go on a 'bus-hunt."

It really was a very simple matter. We walked down into Parliament Street, picked out the dandiest hansom on the rank, and told him to drive towards Marble Arch. Before we got there we had the driver down, and questioned him as to where the owner of a pirate 'bus was to be found.

As soon as he was satisfied that the question was prompted by a genuine desire for information, he drove us straight to a yard in a by-street off Hammersmith Road, in the neighbourhood of Brook Green, where we found exactly what we wanted. And the 'bus which stood in the yard had been newly done up for the Jubilee, and looked as near like the genuine article as red paint and varnish could make it, and yet withal

there was somehow a rakish look about it which differentiated it in some way from the homely and innocent article of daily use, though what the difference was I could not for the life of me say. Maybe it was all imagination.

An anxious-looking woman came out of the back door of the house which gave on to the yard, wiping her hands on her not over-clean apron, and eyeing us inquisitively.

"Is this 'bus to let?" I asked.

"How long do you want it for?"

"For a week."

"A week!" she said, with the air of one who was getting out of her depth. "You'd better see the master himself. Will you wait a minute while I tidy him up?"

"What's wrong with him?" asked George, sniffing something infectious.

"Too much Jubilee, that's all," said the woman, snappishly; "blow the Jubilee, I say."

We smoked a cigarette and poked round the yard, and looked somewhat distrustfully at four mournful horses in the stable, and then the woman announced that the master was ready to see us.

What the master's previous state may have been we dared not think. His wife's ministrations had not succeeded in rendering him by any means a tempting object. Apparently he had taken to his bed after a very bad night out, and had not been shaved or washed or brushed for a

week. He had a discoloured eye and a bruise on the cheek, and his undress uniform, as he sat up in his bed, was hidden under a hastily assumed coat, which was buttoned close up to his throat.

"What d'yer want wiv the 'bus, gents?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Well, we want a 'bus for a week. What's your idea of price?"

"What yer goin' to do wiv it?"

"Just drive it down town and back."

He looked at us suspiciously. "For a week?"

"Yes, for a week."

"Oh, come orf, gents!" he said. "Now what 'r' y' up to? What's the little gime?"

"We'll explain the little game if we come to terms," I said; "no need to if we don't. Now, what's your idea of price?"

"For a whole week?" he said, and we punctuated his questions with nods; "four hosses a day you'd need—put up 'ere each night—pay in advance each dye—leave a deposite on the 'bus and the 'osses—and make good all damages—say, ten pounds a dye."

"Say twenty," I said, "and we'll call it two."

"Oh, come orf, gents! I can do better'n that wiv it myself."

"Not while you're lying here."

"Oh, I ain't a-goin' to lie 'ere much longer, you bet."

"Well, suppose we say two-ten?"

"Oh, come orf—say five, gents, and it's a



"WHAT D'YER WANT WIV THE 'BUS, GENTS?"

go. It's ruination, just bloomin', blue ruination, but I likes to 'blige folks w'en I can."

"We'll say three," I said, moving towards the door, "and we'll pay a pound for the week for yard-money, and not a cent more. Now, is it a go?"

"It's a go, gents. Now, tell us what you want it for."

I explained that for something in the

nature of a wager an American gentleman had undertaken to drive the 'bus in the City for a week, and that, if he smashed the 'bus or anything else, he lost his wager and made good all damages.

The man's eyes glistened sportively.

Incidentally, I mentioned that no fares would be taken.

"Tike no fares?" he gasped. "Why, it's a fair tempting o' Providence."

"Well, you see, there'd be the license, I suppose, if we took any fares."

"That's so. By Jinks, gents, I'd like to be there to see the fun! No fares! Gosh! if you'd told me there was no fares I'd been inclined to knock off ten bob a day just t' think o' them other fellows' noses bein' put out o' j'int, and t' see their eyes fall out. No fares!—by gosh!"

"Well, perhaps you'll be better by then. What's wrong?"

He looked up at us, and said, cautiously, "It's a dead sure go at three quid a day? All clear and no droring back?"

"Three quid a day," I said, "and no drawing back."

"Well, I broke me bloomin' leg falling off the bloomin' 'bus day after Jub'lee, an' I'm stuck here for a month. That's w'at's wrong, gents, an' your three quid a day'll be a nice little help till it jines up again."

"That's all right. If you'll get me some paper and a pen we'll put it all down in black and white. Then there can be no mistake."

That was how we got the 'bus, and on the Monday morning we all four set off for the yard, and found the 'bus awaiting us in full working order.

Wauters and Scriven had been full of business and mysteries for the last few days, and they would not even admit Wyllie and myself to their confidence. They bade us just wait and leave it all to them, and we would see what we would see. Dudley K. had never been so busy before in the whole course of his life, and such an air of business-like animation pervaded him that it is doubtful if his own stepmother would have known him. Scriven, used to the rush and bustle of journalistic life, took matters more coolly. He had been over the course three or four times, and had every confidence in himself.

These two chief actors in the little comedy had dressed for their parts in somewhat sportive light tweeds of most elegant cut, brown bowler hats, tan boots, painfully striking new tan gloves, and remarkable button-holes. They were eminently well

pleased with themselves, and when Dudley had borrowed a hammer and some tacks from Mrs. Pirate, and had, with his own new tan kids, nailed to the mast which stood by the side of the driver a very elegant little silken Star and Stripes, and had tacked over the table of fares inside an artistically designed notice which boldly stated, "ALL FARES FREE TO-DAY," he went into the house at Mr. Pirate's strenuous request, to have his hand shaken by that worthy, who looked more unshaven and tousled than ever, and to be told by him that he was a genu-ine sportsman.

Then he sprang on to the step, as to the manner born, shouting, "Now, gents, all aboard! Benk—Benk—Benk! Here y'are, sir! Here y'are! Benk—Benk—Benk!" rang the bell imperatively half-a-dozen times, and, as Wyllie and I scrambled in, the Benevolent 'Bus started on its wild career.

Scriven tooled the team down the Hammersmith Road for a mile or two, "just to learn their paces, and to see how they answered the helm," as Wyllie said, and then we turned towards town, and the fun began.

We told Dudley he was quite the nicest conductor we had ever seen, the cleanest and smartest and best dressed, and not bad looking on the whole.

"You bet your boots that's what all the girls on this route will be saying before the week's out. You just wait and see, my chickens! Dudley K. Wauters is running this show, and Dudley K. knows what he's about."

He rang the bell once or twice just to see that Scriven up aloft was fully alive to his duties and responsibilities, and was as pleased and proud of his control as a newly-appointed captain of his first command.

"Hist!" I whispered, "here's fare number one. Wyllie, get up on deck and help Scriven. I'll see to Dudley K."

"Hyde Park, miss? Here you are. Allow me!"

She was a very pretty girl and very nicely dressed, and Dudley K. handed her in with an air of the most polished and courteous deference. She went up to the front corner seat without noticing the announcement about the fares, and Dudley K. bent all his attention on scooping in other passengers.

Occasionally, however, he turned round to glance at his pretty first acquisition, and it was during one of these momentary lapses from the strict path of duty that an old gentleman coming along a side-street signalled to him to

stop, and when he reached the corner, bellowed like a fog-horn, and came hobbling after the 'bus in a fury of indignation.

"What d'ye mean by not stopping—you—you——?" he could find neither words nor breath sufficient for his feelings. "Haven't you got any eyes in your head, man? I'll report you as soon as I get to town. Served me just the same trick yesterday—ruffian! It's a perfect outrage!"—this last to me.

"Very reprehensible," said I, soothingly.

"Reprehensible!" said the old gentleman, savagely, and still panting; "outrageous is what I call it—perfectly outrageous."

"I ask a thousand pardons, sir, for my momentary negligence," said Dudley K., in his most cultivated manner, "and I beg to assure you that it was no intentional slight to which you were subjected. You see," he said, with a confidential and engaging smile, "this is my very first appearance on this or any other 'bus."

"Bless my soul!" said the old gentleman, and his red and yellow bandanna stopped half-way up to his damp nose, and his mouth hung open with surprise. Then he looked across at me again and shook his head, and said, "Drink, I suppose. Great pity."

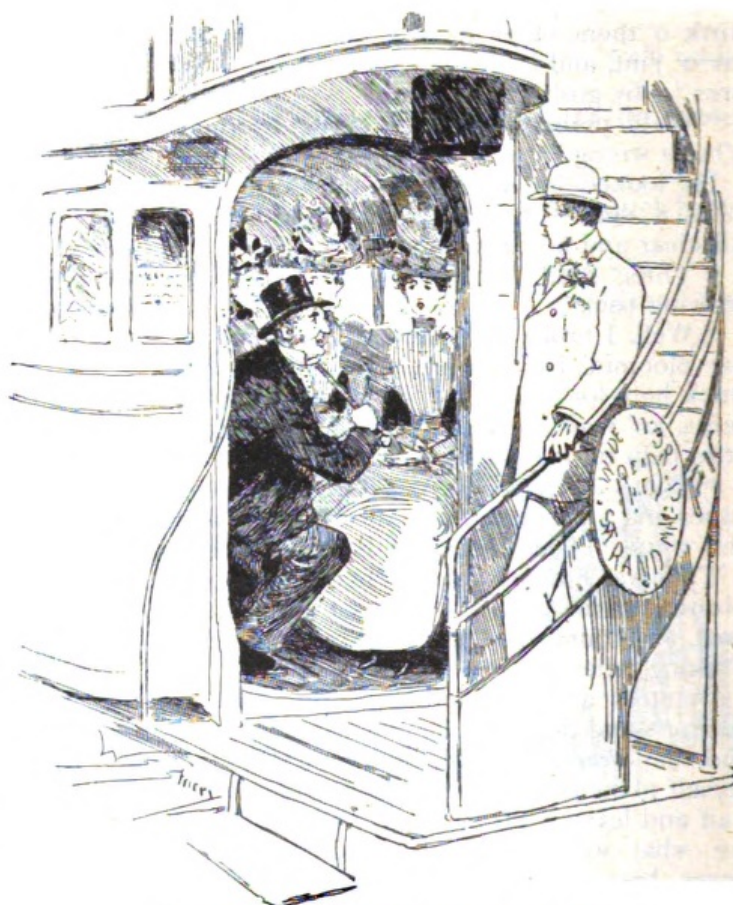
"Yes," I said, with a melancholy, assenting wag; "very sad, very sad indeed." And Dudley K. scorched me with a look, and then turned to gather in a very stout lady, who brought in with her a strong odour of heliotrope and two very slim-waisted daughters, whose elegantly-compressed figures left Nature nowhere, and whose somewhat supercilious bearing conveyed an impression of resigned sufferance of the public exhibition of the over-ample proportions of their capacious parent.

"Piccadilly Circus, young man—don't forget!" wheezed the lady of parts, as she lowered herself into a seat and somewhat disturbed the trim of the 'bus.

"Right, madam, I will bear it in mind. Now, then"—to the outsiders—"Hyde Park, Piccadilly, Charing Cross, Benk—Benk—Benk—all the way—Benk—Benk—Benk!"

The 'bus filled up rapidly both inside and out. Scriven had so far run into nothing, and had dutifully responded to all Dudley K.'s calls upon him, and we were getting along as nicely and comfortably as could be, when suddenly the old gentleman broke out with a loud "God bless my soul!" of the most concentrated amazement.

"W—w—w—what's the meaning of that? Here, you, young man, what's the meaning of that, sir?" and he pointed at the notice about the fares with his stick, which quivered so with astonishment that it nearly went into the stout lady's eye, and she put up a



"W—W—W—WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THAT?"

fat, deprecating hand to ward it off—"What's it mean, young man?"

"It means, my dear sir, that all passengers travel free to-day. No fares whatever are taken."

"Bless my soul!" said the old gentleman. "Who's gone mad? What's the meaning of it?"

"Any distance?" asked the capacious lady.

"Any distance, madam," replied Dudley K., with a graceful inclination towards her.

"Then put us down as near to Wallis's as you go, young man. Don't forget—Wallis's. We may as well have a look round there and the churchyard first"—to her daughters.

"With pleasure, madam," said Dudley K., with his best cotillon bow, not understanding in the slightest her reference to the churchyard or where she wanted to go. He tried to catch my eye, but I was engaged in conversation with the old gentleman.

"Some new advertising idea, I suppose?" he said.

"Looks like it," said I, "though I don't at present see where the advertisement comes in."

"Oh, you will before you're allowed to get off—you'll see," he chuckled. "Say, young man, will you be running again to-morrow on the same lines?"

"We shall, sir, yes," said Dudley K., cheerfully—"if we're—spared."

"Bless my soul!" said the old gentleman, again. "What a very strange young man!"

With much difficulty, because of a muffler and several coats in which the cord got entangled, he extracted a pair of glasses and hooked them over his nose. He regarded Dudley K. through them steadfastly, and took in all his points as if he were a strange new beast, then folded them up with a puzzled air and blinked across at me, and said "Humph!"

The passengers were all in a state of high good humour, and regarded one another with the tentative, vacuous smiles of complete strangers united suddenly in one common feeling by some unexpected happening. The old gentleman even ventured on a smiling remark to one of the capacious lady's much-compressed daughters.

"All fares free to-day! Really, it's about the most amusing thing I ever heard of."

"Very amusing!" said the young lady, with a frosty little smile.

"I don't think," he said, looking round with a comprehensive paternal beam, which ended with his fair neighbour again, "that I ever had a free ride on a 'bus before, not at all events since I was a very small——"

His biographical indiscretions were cut suddenly short by a spasmodic attempt on the part of our pretty first passenger to attract the attention of the conductor to the fact that she was being carried away past Hyde Park Corner.

"Want to get out, my dear?" chirped the old gentleman. "Allow me!" and the point of his stick planted an imperative call to duty between Dudley K.'s shoulder-blades.

Dudley turned, with a somewhat injured air, while his left hand curled up behind his back to remove the possible mark of the summons. When he saw the pretty girl fluttering down the narrow passage between the other people's knees towards him, however, he awoke to a due sense of his forgetfulness. He rang such a peal on the bell that the cord broke in his hand, and then he handed the young lady off on to the side-walk with the air of a master of ceremonies, and bowed, hat in hand, while he made his apologies.

"I ask a thousand pardons," I heard him say, while every eye in the 'bus was bent upon them to see what he gave her in the shape of an advertisement; "I promise you it shall not occur again." Then, while she tripped away with a rosy face, he swung himself on to the step with a "Right-away!" and set himself to mending the bell-rope.

"Extraordinary!" said the old gentleman across to me. "I didn't see him give her anything in the nature of an advertisement. What do you suppose is the meaning of it?"

"I'm sure I can't say. Perhaps he whispered it to her. I saw the young lady smiling."

He looked meditatively at me for a while, as the 'bus rumbled on along Piccadilly, and then said:—

"Yes, maybe that's the trick. It's a funny idea, but I'll know at the Circus. I get out there."

He got out at the Circus and waited with a knowing smile for the expected revelation. But the vacant spaces in and on the 'bus were occupied in a moment, and as Dudley K. touched his hat to him, and sprang on to the steps and started the 'bus, I could see the old fellow's "Bless my soul!" on his lips, as the smile died out of them, and he stood gazing after us with a dazed look of injured incredulity.

The expressions, facial and vocal, of the new passengers as their eyes lighted on the notice-board, and wandered wonderingly round the smiling faces of the initiated, were amazingly funny, but it would be impossible to chronicle them all.

As we drew down Fleet Street towards the shoals and quicksands of the City, I inquired from the conductor if there was any room on top, and learning that there was, I climbed the stairs, and sat down alongside Wyllie on the back seat.

I found that he had been enjoying himself quite as much as we had inside.

"It's simply immense!" he whispered.

"When Dudley came up and quietly said, 'No fares taken to-day, ladies and gents,' I nearly had a fit at the way they took it. It just fairly paralyzed them. At first they sat and looked at him with their mouths open, then when he'd gone down they all began talking twenty to the dozen, and asking if he was drunk, or what was the game he was up to. Oh, I tell you it's a great scheme this of old Dud's. Should never have thought he had it in him. Scriven's doing well, too, isn't he?"

"He's done first-rate so far, but the ticklish bits are coming. Wait till we get to Mansion House Station. From there to the Bank is the worst bit in the whole course."

However, Scriven got through all right, and the meteor flag fluttered proudly through the thick of the traffic, and suffered no dishonour. But when at last we drew up in the comparative calm of the backwater outside Broad Street Station the driver's face was beaded with perspiration, and his elegant tan gloves were in shreds.

"For Heaven's sake, old man," he gasped to me, "get me the biggest whisky-and-soda they can make. I swallowed the stub of my cigar by mistake when that brutal dray nearly ran into us just off the Mansion House. And, Wyllie, you run into yon shop and buy me two pairs of the strongest driving-gloves they keep in stock—number 10's."

"It's a deuce of a strain," he said, as he sighed into the empty tumbler; "not that the poor beggars pull much—nervousness, I suppose. I feel as if I'd been lifting this darned old caravan off other people's rigs with my two hands and legs ever since we started. It'll come easier after a bit."

Dudley K. came up on top, and we all compared notes, and enthusiastically congratulated him on the brilliancy of the first idea he had ever had of his very own.

We accomplished the return journey in safety also, and quite the most amusing experience in the course of it was with a market woman, who hailed us in the Strand, and tendered for transport a huge basket of roses.

"Here you are, miss," said Dudley K., jovially, as he caught hold of the basket.

"Miss, indeed!" snorted the irate lady of flowers, as she sank into a seat; "ere, young man, don't you go a-callin' of your betters names as don't belong to 'em. I'm a missis, I am. Married in church all tight and straight, and got my lines at home, if you wants to see 'em. Miss, indeed!" with an indignant sniff.

"Madam, a thousand pardons!" said Dudley K., with a bow. "Your agility and the sweet burden you bore reminded me inevitably of the goddess Flora. Hence my address!"

"I'll floor yer if yer don't shet up," said the lady. "I didn't arsk for yer address, an' I don't want it. Yer drunk, that's w'at's the matter wi' you. Give me any more o' yer sass an' I'll report yer. See?"

"Madam, I apologize and retire!"

"Yes, yer'd better." And she twitched her crooked bonnet straight and adjusted her shawl combatively, and glared round at the rest of us with a challenging eye, and the discomfited Dudley fled up on top to hide his defeat.

She continued to fire off objurgations at him at spasmodic intervals when he came down again, but the crown of the joke came when she arrived at her destination.

"Now, then—you—you drunk! Put me darn at Perceval Street."

"Yes, madam," said Dudley. Then—foreseeing trouble from his ignorance of the locality—"Would you be so good as to tell me when we get there?"

"Tell yer w'en we git there?" she repeated, in a tone of extra-concentrated sarcasm. "W'y, yer there now, you—you dumhead! Can't yer see it? Are yer *blind* drunk?"

"Ah, I beg your pardon, madam. You see, I am new to this route. Allow me"—as the 'bus came to a stand and she descended.

Scriven was watching the disembarkation by means of the reflection in a shop-window. Without waiting for the signal he started the 'bus just a second too soon, and the heavy basket of roses, which Dudley was transferring to its owner, dropped to the ground, and shot its contents far and wide like the bursting of a fragrant bomb.

"Nar yer done it!" cried Flora, "yer done it a fair treat! I knowed you was drunk. Di'n' I sye so? Who d'yer think's goin' to pye me fur them there flars, eh?"

"I am, madam," said Dudley, rising to the occasion. "Will this reimburse you for the damage done?" and he handed her a sovereign.

She looked at the sovereign and then at him, with her mouth wide open. Then she bit the coin, and then she spat on it for luck, and then, recovering her tongue, if not the full use of her wits, she gasped.

"Drunk as a sojer, an' it's in gaol ye'll be this night," and picked up her basket and



"'NAR YER DONE IT!' CRIED FLORA."

made off as fast as she could go with her share of the plunder.

And in imagination—and so real was it that I had to rub my eyes to make sure that it was only imagination—I saw the figure of the old gentleman, with his eyes fairly hanging out with astonishment as he looked after the retreating 'bus, and I saw his lips as they whispered, "Bless my soul! What a very extraordinary young man!"

I doubt if any four dinners were enjoyed with rarer appetites than were ours that day. In answer to her very pointed inquiries, I heard Scriven describing to the heiress with a minute labouring of detail, which in itself was highly suspicious, the delightful coach drive we had been having to St. Albans and back. And in answer to her further inquiries, I heard him tell her that the upper reaches of the tower of St. Paul's were still closed to the general public. The after-dinner cigars, too, and the recurring reminiscences of the day's doings, were also much enjoyed by three of us at all events. Scriven's hands and the calves of his legs were still very sore, and he averred that he could feel the unintentionally swallowed stub of his cigar still

smouldering inside him, and it needed many blended sodas to quench the flame, and to neutralize the effect of the concentration of nicotine.

Ten o'clock next morning found us *en route* again, and this time Dudley had three long flat boxes beside him, under the staircase which led up to the roof; and inside the 'bus, beneath the notice-board about the freedom from fares, was another notice which stated positively, but enigmatically: "THIS IS FLOWER DAY."

We very soon came across our pretty first passenger looking anxiously for a 'bus, though I would not like to say for our 'bus. But she recognised us at once, and the rosy smile which pervaded her face made her prettier than ever. Dudley, however, had some difficulty in persuading her to accept our hospitality again, and when at last she did get in, and took her seat up at the far end, he opened the topmost flat box and ran his eyes rapidly over the exquisite masses of colour inside, and in a moment, with a deferential bow, handed her a

tiny bouquet of deep red roses, made up with a few lilies and maidenhair, all neatly fitted into a slender filigree metal-holder. She was dressed in light grey, and the flowers contrasted admirably with her costume. But—

"Oh, excuse me, I could not think of accepting them," she said, with still more heightened colour.

Dudley pointed to the notice, and said, "My instructions are to present everybody who gets on the 'bus to-day with a bunch of flowers. See!" and he flicked open the boxes one after another, and the pretty eyes opened wide with amused astonishment.

He saw the old gentleman coming down his side-street, and dutifully drew up for him.

"Well, young man. You're here again?"

"At your service, sir!" said Dudley, saluting him with a bow.

"Finding your feet, eh?"

"Very much so," said Dudley, presenting him, as he sat down, with a button-hole of tea-rose and delicate fern fronds.

"Bless my soul! What's this?—Peace-offering?"

"Company's orders, sir," and he pointed

to the notice alongside the pretty blushing face of passenger number one.

The old gentleman recognised her and noticed her bunch of flowers. He recognised me also, and noticed my bunch of flowers. He bowed to us both and gasped, "God bless my soul! What's the meaning of it all?"

Just then a suppressed whoop from Dudley, which died into a vigorous chuckle, announced the advent of the stout heliotrope lady with her two compressed daughters, and a thin, elderly lady friend and her stout, well-proportioned daughter, who had evidently been brought to see the fun, and for the space of three minutes Dudley was kept busy suiting bouquets to customers, which he did in a way that spoke of considerable training and a very pretty taste.

"Why, we're quite a family party," said Mrs. Heliotrope, beaming round on us all as she recognised us one after the other.

"Just exactly what I was thinking, madam," said the old gentleman, with a responsive smile. "Exactly what it all means or who's crazy I can't make out, but we seem to be the beneficiaries, so I suppose we mustn't grumble."

The next arrival was, however, less essential to the enjoyment of our happy family than a stranger would have been—no less a personage, indeed, than our yesterday's Lady of Flowers, and Dudley K. went the colour of autumn sumach when he saw her.

She had her basket with her, and Dudley had some difficulty in accommodating it under his staircase. She had been too much occupied in boarding the 'bus and seeing to the safe storage of her impedimenta to pay any special attention to her surroundings. The presence of the other well-dressed women in such close proximity to her caused her to assume an air of defiance and resentment, which found outlet, both in tone and words, when Dudley graciously presented her with a bouquet from his box.

"Wot's this?" she asked. "I don't want none o' yer flars. W'en I wants flars I can buy 'em, thenk Gawd!" Then, as her eyes rested resentfully on Dudley, a sudden light of recognition illumined her. "'Ello! that you, my dandy? Got over it, 'ave you, and kep' out the hands of the perlice too? Well, you be keerful. I got my eye on you, my lad. Next time you starts calling lydies nymes, and then upsets 'em in the road, I puts the bobbies on to yer, sure. See?"

This made Dudley so extremely uncomfortable that I unwisely interfered, with the

result that I myself became the butt of the lady's sarcasms.

"You are not bound to accept the company's little present unless you want to," I said. "As I understand it, the conductor has been instructed to give everyone getting on to this 'bus a bouquet or a button-hole. Therefore he gave one to you along with the other ladies."

"Ow! An' who are you, mister? Are you the little dandyman's keeper? I didn't speak to you. I ain't been interjuiced."

"But we have met before," I said. "I happened to see the little accident yesterday when your flowers were unfortunately spilled through the 'bus starting too soon, and unless I am mistaken the conductor paid you their value many times over."

"Ow! Bragged about it, did 'e? Well, that ain't anythink to his credit."

"No, he didn't; I saw it all with my own eyes."

"Ow! Well, take my 'dvice, mister, and mind yer own bisness."

"Thank you!" said I.

"Don't menshn it," said Flora, and sniffed disdainfully and rearranged her shawl.

Then an abstracted checker nipped on to the 'bus and automatically demanded, "Tickets, please!"

We smiled at him pleasantly, and Dudley K., with great presence of mind, handed him a very charming button-hole of striped carnations and asparagus fern. The man looked round on us with a vacant stare, read the notices, awoke to the fact that he was in the enemy's camp, and, still holding his flowers, dropped off so hastily and heedlessly that he was within an inch of being run over by a hansom.

Then Scriven very nearly got us into trouble with a policeman. Our driver did something he ought not to have done, or left undone something he ought to have done, and Robert the Officious came climbing on board to demand why the metal disc bearing his number was not properly displayed.

Dudley presented him with a button-hole. Scriven drove calmly on, explaining intermittently over his left shoulder that, as we did not take any fares, he did not require a license, and therefore had no number, and therefore could not show it.

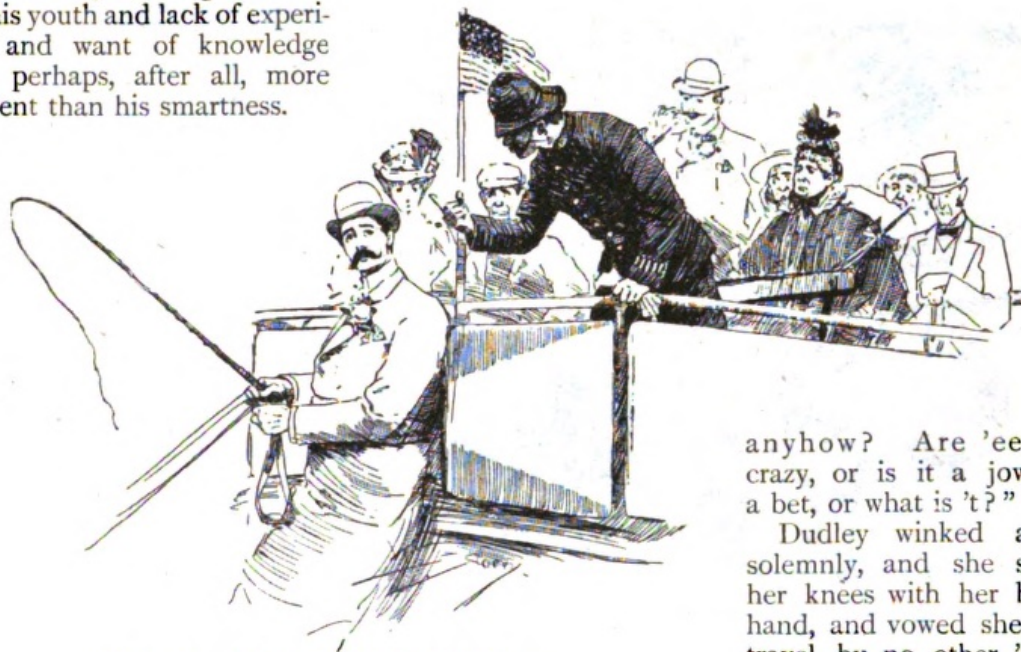
"Oh, gammon yer nofares!" said the officer, who was young and very smart. "If yer don't ply for fares, what *do* yer ply for? Come, now?"

"Fun!" said Dudley K.

"I'll fun yer. I've a good mind to summons you."

"See here, constable, you are, I presume, quite as well acquainted with the law as I am," said Scriven, in his top-loftiest manner. "You know perfectly well you cannot summon us without showing cause. Now, what cause have you to show?"

"Well, what'r'ye up to, anyway?" asked the constable, who began to feel that his youth and lack of experience and want of knowledge were, perhaps, after all, more apparent than his smartness.



"WELL, I'LL TAKE YER NAMES AND ADDRESSES."

"We're driving for our own amusement. Have you anything to say against it?"

"Well, I'll take yer names and addresses, anyhow."

"Will you, indeed? Conductor, take down this officer's number. We'll very soon see what Sir Edward has to say to it. We'll call at Scotland Yard with you on our return journey if you'll take a seat. Pray make yourself comfortable."

"Yer a rum lot," said the officer, "an' I must git back to my beat."

"Good-day," said Scriven, and the enterprising bobby disappeared along with his button-hole.

It would take altogether too long to describe in detail all the amusing happenings of that second day. Every person who got on the 'bus received a bouquet or a button-hole, and it was next to impossible to keep straight faces at the surprised comments which this and the freedom from fares gave rise to.

On our return journey we were hailed once more by our Lady of Flowers. I think she had been waiting for us. She came on board with a broad smile of satisfaction and an

unusually fine basket of her wares, and when Dudley courteously presented her with a second bouquet, she gave herself up to undiluted enjoyment of the situation.

"Well," she laughed, "if this don't beat everything! Say, I tykes it all back w'at I said t'yer this mornin'. W'at be you up to,

anyhow? Are 'ee gone crazy, or is it a jowke, or a bet, or what is 't?"

Dudley winked at her solemnly, and she slapped her knees with her big red hand, and vowed she would travel by no other 'bus as long as this one kept on running.

The fame of the Benevolent 'Bus soon began to spread as our passengers retailed their strange but satisfactory experiences on board of it. The little meteor flag began to be looked out for and pointed at explanatorily, and many a biting sarcasm was fired at the impassive Scriven by drivers of 'buses more regular and less philanthropically inclined. He received them all with the most imperturbable good humour, and a knowing use of some of the strange little Masonic signs of the fraternity which his keen eye had picked up during his preliminary survey of the course, and thereby furnished them with infinite cause for wonderment.

On the third morning, our regular first passenger, whom Dudley had affectionately dubbed "My Queen," had barely time to take her seat, and to blushingly and diffidently accept a long curiously-shaped bottle of old English lavender water, which was that day's present, before the 'bus was filled inside and out by a bevy of highly delighted maidens, who giggled and chattered so, when their bottles were courteously handed to them, that by closing my eyes I could almost imagine myself in the parrot-house at the

Zoo. I was the only mere man on board, and whenever they looked at me they seemed somehow to think the situation very much funnier than it appeared to myself. There seemed more of the fair sex about the streets

than I had ever noticed at that time of day before. There seemed a perfect procession of them journeying townwards. Wyllie



"THE 'BUS WAS FILLED INSIDE AND OUT."

explained afterwards that they were all waiting for the 'bus, either actually standing and waiting or walking to meet it; but that as soon as they saw that every seat was taken, they all did their best to pretend it was something else they had been on the look-out for, and mostly turned and walked away without another glance at the 'bus and their more fortunate sisters.

When we reached the old gentleman's corner he was standing there waiting for us, and seeing the state of the case he said: "Bless my soul!" and shook his umbrella at us. Dudley, however, dropped off and presented him with a bottle of scent, and we left him carefully examining it, under the

belief that now he had got to the root of the mystery.

Most of our fair riders stuck to their seats all the way there and all the way back, and thanked Dudley very prettily as they descended and shook themselves out. They were, every one of them, wild to know what it all meant, but all they could get out of Dudley, who was enjoying himself most thoroughly, was: "Company's orders, miss"; and when they tried further to learn what or who the company was, a mysterious "Ah!" went but a very little way towards satisfying the inordinate cravings of their curiosity.

Next day was scented soap day, and the provision of the neat little boxes of exquisite soap, without any name whatever on either soap or box, had given Master Dudley more trouble than all the rest of the little tokens put together. The very idea of soap somehow suggested advertisement, and not one of the recipients but believed, when the box was handed to them, that here at last was the key to the puzzle.

One or two amusing things happened on the fourth day of the run. When "My Queen" got out at Hyde Park Corner a man swung himself in and took her place. I knew at a glance that he was a professional bus-conductor, come to spy out the land, and I watched him with interest.

Dudley presented him with his box of soap, and he held it and looked at it as if it might contain dynamite.

"Say, mister, wot's this?"

"Soap," said Dudley.

"Soap!" said the man. "Ho! W'at yer giving us? W'at do I want wiv a box of soap?"

Dudley shook his head to intimate that whatever he might think wild horses should not tear any expression of opinion out of him.

"Whose soap is it?" asked the man.

"Yours," said Dudley, and the other began carefully tearing off the outer wrappings of the box and examining every scrap of the paper to see where the advertisement came in. Every eye in the 'bus was fixed upon him. They were all aching with curiosity to find out the same thing, but no one had cared to tackle the question on the spot in this bare-faced fashion.

He examined the box inside and out. He took out each piece of soap separately, and examined it minutely. He held it up to the

light, and looked through it. He smelt it. I half thought he was going to taste it. Then he looked round at the eager, watching eyes with a puzzled, pensive look on his face, and said, "Well, I'm dummed! there ain't nary sign of advertysment 'bout it. Say, you—you in the tan kids, what you doin' this for? Where does it come in? Blamed if I can see."

"Sorry!" said Dudley, suavely.

"Is't a new line yer a-pioneering wi' that blamed little spotty, stripy flag, or what is it?"

But Dudley only closed one eye, and regarded him steadily with the other, and at last the opposition took himself off.

That day, too, the fame of us having spread far and wide, a reporter for a lively evening paper boarded us, and exercised belligerent rights of search for contraband of war or anything which would work up into a humorous half-column article. But we tumbled to him at once, and to the intense amusement of our other passengers, the officials of the 'bus were suddenly stricken deaf and dumb. The exigent packet of soap was pressed upon the importunate man of many questions, but no single word in reply could he extract from either driver or conductor. He travelled all the way to Liverpool Street—where, in hopes of a loosening of tongues, he accepted a whisky-and-soda—and back to Fleet Street, where he descended with facts enough from his own observation for a racy article, which duly appeared next day, but without one solitary scrap of information as to the why and wherefore of things.

While he was energetically trying to pump Scriven up on deck, Dudley was busy with the frequently-moistened stub of a very black pencil down below, and presently he climbed the stairs and pinned on to the driver's back the following notice:—

"Please don't speak to the man at the reins, or he'll run into something and capsize the show."

"Well, you're the funniest lot I ever came across," was the reporter's valediction as he skipped off the 'bus, with his box of soap in his pocket.

Vol. xvii.—96.

Thereupon Dudley drawled, "Thanks, so much! So glad to have made your acquaintance!" and tendered him another box of soap, which he declined with language.

That night at dinner Miss Van Toller, in her conversation with Scriven, was full to overflowing of the subject of the 'Bus. She had heard about it from a friend of hers who had ridden on it and been given a bottle of scent the day before, and she was just wild to meet that 'bus and ride on it.

"No one knows what on earth it all means," she said, "but the men who are running it are elegantly dressed and really quite gentlemanly in manner and appearance. They don't take any fares, and they give some new thing away every day to every passenger. It's just immense, and I'm just dying to find out all about it. Now, won't you take me on that 'bus on Saturday, Mr. Scriven? If you don't promise, I shall begin to think that you are the most disobliging man I ever met. I'm aching to go up to the top of St. Paul's, and you won't take me. I'm dying to go on this funny 'bus, and you won't take me. I don't think I shall ever ask you to do another thing for me as long as I live."

"Boys!" said Scriven, when we had settled down in the smoking-room, "we've got to stop this. When Mam—when Miss Van Toller wants to get on to that 'bus, I'm off it. To-morrow must be the last day of the fun, and on Saturday I'll take Miss Van Toller out to hunt up the 'bus that will not come.



"I'M DYING TO GO ON THIS FUNNY 'BUS, AND YOU WON'T TAKE ME."

It's pretty well worked out, anyhow. There's no reason that I know of why Rupert Scriven should mortgage the whole of his bright and golden future even for the sake of Dudley K.'s great idea. If this 'bus runs on Saturday, Oxenham here or Wyllie will have to steer it."

We hastily disclaimed any slightest wish to pilfer one single leaf from his laurels, and Scriven smiled knowingly and said:—

"Oh, well, I've had enough of it. I've shown you fellows that an American can drive a team in London without absolutely wrecking the City, and I'm free to confess there's not much play about it. It's deuced hard work, and the man who says it isn't has never tried it.

"Nice kind of fool I would look," he went on, after a few minutes of smoky meditation, "if Poppa Van Toller heard I was driving stage in London."

"H'mph!" grunted Dudley K., from the depths of his lounging chair, "drove stage himself in New York once upon a time, did old Van, and glad to get doing it."

"He does not refer to it, my boy. He has the smallest sense of humour and the biggest head for dollar-making of any man I know. Maybe the two things don't run together."

"That's so," murmured Dudley, as one who knew of his own experience.

As the Benevolent 'Bus evidently could not run without a driver, and as Scriven flatly refused to drive it on the Saturday, having pledged himself to go with Miss Van Toller to hunt it up on that day, it was decided that Friday's run should be the last.

For that day Dudley's gifts had taken the form of an exceedingly neat little carved ivory paper-knife, each one engraved with the Wauters' crest—a Croton water-bug—and their family motto, "Creep on"; and, for the final outburst, he had provided a quantity of the very pretty little silken Stars and Stripes, similar to the one which he had nailed to the forepeak of the 'bus. He decided, therefore, to make a clearance by giving every passenger on Friday two presents instead of one, and the satisfaction and mystification which resulted almost reconciled him to the loss of the Saturday's run.

The most amusing feature of Friday's doings, in addition to the regular features, which were, if anything, more amusing than ever, was the fact that nearly every 'bus we met had a small American flag flying at its little mast-head. But, whereas our passengers were solid chunks of mystified enjoyment, and every face was beaming like a rose, the

faces of the passengers on the other 'buses were dour and gloomy, and they eyed us as we passed with mingled looks of disappointment and curiosity. They scanned our 'bus very closely to see wherein it differed from theirs. The only difference was that ours was the genuine original Benevolent 'Bus, and theirs was not. So marked were their disappointment and their curiosity, that our passengers came at last to roar with delight whenever another 'bus flying the Stars and Stripes came in sight, and this did not make the passengers on the other 'bus enjoy themselves any more than they were doing. I believe, indeed, that this sailing under false colours led to some very lively, not to say heated, displays of temper on the part of the deluded passengers, who, as a rule, absolutely refused to pay any fares whatever, and roundly accused their conductors of annexing for their own benefit the gifts which they supposed should have come to them. But for that we could hardly be held responsible.

At six o'clock we drove the Benevolent 'Bus home to its stable for the last time, hauled down the flag, settled with its delighted owner, and took a couple of hansoms back to our hotel.

On Saturday evening, at dinner, Miss Mamie Van Toller energetically expressed her opinion that it was all flim-flam about that 'bus that took no fares and gave away presents.

"They told us it carried an American flag," she said, somewhat heatedly, "and we got on five different 'buses——"

"Six," said Scriven, with gusto.

"Six, was it?—well, I got mad and lost count, and we had to pay our fares on every one of them, and they gave us nothing but a ticket with a hole in it and a pill advertisement on the back, and the men were not gentlemen at all—just ordinary, common conductors, and very rude too, most of them. What was it that last one said, Rup—Mr. Scriven?"

"He said it was as much as he could do to support his mother-in-law and eight small children, without giving anything away," said Scriven, with a slight accession of colour.

"And to make up for the disappointing time we've had, Rup—Mr. Scriven has promised to take me up the dome of St. Paul's on Monday," beamed Miss Van Toller.

Scriven looked sheepishly into his plate, and as he did not immediately follow us to the smoking-room that night, we opined among ourselves that the Benevolent 'Bus had led him into clover.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE Lobby does not yet look "TOM" itself, lacking the cheery, bustling presence of poor Tom Ellis. It is a significant peculiarity, shared with very few members, that the late Liberal Whip was always spoken of by the diminutive of his Christian name. Another Whip, also like Lydias and Tom Ellis, dead ere his prime, won the distinction. Through the angriest days of Mr. Parnell's ruthless campaign against the dignity of Parliament and the stability of its ancient institutions, his cheery, warm-hearted, mirth-loving Whip was always "Dick" Power. To-day we happily still have with us Sir Robert Threshie Reid, Q.C., sometime Solicitor-General, later Attorney-General, in the House of Commons always "Bob" Reid. These two instances show the kind of man the House delights to honour by this rare mark of friendly feeling.

A DARING EXPERIMENT. It was a bold stroke on the part of Lord Rosebery, at the time Prime Minister, to promote the member for Merionethshire to the post of Chief Ministerial Whip on the submergence of Mr. Marjoribanks in the House of Lords. With Liberals only less exclusively than with the Conservative party, it has, from time immemorial, been the custom to appoint as Chief Whip a scion of the peerage, or a commoner sanctified by connection with an old county family. Tom Ellis had neither call to the high position. His father was a tenant farmer. He himself was a Welsh member, having neither social standing nor pecuniary resources. To make such a man what is still known by the ancient style of Patronage Secretary was a bold experiment. That even at the outset it was not resented by the party is a striking tribute to Tom Ellis's character.

It would not be true to say that, in private conversation, heads were not shaken, and that tongues did not wag apprehension that the thing would never do. The new Whip speedily lived down these not unnatural and scarcely ill-natured doubts. He had a sweet

serenity of temper impervious to pin-pricks, a sunny nature before which spite thawed. It was an immense lift for a young, obscure Welsh member at a bound to be made the confidant of Cabinet Ministers, the trusted agent and instrument of the most powerful governing body in the world. It did not even begin to spoil him. There was no difference between Tom Ellis, member for Merionethshire, and Tom Ellis, Chief Ministerial Whip, except perhaps that the latter was more diffident in his demeanour, a shade nearer being deferential in his intercourse with fellow-members. His most marked failing was his extreme modesty, a unique default in a Parliamentary Whip. It did not, however, cover weakness of will or

hesitancy when he heard the call of duty. He was genuinely sorry if any particular course for the adoption or the carrying out of which he was responsible hurt anybody's feelings, or did not fully accord with one's material interests. If a thing had to be done, it was got through, smilingly, gently, but firmly.

Tom Ellis was so unassuming in manner, so persistently deprecatory of his own claims to thanks or approval, that his great capacity was often underestimated. Alike in the House of Commons and in Parliament Street we have time now to sum it up at its real value.

LORD SALISBURY'S MEMORY. The Prime Minister rarely takes notes as a preliminary to taking part in a debate. Among many instances of this habit I well remember his speech on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill in the Session of 1893. He sat out the course of long and, on the first night, dreary speaking in his familiar attitude, with head bowed, legs crossed, the right one persistently shaken in fashion tending to drive mad neighbours of nervous habit. He did not as he listened take a single note. When at ten o'clock on the second night of the debate he stood at the table, he laid upon it a square of paper



TOM ELLIS.

about the size of an ordinary envelope. This presumably contained the notes of his speech brought down from his study. If so, they were almost entirely ignored. He went steadily on, his speech a stately river of perfectly-turned phrases. He omitted no point in the argument of speakers in favour of the Bill, and more than once quoted them textually.

That, a by no means infrequent occurrence, is the chiefest marvel. Debaters most chary of note-taking invariably write down the very words of an earlier speaker when they intend to cite them in support of their argument. A sentence that strikes Lord Salisbury is burnt in upon his memory. When the proper moment comes he quotes it without lapsing into paraphrase.

A colleague of the Premier's tells me he once spoke to him admiringly of this wonderful gift. Lord Salisbury explained that he adopted the habit from necessity rather than from choice. He felt hopelessly hampered with written notes, often finding difficulty in reading them. Feeling the necessity of mastering the precise turns of particular phrases as they dropped from the lips of a debater, he gives himself up to the task, and rarely finds himself at fault.

Mr. Arthur Balfour in lesser degree shares his TAKERS. uncle's gift of precise memory. When, as happened this Session, he has to expound an intricate measure like the London Government Bill, he provides himself with sheafs of notes, and his speech suffers in perspicacity accordingly. That laboriously prepared effort was his one failure of the Session. As a rule he is exceedingly frugal in the matter of note-taking. More frequently than

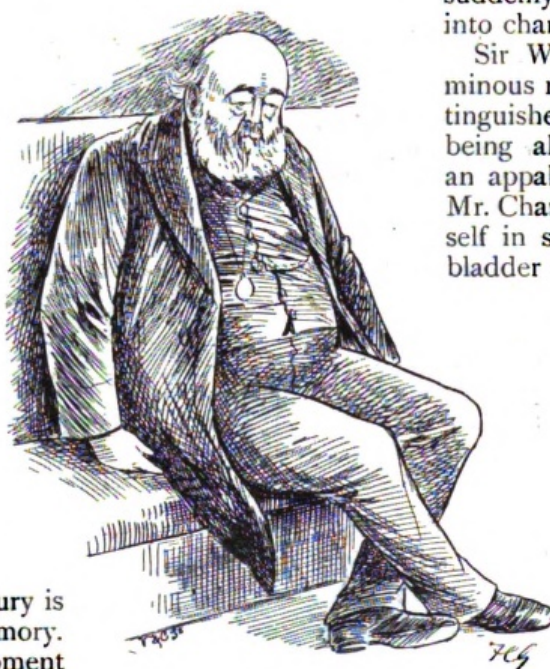
otherwise he speaks without the assistance of notes. Like Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and all Parliamentary debaters of the first rank, he is at his best when, suddenly called upon, he plunges into chance debate.

Sir William Harcourt is a voluminous note-taker, his big, as distinguished from his great, speeches being almost entirely read from an appalling pile of manuscript. Mr. Chamberlain rarely trusts himself in sea of debate without the bladder of notes. But they are not extended. A sheet of note-paper usually serves for their setting forth.

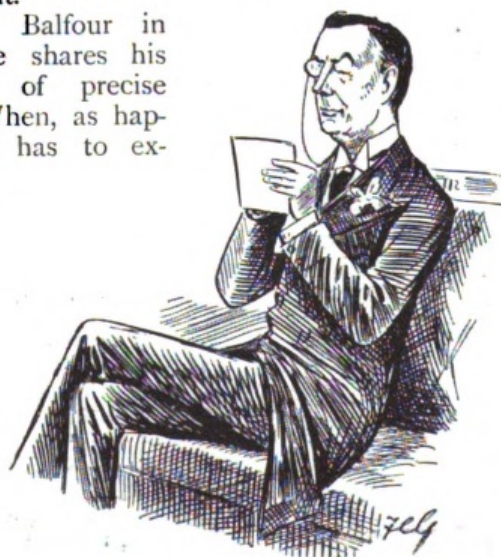
The new LORD Viceroy of MAYO. India was more fortunate in the attitude of public opinion towards his appointment than was a predecessor nominated exactly thirty years earlier. When Mr. Disraeli

made Lord Mayo Governor-General of India, the announcement was hailed with a storm of opprobrium from newspapers not marshalled solely on the Opposition side. The Viceroy-designate was chiefly known to the House of Commons and the public by a once-famous, now forgotten, speech, delivered in the spring of 1868. John Francis Maguire, forerunner of the Parnellite organization, submitted a series of resolutions on the condition of Ireland.

In the course of his speech he dwelt upon the evil effects wrought to his country by the existence of the Irish Church. That was the burning question of the hour. A month later, Mr. Gladstone's Resolution decreeing the disestablishment of the Church was carried in the teeth of the Ministry by a large majority. It was known that the pending General Election would turn upon the issue. Lord Mayo, at the time Irish Secretary, was put up to answer Mr. Maguire.



"SITTING OUT A DEBATE."



"MR. CHAMBERLAIN TAKES A NOTE."

There are some (exceedingly few) members of the present House who recall the speech and the scene. For four hours the Irish Secretary floundered along. Just as he seemed to be collapsing from physical exhaustion, shared by his audience, he pulled himself together and spluttered out a sentence that instantly agitated the House. Mr. Maguire had denounced the Church Establishment as a scandalous and monstrous anomaly. The Irish Secretary, hinting at a scheme for making all religious denominations in Ireland happy without sacrificing the Established Church, talked about "levelling up, not levelling down."

The phrase was instantly recognised as coming from the mint of the Mystery Monger sitting with bowed head and folded arms on the Treasury Bench. What did it mean? Was Dizzy going to dish Gladstone by dealing with the Irish Church question before the enemy got the chance? No one off the Treasury Bench ever knew. Some day the mystery may be unravelled. Up to this time Lord Mayo fills the position of

Him who left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

On the last day of July in the same year Parliament was dissolved, and within a week it was whispered that Lord Mayo was to be the new Governor-General of India. Exile seemed a just punishment for a four hours' speech murmured before a hapless House of Commons. But there was a general impression that this kind of exile was, in the circumstances, too splendid.

One of Lord Mayo's intimate "MANY A friends who saw him off on SLIP." his journey to India tells me a curious incident illustrative of the situation. Expressing hope of some time looking in to see the Viceroy at Calcutta, or Simla, Lord Mayo said: "You may see me again much sooner than that. I should not be a bit surprised if, when I get to Suez, I find a telegram recalling me."

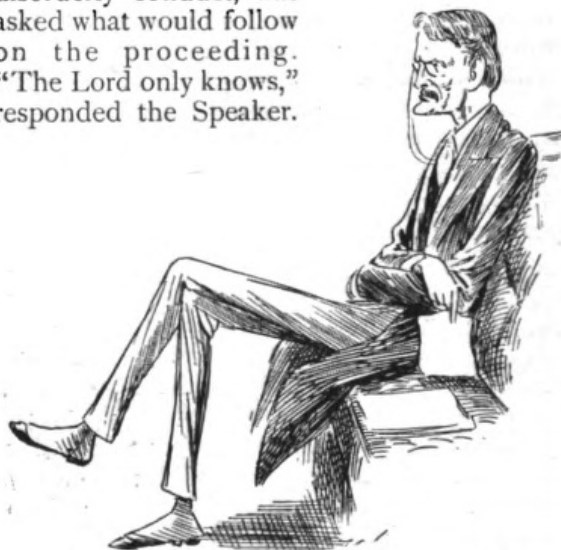
Since his appointment, and pending his departure, Mr. Gladstone had been returned by a majority that placed him in a position of autocratic supremacy. There was, unquestionably, something out of the way in the haste with which the fallen Government had filled up the greatest prize at their disposal. There was at the time no question of the possibility of Lord Derby's Administration being reinstated. As my friend (a Conservative member of the last Parliament elected under the Reform Bill of 1832) put it, "Defeated about twice a week in the

House of Commons, going to certain doom in the country, Dizzy pitchforked Mayo on to the Viceregal throne." It would have been a strong course to recall him, but the circumstances were unprecedented. Certainly Lord Mayo did not feel safe till he had passed Suez, going forward on a journey which, three years later, the assassin's knife ended on the Andaman Islands. Meanwhile, "Dizzy's dark horse" had come in the first flight in the race for enduring fame among Indian Viceroys.

In 1816 Sir Robert Peel, then AFTER Chief Secretary, wrote: "I believe MANY DAYS. an honest despotic government would be by far the fittest government for Ireland." Sixteen years later Lord Althorpe, another statesman not prone to form a rash opinion, wrote to Lord Grey: "If I had my way I would establish a dictatorship in Ireland."

The Irish members complain that what was refused to Peel, to Althorpe, and to a long list of statesmen directly concerned for the government of Ireland has been granted to so mild a mannered man as Mr. Gerald Balfour. His appearance is certainly out of keeping with the part. But, as the Irish members found one Friday night this Session, when Mr. Davitt brought up the case of distress in Ireland, within the Chief Secretary's fragile frame, behind his almost maidenly reserve, glow embers of a fire that can, upon occasion, be fanned into furious flame.

An ancient House of Commons' PEERS AND tradition tells how the Speaker ELECTIONS. of the day, having solemnly threatened a member that he would "name him" if he did not refrain from disorderly conduct, was asked what would follow on the proceeding. "The Lord only knows," responded the Speaker.



"THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S FRAGILE FRAME."

Early in the present Session there came to the front two other examples of consecrated cryptic doom. At the opening of every Session the Speaker, amid a buzz of conversation among reunited members, reads a series of Standing Orders. One forbids any peer of Parliament to concern himself in the election of members to the House of Commons. For generations this formula has passed unchallenged. The peers have been solemnly warned off, have received the injunction in submissive silence, and (some of them) have taken the earliest opportunity of disregarding it.

It is a frailty of the human mind that repetition blunts its power of discrimination. Hearing this Order read Session after Session, old members grow so accustomed to the rhythm of its sentences that their purport passes unheeded. Young members make no move, not because they lack presumption, but because they believe that what has been so long endured must necessarily be right.

It needed a man of the mental and physical youth of Mr. James Lowther to put his finger on this anomaly. This Session, as in one or two of its predecessors, he has moved to expunge the Standing Order from the catalogue. He has shown, and no one has disputed the fact, that in spite of its pompous assumption of authority the rule is absolutely impotent. If a peer pleases to violate the ordinance the House of Commons has absolutely no power to enforce it. With an ordinary business assembly that would suffice to make an end of the absurdity. The conservatism of the House of Commons in respect of its own procedure is deeply rooted. Mr. Lowther's motion was rejected by a considerable majority, and next Session, as through the ages, this *brutum fulmen* will be hurled from the Speaker's Chair.

DOGBERRY
AND THE
HOUSE OF
COMMONS'
WATCH.

The analogous anomaly that cropped up in debate was the position of truant members of Select Committees. Members are nominated to the Committee on a private Bill by a body called the Committee of Selection, over which, for just a quarter of a century, Sir John Mowbray presided. Committee-men are expected to attend the various sittings. If they do not, the Chairman reports the delinquents to the

House, and a formal motion is made, that the errant member "do attend the said Committee at half-past eleven tomorrow."

That is plain sailing. "You shall comprehend all vagrom men," said Dogberry, in his charge to the watch. "You are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name." "How if he will not stand?" the shrewd watchman inquired. That is a question that occurs to the mind in connection with the rules governing the attendance of members on private Committees. The House of Commons has met the difficulty by unconsciously adopting Dogberry's ruling. "Why, then," the sublime City officer answered to the watchman's poser, "take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave."

Of late Sessions the House, sensible of the false position it was placed in by this procedure, has varied it. Instead of the formal injunction that used to appear on the votes commanding the attendance of the peccant member, the report is simply ordered to lie on the Table, and thus the House is thankfully rid of a knave.

ALL THE
DIFFER-
ENCE.

A very proper distinction in this matter is made between the sacred persons of members of the House and mere citizens. It sometimes happens that a busy man summoned to give evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons fails to obey the summons.

Then doth the thunder roll and the lightning flash. The Chairman hurries off to tell the shameful story to the shocked House. A peremptory order is issued for the attendance of the recalcitrant witness, and the Serjeant-at-Arms is instructed to see that it be obeyed. A communication by post, or by messenger if the witness reside within the Metropolitan area, usually brings him up to the scratch at the appointed place and hour. If he pushes resistance to extreme the Serjeant-at-Arms will go and fetch him *vi et armis*. He will be brought to the Bar of the House and committed to the Clock Tower till purged of his contumacy.



"MENTAL AND
PHYSICAL YOUTH"—
MR. JAMES LOWTHER

DEMA-
GOGUES IN
THE HOUSE.
DR.
KENEALY.

In "Mr. Gregory's Letter Box," being the correspondence of the Right Hon. Wm. Gregory from 1813 to 1835, he during the greater part of that time being Under Secretary for Ireland, there is quoted a striking sentence from Canning. "I have never," he said, "seen a demagogue who did not shrink to his proper dimensions after six months of Parliamentary life."

This acute observation remains as true to-day as it was in the earlier Parliaments Canning adorned and occasionally dominated. Two modern instances suffice to prove the case. When, in 1875, Dr. Kenealy entered the House, triumphantly returned by the men of Stoke, he was an undoubted power in the land. I remember Mr. Adam, then Opposition Whip, showing me an appalling list of constituencies, some held by Liberals, others by Conservatives, common in the peculiarity that if a vacancy occurred the next day Kenealy could return his nominee. He was conscious of his power, and meant to make the House of Commons feel its influence. The crowded benches that attended his utterances furnished flattering testimony to his power and the interest excited by his personality.

DEWDROPS
ON THE
LION'S
MANE.

On the occasion of his first appearance, the House was filled as it had not been since critical divisions on the Irish Land Bill, or the Irish Church Bill, of the preceding Parliament. Amongst the spectators from the galleries over the clock were the Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, and the ex-King of Naples, at the time a visitor to London. Mr. Evelyn Ashley, at the safe distance of the Isle of Wight, had been saying something about Kenealy,



"THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS WILL GO AND FETCH HIM."

who made it a question of privilege. In this speech was set that gem of oratory remembered long after the rest is forgotten. "Of one thing I am certain," said Kenealy, in deep chest-notes, wagging his head and his forefinger, as through many days of the Tichborne trial they had been wagged at hostile witnesses and an unsympathetic judge, "that the calumnious reflections thrown on my character will recoil on their authors. As for me, I shake them off as the lion shakes the dewdrops from his mane."

Before his first Session closed, Kenealy flickered out like a damp torch. He tried again and again to obtain a footing in the House. Without being

rudely repelled he was set back, and long before the Parliament ran its course he became a nonentity.

Mr. Keir Hardie, a man on an infinitely lower plane than Kenealy, who, after all, was a consummate scholar and displayed

occasional flashes of genius, is a later illustration of the truth of Canning's axiom. He came in in 1892 as member for West Ham, numbered among the narrow majority of

forty that placed Mr. Gladstone in precarious power. From the first he made it clear that he was no hack—like Mr. Burt, for example—but would let bloated patricians know that the working man is their master. To that end he wore the Cap of Liberty, of somewhat dingy, weather-worn cloth. Also he sported a short jacket, a pair of trousers frayed at the heel, a flannel shirt of dubious colour, and a shock of uncombed hair. On the day of the opening of Parliament he drove up to Westminster in a break, accompanied by a brass band. His first check was received at the hands of the police, who refused to allow the



"ENTER MR. KEIR HARDIE."

musical party to drive into Palace Yard. So the new member was fain to walk.

His appearance on the scene kindled keen anticipation in the breast of Lord Randolph Churchill, who saw in him a dangerous element in the Ministerial majority. The member for West Ham did his best to justify that expectation. At the outset the House listened to him with its inbred courtesy and habitual desire to allow every member, however personally inconsiderable, full freedom of speech. It soon found out that Mr. Keir Hardie was as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. His principal effort to justify his appearance on the Parliamentary stage was a motion made in his second Session to discuss the widespread destitution among members of the working classes. He rose after questions, claiming to have the matter discussed as one of urgent public importance. When the Speaker asked if he were supported by the statutory number of forty, only thirty-six rose. The bulk of members, not unmindful of the prevalent condition of the working man or unwilling to help him, did not care to march under Mr. Keir Hardie's flag. His six months of probation were over, and he had shrunk to his proper dimensions.

When the dissolution came he, almost unobserved, sank below the Parliamentary horizon.

THE PARLIAM-
MENTARY
BATH. The baths recently added to the luxuries of the House of Commons have been so much appreciated, that there is prospect of necessity for extension. The accommodation is certainly poverty-stricken, compared with that at the



"EXIT MR. KEIR
HARDIE."

disposal of denizens of the Capitol at Washington. The baths that serve America's legislators are luxuriously fitted below the basement, approach being gained by a service of lifts. Each marble tank is set in a roomy chamber, furnished with every appliance of the dressing-room. During the progress of an important

debate there is a great run on the bath-room, it being at Washington the legislative habit to take a bath preliminary to delivery of an oration.

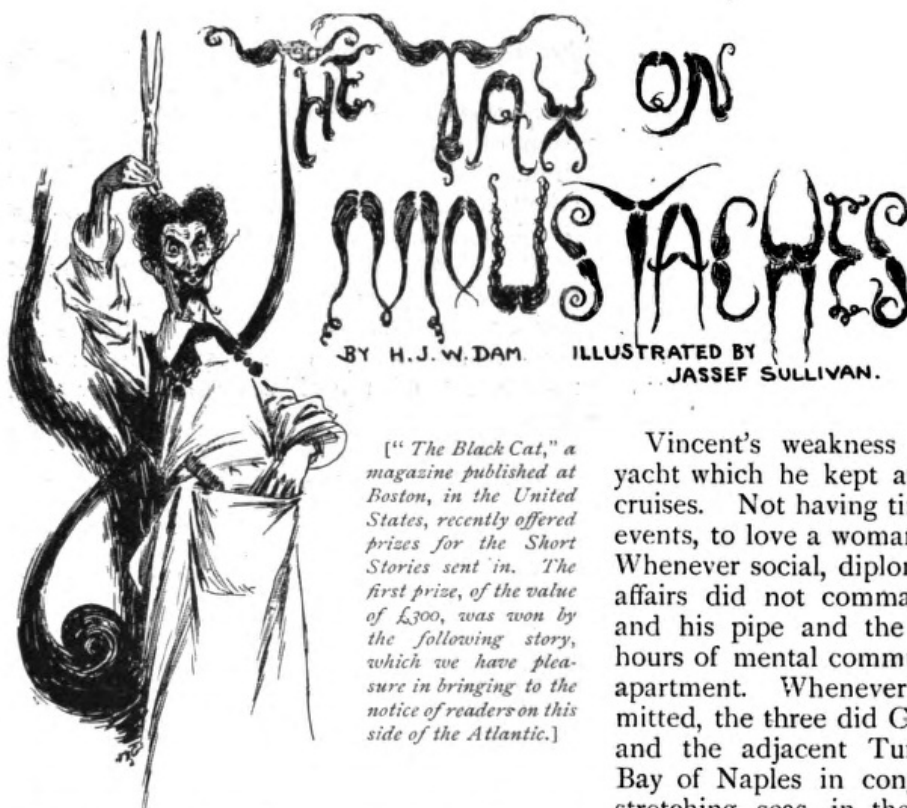
In addition to ordinary hot and cold baths there is a Russian steam bath. I never saw



"A RUSSIAN BATH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

the like in England. The operation commences in a small, windowless room, which has for sole furniture a wooden bench, coils of steam-pipes garlanding the walls. When the door is shut and the steam turned on the hon. member gasps in a temperature as hot as he is likely to experience in this stage of existence. When he is parboiled he goes through a cooling process, beginning with a tub of hot water and on through a succession, the temperature gradually decreasing.

This process occupies an hour and a half, and is obviously not a luxury to be indulged in when an important division is expected. It is recommended as admirable for rheumatic cases, infallible for a cold. It might be tried in the House of Commons should it be decided to extend the bathing accommodation.



HE rivalry between Vincent and Halladay was bitter enough before Miss Belmayne appeared. It then assumed an aspect almost Corsican.

Vincent was the Rome correspondent of the London *Thunderer*. Halladay was the Roman representative of the London *National*. Vincent was an Oxford man; Halladay's intellectual credentials were dated at Cambridge. Vincent was of middle height, dark, lithe, and athletic. He had an electric energy, and quick, penetrating brown eyes, with a merry light in them that was attractive; also a brown moustache that approached the feminine ideal. Halladay was of stouter and flabbier build, with a blonde, sharp-pointed beard, and a face like Lord Salisbury's. Lord Salisbury was, in fact, secretly his model. He was the cousin of a peer, but notwithstanding this drawback had managed to develop a value of his own, which shows his great force and determination. He was also five years older than Vincent, who was only thirty-one; and in the game of life, if not of love, years have a distinct value of their own. Both men drew lavish salaries, moved in the highest society of Rome, and were polished carpet cavaliers and very popular. Both, too, had weaknesses which revealed their temperaments and are correlated forces in this narrative.

Vincent's weakness was a small sloop yacht which he kept at Naples for vacation cruises. Not having time, in the pressure of events, to love a woman, he loved his yacht. Whenever social, diplomatic, or international affairs did not command his attention, he and his pipe and the yacht had charming hours of mental communion together in his apartment. Whenever leave of absence permitted, the three did Capri, Sorrento, Ischia, and the adjacent Turner paintings of the Bay of Naples in congenial company. On stretching seas, in the calm and gorgeous afterglow, he dreamed of a possible fair one in the nebulous future. This showed his temperament to be romantic.

Halladay's weakness was "The War Cloud in the Balkans." Whenever other news failed he would knit his editorial brow and use his portentous ink and see ominous signs of trouble in Servia, Bulgaria, and the Balkan Provinces. One can always see ominous signs of trouble in Servia, Bulgaria, and the Balkan Provinces, and they make an excellent frame on which to hang long and sweeping periods dealing with possible international complications. From which it will be seen that Halladay was ambitious. He always used the most majestic polysyllables that fitted, and these won him the reputation of a powerful and far-seeing correspondent, which reputation he confidently believed that he deserved.

These diverse temperaments caused the two men to secretly scorn each other, and this feeling was not diminished by their alternating newspaper triumphs, important bits of news from the Quirinal or the Ministries, which fell now to one and now to the other, and caused the usual variations of anger and delight.

Thus it was when Miss Belmayne and her parents arrived at the Grand Hotel for the winter. Parents are, of course, of no importance, but it may be mentioned that Mr. Belmayne had made stoves, and incidentally

accumulated two millions, on the shore of Lake Michigan. Miss Belmayne was one of those girls who, without effort, bowl over unprepared Englishmen like ten-pins. She had style, Paris style, and this, when the dressmaker is driven with an intelligent curb, is very fascinating. She was fairly tall, blonde, had ideas, dark-blue eyes, and a frank, sympathetic nature. All these exercised a novel and powerful influence on the two men. They met her on the same evening at a diplomatic reception. The charms mentioned were quite enough for Vincent. He went home, lighted his pipe, put on his slippers, looked at the fire, and said, "By Jove!" He said nothing more to the fire or anything else for two mortal hours. Then he said "By Jove!" again and went to bed. The same charms sufficed to stagger Halladay, but to them he added the two millions. He was older and more practical. He wrote his cousin the peer and told him to be sure to come to Rome that winter. Then he mentally watered his genealogical tree, resolved to lay siege to the beautiful Vicksburg with the firm patience of a Grant, and absently took a cold bath. This chilled him, at midnight, but did not check his ardour.

Miss Belmayne took Rome and the Forum and the Coliseum very seriously. This was a novelty to Vincent and Halladay, so they awoke to its grandeur, and took it very seriously indeed. They sent her books, and bronzes, and prehistoric pavements, and fragments of ancient palaces by the cartload. Papa Belmayne, who was indulgent, said he didn't particularly care for a macadamized drawing-room, and engaged another room to hold the ancient architecture. The attentions of the two men soon became constant and very marked. And through archaeological mornings and afternoon drives, on the blocks of the Forum and the steps of the Coliseum, on the Pincian Hill and the roof of St.

Peter's, they fell deeper and deeper in love, but kept their own counsel. The dear girl was as yet unconscious of it, but they hated each other with the hate of the 1850-60 dramas. It was anything—all—to win the adorable beauty and sentence the other fellow to life-long despair.

The primal cause of all the subsequent trouble was Vincent's yacht. He had, on various occasions, shown Miss Belmayne the high responsibility of his position as correspondent of the *Thunderer*. Now and then he wrote his despatches at her hotel, after dinner, and two days later would read her the powerful, ponderous *Thunderer* editorials, which, telegraphed all over Europe, were based upon the despatches sent by him. This interested her tremendously. Like every true American girl of nowadays—in her ante-matrimonial, ante-babies - of - her - own period—she secretly longed to sway nations. To write despatches which set Europe and America in a ferment, which caused Salisbury, the German Emperor, and the Czar to instantly buckle on their skates, as it were, and dash off to do something final, seemed to her the only occupation worthy of woman or of man. She found



MISS BELMAYNE.

nothing so delightful as helping him, and he knew nothing so delightful as her help, notwithstanding that the hotel note-paper was scarcely the proper stationery to bear this freight of heavy thought. When the *Thunderer* arrived she would read the despatches with a thrill of interest born of her indirect connection with the great newspaper. Finally she wanted to write a despatch—just a little one—all by herself. He, reserving rights of correction and revision, consented. It was a safe contribution, not at all sensational, about the returns of the olive crop. She wrote it. She also read it, word for word, in print two days later. That experience was a crisis in her life. Destiny opened out its arms to her as a woman of might and power. Halladay lost ground visibly after that, and

had emotional neuralgia of the most torturing kind.

The cause of the trouble, as before stated, was the yacht. A dirty steam trader from Marseilles, while coming to anchor, had taken off the bowsprit of Vincent's secondary idol, together with a large slice of her peerless nose. It was like an accident to a highly esteemed female cousin. The best medical attention was instantly necessary. Vincent knew the Italians. He knew that, if he did not personally arrange the contract for repairs at Naples, the contractor who did them would afterwards own the yacht, bring suit against his personal fortune, and hold his family responsible for the balance of the money. In short, he had to go to Naples for two days. Miss Belmayne, strange to say, received the news with joy.

"I'll look after things. I'll send anything that's necessary to the *Thunderer*," she said.

He stared at her in astonishment.

"Oh, do let me! Please do! I want to show you the breadth of my mind."

Events were very dull, journalistically. And when a beautiful girl wants to show you the breadth of her mind it is not only dangerous to say "No," but wise to say "Yes," that is, if you are as much in love as he was. He finally consented and she radiated enthusiasm. "Just read the papers if you *do* send anything, and be guided by them," said he. "But don't—er—don't send *too* much, and nothing that isn't important." Then he went away to single combat with the contractor. She couldn't do him any harm. If what she sent was bad it wouldn't be printed. And his consent to the proposal would certainly do him infinite good in connection with another proposal. Thus he mused, in love, and in the train to Naples.

Now, it is doubtless fully understood by all adult persons that when an American girl desires to show the breadth of her mind she is destined to show it at all hazards. The responsibility of her position weighed heavily upon Miss Belmayne. She came down to

breakfast next morning with a far-away look in her eyes and two brown prima-donna hair-curlers still nestling in the soft silken hair above her forehead. Papa Belmayne at first assumed that this was a new style in breakfast toilets, and said nothing. He could never keep quite abreast of the fashions, and he had made mistakes before.

Then he conceived that it might possibly be an evidence of strong, disturbing emotion, and ventured to inquire. She gravely removed the hair-curlers, and after striking her hair three skilful taps put them in her pocket. Then she cautiously whispered to him the news. She, SHE, was the Acting Rome Correspondent of the *Thunderer*! Papa was startled.

It flashed instantly upon his practical Chicago mind that with a wire like that something might be done in wheat. But, no—on second thought—that wouldn't do. Still, he was proud, very proud, of his daughter. He proceeded to like Vincent amazingly.

"We'll give the old *Thunderer* a lift, my dear, if anything happens. I'll furnish the statesmanship and you look out for the spelling and punctuation," said he. Halladay he had never liked. That gentleman's family tree and its luxuriant foliage had been exhibited several times in his presence, and it annoyed him. Not having dealt largely in trees in his career, he didn't believe in them. So Vincent stock rose clear above the hundred mark in the Belmayne family, and Halladays fell steadily to zero, with no offers.

Halladay knew this and fumed in secret. He also guessed at once from Miss Belmayne's words and questions the foolish thing that Vincent had done. He saw in it not only a clever move of his rival, but also an opportunity to spoil Vincent's chances and win Miss Belmayne with a single safe play.



"SHE WOULD READ THE DESPATCHES."

He was devoted but thoughtful all that afternoon. Then he went away and meditated.

At ten that evening he entered the Belmayne drawing-room, sharp-pointed, immaculate, and smiling with a visible air of conscious triumph.

"Ha, ha, ha! Sorry for Vincent. Pity he's away," he said.

"Oh, what has happened? I've read all the evening papers," said the Acting Correspondent.

"Can't say, you know. Must keep a good thing to myself when I get it."

"Is it a very good thing?"

"Very."

"Is it a *big* thing?" This with fear and trembling.

"Biggest in months. May cause a rebellion in Italy. You know these Italians. Hair-trigger sort of people when anything happens that they don't quite like."

"Oh, Mr. Halladay, please tell me!"

He proceeded not to tell her, for the next half-hour, in the cleverest way possible. He dangled the bait before her and cruelly enjoyed her attempts to seize it. He saw with concealed fury, however, that her anxiety was the tender anxiety that he most greatly feared. This armed him in his resolve, and having excited her curiosity till it was painful, he went downstairs.

"What is it, my dear?" said Belmayne.

Miss Belmayne was dumb with disappointment. She loved Vincent—she knew it in that moment—and he would be dreadfully beaten, without excuse, and perhaps lose his position. Because of their compact he had even failed to notify the *Thunderer* of his absence.

"I've missed the greatest news of the year," she said, sharply. "Do go down to the smoking-room. They're sure to be talking about it. Follow Halladay, and see to whom he speaks. We *must* get something about it."

Papa Belmayne was stout, vigorous, fifty-five, and came from Chicago. His hair was curly and showed only a few white lines.

Spurred by parental love and a desire for something to do that was slowly undermining his constitution, he followed Halladay like the species of hound which is called sleuth. His eyes twinkled and his blood was up. He had always known that anybody can be a newspaper correspondent, and he enjoyed trying it. He quickly found Halladay in the smoking-room and kept his eye on him. Halladay observed this and was deeply glad. It was as he had hoped. Belmayne had fallen heels over head into his trap.

Halladay was in earnest, low-toned conversation with Sir George Perleybore, a tall, thin, white-haired, perfectly groomed baronet, of any age above sixty-five, the kind of lay figure met everywhere in the best hotels of the south of Europe during winter. Sir George was astonished. Papa Belmayne saw this plainly, and lay low like Brer Rabbit. Halladay finally went away. Papa then greeted Sir George carelessly and proposed a whisky - and - soda. Also cigars. Sir George said:

"Most extraordinary! Wouldn't have believed it. What'll these beggars do next?" Papa swelled with repressed eagerness. Then it all came out. He got it — every word of it — and chuckled at his own diplomacy.

Then he flew to the elevator.

"Now I know what I'm talking about, my dear," he said, when her burst of joy was over. "I understand these things and you don't. I haven't been a State senator two terms for nothing. You sit down and take your pen and I'll dictate."

Papa expanded like a balloon, walked the floor, and dictated. He measured every word by cubic measurement. He dictated the short despatch four times and half of another time in all. She wrote and scratched out and turned the dictionary pages feverishly, and thought how clearly Edward would see the breadth of her mind.

And neither Edward nor the *Thunderer* knew the doom that was impending.

When the despatch was finally completed she knew that she could have expressed it much more elegantly, but papa was inexorable.



HALLADAY.

He'd tell the story in America, by jiminy, and he wanted to read his own despatch in the *London Thunderer*. So she copied it in a bold, round hand, signed Vincent's cipher, gave it to Vincent's commissionaire, who

columns which were held to be as infallible as the multiplication table itself. This was the despatch:—

ITALY.

[From our own Correspondent.]

I saw Signor Crespo this evening, and learned from him that the new and important item in the Budget, the new source of revenue which has been promised and upon which great hopes have been based, will take the form of a national tax upon moustaches. In his Bill, which he will introduce in the Chamber to-morrow, it will be provided that every citizen of Italy wearing a moustache shall pay a sumptuary tax thereupon of one lira yearly. In the ordinary course this tax will yield the twenty million lire per annum which are so greatly needed and whose source up to now it has been impossible to discover. Of course a certain amount of opposition from the Left is confidently to be expected. The tax on moustaches will undoubtedly afford an opportunity to the Socialists to champion individual rights and protest against interference therewith; but on the other hand, the Clerical wing are certain to view the innovation with favour. The popular acceptance of the measure is, however, difficult to forecast.

This was probably the most nonsensical despatch that has ever appeared in any newspaper, great or small. The editor had looked at it, incredulous. The

leader writer said, "H'm, it's neck or nothing with Crespo." Only Vincent's cipher and the condition of Italy made belief possible; but it was believed. This was the leader:—

The extraordinary course which has been adopted by the Prime Minister of Italy in order to replenish the national treasury is so radical an extension of the general principle of taxation that neither its wisdom nor its result can yet be declared with any degree of certainty. Statistics do not, unfortunately, furnish us with the number of Italian citizens who at the period of the last census were wearing moustaches. It is a well-known fact, however, that the custom of cultivating hair in an ornamental form upon the upper lip is, perhaps, more firmly established as a national habit in Italy than in any other country of the world at the present time. The first lesson of this proposed legislation is its certain indication of the extreme, if not hopeless, financial straits into which the monarchy has fallen. The second is the very doubtful character of the tax itself as a reliable source of revenue, when viewed from the standpoints of expediency and of successful enforcement. It will be necessary for legislation to establish with perfect clearness not only what a moustache legally is, but



"PAPA EXPANDED LIKE A BALLOON."

called at eleven, and both she and papa went to bed feeling very well indeed.

At ten o'clock the next morning—Roman time—the face of Europe wore a fearful geographical frown. Consternation, perplexity, and uncertainty ruled in five empires. From Downing Street the news went under the Channel to the Paris Elysée and overland to the winter palaces of Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. In her honest attempt to sway nations, the dear girl had succeeded. The Thrones sent messengers to the Foreign Offices; the Foreign Offices wired the Ambassadors, and neither wire nor cable could work half fast enough to please the respective senders. When the Stock Exchanges opened, Italian Rentes fell six points, and their allies weakened in proportion. The smash had come. Italy was bankrupt and the Triple Alliance would fall to pieces. It all arose from a despatch and a leading article in the columns of the *London Thunderer*, those

also at what age, both of the wearer and of the moustache itself, it becomes taxable; and in these two directions, to say nothing of the popular acceptance or rejection of the measure, the visible difficulties are both many and great, etc., etc.

On that very afternoon a man in a yachting suit went over the side of a yacht at Naples and was rowed to the pier. He was happy and buoyant with the buoyant happiness of the man who loves and is loved. Upon reaching the pier he bought the second edition of the *Corriere di Napoli*, and glanced at the telegraph columns. The *Thunderer* despatch had been cabled back to Naples, and under sensational headlines was the first to meet his eye.

His first thought was that he was losing his mind and inventing the telegram. Then something flashed upon him, and his heart seemed to stop beating. He staggered to the curb of the pier, sat down, and shut his eyes. He was never sure afterwards whether he fainted or not. For five minutes he knew only the silent whirl of agonized thoughts. He grasped at once what had happened. It was Halladay's work, and Halladay had ruined him. The *Thunderer* was the laughing-stock of Europe, and he, as the responsible sender of that despatch, was journalistic-ally done for. Ambition spoke first, and the pain was of the bitterest. Love spoke next, but with all his rage and despair he could not find the power to be harsh to Miss Belmayne. "The dear girl!" he said. "She did her best, and that scoundrel fooled her completely. Oh, oh, oh!" And he squeezed his head with his hands as if to shut out the thought of his position and the inevitable consequences that he must face.

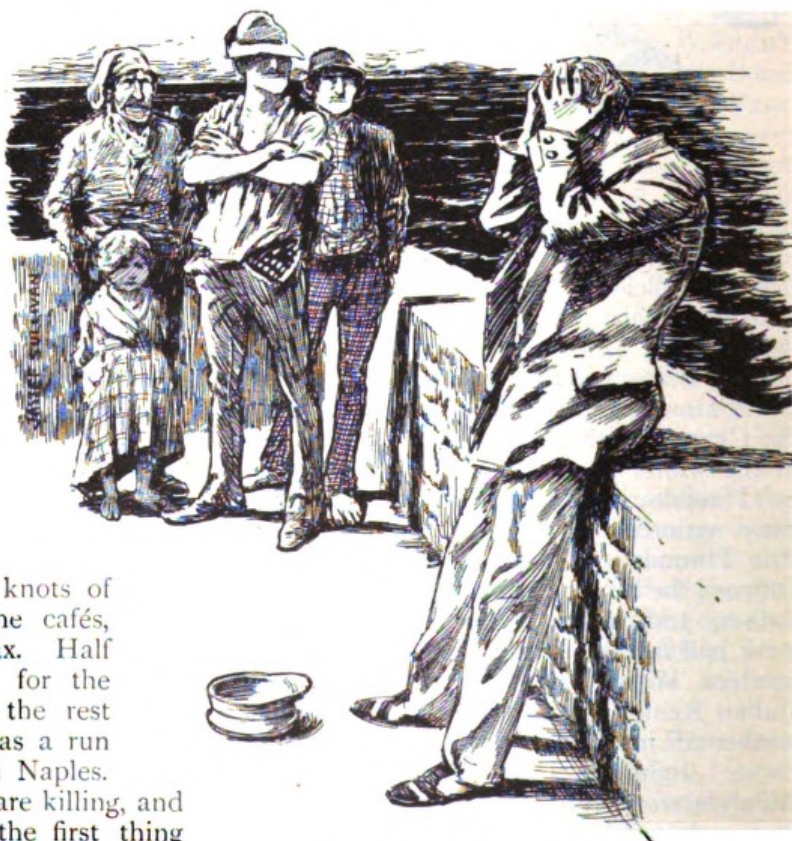
A little knot of loungers had gathered, his evident pain exciting their sympathy. This recalled him to himself, and he took a cab and drove away. Little knots of men stood in front of all the cafés, excitedly discussing the new tax. Half of them were clean-shaven for the first time in their lives, and the rest were about to be. There was a run on every hairdresser's shop in Naples. The Italian is poor, the taxes are killing, and the art of dodging them is the first thing taught to children. Vincent still held the

paper, and now read its comments on the tax. They combined a scream of sarcastic laughter with a howl of furious rage. Italy had been touched on the spot that was tenderest. But—and here was a gleam of hope—the reputation of the *Thunderer* was so high that the despatch had been taken seriously. The "sell" had not yet been exposed. If only Crespo would save him—but, no! Crespo's position, already imperilled by a crisis, was worse than his own. Crespo would want to shoot him on the spot.

He caught the 2.40 train and rode to Rome in a state of numbness. What he would do to Halladay he did not dare to think. He was a man in a rage, a hungry, thirsty rage, that threatened to overpower him. Nor did he dare to go to his apartment. There lay the telegram dismissing him in derision and contempt. In his sorrow his heart turned to love for consolation. Arrived at Rome he drove to the hotel, entered Miss Belmayne's drawing-room with a white, sad face, and sat in the shadow.

The Acting Correspondent came in radiant, beaming with pride and pleasure over her shrewdness and success.

"Have you seen it? It's in the Roman papers. You didn't get beaten. Oh, I was



"A LITTLE KNOT OF LOUNGERS HAD GATHERED."

so worried, and so happy when I knew you were safe!"

She stopped, mystified at his silence. Then she saw his pallor and his expression.

"Are you ill? What is it? What's the matter?"

He tried to spare her; tried to pass the matter over lightly. But the moment she knew that the despatch had caused his trouble all subterfuges were useless. Her face, too, grew white, and she kept on asking him question after question, till she fully understood the effect of what she had done. His ruin was certain, but his replies were gentle, quiet, and full of sympathy. Then the society girl known as Miss Belmayne disappeared, and the woman in her came out. His career was ended, and through his love for her. The big, beautiful girl stood up, tried to say she was sorry, but couldn't. Her lips only quivered and wouldn't work. Then she sat down, bolt upright on the sofa, and the tears came first creeping and then tumbling down from her eye-lashes as she cried, broken-hearted, without a word or a handkerchief. He tried to soothe her, to say it was nothing. "Oh, Edward!" was all she said.

In spite of his grief he observed the word "Edward."

Upon this interesting and unconventional social tableau bustled in Papa Belmayne, of Chicago, millionaire and newspaper correspondent. He saw a white young man and a young person bathed in tears.

"Wha—what's the matter?" said he, starting and peering over his eye-glasses.

"I'm done for, but it's all my own fault," said the young man.

Papa inquired and was told. He sat down suddenly in a state of collapse.

"If that sneak comes here again, I'll cowhide him," he said, exploding. "I'll thrash him anyhow.

Anyhow!" he roared, with the rage of an honest man who has been beaten at his own game.

Then several minutes of sad, solemn silence ensued, each trying to find a ray of light in the gloom.

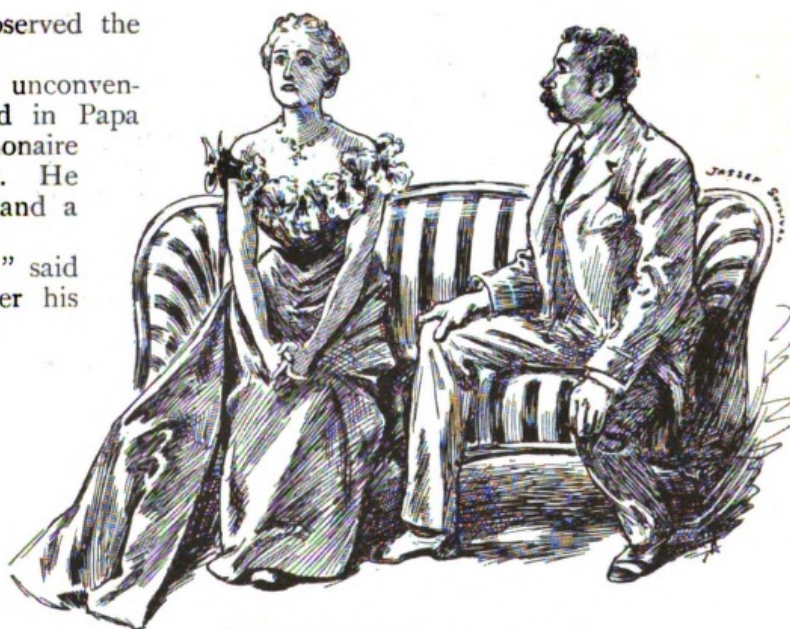
"Why don't you see Crespo? He's a friend of yours, isn't he?" said Belmayne.

"He has been."

"Then come on. Laura, you come with

us. We did it. We're responsible, and we'll take the blame. Crespo is the only man that can save you. Here! Order me a carriage!" he shouted to the maid.

The combative financier, who had faced and won a hundred battles that were real battles, was not to be daunted by a Prime Minister and a newspaper and a little thing like this. His courage, of course, infected his daughter. With father at the helm everything would, of course, be all right. It must be all right. So she hoped once more, and darted away for hat-pins. While waiting for her and the hat-pins at the elevator another thing occurred. Belmayne put his hand in a friendly way on Vincent's shoulder and said: "Young man, don't you worry. If you have to give up journalism, you may possibly do much better than that. I know you, and I like you." Vincent nodded quietly. The implied promise was well meant, but it did not appeal to him just then. They drove to the Quirinal Hill in silence. The Acting Correspondent merely asked her father if her hat was on straight. She secretly proposed to take the Prime Minister by storm.



"OH, EDWARD!" WAS ALL SHE SAID."

Now, during all these woful occurrences Chance, which, as everybody knows, is the prime minister of Providence, was playing tricks upon another Prime Minister, the temporary ruler of Italy. Signor Crespo was at his wits' end over the new tax measures. In order to pass them he had to yield to the demands of the Socialist-Anarchist wing of his party, and if he failed

to pass them he fell from power. One alternative was as distasteful as the other, and he was rapidly growing grey in his efforts to find a way out of the dilemma. When the *Thunderer* despatch was brought him he jumped to his feet in amazement. Then he scratched his head and said, "Ah!" Then he smiled a smile of joy. He foresaw something.

Two minutes afterwards the double doors of his private room were burst open and a portly marquis, one of his enemies in the Cabinet, rushed in and said: "Crespo—for Heaven's sake——"

The Prime Minister said nothing.

Other high politicians of his party, rivals and enemies, rushed in and cried: "Crespo—for Heaven's sake——"

Signor Crespo said nothing.

The King sent a noble duke hot-footed to say: "Crespo—for Heaven's sake——"

The Prime Minister still said nothing, but in different words.

In half an hour they were all on their knees, all the opposing elements he had spent months in trying to combine. They accepted the tax on moustaches as a fact, and saw that, in revenge on them, he was going to ruin the party. They begged him not to propose it. He consented—on conditions. They agreed abjectly to his terms, told him to count on their votes, and, when the Chamber met, passed his Budget, which they had previously agreed to defeat, by a huge majority.

This is why the Prime Minister, who had made inquiries, was also eager to see the Acting Correspondent who had sent that despatch. Being a devout man, however, he looked upon the real sender as Providence.

The carriage party entered the Ministry. To Vincent it seemed to be wrapped in accusing gloom. It was his farewell to the Prime Minister, both as friend and correspondent. Nevertheless, he wrote on his card: "With Mr. and Miss Belmayne to explain that despatch."

They were silently ushered in and stood in the great man's presence, three drooping figures, guilty and downcast. Belmayne was not happy. He was not used to cringing

before anybody. Laura's eyes were full of new tears. She would sway no more nations, whatever the temptation. Vincent was pale and grave.

For some reason the Prime Minister began to laugh. He had not felt like laughing for three months, and he enjoyed the feeling. He laughed till the tears came into his eyes.

Vincent was angry.

"Does it strike you as comical?" said he.

"Comical? It's providential. See here," said Signor Crespo, pointing to a pile of at least a hundred telegrams. "All Europe wants information about your despatch. I mean Miss Belmayne's despatch," he said, bowing gracefully.

"Then you—you understand how it happened?"

"Yes."

"And, of course, you—you've exposed it?"

"Oh, no. They thought I meant it. It has saved the situation."

"What?" said Vincent, thunderstruck.

"And in return, my friend, I have saved you. The *Thunderer*, unable to get an answer from you, telegraphed me for indorsement. I sent this:—

"The *Thunderer*, London.

"In consequence of concessions from opposing elements I shall not present my proposed tax on moustaches."

"CRESPO."

"BY JOVE!" said Vincent.

"EDWARD!" screamed somebody.

"Hurrah!" said Belmayne.

And Edward's arms were filled with sudden millinery, and two hearts were filled with deepest joy.

Two events of different kinds succeeded.

Halladay was abused by the *National* for missing the most important news of the year. When he gave a true explanation of the matter he was scoffed at. It was visibly false. He then proceeded to turn to a pale but not unbecoming green colour. The doctors said liver; the cause was unrequited love.

The other event was a social function of a happy, even hilarious, character, at the Grand Hotel. This is not of importance, however, in a country where orange-blossoms are indigenous.

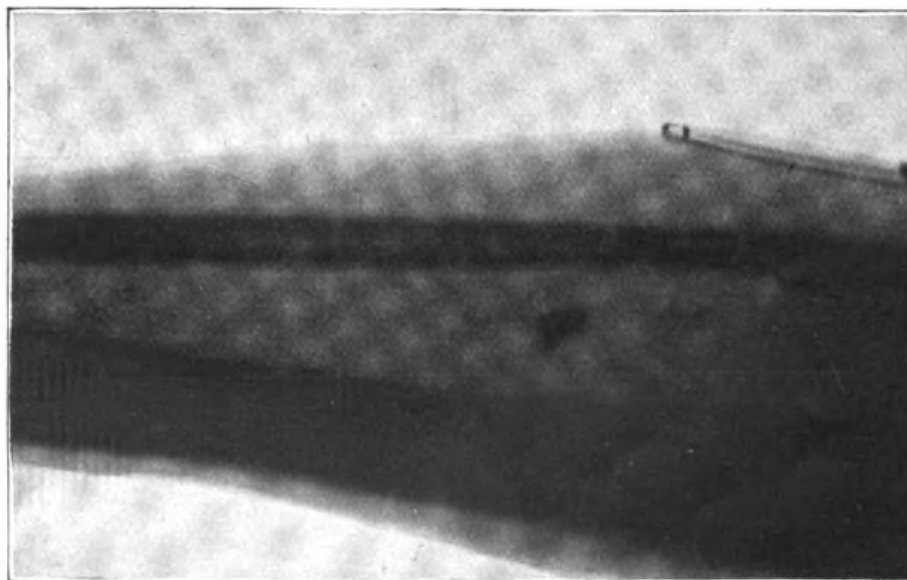
The Röntgen Rays in Warfare.

BY HERBERT C. FYFE.



Of all the gallant soldiers who took part in the recent campaign against the Afridis on the north-west frontier of India probably none displayed more personal bravery than General Wodehouse. He is described as walking about in an almost solid stream of lead, and the extraordinary part about it is that he only received one wound, and that was in the leg. The surgeon took him into a tent in order that the missile might be extracted; and while this was being done

portion of the shot might have been left behind, he went to the base hospital at Rawul Pindi, and there Major Beevor, R.A.M.C., took a radiograph here reproduced, which showed that his surmise was correct. This picture is very interesting, showing as it does that not only bones but fibrous tissue (commonly called gristle) will sometimes split a bullet, or chip pieces from its surface. The bullet entered the General's leg in the upper part, passed obliquely downwards, and was cut out on the opposite side of the leg. In its course it passed through



I.—BULLET WOUND IN THE LEG OF GENERAL WODEHOUSE.
Taken on the battlefield by Major Beevor.

the Afridis crawled up and suddenly blazed into the operating tent, putting thirteen shots through the canvas. Instead of showing any alarm the General, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, was as calm as if he were in a London hospital, and the operation proceeded, in spite of the rain of bullets, just as if there were not an Afridi within 100 miles. Contrary to advice, General Wodehouse, although his wound was of an unpleasant jagged character, would not be laid up for long, and shortly after the injury he rode into Peshawar at the head of his brigade with the wound still unhealed. However, thinking that some

the space which (as the photograph shows) exists between the two bones; this space is filled in by a tough fibrous membrane, and as the bullet pierced it the membrane cut four pieces off its surface, as can be plainly seen.

In the upper part of the picture is a safety-pin, and this is visible because in taking pictures with the X-rays, which pierce all such material, it is not necessary to remove dressings or splints.

The case of General Wodehouse is only one of a very great number in which those marvellous rays known by the name of their

illustrious demonstrator, Professor Röntgen, have done so much to aid the surgeon in his work and to alleviate human suffering. They enable him to determine the position, size, and nature of foreign bodies in his patients, and to observe the condition of injured bones, joints, and internal organs.

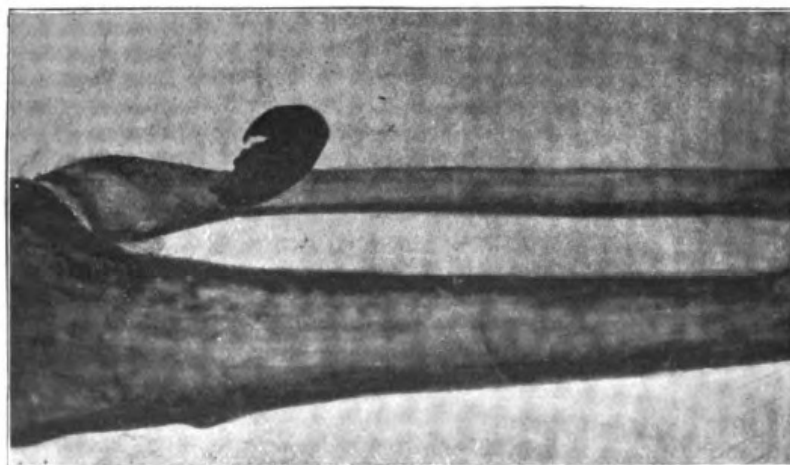
In the present article attention will be drawn to the manner in which this most valuable addition to surgical science has been applied in military warfare. It is satisfactory to know that the War Office has at length realized the importance of equipping our large military hospitals at home and abroad with an efficient X-ray outfit, and of encouraging officers of the Army Medical Service to acquire a thorough practical knowledge of radiography.

Turning now to the actual working of the Röntgen ray in warfare, some account must be given of Surgeon-Major W. C. Beevor's experiences during the recent frontier expedition to India. This was the first time that the X-rays were employed in a campaign.

"The Afridi," remarks Major Beevor, "uses bullets of almost every description, and not only bullets, but missiles of various kinds. So long as he can have a go at his enemy with something hard, he does not care a rap what that hard thing is—a stone, a piece of lead of any sort, or a piece of telegraph wire. He relies upon the telegraph wire for one of his chief amusements, because

dispensation the beneficent rays have prevented much suffering to the patient which would have occurred had probing been resorted to, and the operator may now dispense with the unsatisfactory and frequently not-too-well sterilized probe. "As a death-dealing instrument, a dirty and unskilfully used probe," said a doctor recently, "has few equals, and many lives will be saved by rendering its use unnecessary." Modern science has provided the surgeons with a probe which is painless, which is exact, and, most important of all, which is aseptic—qualities not possessed by the older, though ingenious, instrument bearing Délaton's name.

It is not possible here to enter into any detailed discussion of the various interesting cases in which Major Beevor applied the Röntgen rays in the Tirah Campaign. In very many instances he was able to find bullets by their means where ordinary methods were unavailing in disclosing their position. In the case of a Ghoorka who was shot in the back of his thigh in the first fight of Dargai, every means of probing was tried, but no bullet could be found, yet as there was no aperture of exit the surgeons knew there must be a foreign body irritating the man's leg. It would have been impossible to have found the bullet until the swelling and the irritation of the wound had subsided; in fact, it might never have subsided, and it was in contemplation to amputate the man's leg. By means



2.—BULLET WOUND IN THE LEG OF A GHOORKA.
Taken at Dargai by Major Beevor.

he likes to chop it into little bits and have a 'snapshot' at his enemy, whether one of his own people or a heathen—*i.e.*, 'a white man.' Before the advent of the X-rays, the surgeon had to probe about in order to try and locate a bullet or other substance. In the new

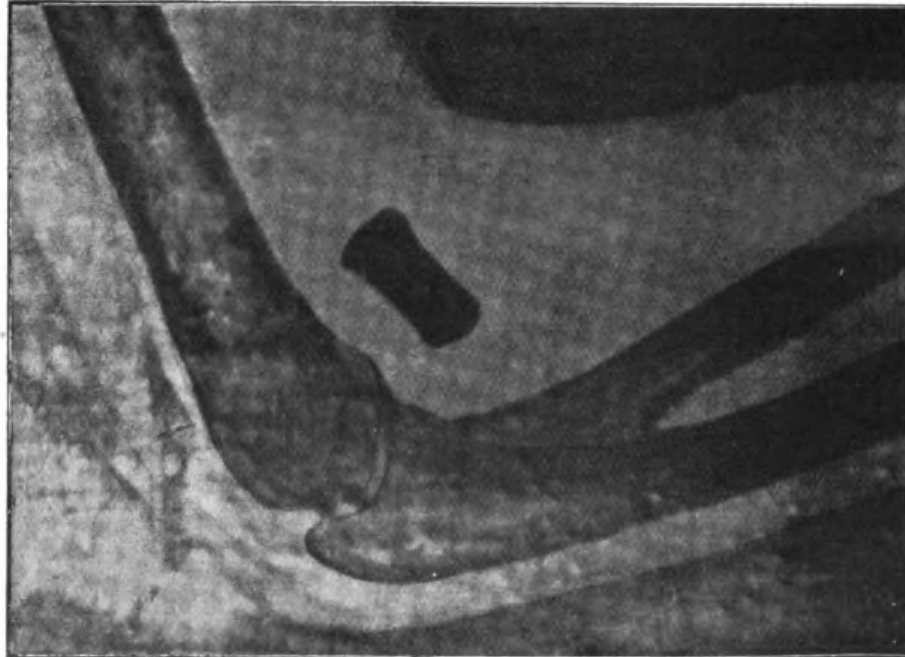
of the X-rays, however, Major Beevor localized the bullet exactly, which was found to have traversed diagonally from above downwards and inwards, to have struck the bone, and rebounded in a channel of its own (No. 2).

The wounded native soldiers who were

examined by the rays took much interest in the process. One was heard to say afterwards that a "sahib with a peculiar light" had examined his leg.

Another case which deserves mention was that of a man who was shot on the inner side of the biceps muscle (No. 3). He was attended by a very intelligent and scientific surgeon of the Indian army, who probed and searched in every direction without success, and then sent the patient away on a furlough

incrusted or surrounded by adventitious fibrous material. The surgeon cut down upon it, and it took him about an hour and a half to dissect the bullet from the tendonous material with which it was surrounded, and when the tendon had been massaged and stretched the man returned to duty. I suppose he got his wife, but he was an excellent fellow, and probably more pleased at being cured than he would have been at getting his pension."



3.—BULLET IN ELBOW OF NATIVE SOLDIER.

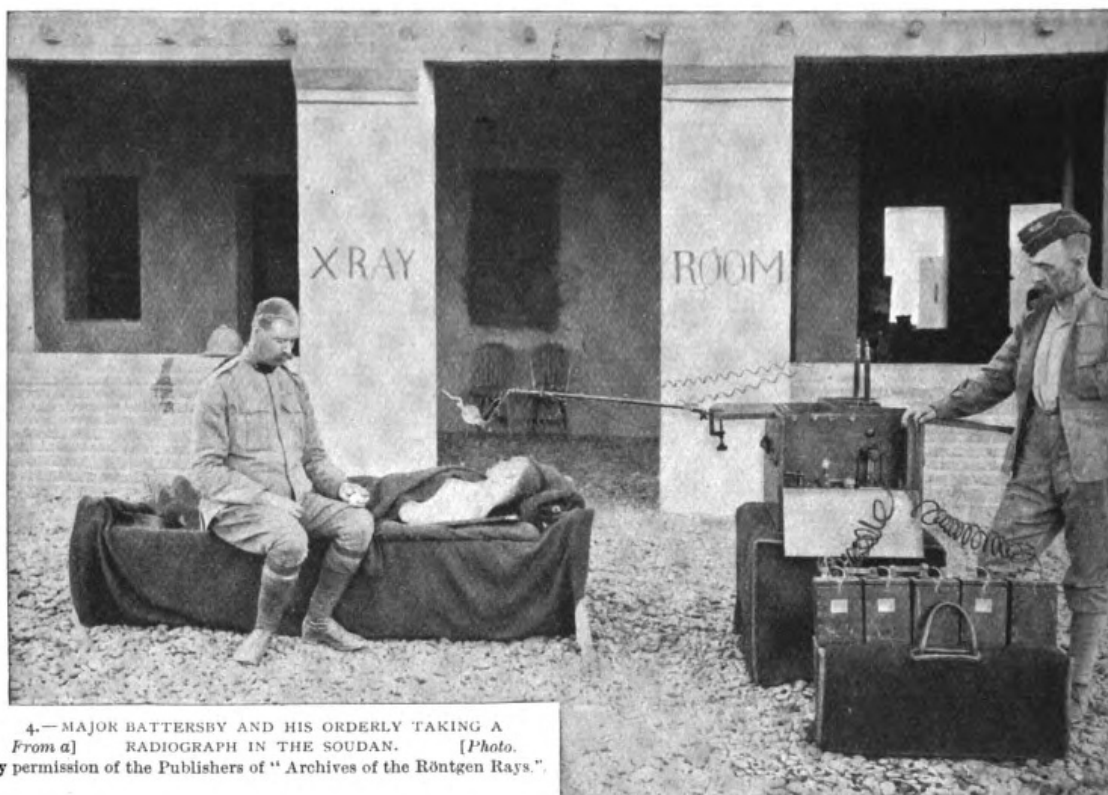
Taken by Major Beevor.

for six weeks. The rest of the story may be told in Major Beevor's own words: "He returned saying that he could not use his elbow: he got it at a certain angle, and then it locked suddenly; he could throw a stone, and even use a lance, but he was a cavalryman, and all his actions were awkward because he could not get his arm extended. They thought he was humbugging. The Indian soldier, no matter who he is, is a champion at humbug when it pleases him; he is a charming fellow in every way, but if he likes to 'put on the agony,' he can do it very successfully. Well, the surgeon said to me, 'Will you have a look at this man, because he is such a good chap, and I don't think he is humbugging, but he wants to get married and go away on a pension?' We examined him with a fluorescent screen, and instantly detected the cause of his disability; the bullet had slipped down through the muscular fibres of the biceps muscle into the sheath of a tendon, and had become

By the courtesy of Major J. C. Battersby, Royal Army Medical Corps, who was in charge of the Röntgen apparatus with the Nile expeditionary force in the last Soudan Campaign, there are here reproduced for the first time in a popular magazine some photographs of great interest taken in Egypt, showing how the Röntgen rays were used for the benefit of our wounded soldiers in the recent Soudan Campaign.

The first (No. 4) shows the roin. induction coil at work. Major Battersby is here counting the seconds while a skiagram of the shoulder is being taken. The photographic plate can be seen in a specially devised wooden plate-holder under the shoulder-joint. Those who are used to experimenting with the X-rays will notice a very ingenious tube-holder.

No. 5 is a photograph of a "localizing apparatus," specially made for Major Battersby and used for the first time on active service by him during the recent Nile Expedition to Khartoum. By means of this



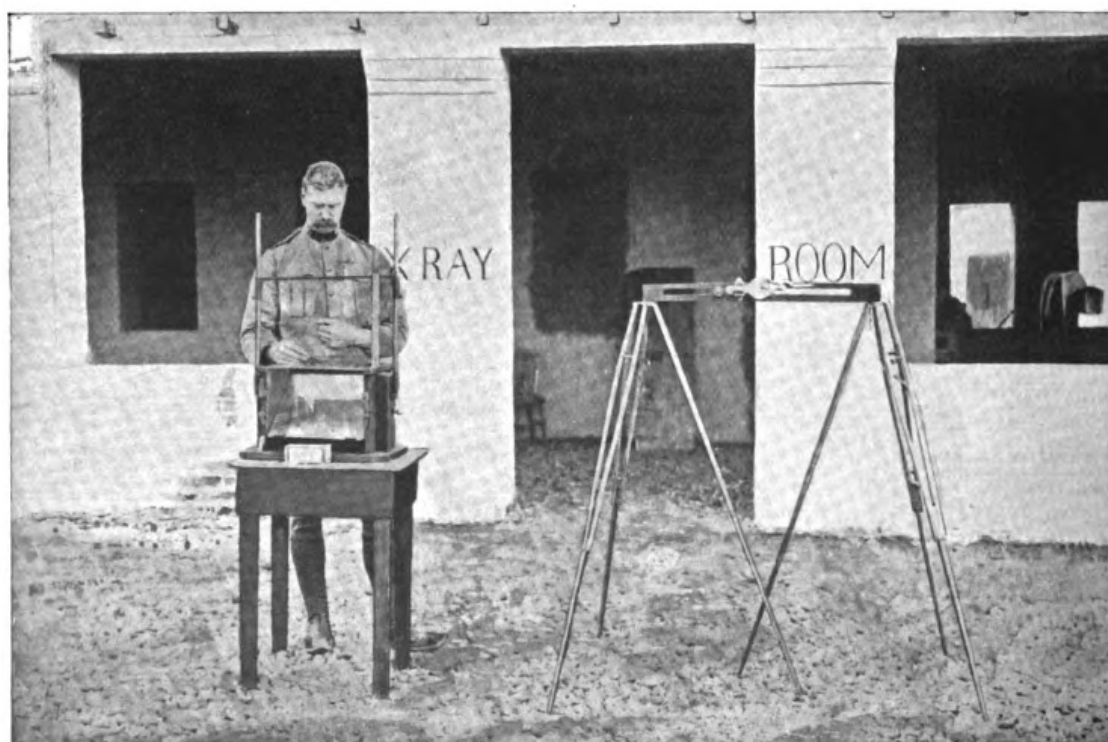
4.—MAJOR BATTERSBY AND HIS ORDERLY TAKING A
From a RADIOGRAPH IN THE SOUDAN. *[Photo.*
 (By permission of the Publishers of "Archives of the Röntgen Rays.")

instrument the Major could accurately determine the depth and exact position of bullets in the flesh, and then could operate with certainty.

The next picture (No. 6) is of a very novel character. Major Battersby used a tandem

bicycle to generate the electricity necessary for his work, and in the photograph the arrangements by which the lonely desert was illuminated for the first time with electric light by this novel method can be clearly seen.

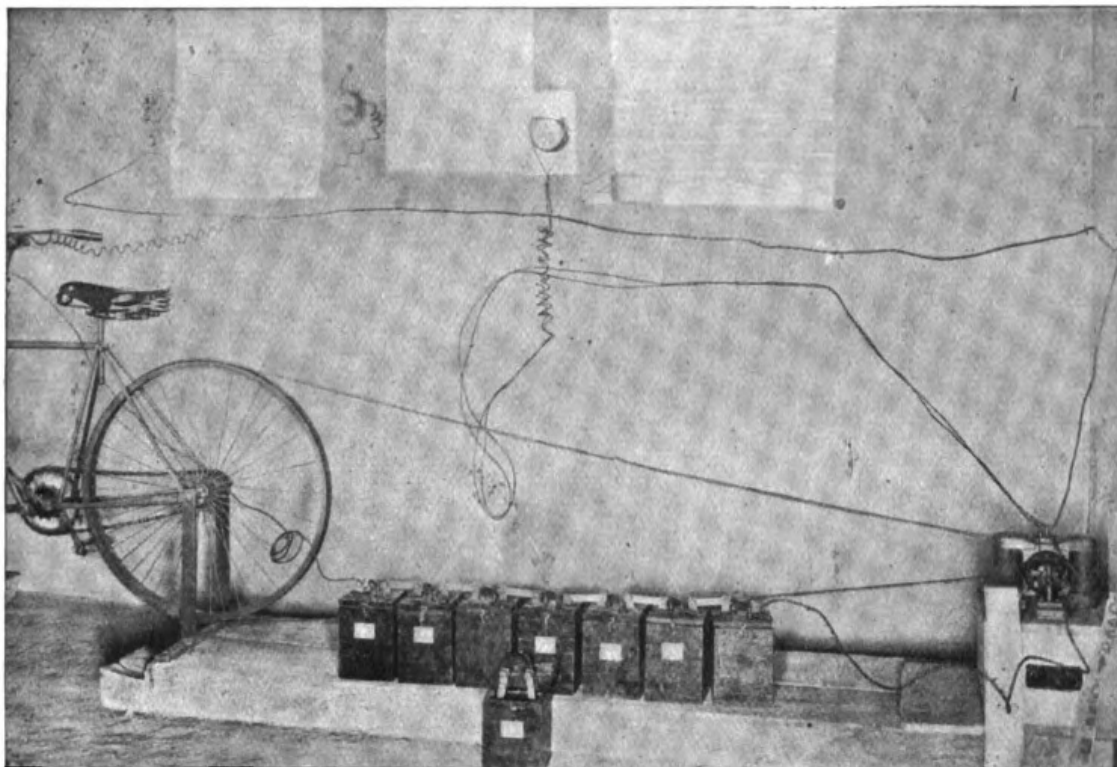
"The pulley of a small dynamo," writes



From a

5.—MAJOR BATTERSBY USING THE LOCALIZING APPARATUS.
 (By permission of the Publishers of "Archives of the Röntgen Rays.")

[Photo.



From a]

6.—TANDEM BICYCLE USED TO GENERATE ELECTRICITY FOR THE X-RAYS.
(By permission of the Publishers of "Archives of the Röntgen Rays.")

[Photo.

Major Battersby, "was connected by means of a leather strap with the back wheel of a specially-constructed tandem bicycle. The required velocity for the dynamo was then obtained. Having carefully adjusted the circuit with the storage battery, and also with the voltmeter and ammeter, the warrant officer took his position on the seat of the bicycle and commenced pedalling. When 15 volts and 4 ampères were registered, the switch close to the handle of the bicycle was opened and the charging of the battery commenced; as the resistance became greater, a sensation of riding up hill was experienced, and the ser-

vices of an additional orderly requisitioned for the front seat. This bicycle practice was generally carried out *in a shade temperature of 110deg. F.*, so that everyone was glad when (the switch having been turned off before pedalling ceased, in order to avoid any discharge from the battery) the machine was brought to a standstill."

No. 7 is the Nile at Abadieh (eight miles north of Berber), where the advanced base surgical hospital was situated and the headquarters of the Röntgen-ray work.

In No. 8 some fragments of a bullet are lodged in the left arm of a soldier.



From a]

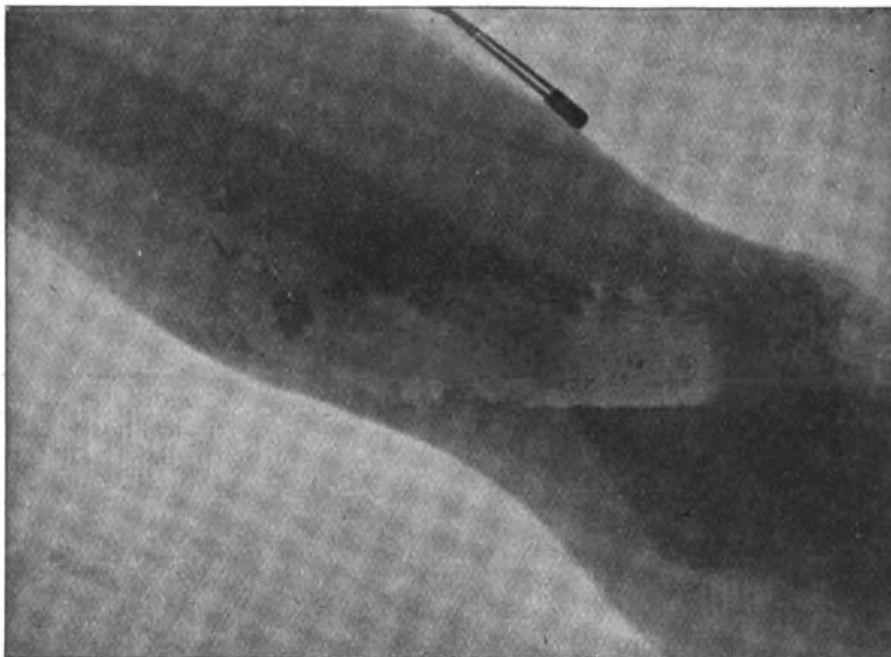
7.—THE NILE AT ABADIEH—THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE RÖNTGEN-RAY WORK IN THE SOUDAN,
(By permission of the Publishers of "Archives of the Röntgen Rays.")

[Photo.

No. 9 is a very interesting photograph. It shows a bullet in the thigh. This was taken with a small 6in. coil at Omdurman, while the engagement was actually going on. The bullet is flattened out like a shilling at the lower end of the right thigh. The plate was

his instruments from the excessive climatic conditions he would necessarily encounter. He surrounded his boxes with very thick felt covers, and by keeping these constantly wet the internal temperature was considerably reduced. Between Wadi Halfa and Abadieh all the

apparatus had to travel for two days and a night in an open truck, exposed during the daytime to the fierce heat of a blazing sun. By soaking the felt every two hours the journey's end was reached without mishap. Photographers will sympathize with Major Battersby in the difficulties which beset him while working in the desert. He found that plates with the thinnest film appeared most suitable for the intense heat, but thick or thin plates could



8.—FRAGMENTS OF BULLET IN LEFT ARM OF SOLDIER.
Taken at Omdurman by Major Battersby.
(By permission of the Publishers of "Archives of the Röntgen Rays.")

much injured by heat and sand during the process of development, and a splotch in the left-hand top corner represented some Soudan dust which, in spite of Major Battersby's precautions, succeeded in getting on to the plate.

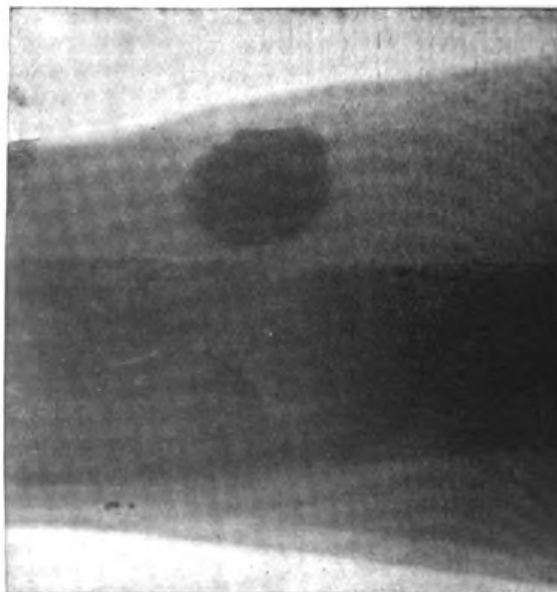
No. 10 shows the result of a bullet wound in the left leg of a private of the Cameron Highlanders. The skiagram shows clearly the fracture of both bones, the tibia especially being very severely damaged and suffering from hieiosis. Several splashes of lead can be seen in the wound.

No. 11 is a bullet wound in the left ankle of a private. In the side view the bullet is seen in the joint between the astragalus and scaphoid. The band round the ankle is a strap of lead plaster.

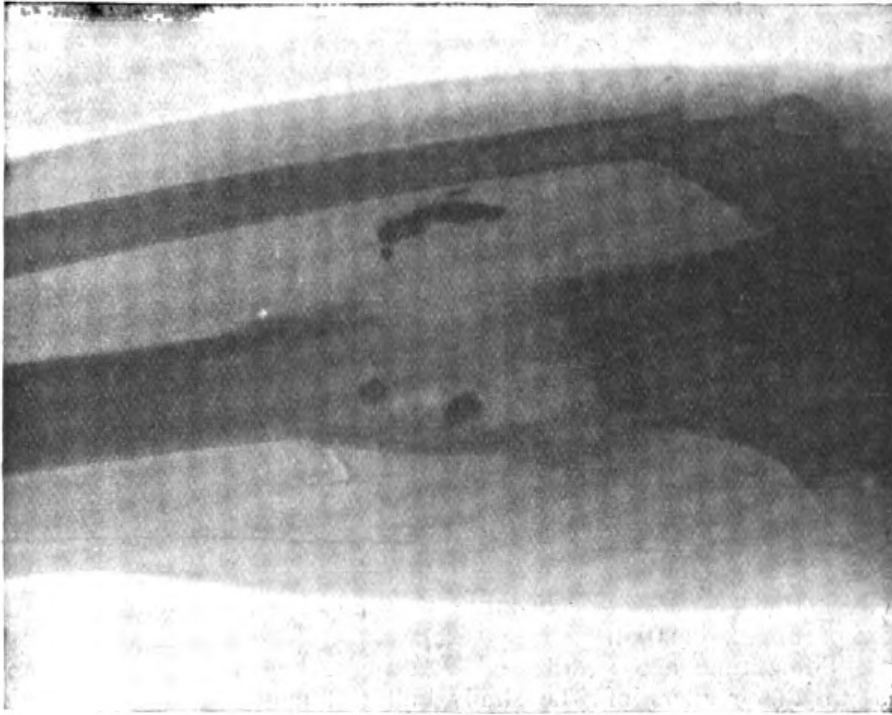
When Major Battersby decided to take an X-ray outfit to the Soudan he wrote to the Principal Medical Officer of the Egyptian Army for advice on one or two points. The latter wrote: "Beevor worked chiefly in cold regions; your efforts will be carried out in intense heat, where the temperature in tents is frequently over 120deg. F."

Before leaving Cairo for the front Major Battersby took special precautions to protect

not have been saved without the aid of an alum bath, as the water for developing was comparatively hot, and no ice was procurable; as a consequence, the more delicate shades of development had to be sacrificed. He noticed



9.—BULLET FLATTENED AGAINST THIGH-BONE.
Taken at Omdurman by Major Battersby.
(By permission of the Publishers of "Archives of the Röntgen Rays.")



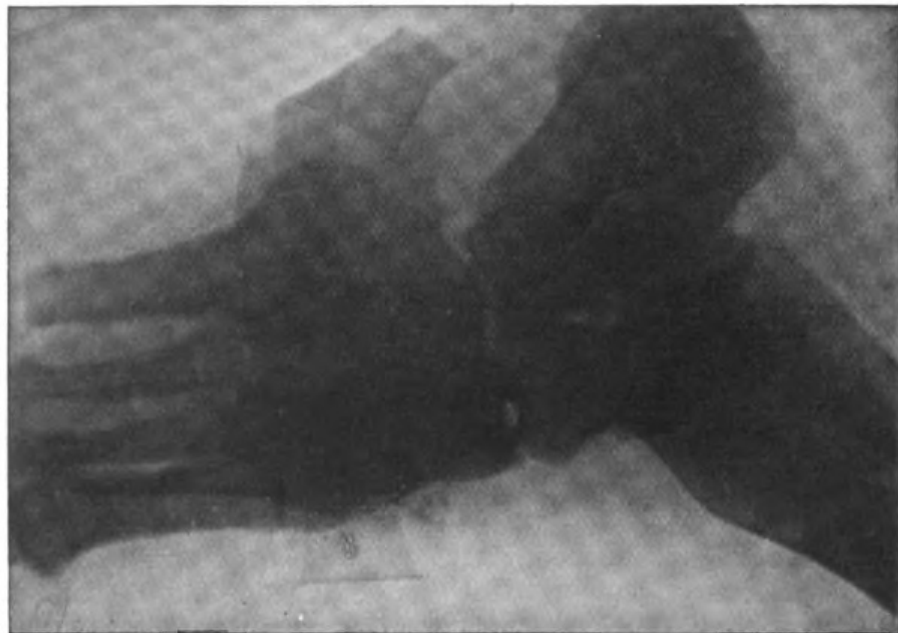
10.—FRACTURE OF BOTH BONES OF LEG, SHOWING SPLASHES OF LEAD.
 Taken at Omdurman by [Major Battersby].
 (By permission of the Publishers of "Archives of the Röntgen Rays.")

a marked tendency for development to proceed at a very rapid pace, making the picture flash up at once, when the greatest precautions were necessary to preserve the result. As a rule, developing work was performed at 3 a.m., and even then (the coolest time) the temperature in the mud-brick dark room *varied from over 90deg. F. to 100deg. F.* "An atmosphere laden with dust and constant dust-storms is most trying," said Major Battersby. "Eleven plates were destroyed one night by a fierce storm, which blew off the improvised mud roof. The wooden plate-holders had a disagreeable habit of shrinking, and thus allowing light to gain admission."

Major Battersby's head-quarters were at Abadieh, a small village on the Nile, about 1,250 miles from Cairo, and nine miles north of

Berber. Here the Egyptian troops had constructed a number of large, well-ventilated mud-bricked dwellings, which admirably suited the requirements of a large surgical hospital in the field. After the Battle of Omdurman one hundred and twenty-one British officers, non-commissioned officers, and men were brought back wounded to the surgical hospital at Abadieh. Of this number there were twenty-one cases in which the bullet could not be found, nor its ab-

sence proved by ordinary methods. By the help of the Röntgen rays, which were used about sixty times, the bullet was either found or its absence proved *in twenty out of these twenty-one cases.* In the odd case the patient was so ill with a severe bullet wound in the lung that it was not considered justifiable to examine him at the time.



11.—BULLET IN LEFT ANKLE.
 Taken at Omdurman by [Major Battersby].
 (By permission of the Publishers of "Archives of the Röntgen Rays.")

A UNIQUE MINING CONTEST



BY A. M. DONALDSON.

Author of "The Greatest Athletic Feat of Modern Times."



FEATS of endurance have ever exercised a peculiar fascination over me. Some time ago I described to the readers of *THE STRAND* the manner in which a man won a million sovereigns by accomplishing a feat absolutely unique in the history of athletics. Since then I have been fortunate enough to witness a trial of strength and endurance altogether weird and astounding—a coal-hewing competition right down in the bowels of the earth.

The competitors were John Thomson, the powerful oversman of a Lanarkshire coal mine, and Colin Hay, a young doctor of medicine. This was how the strange contest was brought about:—

Henry Wood, after working in the pit as boy, man, and oversman, became in the early eighties proprietor of Broomcross Colliery. The colliery takes its name from Broomcross village, which is situated about six miles to the east of Glasgow. Ten years later Mr. Wood purchased two neighbouring collieries, and in time became one of the wealthiest mine-owners in the kingdom. A widower, his daughter Mary presided over the household arrangements of his expansive villa at the west-end of Broomcross. A tall, graceful damsel of nineteen, in the summer of 1898 she met Colin Hay. He was on a visit to his old college chum, Arthur McKinley, whose father was the principal practitioner at Broomcross. The two young fellows had some time previously simultaneously taken their M.B.Ch.B. degrees at Edinburgh University.

I also made the acquaintance of Dr. Hay while he was there. From the first I liked

his face: his good looks were undeniable. Of more than medium height, with very white teeth and hands, he was always smartly dressed. At a casual glance he appeared to be slimly built; a more critical inspection showed that that was owing to the tailor's art—that his frame was that of a natural athlete. He certainly had not gained a triple Blue at the University, or even captained a cricket or football team, yet on occasion he had proved a more than useful athlete. But his career in the athletic arena had early been ended. In some unaccountable manner he acquired the reputation of being the laziest student of his years, and he made it his conscientious endeavour to live up to his reputation.

Broomcross society is limited; its amusements are few. Dr. Hay and Miss Wood met frequently. They played golf; they cycled together. They soon found how well they were matched to go tandem through the long journey of life. But when Colin Hay asked the wealthy coal proprietor for his consent to the engagement, he laughed long and boisterously.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed. His English was wont to be a little irregular in moments of excitement. "It's as fine a thing as I've heard on for many a day. She is only a girl, but I have other views for her when the proper time comes. I'm getting up in years; I've three collieries going, and I mean my girl to marry a practical man, who will keep the collieries in the family when I'm done with. You are not my sort at all. I've no fancy for city mashers with their fancy jackets and swagger shirts, and twopence halfpenny in their pockets. Tell me, young feller, what you've got to marry on."

"Four hundred pounds and my profession," the doctor replied. "I've had a junior partnership offered to me which in time should be worth at least three hundred a year. Mary and I consider that my prospects justify me in asking for your consent."

"No, no," said the coal king. "The man for my girl is a man to look after the pits when my day is done. Aye, my lad, I'd lief enough give her to you if you could go down the pit and do a week's work with the best of my men. Why, man, I'd throw in a partnership worth a bit more than three hundred a year for a dowry. But I've no use for men of your stamp who never did a hard day's work in their life for fear of soiling their pretty hands."

The young lover protested, the old father was obdurate, and on the day following Colin Hay bade Broomcross adieu for a time.

"So," said Mr. Wood, on his daughter's return from seeing Hay off, "you've been seeing young collar and cuffs again. You must stop this nonsense, my dear, and marry a man—not a popinjay."

"He has left Broomcross," she answered, "and will not be back before November. He told me you promised him your consent to our engagement and a partnership when he is able to do a week's work with the best of your men. Now, dad, I'll hold you to that."

"I believe I did say something of the kind," Mr. Wood said, "and I'm not the man to go back on my word. It was a safe promise. It would kill the poor thing to send him down in the cage. Seeing you've lost your doll, Mary, I'll take you into Glasgow to-morrow and buy you a new toy."

Vermyle is a village four miles from Broomcross. It is scarcely possible to conceive any less inviting spot in which to reside. The village has been built directly over an old coal-field. For miles around the country is honeycombed with mines. From time to time subsidences occur. The walls of the houses gape with huge cracks, and the buildings with twisted gables and roofs askew bear a most dissipated look.

Outside this village one afternoon in October last, three months after Dr. Hay's visit to Broomcross, I met some pitmen

garbed in their dirty moleskins. In one of them, despite his grimy clothes and face, I thought I recognised the young doctor. I spoke to him.

"Halloa, Hay," I said. "When did you change your profession?"

The miner walked past without taking any notice. This wasn't good enough for me. I knew something of his love affair. I turned back and spoke to him again.

"You are the counterpart," I said, "of a gentleman whose name is Hay. Will you oblige me with your name?"

"It's all right, Parker," he said now. "I see you can't be bluffed. I'm in training, you know, to take on the best of old Wood's men at a game of coal-hewing—'howking' they call it here. Come along with me until I wash off some of this filth, and I'll let you know about it."

As he spoke we stopped in front of a small, whitewashed, red-tiled cottage, standing in a small garden a little back from the road. "I have a contract," he continued, "with the tenant of this broken-down shanty. I pay her half a crown a week for the use, night and morning, of her room to change in. It's part of the contract that when I knock off work she supplies a tub of hot water and unlimited soap. Will

you come in or wait outside while I change?"

I preferred to wait outside. In twenty minutes Colin Hay, spick and span as I had known him at Broomcross, sauntered out of the doorway. He had a cigar between his lips. He held a case in his gloved right hand which he offered to me, saying, with all his old drawl and affectation of weariness:—

"Have a cigar? Not village brewed, I assure you. Bocks, they are. I have nice rooms in a small villa less than a quarter of a mile away. Tea is waiting now. Come and join me in a cup. Seeing you have caught me in the act, I may as well explain my masquerading. But you must excuse me talking until we have some tea. It is an excellent pick-me-up, and I've had a hard day's work."

We had tea in a well-furnished dining-room. A cheerful fire blazed in the hearth. We wheeled a pair of easy chairs forward and smoked in silence, while the landlady lit the gas and removed the cups. The cigars were excellent.



"YOU MUST STOP THIS NONSENSE, MY DEAR."

"Are you in a hurry?" Hay interrogated, when the table was cleared; "and, by the way, what are you doing here?"

"Doctor," I replied, "I refuse to leave this house until you have confided in me the meaning of this strange freak. If I can assist you in any way, I am at your service. Unfortunately, I reside here. In a fit of temporary insanity, induced by the proximity of the place to town, I leased a house."

As we sat and smoked, Colin Hay told me of his reception by Mr. Wood when he asked his consent to an alliance with his daughter. He intended to accept the coal-owner's offer, he said, and do a week's coal-hewing against the best man in the Broomcross Collieries. The prize, Mr. Wood's consent to the marriage and a partnership in the collieries.

The young doctor had been in training for three months, and hoped to be thoroughly fit in another month. Coal-mining had been most uncongenial labour at first. I smiled as he described his early experiences.

"The first day I was down the 'Brandy' pit—local term, I suppose; but if it has another name I don't know it," he said, "my working ground was a 4ft. seam, half a mile from the pit mouth. Short though the distance was, I was tired with the stooping before I commenced to hew. Crouched up, sitting on my haunches, aching in every limb, the blisters rising on my soft hands, I pecked away at the coal. The man I was with was a good workman, and, thanks to him, I was saved from disgracing myself altogether.

"I crawled home in the evening. When I woke next morning the flesh of my hands was raw, the fingers bent and fixed, and a separate pain shouted out from each of the two hundred and forty odd bones of my body. I attempted to rise, but the agony was excruciating. In four days I was down the mine again."

"Will you pull it off, do you think?" I asked.

"I have one or two points in my favour," he answered. "At a day an expert miner might beat me easily. At a week it is not so certain. I have satisfied myself as to the most important point, and that is, for how many hours to work per day with best results."

It was late before I bade the young doctor good-night, so interesting was the subject and so excellent the cigars.

Mr. Wood was in his study examining some plans one evening about a month after this meeting, when Dr. Hay was ushered in—Colin Hay, the well-groomed, immaculate in his attire, more elegant than ever.

"Halloa, young collar and cuffs," was Mr. Wood's rude greeting. "You are the last man I expected, or wished, to see."

"How are you?" said Hay. "I certainly did not anticipate an enthusiastic welcome, but such impertinence is scarcely pardonable even from a prospective father-in-law. However, I shall let it pass. I have come for fifteen minutes' straight talk with you."

"Go on then. If you have anything to say, say it and cut; I'm busy."

"Exactly, Mr. Wood. The pleasure at the termination of the interview will be mutual. In July I, as a matter of courtesy, asked your consent to your daughter's marriage with me. You gave it and also, unasked, the offer of a partnership in your collieries—on certain conditions."

"Nothing of the sort, sir. With my consent my daughter shall never marry a tailor's advertising station."

"Your invective savours of the pitman," said Hay, with quiet scorn. "But it is not unexpected. It is your frequent boast that you are a man whose word is as good as his bond. I am going to put you to the test. When I spoke to you on that occasion, at first you refused to entertain my proposal. Subsequently at our interview, you stated quite explicitly that when I was fit to go down a mine and do a week's work with the best of your men, I should have your consent to the marriage and a partnership for dowry."

"Ha, ha! So I did." Mr. Wood leant back in his chair and laughed loudly. "It would be as good as a play to see you with a pick in a 3ft. seam. You couldn't earn enough in a month to pay your week's laundry bill."



"MR. WOOD LEANT BACK IN HIS CHAIR AND LAUGHED LOUDLY."

"As I was about to remark," Colin Hay resumed, "I have been considering your offer and have decided to accept it. I am ready at any time. My proposal is that your nominee and I commence work say at Sunday midnight, and continue till Saturday at midnight."

"Pooh!" said the mine-owner, contemptuously. "You would not stand up to it for an hour. I can't allow my daughter to be made a fool of."

"Of course," said Hay, "presumably because it suits you to do so, you choose to view this matter in the light of a joke. Seeing that with you the deliberate going back on your word is such a light thing, I shall now have no hesitation in marrying Mary whenever it is convenient, with or without your permission. The partnership would have been a good thing purely from a financial point of view. It is always well, moreover, to be on friendly terms with one's relatives. Before I go I will give you a word of advice. Never again boast that your word is as good as your bond. Remember also that the partnership proposal was yours, not mine."

He made to go.

"One moment," Wood called, before his visitor had reached the door. He was beginning to think that he was serious. "Do you really mean what you say?"

"Undoubtedly. If you had been prepared to hold to your own offer, I was also ready to give you something of a *quid pro quo*. In the event of my defeat I was prepared to hold our engagement in abeyance until your daughter's majority. In the event of my failure to make a creditable display I was prepared to break off the engagement altogether. And this with her acquiescence."

"That's a guarantee anyway, if Mary confirms what you say, that I won't be made a fool of in my own pit without getting some change back. Now, my lad, you will have your chance. If between Sunday and Saturday midnight you can howk as much coal as John Thomson, my working manager at Broomcross—howk, mind ye, no blasting—I'll take you into my business without a penny; and from the day you marry my girl you shall have a third of the properties and a third of the profits."

"That is what I expected from you," said Hay. "I think it would be better for us to meet at the colliery to-morrow and arrange at which seams the hewing has to be performed and any other details. Will three o'clock suit you?"

"I'll make it suit me," Mr. Wood answered.

"I may as well tell you that John Thomson has beaten every man in Lanarkshire at coal-howking, and," looking on Hay with undisguised contempt, "he'll make rings round a molly-coddle like you. Wouldn't you be as well now to go away home and to bed? You'll need a rest after this trying discussion."

"I am tired, certainly," Hay drawled in retort, "of your uncouth impertinences. But I hope, when you and I are partners, to knock some breeding into you."

Early next morning Mr. Wood sent for Thomson, his oversman or working manager. A working manager's duties are to take general supervision of the mine and miners, not to do manual labour except in exceptional circumstances. Thomson had been promoted from the ranks two months previously. A giant among his fellows, fully 6ft. in height, and of strength proportionate, he looked fit to fight for a kingdom. He touched his cap as he approached his master, who was waiting for him at the pit-head.

"Are you still able to use a pick?" Mr. Wood asked.

He smiled the smile of a man who has confidence in his powers, as he answered:—

"I daresay I might, although I am out of practice. Have you a job for me?"

"Aye, John. But he will be the softest mark you have ever had. You'll be ready to start at twelve on Sunday night, and go on till the end of the week unless he stops before that. I daresay any hutch-boy would beat him, but I'll run no risks."

"Who is he, sir?" Thomson asked.

"A friend of Dr. McKinley. He has been running after my daughter. To stop his nonsense I said he could have her if he could do a week's work against the best of my men. The young fop is willing to try. Say nothing of my daughter's connection with the affair to anyone."

"Is it that overdressed chap, with the light kid gloves?" the man asked, incredulously.

"That's he. He will be here at three o'clock. I want you to be here then to fix on your workings for next week."

"I'll be here then, sir," Thomson answered. "But either you are joking or the man is daft."

At three o'clock Mr. Wood introduced the opponents to each other. It was outside the cage. Hay at once offered his hand to Thomson, saying:—

"I am certain we shall have a pleasant contest, and may the best man win."



"MR. WOOD INTRODUCED THE OPPONENTS TO EACH OTHER."

The man touched his front lock.

They descended some seventy fathoms into the earth, and walked along the dark passages illumined only by the fitful gleam of their lamps. They wandered from working to working before deciding at which part of the mine to hold the contest. In close proximity were seams of varying thickness, one 6½ ft., one nearly 4 ft., and a third, nearly 3 ft. They arranged that each man should work at the 6 ft. seam until he had hewn three tons; next at the 4 ft. seam until he had produced three more tons; and then similarly at the 3 ft. seam. Thence back to the 6 ft. seam and round again. Not less than three tons was to be sent from any seam before the worker proceeded to that following. Any excess over three tons at any seam was to be credited to that particular seam in the round following.

The men were to pick the coal and that only. They were to be allowed as many assistants as necessary to draw the coal when picked from their workings, and hutch-boys whose duty it is to attend to the little waggons in which coal is conveyed to the shaft bottom, whence to the surface to be weighed.

"Beastly dirty job, isn't it?" Hay sighed, as he reached *terra firma*.

On Sunday afternoon, a few hours before the contest was timed to commence, Thomson and a miner employed in the pit wherein Hay had served his novitiate walked along Broomcross main street. Thomson was

narrating the conditions of the match, and describing how cleverly they had fixed it up as a trial of strength, wherein the other man's skill in blasting, if he had any, would be of no avail. They met Dr. Hay, who bowed to his opponent and passed on.

"D'ye ken that man?" asked Thomson's friend.

"Aye, that's him I was tellin' ye of," Thomson answered.

The first speaker stood still, caught his sides, and laughed immoderately. When his merriment had subsided, he said:—

"John Thomson, ye're a bigger fule than I took ye for. Bar yersel', there's no a better howker than him in the country. Aye, man, he's got ye on to a fower and a three fit seam. That's where he has the best o' a big, wechty man like yersel'. We could na' fathom what a man o' his stamp was daein' in the Brandy pit."

The oversman took his friend straightway to Mr. Wood's house, where he was subjected to a lengthy interrogation by the grim coal-master.

"Thomson," he said, before dismissing the men, "there's a fifty-pound note for you if you win. It will be the longest climb down of my life if you don't."

"And what about me?" said his man. "I'll never dare show face again if he beats me. I've had a heap o' chaff to stand ere noo o'er my match wi' the mannikin. Lor' kens what it will be if he licks me."

II.

IN the depths of the earth at midnight I saw the competitors in that marvellous contest stripped for the fray. Never were two more splendid specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race, although of such widely different types, pitted against each other. The one meet model for a Hercules, the other for an Apollo.

Henry Wood's champion, John Thomson, was bared to the waist, revealing the massive chest, the powerful neck, and the great muscles of his arms. His nether limbs, like huge pillars, seemed ready to burst through the rough moleskins which garbed them. The square-jawed face with shaggy beard aptly completed the picture, the personification of brute strength. I gazed with admiration on the man as he twirled his heavy pick between the fingers of his right hand, thirty-five years old mayhap, still in his prime, strong and lusty.

Beside him Hay was completely dwarfed. He was dressed in grey moleskin trousers, spotlessly clean, and a thin flannel sweater.

Even here he was neat and trim. It was a night for light clothing. In the open the atmosphere was close and murky; in the mine the temperature was high. The change of clothing seemed to have changed the man. Along with his fashionable attire he had cast off that air of concentrated weariness, boredom, and listlessness which he habitually affected. His dress did not conceal the beauty of his figure. His wrist narrow, but strong as steel, swelled into a shapely forearm; his well-developed chest, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, tapered gracefully to his waist. A picture of unconscious grace, he stood in easy pose leaning on his pick.

In the dimly-lighted arch of coal other figures were grouped around the principals. Mr. Wood, Dr. Arthur McKinley, George Moore, the proprietor of a neighbouring mine, myself, and about half a score of miners who had descended to see the start and pass a parting jest with Thomson before his work of annihilation commenced.

At one minute past twelve the men walked to their posts and stood ready to strike; one minute later Mr. Wood shouted "Time!" and the picks were driven into the wall of coal.

The contestants were out of sight of each other, working at different parts of the same seam of coal which, ten yards or so to the right of the main roadway, ran parallel with it. This was the 6ft. seam already referred to in the conditions of the contest. Mr. Wood did not wait. Before leaving he asked Mr. Moore to act as his representative and see fair play. He, Dr. McKinley, and I, for a time, watched the men at work. Thomson, with a heavy pick of over three pounds weight, did noble work. He had full scope in the deep seam for his great strength. Like a fury he worked, the splinters flying in all directions.

"What a devil to work he is," said Moore. "No man in the county can come near him. For fifteen years at least he has met and routed the picked men of all the collieries in the district."

Hay was not making such rapid progress

as his doughty opponent. He used a pick of medium weight, fully half a pound lighter than Thomson's. Working with steady swing, he was taking things more easily.

Dr. McKinley said: "I only knew yesterday that Hay had been working for four months preparing for this. In a short contest it would be all Lombard Street to a china orange on Thomson; but at a week—we shall see. By Jove! He is a picture. Thomson resembles him as a dray horse a racehorse. Compare the symmetry of Hay's form with Thomson's ungainly structure, his narrow pelvis with Thomson's unshapely haunches. Nor is Thomson the man he was two months ago. He is gross and fleshy; he will tire; he won't stay the distance. Hay will. I have rarely seen any man, even among professional strong men, equal to Thomson in muscular development; yet, weight for weight, Hay has pounds more of muscular energy at his command. Nothing is wasted in the economy of his frame."

"I agree with you, doctor," I said. "I know nothing of coal-picking, but to my unpractised eye it is evident that Hay is using his weight in such a scientific manner that his muscles operate in beautiful harmony, while Thomson's muscles do not work in the same unison—with him energy is wasted in overcoming opposing groups of muscles. He cannot continue at the pace for a week; he may for a few hours—for a day, perhaps."

Moore did not appreciate our fine distinctions, and incredulously shook his head as he said: "Your man is plucky, but there is only one man in it."

We discussed the probabilities of the day's output of each man. It was Mr. Moore's opinion that, without blasting, an ordinary day's hewing of one man in such seams might be computed at about three and a half tons—say, half a ton per hour. Anything in excess of seven or eight tons for the day would be phenomenal.

At intervals we saw the hutches or trolleys containing the product of the contestants as they whirled along the narrow rails to the shaft bottom, whence they were taken to the top and there weighed by a checker specially put on for the match.



8. N

"AT INTERVALS WE SAW THE HUTCHES."

At ten minutes to three, Thomson emerged from his working. Such a man was he that, in that brief space of time, he had performed nearly an average day's work. Exulting in his strength, he squared his broad shoulders, and inflated his great chest as, black and perspiring, but unwearied, he passed us on his way to the smaller stratum of coal.

Meantime Dr. Hay was sitting on a flat piece of coal sipping home-made beef-tea from a common tin flask.

"Well, how goes it, doctor?" I asked.

"All right. I've done two tons."

"Thomson has already finished his first spell," said Moore.

"That I quite anticipated," said Hay. "When I think of the years he has spent underground I am lost in admiration of the man. I shall never, while I live, forget that picture at midnight, with him the centre-piece."

"Do you think you have any chance against him?" Moore inquired.

"Not if he uses his strength intelligently," Hay answered. "If he conserves it and is not unduly hampered in the narrow seams, my prospect of success is very remote. By the way, McKinley, I am having a chop sent down at six o'clock. Would you mind calling at the cottage, and asking the woman to send a pail of hot water, soap, and a clean towel along with it, and with all my meals?"

"Certainly, old chap," McKinley answered. "Parker and I have arranged to act as joint stewards in the purveying. We shall see you properly fed."

"Thanks, very much," Hay said. "And now, gentlemen, my time is up. Not another word will you drag out of me until six o'clock."

With that he lifted the pick and resumed his task.

As we left him Moore said: "I believe that Wood's manner to your friend has been a little abrupt. Until last night he looked on Hay's challenge as downright nonsense."

"Pardon me," Dr. McKinley interrupted. "Dr. Hay made no challenge. He merely accepted Mr. Wood's offer."

"Certainly. I put it wrongly. Wood has no idea how Hay will shape, but by facing the music he has already gone up 100 per cent. in his estimation." Raising his voice he continued, excitedly: "He deserves to pull it off, and I hope he will. I like to see a man appreciate a rival as he does. No bounce with him. I believe you have taken their measure. If Thomson is not careful he will run himself to a standstill. There is no leaving Broomcross for me until the

finish. Where are Hay's meals coming from? I understood he was your guest, doctor."

"He has engaged a room for the week at a cottage near the pit-mouth," the doctor replied.

Hay completed his three tons at 4.20. At six he had a wash and breakfast.

"Would you care to know how Thomson is doing?" Moore asked him.

"I would rather not. I might be enticed into attempting too much. I have asked my friends here to let me know on Wednesday how he stands, but not before," he answered.

"Capital!" Moore ejaculated. "Now, if you want anything just say the word."

"There is one favour that I have to ask," Hay answered. "For the last hour or more the miners have been coming about making remarks. They mean nothing by it, but I would prefer to have it stopped."

"That you shall," said Wood. "I'll see that none except those who have business here come into either your or Thomson's workings. Progress made can always be ascertained from the checker."

At half-past six the doctor recommenced. He took it leisurely at first in order not to retard digestion.

The stoppage of spectators was a small thing in itself, yet unintentionally Hay had scored a point over his opponent, who always put in better work in the midst of a sympathetic, applauding crowd.

Thomson meantime was making rapid headway. The redoubtable champion had also formulated a plan of campaign which might have proved successful against a man of ordinary calibre. His design was to put in a day's work of such astounding extent that his rival, seeing the hopelessness of his case, would abandon the contest. If that scheme failed, he must go on until the end, or until his opponent retired. While he realized that he might have some trouble with his man, the result, in his mind, was never for a moment in doubt. But he saw no reason for doing heavy work for a week if he could earn his £50 in a day. Naturally, in the shallower seam, his progress was less speedy. But even there, where the swing of his great pick was curtailed, so fast he wrought, that at eight o'clock, when, stretching out his great body, he emerged into the open, the second quantum of three tons stood to his credit. For eight hours he had toiled incessantly without food or sustenance, save an occasional draught of a mixture of stout and ale—not, by the way, the usual

miner's drink while at work. Thomson, too, breakfasted in the mine. His meal consisted of several cups of tea and three huge slices of fat bacon. A crowd of miners gathered round their oft-tried hero, and his soul feasted on their admiration and flattery.

It was known now that Dr. Hay was a miner of some skill, who had learned as much of coal-hewing in a few months as most men in a lifetime. All sorts of rumours as to the great issue at stake were in circulation, but the secret was well kept, and the mystery of it added zest to the entertainment. A Lanarkshire miner loves a bit of sport as much as any man. Defeat for their man was out of the question, but they hoped to see a stiff struggle to a finish.

Breakfast over, Thomson resumed, leading by nearly a ton and a half. He now entered upon the most arduous part of the task. Crouching down, with body tense, he hewed into the coal with sharp staccato strokes. It



"CROUCHING DOWN, WITH BODY TENSE."

was work ill-suited for a man of his build; his great size was all against him. The inability to put in his best work was a source of continual mental irritation.

In the first stage the hutches with loads of eight hundredweight or so were sent out at intervals of less than half an hour. Now an hour elapsed between each. Hour after hour he laboured with never a thought of food or rest. At three o'clock, when he heard from his hutch-boy that his score stood at 9 tons 1 cwt., he heaved a mighty sigh of relief and left his working.

Again he was flattered to his heart's content. Do you wonder? Hero-worship—the adoration of physical strength—will never die. From Land's End to John-o'-Groats the country then was ringing with one name—Kitchener. "Pooh!" his fellows thought. "Who would place Lord Kitchener on a level with John Thomson?"

Chacun à son goût.

A meal of coarse indigestible food, and he commenced another round. What a delight to the man the freedom once more to cleave the air with great sweeps of his pick instead of nibbling in a 3ft. seam. Hours ahead of his opponent, the match was surely his. Hay would never have the temerity, he thought, to persevere for another day. At nine o'clock he entered the 4ft. seam. By midnight his reckoning was 13 tons 8 cwt., the equivalent of a usual day's work of three strong men—a feat without parallel. He knocked off for a few hours. On the checker saying to him that Hay had finished for the day at ten o'clock with 10 tons 4 cwt. to his credit, he asked if he meant to come back.

"He's coming back right enough. He can stand a lot of gruelling yet, John," the checker answered. "He'll be here at four o'clock."

"So will I, then," Thomson said.

In the morning the rivals arrived within a few minutes of each other. The young doctor the earlier, fresh and fit, with a clean suit of clothing. To save his hands he wore gloves with the fingers cut off. In the week he wore out a dozen pairs. Both went straight to work. Thomson was rather stiff after the twenty-four hours' spell, but the stiffness soon wore off. A continuation of his previous day's form was impossible, but he continued to do great work. His master was down early.

"He is a harder nut to crack than we thought," he said to him, while Thomson was breakfasting.

"Aye, that he is," was all his answer. Already he was beginning to think that his fifty pounds would be hardly earned.

Without trace of braggadocio, Hay was quietly self-confident. Clean and neat, so far as his occupation permitted, undaunted by the long lead of his opponent, he kept steadily on.

Mr. Moore, McKinley, and I were again in company when the coal-master accosted us.

"Has Hay any chance whatever? Does he know how much leeway he has to recover?" he asked.

"There's a long road yet to travel," Moore replied. "I should not care to venture an opinion on the result. He is working to schedule—has a time-table made up for the week. He knows that Thomson is a long way ahead, but not the extent of his lead."

On through that day and the following, with six hours' sleep, and an occasional pause for food. About half-past nine on Wednesday evening, as he neared the end of his third complete round, Hay asked for a table showing each day's progress. At ten o'clock McKinley and I accompanied him to the cottage. After a wash and rub down with embrocation he went into the figures. The state prepared by the checker showed the progress of the men thus :—

	THOMSON.			HAY.	
	Tons.	Cwt.		Tons.	Cwt.
Monday	13	8	...	10	4
Tuesday (18hrs.) ...	8	9	...	8	8
Wednesday (,,) ...	7	16	...	8	9
Total	29	13	...	27	1

The table showed also a comparison of the working time at each seam. Thomson's record for the large seam was throughout better than the doctor's. At the medium they were about level, while at the narrow seam the positions at the high seam were reversed.

"Two tons and a half to the bad, and Thomson going weaker," Hay said, when he had examined the sheet. "I did not expect him to have such a commanding lead. What a marvel he is. Still, the advantage is more apparent than real. I start fresh at the 6ft.-seam; he will be at the 4ft. seam immediately." Jumping into bed while he spoke, "I am awfully obliged to you fellows for helping me. I hope we shall pull it off. Good-night."

In two minutes he was sleeping soundly.

III.

ON Thursday morning at four o'clock the men were again at their posts. Hay, as usual, without trace of weariness, clean and spick. He gained steadily on his opponent, who now saw the necessity of changing his tactics. Perceiving that he was running himself to a standstill, Thomson resolved to take it more easily and recuperate for a little, even if Hay should get level in the interim. If so, then he, fresh, he thought, would meet Hay, tired, and by again running right away from him he would take the heart out of him.

And now the one absorbing theme in Broomcross and surrounding collieries was the match. At all hours of the day inquirers came to the pit-head. The most exaggerated rumours were current. It was known that Miss Wood received a bulletin twice daily, and it had become common report that she was the prize, as undoubtedly in a tale of fiction she would have been. The air of mystery which still enshrouded it gave additional relish to the conflict. The state of the scores, which gradually crept closer, pointed to an exciting finish. Hay was making even better progress than on the opening day. Overhauling Thomson so rapidly, he began to conceive that it was all over—that it was unnecessary to hold anything in reserve for the days to follow. He might have fallen into Thomson's trap but for the folly of the latter, who gave his scheme away to the men, from whom we in turn heard it. Thereafter the doctor hewed with more regard to the future. The scores for the day, when at 10 p.m. they again laid aside their picks for six hours, were :—

Thomson—6 tons 2cwt.

Hay—8 tons 6cwt.

Total for four days :—

Thomson—35 tons 15cwt.

Hay—35 tons 7cwt.

On Friday morning Thomson completed his fourth round of the three seams at 4.40, Hay at 5.30. The rest had profited the Broomcross champion, who sent the splinters flying in his best style. He rushed out

his three tons from the 6ft. seam in about three hours and a half, as against Hay's four hours and a quarter. General opinion was against the doctor. It was forgotten that Thomson always had the advantage at the wide seam, Hay at the narrow. There was practically no work done in the mine, the miners being too much engaged in watching for the hitches of the pair.

In the second seam there was little between the men. Thomson continued to maintain his lead. In the 3ft. seam, if anywhere, lay Hay's salvation. He entered it an hour and a half behind Thomson. A change came o'er the scene. The young doctor's loads came out the oftener; his score steadily crept up. At 9.45 he was level.



"AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY INQUIRERS CAME."

At ten, Dr. McKinley asked if he intended stopping for the day.

"No, no," he answered, a shade of impatience in his tone. "I shall go right on to the finish now. This seam is my trump card ; I must play it."

Hay completed his fifth round a few minutes after midnight, Thomson thirty-five minutes later. For the sake of comparison I give the scores at ten o'clock :—

	HAY.	THOMSON.
Friday	8 tons 19cwt. ...	8 tons 10cwt.
Total for five days	44 tons 6cwt. ...	44 tons 5cwt.

What must have been their sensations as in semi-darkness through the long hours of that night these men, weary but determined, hewed on !

At six o'clock on Saturday morning—the last day of that memorable contest—Mr. Wood joined Mr. Moore, McKinley, and myself. We three had seldom been apart during the week. Already more than two hundred souls were in the mine, all deeply absorbed in the varying fortunes of the game. Not a man among them would handle pick, or jumper, or blasting charge that day. In little groups, some in working, some in holiday, attire, they stood discussing the situation. I have said that they longed for a stiff struggle. Surely they had their wish. What was boxing match or Cup-tie final to this ? Hours of thrilling excitement, and the issue still hanging in the balance. All through that long night the contestants had toiled, both sadly in need of rest, but each fearful to stay his hand for an instant. For ten hours or more the advantage on either side had never exceeded a quarter of a ton ; and now at this crucial stage, while Hercules led by exactly four hundredweight, the advantage was neutralized for the reason that they were about to move to the narrower seams, where Hay always recovered lost ground.

The severity of the struggle was plainly evident. Thomson was as if dazed. His blows lacked the old fire. Yet in his exhausted condition he was doing good work on the black wall. At the beginning he had held his body rigid ; in his weakness he swung himself forward with each blow, and so utilized his weight, as Hay had done throughout. His girth seemed to have shrunk. While he had acted as oversman his hands had lost some of their horniness. Raw and bleeding now, they must have caused him intense suffering, but still with heroic pluck and resolution he struggled on.

Hay was using a fresh pick, weighing only

Vol. xvii.—100.

a pound and three-quarters, the lightest he could lay hands on. His agility, his litheness, were gone. The terrible strain of that stretch of twenty-six hours had told severely upon him, in the pink of condition though he was. His face was black with grit, his eyes bloodshot. He worked unevenly, without the former rhythmical swing.

Of the two Thomson seemed to be in sorrier plight, but there was little to choose between them.

"What do you think of your son-in-law now ?" Moore asked Wood. "Is he man enough for you ?"

"By Heaven," Wood answered, clapping his knee with his right hand to emphasize his statement, "I'd sooner my girl marry him than a king. And she shall too, before the year is out." He wheeled round and spoke to McKinley. "Tell me, doctor, will this harm him ? If so, I'll stop it now."

"Not a bit. He will be all right by Monday," the doctor replied. "He was in perfect training when he started. If you stop it, you will have to give him his partnership, you know."

"He has earned that already, and a handsome apology to boot. Thomson, too, his fifty pounds."

Moore said here : "You can't expect him to do a miner's work again—can you, Wood ? If you stop it now, nobody will be satisfied. If he wins, and he ought to, he'll be the most popular mine-owner on Clydeside. Mark my words that, when a strike is on the carpet, he'll have more influence than any three miner's agents. He may save you and all of us thousands of pounds in the future. The doctor can keep his eye on them, and if he scents danger for either, stop it."

Thomson had now gone to the medium seam, and in a few minutes Dr. Hay sent his last hutch-load from the 6ft. way.

"How much is he ahead ?" he asked us.

"Half an hour," the doctor replied.

"I'll risk twenty minutes for a wash and some breakfast," he said. "I must apologize, gentlemen, for my disreputable appearance."

He breakfasted on coffee, soft-boiled eggs, and toast, and, handicapped by fifty-five minutes, began the stern chase.

How eagerly every man in the pit looked out for the hutch-boys wheeling their precious loads, and plied the lads for gossip of their chiefs. Excitement waxed intenser as the hours ran on. Slowly but steadily the champion was being overhauled, the doctor's hutches coming out the faster. Who could

foretell the ultimate result? Thomson was still favourite with his fellows, but the game was anybody's.

At ten o'clock the full score stood :—

Thomson	49 tons 9cwt.
Hay	49 tons 3cwt.

At noon Thomson had fifty tons to his credit; Hay, 3cwt. less.

Hay rested occasionally, Thomson never. Even his food he swallowed to the accompaniment of the pick. At half-past one his hutch-boy told him that Hay was leading. He drank a glass of brandy and washed away the taste with a long draught of beer. Invigorated for a time, he hewed to such good purpose that once more he gave his rival the go-by.

Two-forty saw him in the narrowest seam. Hay followed in fifteen minutes. At four o'clock the game, as near as could be, stood all square, both utterly fagged out, but striving on as if for life and death. Another dose of his medicine, and Thomson regained supremacy, only to be dispossessed of the lead in an hour.

In a fever of expectancy the crowd waited on. Would one or both of these giants of the mine collapse before the midnight hour, and which? Could this mad struggle continue, and who would emerge victorious?

At six o'clock Hay sat, resting. A hutch-load from his and Thomson's workings had gone simultaneously to the pit-head. His hutch-boy reported that he held a lead of 2cwt. His head was swimming, he was wofully exhausted. In his dire distress he had one comfort. His opponent was, at least, in as sorry plight as he. Ten minutes' rest he would allow himself, and then on again so long as he could handle his pick.

Even as he rested Thomson's huge form, crouching to avoid the roof, came staggering in. He half fell, half sat, down beside Hay.

"I'm beat. I canna lift my pick," he said, mournfully. "I give you best. Will you shake hands, sir?"

They shook. The match was ended.

They sat in silence for five minutes, pulling themselves together before leaving the low-ceiled working. A crowd of men collected as they came into the deeper passage. The quartette, of which I formed one, pressed forward in time to hear Thomson, half a sob in his voice, addressing the miners :—

"I'm beat," he said. "I've met my better. Give him three cheers, my lads."

I vow there wasn't a man who heard that short speech who did not deem Thomson greater in defeat than in victory.

It is something to remember how those miners gave tongue and cheered victor and vanquished, while the vault of coal echoed and re-echoed the swelling sounds until it seemed like a roll of thunder.

After Thomson, Mr. Wood was first to congratulate Hay. He had a hurried conference with him and Thomson, at the end of which he spoke to his men.

"Now, my men," he said, "we don't want to have the roof tumbling down about our heads. But I ask you all to come to the Broomcross Hall at eight to-night to meet your new master. We'll have a smoke and a song, and drink his health."

Hay went from the mine to Dr. McKinley's, where a hot bath and a rub down with embrocation took much of the stiffness out of his limbs. A pick-me-up which his host composed, and insisted on his taking, pulled him round wonderfully. Dressed, he was in appearance the old Hay—the Hay I had met four months

previously. The only difference was in his hands, which had lost some of their whiteness.

Before proceeding to Mr. Wood's impromptu smoker we had tea in Dr. McKinley's half-parlour, half-smoking room—altogether snuggery.

"Ah, Hay!" said Dr. McKinley. "You are indeed a lucky man. Two partnerships fairly and squarely earned in one short week. How do you think you will hit it with old Wood? As to the partnership with Miss Wood, there can only be one result—happiness to both."



"THOMSON'S HUGE FORM CAME STAGGERING IN."

"The surest foundation for a successful partnership," Hay replied, "is mutual respect. I have, I think, earned Wood's respect now. I have throughout appreciated his sterling worth. He has attained his present position through hard, honest work. Any personal rudeness was because of his exceeding fear lest his daughter should be gathered in by an impecunious fortune-hunter. We must remember that she is his only child, and make allowance. It is——"

But here a maid, a grin on her face and a coin in her hand, opened the door of the room, and Mr. Wood walked in.

"It's almost beyond belief," the coal king said, after a long look at his son-in-law-elect. "Here you are, just as if you had come out of a band-box. No offence, my lad—we are all friends here. Well, Dr. Hay, I owe you the biggest apology that I can think of, and I'm hanged if I know what to say. You are a gentleman, and, what I value more, you've proved yourself a *man*, and I'm prouder than I can tell you to think that you're to marry my girl and join me in the business. I will apologize to you to-night for all the hard things I've said of you to Thomson and the men, and after that I hope you'll let bygones be bygones, doctor, and we'll have a wedding as soon as you like."

"I have a better plan than that," Hay replied. "Let bygones be bygones now. The fault was on both sides, and, confound it all, I'll not have my private affairs discussed by all the village. Just be a dutiful father-in-law for once and say no more about it.

Don't you think that the choice of the happy day should rest with Mary?"

"You are right, my boy. I brought her with me to help me through with it. She is in the drawing-room waiting for you. Ten minutes only, though! We are due at the hall, then."

The doctor needed no second bidding.

"Oh, Colin," Miss Wood said, five minutes later, her face covered with rosy blushes. "I knew you would win, and I'm sure the dad wished all the week that you would. When it was finished he drove home at a gallop. You know what a terrible man he is. I dare not disobey him. He made me promise to ask you to marry me before the end of the year."

"And why not, sweetheart mine?" he answered. "Please the old dad and make me supremely happy by fixing the day now."

Miss Wood was a dutiful daughter, her lover's arguments were irresistible, and she named a certain day of Christmas-week.

At eight o'clock the village hall was densely packed. Mr. Wood and a few friends were on the platform. The mine-owner occupied a central seat. Colin Hay sat at his right hand, Thomson, both hands bandaged, at his left. When the glasses were charged and the pipes filled, Mr. Wood introduced them to his future partner and son-in-law amid cheering prolonged and indescribable. He told them in a few words sufficient of how the contest had arisen to cast a glamour over Dr. Hay for the remainder of his days.

John Thomson was an honoured guest at the wedding.



Made of Money.

BY GEORGE DOLLAR.

Illustrations from Photos. by Geo. Newnes, Limited.



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.
Made of macerated money, value \$10,000 (£2,000).



SOME men, it is said, are made of money. The men pictured in these pages certainly are. But whoever heard of cats, dogs, shoes, birds, hats, jugs, and monuments being made of money? It seems ridiculous, but the few words that follow, as well as the pictures

of these embodiments of wealth, may be accepted as truth.

To put the thing in a nutshell, they are made entirely from the macerated pulp of condemned American paper money. A one-legged soldier of the late Civil War, Mr. Henry Martin, of Anacostia, District of Columbia, has been making them for about



LINCOLN.
Estimated value \$10,000 (£2,000).



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.
Value \$10,000 (£2,000).

eighteen years, turning out a hundred a day, and consuming two tons of pulp a year. Two or three million have thus been manufactured, and have been sold to visitors in Washington and elsewhere. The little souvenirs, in fact, stare at you from nearly every window in the Capitol, and the ten or fifteen cents for which they sell apiece has made them a most popular and curious memento of a Washington trip.

Some time ago we reproduced in our "Curiosities" department a bust of George Washington manufactured from this pulp.

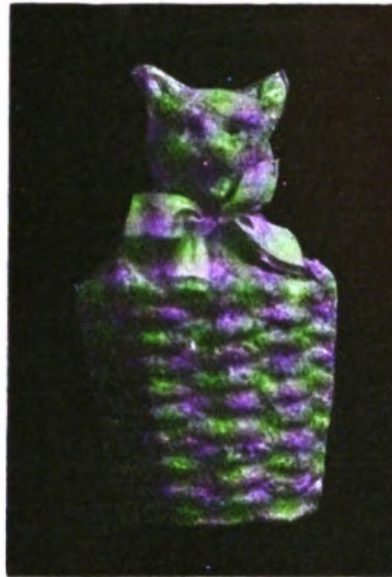
The likeness was very striking, and the bust pleased the public.



PUSSY.
Value \$2,000 (£400).

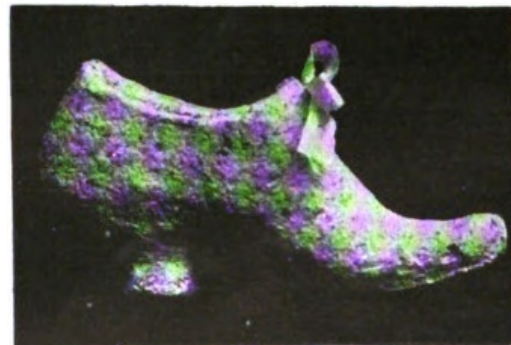
Washington, therefore, was quickly followed by busts of the more noteworthy Presidents, two of whom—Lincoln and McKinley—are reproduced here-with. They sold extensively. But Mr. Martin, in the last year or two, has hit upon the happy idea of representing the buildings of Washington. His little view of the Capitol, mounted with coloured ribbon, is a pretty piece of work. Not the least interesting thing about it, moreover, is the fact that its 8 x 5 in. surface represents \$10,000 in money.

The stuff in Lincoln and McKinley represents \$20,000, the cat in the basket represents \$2,000, and the insignificant feline represents a like amount of good dollar bills in her fat little body. The jug is estimated at \$5,000, the Cinderella slipper at \$5,000,



PUSSY.
Value \$2,000 (£400).

Little attempt is made to be artistic in these figures on account of the trifle at which they are sold. The manufacturer makes the



CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.
Value \$5,000 (£1,000).

designs himself and moulds them with his own machinery. The pulp is obtained from the Treasury Department.

The redemption division of that department has charge, among other things, of exchanging old money for new, the old money coming from banks in all parts of the United States and from Sub-Treasuries in several cities. The principle of redemption is simple. Every old dollar received means that a new one must be paid out, and for a new dollar paid out an old one must have been received.

The career of a rejected



THE JUG.
Value \$5,000 (£1,000).

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

dollar from redemption to destruction is interesting. It comes with others in sealed packages, which are counted, and then put up in new packages each containing one hundred bills. Four big holes are then punched in each package. A huge knife now cuts the package lengthwise, and the sections are sent to two different officials for verification. From beginning to end, in fact, the whole process is nothing but checking and counter-checking by different officials in order that absolute accuracy may be established. The experts are constantly on the look-out for counterfeits, and with all this supervision by different trained eyes, it is rare that a counterfeit or a raised note is missed. When all is done, the mass of money is ready for its final conversion into pulp.

The macerator, a large spherical receptacle of steel, contains water and a number of closely joined knives, which in their revolution grind the money to an excessive fineness. Every day at one o'clock three officials meet at the macerator, and the condemned money is placed therein. The operation thus goes on from day to day. The officials unlock the macerator and the liquid pulp falls to be drained in a pit below. The residue, a wet and whitish-grey mass, is then disposed



HARRISON HAT.
Value \$5,000 (£1,000).



THE AMERICAN EAGLE.
Value \$4,000 (£800).



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.
Value \$8,000 (£1,600).

of, either to be sold for book-binders' boards or for the souvenirs here shown. The characteristic green colour of the money has disappeared, and nothing remains of the greenback in the souvenir except an occasional letter or number partly destroyed which figured in some one of the bills. Notwithstanding the millions of these souvenirs which have been manufactured—representing, as they do, billions of money—the output of pulp in this form is but a tittle compared with the total output of macerated pulp. The capacity of the macerator is one ton, and the average amount destroyed each day is \$1,000,000. The largest amount ever de-

stroyed in one day was \$151,000,000, consisting of national bank-notes and United States bonds. This occurred on June 27, 1894. In early days the condemned money was burned, but owing to the impossibility of putting every bill beyond the possibility of detection, the macerator was adopted.

To-day it would be impossible for the most skilful manipulator to make a five-dollar bill out of one of these souvenirs.

This, of course, does not include the dealers, who have already made lots out of them on account of their popularity.



BY E. NESBIT.



THIS is the tale of the wonders that befell on the evening of the 11th of December, when they did what they were told not to do. You may think that you know all the unpleasant things that could possibly happen to you if you are disobedient, but there are some things which even you do not know, and they did not know them either.

Their names were George and Jane.

There were no fireworks that year on Guy Fawkes' Day, because the heir to the throne was not well. He was cutting his first tooth, and that is a very anxious time for any person—even for a Royal one. He was really very poorly, so that fireworks would have been in the worst possible taste, even at Land's End or in the Isle of Man, whilst in Forest Hill, which was the home of Jane and George, anything of the kind was quite out of the question. Even the Crystal Palace, empty-headed as it is, felt that this was no time for Catherine-wheels.

But when the Prince had cut his tooth, rejoicings were not only admissible but correct, and the 11th of December was proclaimed firework day. All the people were most anxious to show their loyalty, and

to enjoy themselves at the same time. So there were fireworks and torchlight processions, and set-pieces at the Crystal Palace, with "Blessings on our Prince" and "Long Live our Royal Darling" in different coloured fires; and the most private of boarding schools had a half-holiday; and even the children of plumbers and authors had tuppence each given them to spend as they liked.

George and Jane had sixpence each—and they spent the whole amount in a "golden rain," which would not light for ever so long, and, when it did light, went out almost at once, so they had to look at the fireworks in the gardens next door, and at the ones at the Crystal Palace, which were very glorious indeed.

All their relations had colds in their heads, so Jane and George were allowed to go out into the garden alone to let off their firework. Jane had put on her fur cape and her thick gloves, and her hood with the silver-fox fur on it which was made out of mother's old muff; and George had his overcoat with the three capes, and his comforter, and father's sealskin travelling cap with the pieces that come down over your ears.

It was dark in the garden, but the fireworks all about made it seem very gay, and though the children were cold they were quite sure that they were enjoying themselves.

They got up on the fence at the end of the garden to see better; and then they saw, very far away, where the edge of the dark world is, a shining line of straight, beautiful lights arranged in a row, as if they were the spears carried by a fairy army.

"Oh, how pretty," said Jane. "I wonder what they are. It looks as if the fairies were planting little shining baby poplar trees, and watering them with liquid light."

"Liquid fiddlestick!" said George. He had been to school, so he knew that these were only the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. And he said so.

"But what *is* the Rory Bory what's-its-name?" asked Jane. "Who lights it, and what's it there for?"

George had to own that he had not learnt that.

"But I know," said he, "that it has something to do with the Great Bear, and the Dipper, and the Plough, and Charles's Wain."

"And what are they?" asked Jane.

"Oh, they're the surnames of some of the star families. There goes a jolly rocket," answered George, and Jane felt as if she almost understood about the star families.

The fairy spears of light twinkled and gleamed: they were much prettier than the big, blaring, blazing bonfire that was smoking and flaming and spluttering in the next-door-but-one garden—prettier even than the coloured fires at the Crystal Palace.

"I wish we could see them nearer," Jane said. "I wonder if the star families are nice families—the kind that mother would like us to go to tea with, if we were little stars?"

"They aren't that sort of families at all, Silly," said her brother, kindly trying to explain. "I only said 'families' because a kid like you wouldn't have understood if I'd said constel and, besides, I've forgotten the end of the word. Anyway, the stars are all up in the sky, so you can't go to tea with them."

"No," said Jane; "I said if we were little stars."

"But we aren't," said George.

"No," said Jane, with a sigh. "I know that. I'm not so stupid as you think, George. But the Tory Bories are somewhere at the edge. Couldn't we go and see *them*?"

"Considering you're eight, you haven't

much sense." George kicked his boots against the paling to warm his toes. "It's half the world away."

"It looks very near," said Jane, hunching up her shoulders to keep her neck warm.

"They're close to the North Pole," said George. "Look here—I don't care a straw about the Aurora Borealis, but I shouldn't mind discovering the North Pole: it's awfully difficult and dangerous, and then you come home and write a book about it with a lot of pictures, and everybody says how brave you are."

Jane got off the fence.

"Oh, George, *let's*," she said. "We shall never have such a chance again—all alone by ourselves—and quite late, too."

"I'd go right enough if it wasn't for you," George answered, gloomily, "but you know they always say I lead you into mischief—and if we went to the North Pole we should get our boots wet, as likely as not, and you remember what they said about not going on the grass."

"They said the *lawn*," said Jane. "We're not going on the *lawn*. Oh, George, do, *do* let's. It doesn't look so *very* far—we could be back before they had time to get dreadfully angry."

"All right," said George, "but mind *I* don't want to go."

So off they went. They got over the fence, which was very cold and white and shiny because it was beginning to freeze, and on the other side of the fence was somebody else's garden, so they got out of that as quickly as they could, and beyond that was a field where there was another big bonfire, with people standing round it who looked quite black.

"It's like Indians," said George, and wanted to stop and look, but Jane pulled him on, and they passed by the bonfire and got through a gap in the hedge into another field—a dark one; and far away, beyond quite a number of other dark fields, the Northern Lights shone and sparkled and twinkled.

Now, during the winter the Arctic regions come much farther south than they are marked on the map. Very few people know this, though you would think they could tell it by the ice in the jugs of a morning. And just when George and Jane were starting for the North Pole, the Arctic regions had come down very nearly as far as Forest Hill, so that, as the children walked on, it grew colder and colder, and presently they saw that the fields were covered with snow, and there were great icicles hanging from all the hedges and

gates. And the Northern Lights still seemed some way off.

They were crossing a very rough, snowy field when Jane first noticed the animals. There were white rabbits and white hares, and all sorts and sizes of white birds, and some larger creatures in the shadows of the hedges which Jane was sure were wolves and bears.

"Polar bears and Arctic wolves, of course I mean," she said, for she did not want George to think her stupid again.

There was a great hedge at the end of this field, all covered with snow and icicles; but the children found a place where there was a hole, and as no bears or wolves seemed to be just in that part of the hedge, they crept through and scrambled out of the frozen ditch on the other side. And then they stood still and held their breath with wonder.

For in front of them, running straight and smooth right away to the Northern Lights, lay a great wide road of pure dark ice, and on each side were tall trees all sparkling with white frost, and from the boughs of the trees hung strings of stars threaded on fine moonbeams, and shining so brightly that it was like a beautiful fairy daylight. Jane said so; but George said it was like the electric lights at the Earl's Court Exhibition.

The rows of trees went as straight as ruled lines away—away and away—and at the other end of them shone the Aurora Borealis.

There was a sign-post—of silvery snow—and on it in letters of pure ice the children read:—

"This way to the North Pole."

Vol. xvii.—101.

Then George said: "Way or no way, I know a slide when I see one—so here goes." And he took a run on the frozen snow, and Jane took a run when she saw him do it, and the next moment they were sliding away, each with feet half a yard apart, along the great slide that leads to the North Pole.

This great slide is made for the convenience of the Polar bears, who, during the winter months, get their food from the Army and Navy Stores—and it is the most perfect slide in the world. If you have never come across it, it is because you have never let off fireworks on the 11th of December, and have never been thoroughly naughty and disobedient. But do not be these things in the hope of finding the great slide—because you might find something quite different, and then you would be sorry.

The great slide is like common slides in this, that when once you have started you have to go on to the end—unless you fall down—and then it hurts just as much as the smaller kind on ponds. The great slide runs down-hill all the way, so that you keep on going faster and faster and faster. George and Jane went so fast that they had not time to notice the scenery. They only saw the long lines of frosted trees and the starry



"THIS WAY TO THE NORTH POLE."

lamps, and, on each side, rushing back as they slid on—a very broad, white world and a very large, black night; and overhead, as well as in the trees, the stars were bright like silver lamps, and, far ahead, shone and trembled and sparkled the line of fairy spears. Jane said that; and George said,

"I can see the Northern Lights quite plain."

It is very pleasant to slide and slide and slide on clear, dark ice—especially if you feel you are really going somewhere, and more especially if that somewhere is the North Pole. The children's feet made no noise on the ice, and they went on and on in a beautiful white silence. But suddenly the silence was shattered and a cry rang out over the snow.

"Hi! You there! Stop!"

"Tumble for your life!" cried George, and he fell down at once, because it is the only way to stop. Jane fell on top of him—and then they crawled on hands and knees to the snow at the edge of the slide—and there was a sportsman, dressed in a peaked cap and a frozen moustache, like the one you see in the pictures about Ice-Peter, and he had a gun in his hand.

"You don't happen to have any bullets about you?"

said he.

"No," George said, truthfully.

"I had five of father's revolver cartridges, but they were taken away the day nurse turned out my pockets to see if I had taken the knob of the bathroom door by mistake."

"Quite so," said the sportsman, "these accidents will occur. You don't carry fire-arms, then, I presume?"

"I haven't any fire-arms," said George, "but I have a fire-work. It's only a squib

one of the boys gave me, if that's any good"; and he began to feel among the string, and peppermints, and buttons, and tops, and nibs, and chalk, and foreign postage-stamps in his knickerbocker pockets.

"One could but try," the sportsman replied, and he held out his hand.

But Jane pulled at her brother's jacket-tail, and whispered, "Ask him what he wants it for."

So then the sportsman had to confess that he wanted the firework to kill the white grouse with; and, when they came to look, there was the white grouse himself, sitting in the snow, looking quite pale and careworn, and waiting anxiously for the matter to be decided one way or the other.

George put all the things back in his pockets, and said, "No, I sha'n't. The season for shooting him stopped yesterday—I heard father say so—so it wouldn't be fair, anyhow. I'm very sorry; but I can't—so there!"

The sportsman said nothing, only he shook his fist at Jane, and then he got on the slide and tried to go towards the Crystal Palace—which was not easy, because that way is up-hill. So they left him trying, and went on.

Before they started the white grouse thanked them in a few pleasant, well-chosen words, and then they took a sideways slanting run, and started off again on the great slide,



"THEY STARTED OFF AGAIN ON THE GREAT SLIDE."

and so away towards the North Pole and the twinkling, beautiful lights.

The great slide went on and on, and the lights did not seem to come much nearer, and the white silence wrapped them round as they slid along the wide, icy path. Then once again the silence was broken to bits by someone calling:—

"Hi! You there! Stop!"

"Tumble for your life!" cried George, and

tumbled as before, stopping in the only possible way, and Jane stopped on top of him, and they crawled to the edge, and came suddenly on the butterfly collector who was looking for specimens with a pair of blue-glasses, and a blue net, and a blue book with coloured plates.

"Excuse me," said the collector, "have you such a thing as a needle and you—a very long needle?"

"I have a needle-book," replied Jane, politely, "but there aren't any needles in it

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much as they, too, were covered with seal-
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close, so that you had to put your head as far back as it would go, and farther, before you could see the high top of it. It was made entirely of ice. You will hear grown-up people talk a great deal of nonsense about the North Pole, and when you are grown-up, it is even possible that you may talk nonsense about it yourself (the most unlikely things do happen); but deep down in your heart you must always remember that the North Pole is made of clear ice, and could not possibly, if you come to think of it, be made of anything else.

All round the Pole, making a bright ring about it, were hundreds of little fires, and the flames of them did not flicker and twist, but went up blue and green and rosy and straight like the stalks of dream lilies.

Jane said so, but George said they were as straight as ramrods.

And these flames were the Aurora Borealis—which the children had seen as far away as Forest Hill.

The ground was quite flat, and covered with smooth, hard snow, which shone and sparkled like the top of a birthday cake which has been iced at home. The ones done at the shops do not shine and sparkle, because they mix flour with the icing-sugar.

"It is like a dream," said Jane.

And George said, "It *is* the North Pole. Just think of the fuss people always make about getting here—and it was no trouble at all, really."

"I daresay lots of people have *got* here," said Jane, dismally; "it's not the getting *here*—I see that—it's the getting back again. Perhaps no one will ever know that *we* have been here, and the robins will cover us with leaves and—"

"Nonsense," said George, "there aren't any robins, and there aren't any leaves. It's just the North Pole, that's all, and I've found

it; and now I shall try to climb up and plant the British flag on the top—my handkerchief will do; and if it really *is* the North Pole, my pocket-compass Uncle James gave me will spin round and round, and then I shall know. Come on."

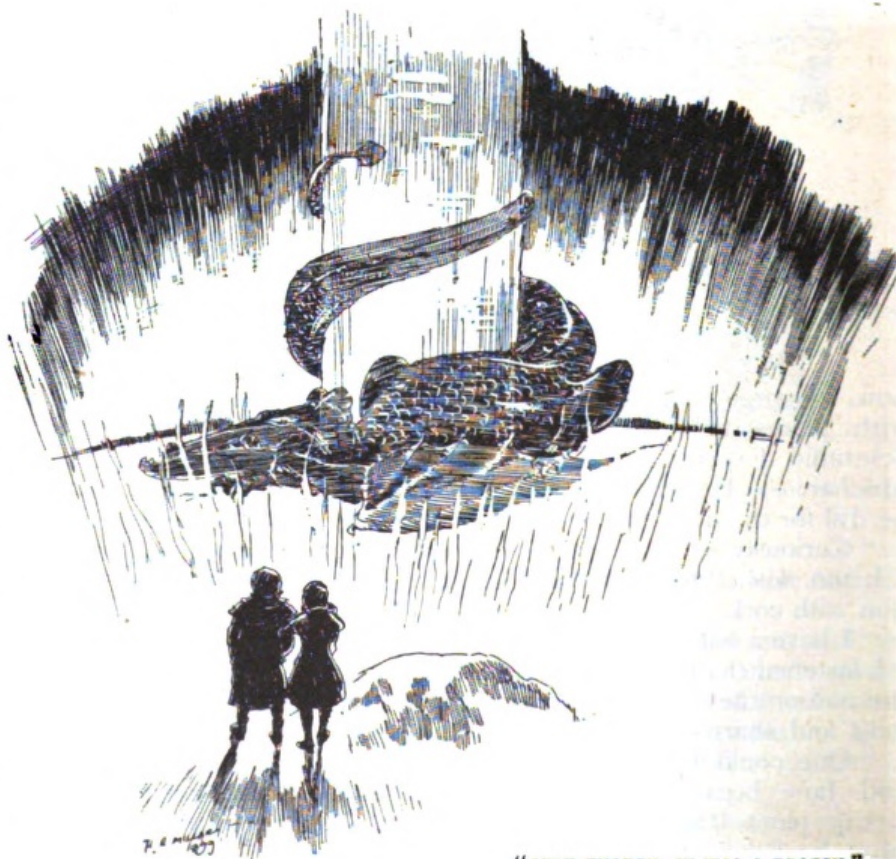
So Jane came on; and when they got close to the clear, tall, beautiful flames they saw that there was a great, queer-shaped lump of ice all round the bottom of the Pole—clear, smooth, shining ice, that was deep, beautiful Prussian blue, like icebergs, in the thick parts, and all sorts of wonderful, glimmery, shimmery, changing colours in the thin parts, like the cut-glass chandelier in grandmamma's house in London.

"It is a very curious shape," said Jane; "it's almost like"—she drew back a step to get a better view of it—"it's almost like a *dragon*."

"It's much more like the lamp-posts on the Thames Embankment," said George, who had noticed a curly thing like a tail that went twisting up the North Pole.

"Oh, George," cried Jane, "it *is* a dragon; I can see its wings. Whatever shall we do?"

And, sure enough, it *was* a dragon—a great, shining, winged, scaly, clawy, big-mouthed dragon—made of pure ice. It



"SURE ENOUGH, IT WAS A DRAGON."

must have gone to sleep curled round the hole where the warm steam used to come up from the middle of the earth, and then when the earth got colder, and the column of steam froze and was turned into the North Pole, the dragon must have got frozen in his sleep—frozen too hard to move—and there he stayed. And though he was very terrible he was very beautiful, too.

Jane said so, but George said, "Oh, don't bother; I'm thinking how to get on to the Pole and try the compass without waking the brute."

The dragon certainly was beautiful, with his deep, clear Prussian-blueness, and his rainbow-coloured glitter. And rising from within the cold coil of the frozen dragon the North Pole shot up like a pillar made of one great diamond, and every now and then it cracked a little, from sheer coldness. The sound of the cracking was the only thing that broke the great white silence in the midst of which the dragon lay like an enormous jewel, and the straight flames went up all round him like the stalks of tall lilies.

And as the children stood there looking at the most wonderful sight their eyes had ever seen, there was a soft padding of feet and a hurry-scurry behind them, and from the outside darkness beyond the flame-stalks came a crowd of little brown creatures running, jumping, scrambling, tumbling head over heels, and on all fours, and some even walking on their heads. They caught hands as they came near the fires, and danced round in a ring.

"It's bears," said Jane; "I know it is. Oh, how I wish we hadn't come; and my boots are so wet."

The dancing-ring broke up suddenly, and the next moment hundreds of furry arms clutched at George and Jane, and they found themselves in the middle of a great, soft, heaving crowd of little fat people in brown fur dresses, and the white silence was quite gone.

"Bears, indeed," cried a shrill voice; "you'll wish we *were* bears before you've done with us."

This sounded so dreadful, that Jane began to cry. Up to now the children had only seen the most beautiful and wondrous things, but now they began to be sorry they had done what they were told not to, and the difference between "lawn" and "grass" did not seem so great as it had done at Forest Hill.

Directly Jane began to cry, all the brown people started back. No one cries in the

Arctic regions for fear of being struck so by the frost. So that these people had never seen anyone cry before.

"Don't cry *really*," whispered George, "or you'll get chilblains in your eyes. But *pretend* to howl—it frightens them."

So Jane went on pretending to howl, and the real crying stopped: it always does when you begin to pretend. You try it.

Then, speaking very loud so as to be heard over the howls of Jane, George said: "Yah—who's afraid? We are George and Jane—who are you?"

"We are the sealskin dwarfs," said the brown people, twisting their furry bodies in and out of the crowd like the changing glass in kaleidoscopes; "we are very precious and expensive, for we are made, throughout, of the very best sealskin."

"And what are those fires for?" bellowed George—for Jane was crying louder and louder.

"Those," shouted the dwarfs, coming a step nearer, "are the fires we make to thaw the dragon. He is frozen now—so he sleeps curled up round the Pole—but when we have thawed him with our fires he will wake up and go and eat everybody in the world except us."

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"Thank you so much for telling us," said George. "Good evening. (Keep on howling, Jane!)"

But the dwarfs came a step nearer, muttering and whispering. Then the muttering stopped—and there was a silence so deep that Jane was afraid to howl in it. But it was a brown silence, and she had liked the white silence better.

Then the chief dwarf came quite close and said: "What's that on your head?"

And George felt it was all up—for he knew it was his father's sealskin cap.

The dwarf did not wait for an answer. "It's made of one of *us*," he screamed, "or else one of the seals; our poor relations. Boy, now your fate is sealed!"

And looking at the wicked seal-faces all around them George and Jane felt that their fate was sealed indeed.

The dwarfs seized the children in their furry arms. George kicked, but it is no use

had twenty times as many clothes to feel small and prickly inside of.

The sealskin dwarfs tied George and Jane to the North Pole, and, as they had no ropes, they bound them with snow-wreaths, which are very strong when they are made in the proper way, and they heaped up the fires very close and said:—

"Now the dragon will get warm, and when he gets warm he will wake, and when he wakes he will be hungry, and when he is hungry he will begin to eat, and the first thing he will eat will be *you*."

The little, sharp, many-coloured flames sprang up like the stalks of dream lilies, but no heat came to the children, and they grew colder and colder.

"We sha'n't be very nice when the dragon does eat us, that's one comfort," said George; "we shall be turned into ice long before that."

Suddenly there was a flapping of wings, and the white grouse perched on the dragon's head and said:—

"Can I be of any assistance?"

Now by this time the children were so cold, so cold, so very, very cold, that they had forgotten everything but that, and they could say nothing else. So the white grouse said:—

"One moment. I am only too grateful for this opportunity of showing my sense of

your manly conduct about the firework!"

And the next moment there was a soft whispering rustle of wings overhead, and then, fluttering slowly, softly down, came hundreds and thousands of little white fluffy feathers. They fell on George and Jane like snowflakes, and, like flakes of fallen snow lying one above another, they grew into a thicker and thicker covering, so that presently the children were buried under a heap of white feathers, and only their faces peeped out.

"Oh, you dear, good, kind white grouse," said Jane; "but you'll be cold yourself, won't you, now you have given us all your pretty dear feathers?"

The white grouse laughed, and his laugh was echoed by thousands of kind, soft bird-voices.

"Did you think all those feathers came out of one breast? There are hundreds and hundreds of us here, and every one of us can



"THE DWARFS SEIZED THE CHILDREN."

kicking sealskin, and Jane howled, but the dwarfs were getting used to that. They climbed up the dragon's side and dumped the children down on his icy spine, with their backs against the North Pole. You have no idea how cold it was—the kind of cold that makes you feel small and prickly inside your clothes, and makes you wish you

spare a little tuft of soft breast feathers to help to keep two kind little hearts warm!"

Thus spoke the grouse, who certainly had very pretty manners.

So now the children snuggled under the feathers and were warm, and when the sealskin dwarfs tried to take the feathers away, the grouse and his friends flew in their faces with flappings and screams, and drove the dwarfs back. They are a cowardly folk.

The dragon had not moved yet—but then he might at any moment get warm enough to move, and though George and Jane were now warm they were not comfortable, nor easy in their minds. They tried to explain to the grouse; but though he is polite, he is not clever, and he only said:—

"You've got a warm nest, and we'll see that no one takes it from you. What more can you possibly want?"

Just then came a new, strange, jerky fluttering, of wings far softer than the grouse's, and George and Jane cried out together:—

"Oh, *do* mind your wings in the fires!"

For they saw at once that it was the great white Arctic moth.

"What's the matter?" he asked, settling on the dragon's tail.

So they told him.

"Sealskin, are they?" said the moth; "just you wait a minute!"

He flew off very crookedly, dodging the flames, and presently he came back, and there were so many moths with him that it was as if a live sheet of white wingedness were suddenly drawn between the children and the stars.

And then the doom of the bad sealskin dwarfs fell suddenly on them.

For the great sheet of winged whiteness broke up and fell, as snow falls, and it fell upon the sealskin dwarfs; and every snow-flake of it was a live, fluttering, hungry moth, that buried its greedy nose deep in the sealskin fur.

Grown-up people will tell you that it is not moths but moths' children who eat fur—but this is only when they are trying to deceive you. When they are not thinking about you they say, "I fear the moths have got at my ermine tippet," or, "Your poor Aunt Emma had a lovely sable cloak, but it was eaten by moths." And now there were more moths than have ever been together in this world before, all settling on the sealskin dwarfs.

The dwarfs did not see their danger till it was too late. Then they called for camphor and bitter apple, and oil of lavender, and yellow soap and borax; and some of the

dwarfs even started to get these things, but long before any of them could get to the chemist's, all was over. The moths ate, and ate, and ate, till the sealskin dwarfs, being sealskin throughout, even to the empty hearts of them, were eaten down to the very life—and they fell one by one on the snow and so came to their end. And all round the North Pole the snow was brown with their flat bare pelts.

"Oh, thank you—thank you, darling Arctic moth," cried Jane. "You *are* good—I do hope you haven't eaten enough to disagree with you afterwards!"

Millions of moth-voices answered, with laughter as soft as moth-wings, "We should be a poor set of fellows if we couldn't over-eat ourselves for once in a way—to oblige a friend."

And off they all fluttered, and the white grouse flew off, and the sealskin dwarfs were all dead, and the fires went out, and George and Jane were left alone in the dark with the dragon!

"Oh, dear," said Jane, "this is the worst of all!"

"We've no friends left to help us," said George. He never thought that the dragon himself might help them—but then that was an idea that would never have occurred to any boy.

It grew colder and colder and colder, and even under the grouse feathers the children shivered.

Then, when it was so cold that it could not manage to be any colder without breaking the thermometer, it stopped. And then the dragon uncurled himself from round the North Pole, and stretched his long, icy length over the snow, and said:—

"This is something like! How faint those fires did make me feel!"

The fact was, the sealskin dwarfs had gone the wrong way to work: the dragon had been frozen so long that now he was nothing but solid ice all through, and the fires only made him feel as if he were going to die.

But when the fires were out he felt quite well, and very hungry. He looked round for something to eat. But he never noticed George and Jane, because they were frozen to his back.

He moved slowly off, and the snow-wreaths that bound the children to the Pole gave way with a snap, and there was the dragon, crawling south—with Jane and George on his great, scaly, icy shining back. Of course the dragon had to go south if he went anywhere, because when you get to the North

Pole there is no other way to go. The dragon rattled and tinkled as he went, exactly like the cut-glass chandelier when you touch it, as you are strictly forbidden to do. Of course there are a million ways of going south from the North Pole—so you will own that it was lucky for George and Jane when the dragon took the right way and suddenly got his heavy feet on the great slide. Off he went, full speed, between the starry lamps, towards Forest Hill and the Crystal Palace.

"He's going to take us home," said Jane. "Oh, he is a good dragon. I am glad!"



"OFF HE WENT, FULL SPEED."

And George was rather glad too, though neither of the children felt at all sure of their welcome, especially as their feet were wet, and they were bringing a strange dragon home with them.

They went very fast, because dragons can go up hill as easily as down. You would not understand why if I told you—because you are only in long division at present; yet if you want me to tell you, so that you can show off to other boys, I will. It is because dragons can get their tails into the fourth dimension and hold on there,

and when you can do that everything else is easy.

The dragon went very fast, only stopping to eat the collector and the sportsman, who were still struggling to go up the slide—vainly, because they had no tails, and had never even heard of the fourth dimension.

And when the dragon got to the end of the slide he crawled very slowly across the dark field beyond the field where there was

a bonfire, next to the next-door garden at Forest Hill. He went slower and slower, and in the bonfire field he stopped altogether, and, because the Arctic regions had not got down so far as that, and because the bonfire was very hot, the dragon began to melt, and melt, and melt—and before the children knew what he was doing they found themselves sitting in a large pool of water, and their boots

were as wet as wet, and there was not a bit of dragon left!

So they went indoors.

Of course some grown-up or other noticed at once that the boots of George and of Jane were wet and muddy, and that

they had both been sitting down in a very damp place, so they were sent to bed immediately.

It was long past their time, anyhow.

'Now, if you are of an inquiring mind—not at all a nice thing in a little boy who reads fairy tales—you will want to know how it is that since the sealskin dwarfs have all been killed, and the fires all been let out, the Aurora Borealis shines, on cold nights, as brightly as ever.

My dear, I do not know! I am not too proud to own that there are some things I know nothing about—and this is one of them. But I do know that whoever has lighted those fires again, it is certainly not the sealskin dwarfs. They were all eaten by moths—and moth-eaten things are of no use, even to light fires!

Curiosities.*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

OVER TWO YEARS ASLEEP.

This is the photograph of a young lady, resident in Warsaw, who went to sleep on December 21st, 1896, and has never been awakened, in the fullest sense of the term, ever since. She lies in an almost dark room because she is unable to bear any light, on account of the severe headache it causes her, and her bed is surrounded with a heavy curtain. During the protracted period of her slumber she has almost lost her hearing, and she can only see in the afternoon towards four o'clock, and from that hour she can see until daybreak. She has no wish to eat, and life is sustained by nourishing her with milk. Her sister and widowed mother take it in turns to watch by her side, and they are obliged to wake



her up from time to time, otherwise she would sleep on for ever. Strange to say, the awakening causes her dreadful agony both physically and mentally, for then she not only has a recurrence of the headaches, but she realizes the hopelessness of her awful situation. Asked how she felt when asleep, she replied: "Then I am very happy; because not only do I not suffer, but I feel delightful. My soul separates from my body, and goes into another world. I rise into infinity, heavenly light surrounds me, I hear marvellous music. Oh, Lord! why do they wake me up and drag me from that other world, so beautiful, to this earth, so full of misery and tears?" The physician who has attended her for a long time believes there is still some possibility of a cure being effected.



A CONTEMPLATIVE HORSE.

The horse seen in the ludicrous attitude shown in the accompanying photograph has a significant air of contemplation about him notwithstanding. Probably he was trying to decide the point whether life is worth living. At any rate he had been sitting in this curious position for some time before the photographer came along and snap-shotted him. The photograph was sent in to us by Mr. E. V. Fear, Essex Lodge, 58, Cotnam Road, Bristol.



AN ARMY OF CYCLES.

The great display of bicycles seen in the accompanying photograph formed quite an accidental though none the less significantly striking feature of the Braemar Highland Gathering at Balmoral, in September of last year. The machines belong to both lady and gentleman cyclists, who trooped to the sports on their iron steeds from far and near, and this was the way these were stacked during the progress of the festival. There is a curious air of assured security pervading the scene, but one shudders to think of the awful damage that could be inflicted by a horse or two straying amongst those lines of bicycles. Her Majesty the Queen was present at the sports. The photograph was sent in by Mr. David Gibson, care of Mrs. Hogg, 4, Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh.



LOOKING DOWN SEVEN HUNDRED STEPS.

Our next photograph represents a flight of 700 steps, without a break, used by the inhabitants of St. Helena as a short cut from the town to the top of the hill. The photograph was taken from the topmost step, with the camera pointing slightly downwards, hence the curious result obtained. Dr. D. J. Drake, of 18, Minster Road, Brondesbury, the sender, writes: "The task of ascending and descending these steps is no light one, and after alighting at the top or the bottom, one's legs feel as if they belonged to some other individual, and play all kinds of pranks upon their owner."

it was enough to blow the camera over and send the operator reeling. The cyclone passed through two States, leaving about forty families



WHAT A CYCLONE IS LIKE.

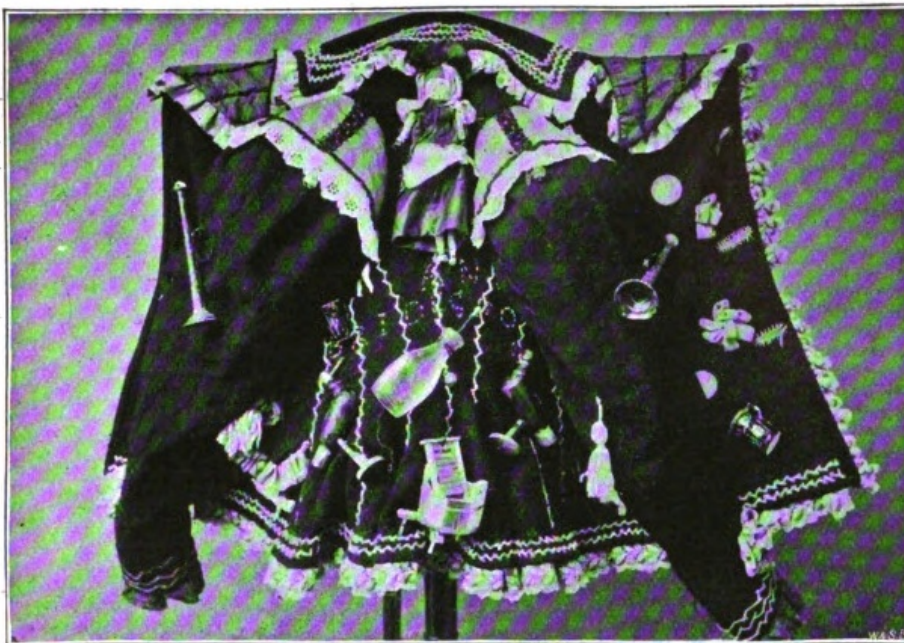
Mr. Ernest G. Brayton, of Mt. Morris, Illinois, writes: "This is a photograph of a cyclone which passed half a mile south of this city on May 18th, 1898. The 'twister' started nearly four hundred miles south-west of here, and travelled in a direct line, passing here about 5.30 p.m. To the left of the picture you can see the trees standing apparently unshaken—in fact, they have as yet scarcely been touched by the advance-guard of the terrific storm; a few minutes after the snap-shot was taken these very trees were uprooted and spread over an acre or more of ground. The photographer himself was nearly a mile away from the edge of the cyclone, but nevertheless the breeze which followed



homeless, and destroying one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property."

A HOUSE IN A TREE.

Houses in trees are evidently not exclusively confined to such outlandish places as New Guinea and the like. Here we have a photograph of a quaint little tenement in a lime tree at Pitchford, Salop. Murray, in his handbook of the district, describes it as a "habitation," but the Rev. A. Corlett, of Adderley Rectory, Market Drayton, the sender of the photograph, says that the term is somewhat misleading, the building being a single room without a fireplace. It has a wooden frame with plaster walls and a stone-covered roof. It is said to have been in its present position 200 years.

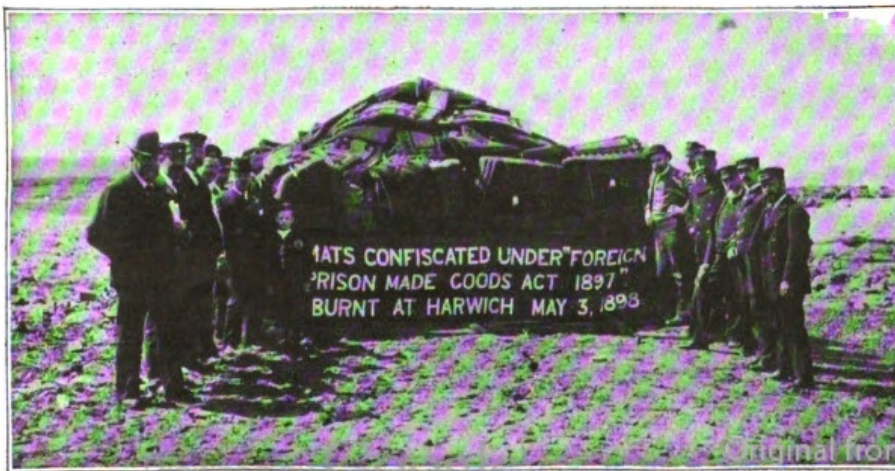


A BRIDE'S JACKET.

An interesting marriage custom is in vogue amongst the mill-girls on the Scottish borders. When one of their number has announced her intention of quitting the factory to prepare for her wedding, her fellow-workers contrive to hide some portion of her wearing apparel, generally a jacket or an apron. Then each one subscribes a small sum of money, which is expended in the purchase of all kinds of gaudy yarns, lace, ribbons, dolls, toys, etc. With these the "stolen" garment is surreptitiously decorated and produced at the ensuing wedding festivities, when one of the party creates hearty amusement by donning it and dancing a reel in it. We reproduce a photo. of a jacket belonging to a Hawick factory bride, which has been sent in by Mr. J. G. Galbraith, Exchange Arcade, Hawick, N.B. It originally was but a plain black jacket, but the owner's friends had transformed it into a perfect blaze of colour. Notice the bells, hens, doll, and baby's bottle with the washing outfit below. Photo. taken by Richard Bell, Hawick.

A WHOLESALE CONFISCATION.

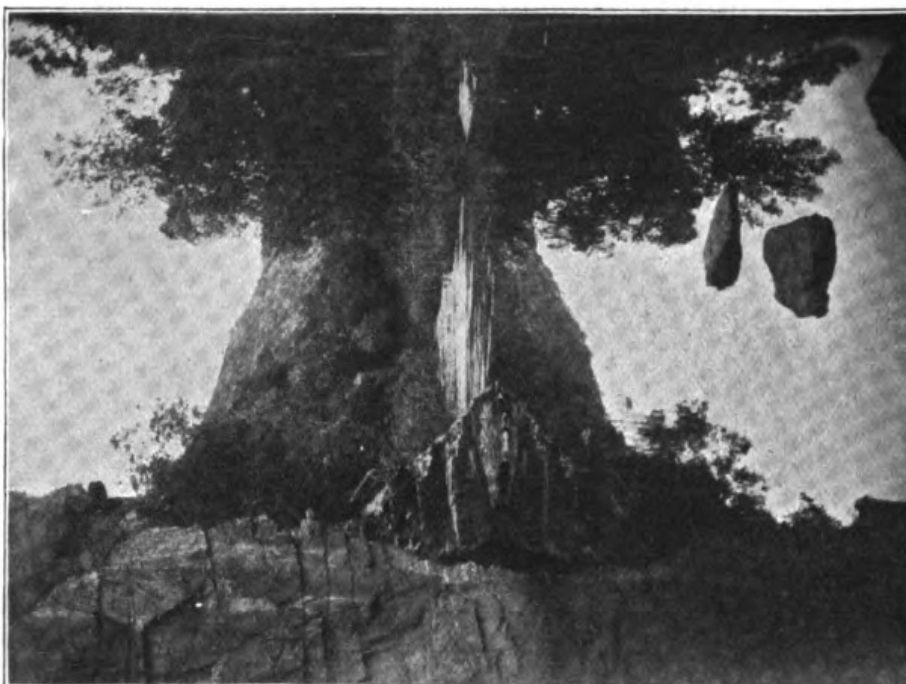
According to the Foreign Prison-Made Goods Act of 1887 the Customs authorities are given power to confiscate any goods imported for sale into this country that have been produced wholly or in part in



A MIGHTY PUSH.

The box-car seen in the remarkable position shown in our next photograph was being pushed along the Barclay railroad, about a mile from Towanda, Pa., when a local freight engine with extremely long bumpers struck it. These bumpers were knocked into such a position as actually to form an incline up which the box-car ascended with an impetus that landed it right on the top of the engine itself. Mr. Edw. Macfarlane, of 108, Poplar Street, Towanda, Pa., is the sender of the photograph.

any foreign prison, and dispose of them in any way that may be deemed advisable. The huge pile of cocoa-fibre doormats seen in the accompanying photograph was made in a Belgium penal colony and exported to England as a cheap line of goods, but the Customs authorities at Parkeston took possession of them and burnt them on the beach of the Stour estuary. The mats were valued at between £200 and £300. We are indebted to Mrs. Hilda M. Oddie, of North Lodge, Horsham, for the use of this photo.

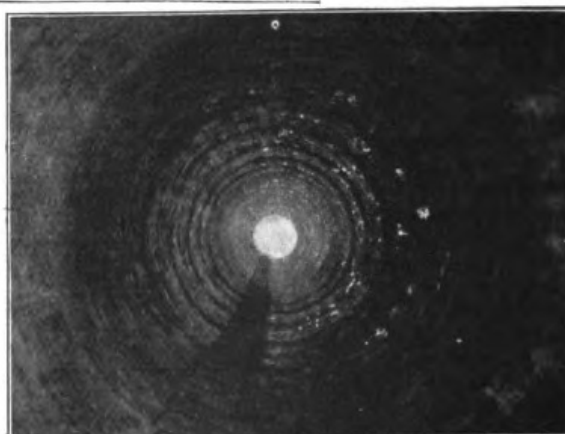


A REFLECTION PICTURE.

The next photograph we reproduce represents a scene in Baaken's River Kloof, near Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Viewed in its present position the picture has the appearance of a large tree with a couple of rocks falling from the branches; turn it to the left, and these rocks are apparently falling from the sky; but turn it to the right, and the real picture is disclosed. The curious effects pointed out are all due to reflections. Photo. sent by Mr. C. A. Smith, P.O. Box 23, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.

A MONSTROUS MEGAPHONE.

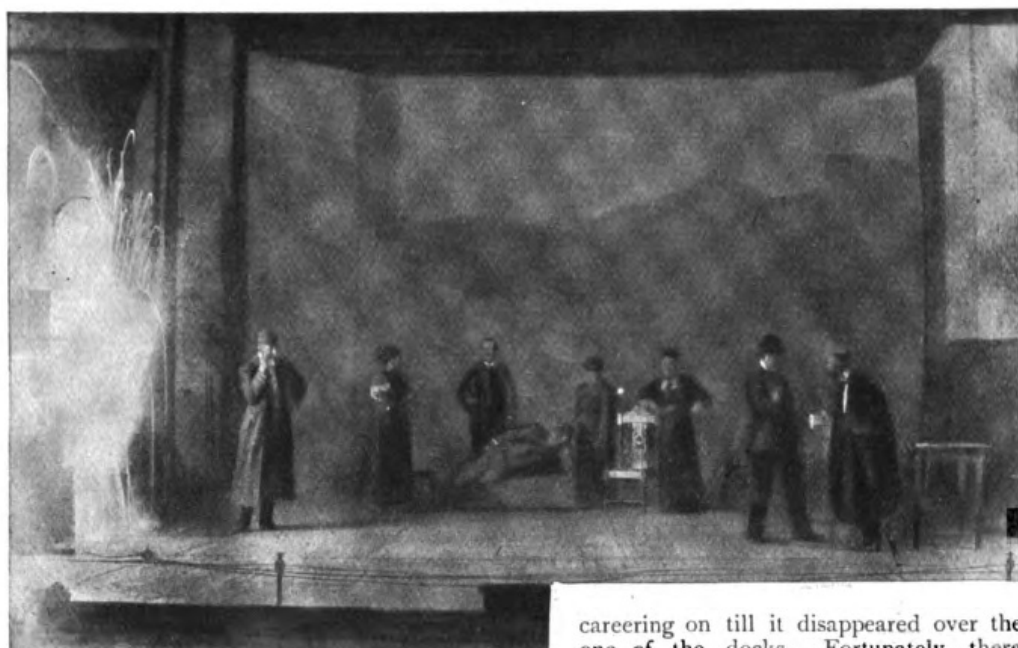
The next photograph we reproduce represents a monstrous horn, which formed an interesting feature in the American political campaign that ended in November of last year. The horn is 14ft. long and has seven mouthpieces, one of which can be used as a



megaphone. The scene which the photographer, Mr. J. E. Slocum, has caught here with his camera is in front of the Republican headquarters of San Diego County, and not the least interesting thing in the picture is the huge display sign in front of the headquarters. The city is the town home of U. S. Grant, a candidate for the United States Senate, which fact lent additional interest and enthusiasm to the campaign. Photo. sent by Mr. D. C. Collier, Junr., of San Diego, California.

LOOKING UP A CHIMNEY.
Here is an interior

view of a factory chimney, which has been newly built. It is located at the works of the Tasmanian Smelting Company, Zeehan, Tasmania. The sender of the photo., Mr. C. A. Owen, Junr., of Zeehan, Tasmania, writes: "Many of the 'looking upward' photographs hitherto published in your Magazine have been of objects which can easily be re-photographed at any time, but this one I send was taken from a spot which, in a few weeks, will, to say the least of it, be a very uncomfortable place for a photographer or anybody else."



THE FLASH-LIGHT THAT FAILED.

The danger of experimenting with the flash-light is forcibly illustrated in our next photograph, which has been sent in by Mr. F. W. Marshall, 2, Limburg Road, Battersea Rise, S.W. The incident happened after the rehearsal of a semi-amateur production at a theatre in the south-west of England. A local photographer desired to ascertain how a new flash-light idea would work out, and arranged matters accordingly, but on pressing the button, lo! the whole apparatus "went bust." A fountain of liquid fire was thrown up to the height of the proscenium and spread all over the stage, which luckily was pretty clear at the time, and comparatively little damage was therefore done. The explosion was so instantaneous that the negative had taken the scene before the flames had reached their full height, and, as may be noticed, the people on the stage had not had time to be startled.



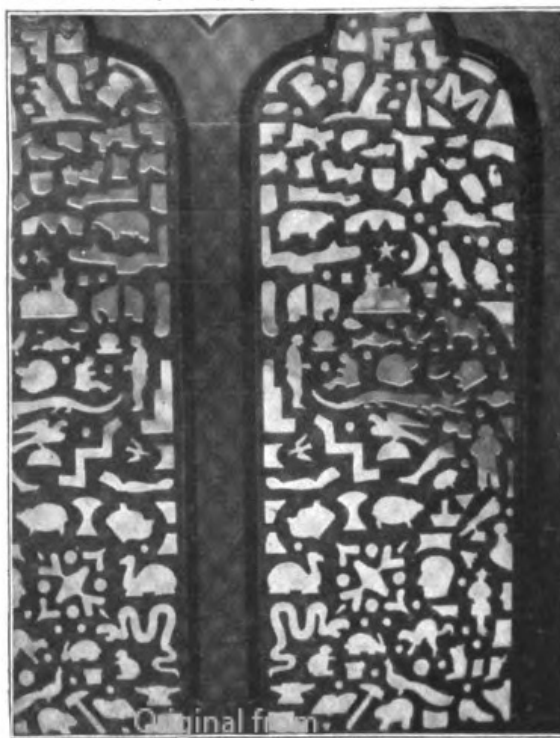
A PLAYFUL STEAM ROLLER.

Steam rollers are very stodgy, ponderous-looking things, but they can be very self-willed and even playful at times. The one seen in our photograph has come to grief as the result of giving way to a frolicsome mood. One day, when it was at work at the Keyham Docks, it suddenly got beyond the control of the driver, who attempted to put on the brake but found it would not act. He managed to save his life by jumping off the engine, which, however, went

careering on till it disappeared over the side of one of the docks. Fortunately, there was a sufficient depth of water in the dock at the time to break its fall. Photo. sent by Mr. E. M. Parry, of 26, Crane Street, Chester.

A CURIOUS GATE.

Here is a photograph of the cast-iron panel of a gate at the entrance to a carriage-drive leading to a house near Keighley. If examined closely, the design will be found to contain pictures of various animals, from a kangaroo to a snake, in addition to innumerable inanimate objects, such as boots, bottles, and hammers. At the top of the panel are the initials "B. F. M.," whilst near the centre, just under the star and crescent, is a correct outline of the house to which the gate gives entrance. We are indebted to Mr. Clarence Ponting, of Floss House, Keighley, for the use of the photograph.





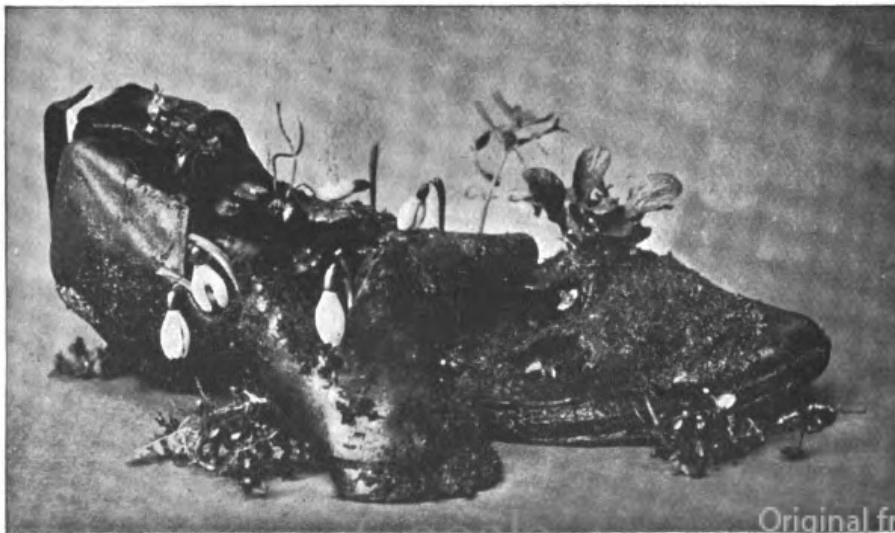
A LEGEND OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.

Miss F. C. Emerson, of Heinrich Strasse 34, Hanover, Germany, writes: "This old picture illustrates the following legend of the Harz Mountains. Bodo, the wicked Bohemian King, fell violently in love with Brunnhildis, daughter of the King of the Giants, who in those days inhabited the region. Annoyed by his vehement attentions, she fled from him on her fiery steed, closely pursued by her suitor. At the spot where the witches hold their nightly revels, a yawning abyss stopped, for a moment, their wild flight, but the Princess urged on her charger to the terrible leap across the chasm. The noble animal bore his mistress in safety to the opposite height, his hoof sinking deep into the solid rock, so that the gigantic hoof-print is visible to this day on the 'Rosstrappe.' The golden crown fell from the Princess's head, and is still guarded by pixies at the bottom of the river. Her wicked lover, unable to imitate her bold spring, was precipitated into the depths of the stream, which is called after him, the Bode." Photo. by F. Rose, Muhlenenthal.



A CURIOUS LITTLE GARDEN.

The dilapidated-looking pair of shoes seen in our next photo. were found only a few days before Easter this year near the village of Gundershofen, in Alsatia, behind the very hedge where they had evidently been discarded some years before by a tramp. In the course of time they had become filled with dust from the road, and moss had covered the outside more or less. The seeds of the snow-drops seen blooming on them had evidently been carried into the shoes by the wind. It was not found possible to take the photo. on the spot of discovery, but Count Alfred Bothmer, of Wiesbaden, the sender, writes that it must not be imagined that this little garden has been arranged by human hands,



SHORTEST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD.

This curious little American railway, which is only a rail in length, is situated in the Olympic Range of mountains, in Washington, about a hundred miles north-west of Seattle. It is of standard guage, and is properly ballasted. It was evidently built for the purpose of holding the "right of way" through the mountain pass, but has been in existence for several years now without



the holes left by rotten branches. The photograph was sent in by Mr. William A. Rae, of Survey Camp, Parkes, New South Wales.

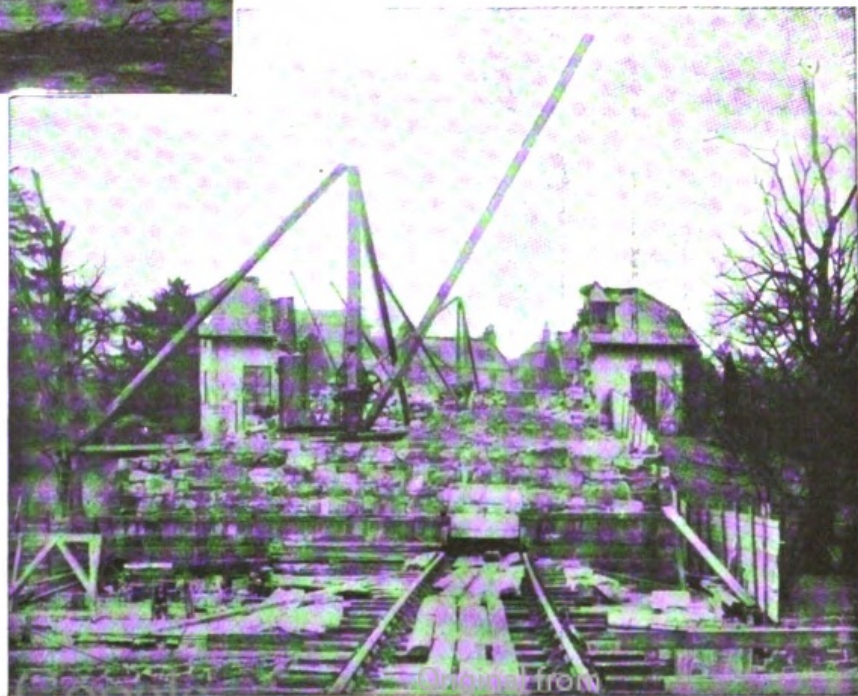
A ROADWAY THROUGH A HOUSE.

Here is a curious instance of the pertinacity of a landowner. A new bridge to cross the River Tay at Perth being in course of erection, it was found necessary to acquire a right of way through certain grounds on which a house also stood. The owner of the house and grounds, however, would only sell on compulsion, and then only so much as was absolutely necessary for the erection of the bridge. As this portion did not include the whole of the house, only the middle part was taken down, the two ends left standing, as seen in our photograph, remaining in possession of the owner. Of course when the bridge is completed these ends will have to come down. Our photograph was taken by Mr. Sam. A. Forbes, of Perth, and forwarded by Mr. David Inglis, of the Inland Revenue, Perth.

being extended in any way. Mr. T. H. Parker, Room 1, over 415, Dundas Street, Woodstock, Ontario, in sending us the photograph, writes to say that his brother, Mr. W. D. Dawson, Postmaster at Piedmont, Washington, which is the nearest post-office to this unique railway, forwarded the photograph to him, which was taken by J. E. Thomas, Port Angeles, Washington.

A TREE ON FIRE.

Above is a snap-shot of a hollow tree on fire in an Australian forest 300 miles north-west of Sydney. The smoke from the fire within is pouring out of





A PALM-FIG TREE.

About eight miles from Plymouth, the capital of Montserrat, one of the Leeward Island group of the Caribbean Islands, may be seen the natural freak here shown, viz., a tall palm tree growing from the centre of a fig tree. Both trees are vigorous and healthy, and are situated on a partly abandoned sugar estate. Sender of photo., Mr. E. C. Jackman, Fontabelle, Barbados, W.I.

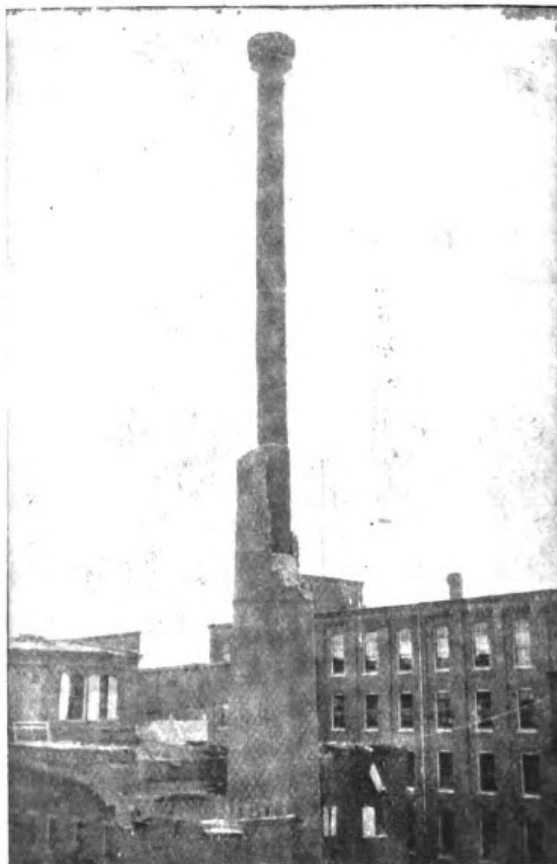
"TWELVE YEARS IN CHAINS."

The narrative of this gentleman's adventures will be found one of the most thrilling stories on record, even in the annals of the world's personal adventure. The photo. shows us Mr. Chas. Neufeld as he used to sit writing in the dread Saier prison at Omdurman. Mr. Neufeld was a German merchant, and away back in the eighties his caravan was betrayed in the desert by a treacherous guide, and he himself taken captive to Omdurman, the Mahdi's capital. Here, for twelve long years, Mr. Neufeld endured the most frightful tortures and extraordinary adventures, until at length the victorious Sirdar, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, entered Omdurman and struck off his chains. This remarkable and thrilling narrative will make its first appearance in *The Wide World Magazine*, and the first instalment will be found in the



THE EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.

This is the appearance presented by a chimney situated in Wakefield, Mass., after it had been struck by lightning on March 12th, 1899. As will be seen, practically the whole of the outer wall was stripped clean off, leaving the inner shell standing perfectly sound. Photo. sent by Mr. John S. Griffiths, 73, Pleasant Street, Wakefield, Mass.



June number of that periodical. This astounding narrative is already much talked of, and it is likely to be long before the romance of real life produces anything to rival it in interest, for, as civilization advances, such stories must necessarily become rarer and rarer. Mr. Neufeld's narrative will be copiously illustrated with photographs, plans, and special drawings by Mr. Charles H. Sheldon, the well-known war artist, who is well acquainted with the Soudan. The first instalment of the story—which in many respects casts a new light on history—is prefaced by an introduction from the pen of Sir George Newnes, Bart., whose advice and assistance Mr. Neufeld sought when he reached Cairo,

INDEX.

	PAGE
AIR, LIQUID. By RAY STANNARD BAKER (<i>Illustrations from Photographs.</i>)	459
ANIMAL ACTUALITIES.	
VIII.—THE DISAPPEARING CHICKENS	104
IX.—THREE-LEGGED TOMMY	222
X.—THE PUPPY'S AMAZEMENT	226
XI.—SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, SAUCE FOR THE GANDER	301
XII.—INSTINCT GONE WRONG	571
XIII.—A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK (<i>Illustrations by J. A. SHEPHERD.</i>)	727
ANIMAL FRIENDSHIP. By ALBERT H. BROADWELL (<i>Illustrations from Photographs.</i>)	42
AUNT SARAH'S BROOCH. By ARTHUR MORRISON (<i>Illustrations by O. ECKHARDT, R.B.A.</i>)	206
BENEVOLENT 'BUS, THE. By JOHN ONENHAM (<i>Illustrations by W. S. STACEY.</i>)	750
"BIGGEST ON RECORD"—I. By GEORGE DOLLAR (<i>Illustrations from Photographs.</i>)	265
BRAMPTON OF BRAMPTON, BARON (SIR HENRY HAWKINS). By "E." (<i>Illustrations from Photographs.</i>)	318
BROAD ARROW, THE. By E. M. JAMESON (<i>Illustrations by W. S. STACEY.</i>)	289
BURNE-JONES TO A CHILD, LETTERS OF (<i>Illustrated by Facsimiles and Sketches.</i>)	375
CA . . . T CAME BACK, THE. By JOHN ONENHAM (<i>Illustrations by W. S. STACEY.</i>)	546
CAVALANCI'S CURSE. By HENRY A. HERING (<i>Illustrations by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.</i>)	305
CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, THE STORY OF. By SUSIE BSELEN (<i>Illustrations from Photographs.</i>)	135
COTTON WOOL PRINCESS, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. From the Italian of LUIGI CAPUANA (<i>Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.</i>)	108
CRYSTAL, A COMMON. By JOHN R. WATKINS (<i>Illustrations from Photographs.</i>)	174
CURIOSITIES (<i>Illustrations from Photographs.</i>)	117, 235, 355, 491, 611, 809

DERBY WINNER, REARING A	PAGE: 706
(Illustrations from Photographs.)	
DRAWING A BADGER. By EDMUND MITCHELL	167
(Illustrations by NORMAN HARDY.)	
EDEN, THE SITE OF THE GARDEN OF. By GENERAL GORDON	314
(Illustrations from Maps by GENERAL GORDON.)	
EXTRAORDINARY STORY, AN. By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS	619
(Illustrations by SIDNEY PAGET.)	
FALSE COLOURS. By W. W. JACOBS	97
(Illustrations by W. S. STACEY.)	
FLYING-MACHINE, THE NEWEST. By HERBERT C. FYFE	596
(Illustrations from Photographs.)	
FUNERAL AT SEA, A. By J. H. BARKER	114
(Illustrations from Photographs.)	
GARDEN OF EDEN, THE SITE OF THE. By GENERAL GORDON	314
(Illustrations from Maps by GENERAL GORDON.)	
GENTLE CUSTOM, A. By ARTHUR I. DURRANT	452
(Illustrations by PAUL HARDY.)	
GOLDEN TIGER, THE. By F. NORREYS CONNELL	588
(Illustrations by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.)	
GOOD THAT CAME OF IT, THE. By ANNIE O. TIBBITS	736
(Illustrations by A. S. HARTRICK.)	
HILDA WADE. By GRANT ALLEN.	
I.—THE EPISODE OF THE PATIENT WHO DISAPPOINTED HER DOCTOR	327
II.—THE EPISODE OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAD FAILED FOR EVERYTHING	431
III.—THE EPISODE OF THE WIFE WHO DID HER DUTY	516
IV.—THE EPISODE OF THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT COMMIT SUICIDE... ..	693
(Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)	
HIS HOME-COMING. By E. M. JAMESON	21
(Illustrations by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.)	
HUMOUR IN THE LAW COURTS. By "BRIEFLESS"	746
(Illustrations by the late SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD.)	
HUNDREDTH NUMBER OF "THE STRAND MAGAZINE," THE ONE	363
A CHAT ABOUT ITS HISTORY BY SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.	
ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.	
LXII.—MADAME MELBA. By PERCY CROSS STANDING	12
(Illustrations from Photographs.)	
LXIII.—M. VASILI VERESTCHAGIN. By ARTHUR MEE	396
(Illustrations from Pictures and Photographs.)	
LXIV.—MR. A. C. MACLAREN. By FRED. W. WARD	509
(Illustrations from Photographs.)	
LXV.—MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW. By M. DINORBEN GRIFFITH	730
(Illustrations from Photographs.)	
IN A TIGHT FIX. By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH	658
(Illustrations by ALFRED PEARSE.)	
IVANKA THE WOLF-SLAYER. By MARK EASTWOOD	144
(Illustrations by J. FINNEMORE, R.I.)	
LAURA. By BASIL MARNAN	672
(Illustrations by ALFRED PEARSE.)	
LAW COURTS, HUMOUR IN THE. By "BRIEFLESS."	746
(Illustrations by the late SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD.)	
LETTERS OF BURNE-JONES TO A CHILD	375
(Illustrated by Facsimiles and Sketches.)	
LIQUID AIR. By RAY STANNARD BAKER	459
(Illustrations from Photographs.)	
LOG-MARKS, UNIQUE. By ALFRED I. BURKHOLDER	59
(Illustrations from Photographs.)	

	PAGE
MASTER OF CRAFT, A. By W. W. JACOBS (Illustrations by WILL OWEN.)	532, 638
MEMORY-SAVER, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By F. C. YOUNGER (Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.)	228
"MERRIMAC," THE SINKING OF THE. By RAYMOND PEARSON HOBSON (Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings.)	628
MINING CONTEST, A UNIQUE. By A. M. DONALDSON (Illustrations by FORREST NIVEN.)	784
MISS CAYLEY'S ADVENTURES. By GRANT ALLEN.	
XI.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE ORIENTAL ATTENDANT	49
XII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE UNPROFESSIONAL DETECTIVE (Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)	191
MONEY, MADE OF. By GEORGE DOLLAR (Illustrations from Photographs.)	796
MOUSTACHES, THE TAX ON. By H. J. W. DAM (Illustrations by JASSEF SULLIVAN.)	769
MR. BRISHER'S TREASURE. By H. G. WELLS (Illustrations by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.)	469
NATURE'S WORKSHOP, IN. By GRANT ALLEN	
I.—SENTONS AND SCAVENGERS... ..	25
II.—FALSE PRETENCES	149
III.—PLANTS THAT GO TO SLEEP	279
IV.—MASQUERADES AND DISGUISES	387
V.—SOME STRANGE NURSERIES	555
VI.—ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE HEDGEHOGS (Illustrations by FRED. ENOCK.)	647
NO-GOOD BRITISHIER, THE. By K. AND HESKETH PRICHARD (Illustrations by PAUL HARDY.)	564
PIGS OF CELEBRITIES. By GERTRUDE BACON (Illustrated by Sketches.)	338
"PUNCH," A PEEP INTO. By JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.	
PART I.—1841 to 1849	69
,, II.—1850 to 1854	179
,, III.—1855 to 1859	253
,, IV.—1860 to 1864	419
,, V.—1865 to 1869	576
,, VI.—1870 to 1874 (Illustrated by Facsimiles.)	681
QUESTION OF HABIT, A. By W. W. JACOBS (Illustrations by W. S. STACEY.)	381
RAILWAY SENSATIONS, TWO.	
I.—A GREAT RAILWAY RACE. By JEREMY BROOME	445
II.—A RAILWAY SMASH TO ORDER (Illustrations from Photographs.)	449
RECORD OF 1811, A. By J. REED WADE (Illustrations from Photographs, Old Prints, and Facsimiles.)	218
RÖNTGEN RAYS IN WARFARE, THE. By HERBERT C. FYFE (Illustrations from Photographs.)	777
ROUND THE FIRE. By A. CONAN DOYLE.	
VIII.—THE STORY OF THE JAPANNED BOX	3
IX.—THE STORY OF THE JEW'S BREAST-PLATE	123
X.—THE STORY OF B 24	243
XI.—THE STORY OF THE LATIN TUTOR	365
XII.—THE STORY OF THE BROWN HAND (Illustrations by SIDNEY PAGET.)	499

	PAGE
SEVEN DRAGONS, THE. By E. NESBIT.	
I.—THE BOOK OF BEASTS	346
II.—THE PURPLE STRANGER	482
III.—THE DELIVERERS OF THEIR COUNTRY	602
IV.—THE ICE DRAGON ; OR, DO AS YOU ARE TOLD	799
<i>(Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.)</i>	
SPEAKER'S CHAIR, FROM BEHIND THE. By HENRY W. LUCY	160, 295, 476, 540, 763
<i>(Illustrations by F. C. GOULD.)</i>	
SPIDER OF GUYANA, THE. From the French of ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN	81
<i>(Illustrations by PAUL HARDY.)</i>	
"STRAND MAGAZINE," THE ONE HUNDRETH NUMBER OF THE	363
A CHAT ABOUT ITS HISTORY BY SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.	
SWITZERLAND FROM A BALLOON. By CHARLES HERBERT	664
<i>(Illustrations from Photographs by CAPTAIN ED. SPELTERINI.)</i>	
TALE OF THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER, THE. By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS	409
<i>(Illustrations by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)</i>	
TAX ON MOUSTACHES, THE. By H. J. W. DAM	769
<i>(Illustrations by JASSEF SULLIVAN.)</i>	
TOWN IN THE TREE-TOPS, A. By ELLSWORTH DOUGLASS	202
<i>(Illustrations from Photographs.)</i>	
TRAINING SHIP "EXMOUTH," THE. By DR. CH. LEIBBRAND	88
<i>(Illustrations from Photographs.)</i>	
TRANSPORT RIDER, THE. By BASIL MARNAN	270
<i>(Illustrations by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)</i>	
UNIQUE MINING CONTEST, A. By A. M. DONALDSON	784
<i>(Illustrations by FORREST NIVEN.)</i>	
VEGETABLE VAGARIES. By THOMAS E. CURTIS	343
<i>(Illustrations from Photographs.)</i>	
WANTED—A BICYCLE. By BERNARD CAPES	713
<i>(Illustrations by PAUL HARDY.)</i>	
WATER SPORTS, CURIOUS. By F. G. CALLCOTT	528
<i>(Illustrations from Photographs.)</i>	
WEDDING TOUR IN A BALLOON, A. By M. DINORBEN GRIFFITH AND MME. CAMILLE FLAMMARION	62
<i>(Illustrations by A. J. JOHNSON and from Photographs.)</i>	
WEEPIN' WILLIE. By ALBERT TRAPMANN	34
<i>(Illustrations by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)</i>	

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IN one of Balzac's stories the hero becomes possessed of a wild ass skin. It had magical powers. The owner had but to make a wish and the skin would gratify it. But with every wish so gratified the skin shrank—became smaller. With big wishes large shrinkage; with little wishes, less. So life went on with the hero. He had every desire fulfilled. No money needed, no work done, by him. The skin gave all, did all. But it grew smaller and smaller. At last it was only as big as the back of your hand. One more wish he expressed. It was granted. An hour later *the skin had vanished and the man was dead.*

Do you see the meaning of it?—how awful, how alarming it is? Do you see? Perhaps; perhaps not. Let us listen to a woman's story. It may help us to guess the secret of the magic skin.

"For many years," she says, "I was a great sufferer from constipation, indigestion, and the ailments which seem to grow out of those diseases. Even as a child my digestion was weak; and I was always troubled with a foul gas in the throat, bad taste in the mouth, and a feeling of coldness and weight in the stomach—especially after eating. I had frequently a sense of sinking down, as if I were going to faint away, or die.

"As I passed a rather desolate youth (on account of my infirmity) and grew up to womanhood—instead of shaking off my complaint, as some said I would—I got worse. The disease had come to be chronic, and to suffer from it was apparently a part of my destiny. What I bore for all those slow-moving years can be known only to myself. No words can express it.

"I was feeble and low habitually, and had no hope of ever being otherwise. I kept up most of the time as the broken limb of a tree does that is supported from beneath. In other words, my friends and family made life as easy for me as they could; but nobody was able to relieve my complaint. For a day or two I might realize it less, and then again feel it more keenly; but I was never well.

"I took, in vain, medicines of many kinds. That most unpleasant and painful affection, the piles, set in and added to my weakness and misery. In some respects I was worse off than one is who has an acute illness of a month or two and then recovers. It is the long, long

drag, the hopeless monotony, of a case like mine that is its most dreadful feature.

"And so it might have been with me still had not my husband read about Mother Seigel's Syrup in a book which was left at our house. There were letters in it from persons who had been cured of the same complaint as mine.

"Thinking the Syrup might possibly help me also, I got a bottle from Mr. J. Cherry, the Druggist, at Barrow, and after taking it I was surprised and astonished at the result. *The relief was wonderful.* I was transformed into another person. I enjoyed my food, and it agreed with me. I kept on with the remedy, and in a little time I was well. The indigestion, the constipation, and the piles were gone. Since that time—twelve years ago—I have been blessed with good health.—(Signed) Mrs. ELIZABETH WESTOBY, wife of Mr. Spalding Westoby, Skinner's Lane, Barrow-on-Humber, Lincs, December 1, 1898."

You ask me what this has to do with the quaint conceit of the French author. We will see. It is very simple, and very fearful—like gravitation. Every act, every thought, uses up some of the substance of our bodies; just as every step in walking helps to wear out our shoes. Every rush of passion, every emotion; every movement of muscle or mind. Food repairs the loss to some extent, but the *power to digest food* grows less from year to year with use—as the magic skin did with granting wishes. *That is the reason why, sooner or later, we must die.*

Now take note. The faster you live, the more you waste, the more you throw away, the sooner you come to the end.

Once more. The great waster, the great thief, of life, is *illness*. Then you may lose in a month what might have lasted a year. And (remember!) not merely of flesh and strength, but of the *power to get it back*.

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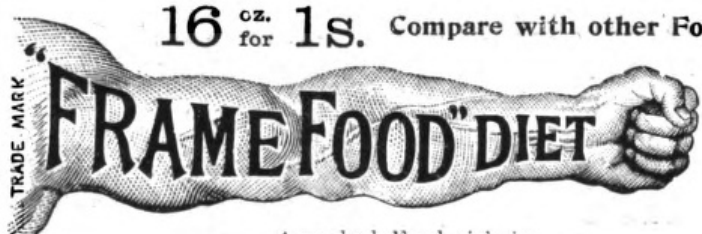
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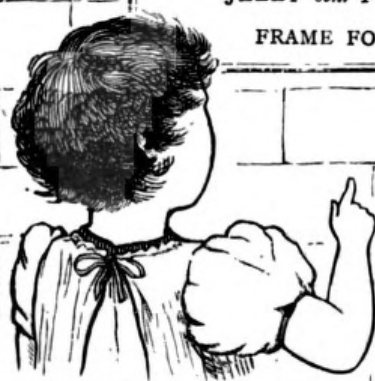



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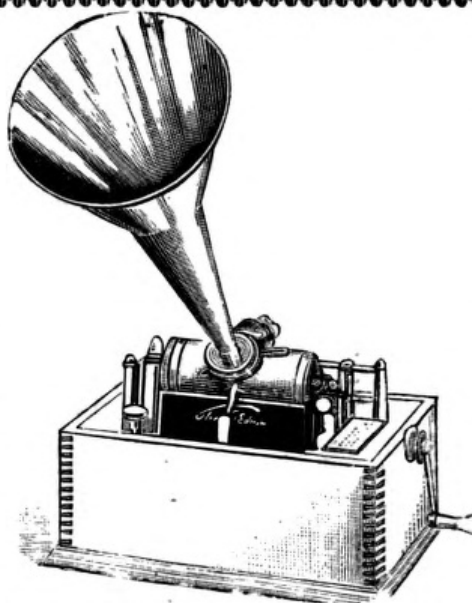
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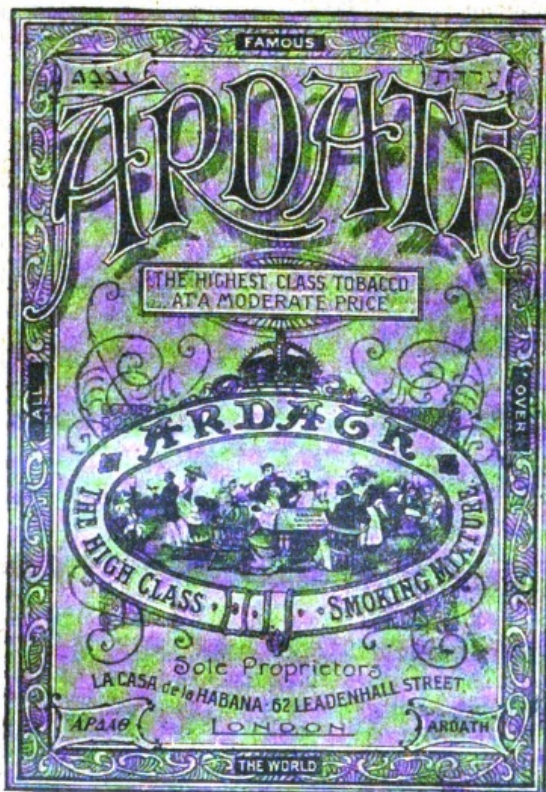
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½ lb. Tin - 4/6
¼ lb. Tin - 2/3
2 oz. Pkt. - 1/2

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I have made a full and careful analysis of the "ARDATH" SMOKING MIXTURE, and find the same to be absolutely pure and free from all added scented matter.

(Signed) WALLACE C. NICKELLS, F.C.S.

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I have made a most careful examination of a sample of your "ARDATH" SMOKING MIXTURE, and I am, therefore, in a position to state that it consists of a mixture of pure tobaccos, and that it is unadulterated with dangerous or objectionable substances.

By reason of its freedom from artificial flavouring or perfume, it may, I consider, be fitly termed a true Hygienic Smoking Mixture.

(Signed) H. LESTER, M.Sc., F.I.C.

"ARDATH" can be obtained of most Tobacconists, Cigar Merchants, and Stores, at Home and Abroad. If any difficulty is experienced, the desired quantity will be sent, on receipt of P.O., direct from the Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors. Address—

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"'**ARDATH**' can be thoroughly recommended."

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"The '**ARDATH**' Smoking Mixture is as fine a Smoking Tobacco as it is possible to produce."

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"We can safely introduce for a life-long friend the High-class '**ARDATH**' Tobacco."

The "**MANCHESTER EXAMINER AND TIMES**" writes:—

"The '**ARDATH**' Tobacco is a blend of decidedly High-class Tobaccos and most agreeable to smoke."

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TOBACCO DELANO PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.

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"**TOBACCO**" (Monthly Trade Paper) publishes:—

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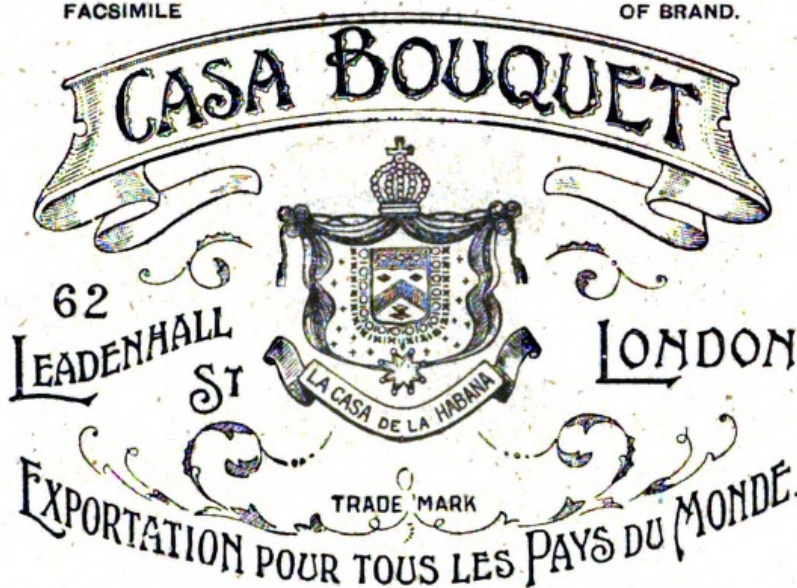
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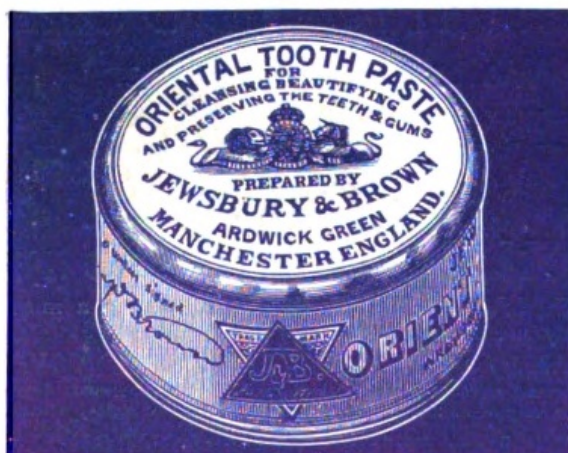
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